Opinion, 7th January, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
7th JANUARY, 1911.

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(Reg. G.P.O.)

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 2.

WILL ULSTE . FIGHT? By JAM . DOUGLAS. See page 4.



THE NEW YEAR PRESENT—FROM HIM.

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TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

SEASONABLE sports. January 2nd—Good resolution-breaking begins.

• • •

"Kaiser and Hot Soup" runs a headline. Ah, well! a change from hot water, anyway.

• • •

The Harem skirt is the newest thing in Paris. The scare'em skirt we've had for a long time.

• • •

The Kaiser wants to make espionage more difficult. That's easy; he should build fewer forts and things.

• • •

Four is considered an unlucky number by the Japanese. Have they, too, got a "Form Four," then?

• • •

Cablegram from New York: "Kansas City has joined the movement against the hatpin." By this time Kansas City must be rubbing itself and wishing it hadn't.

• • •

Quite appropriately a meeting to protest against the use of unguarded hatpins closed amid shouts of "Aye."

• • •

Coronets have been selling for £16 apiece. As the Savoy humorist prophesied, dukes will soon be three a penny.

• • •

"Do not arm the police," writes a correspondent: "it might be dangerous." Let us hope it would be —to the criminal.

• • •

The latest brave constable to tackle an armed desperado is named Haytread. His countrymen regard him with precisely opposite feelings.

• • •

The dailies recorded with excitement that one man had held up a train. A mere woman has often been seen doing it—before hobble skirts came in.

• • •

They are at present discussing in Berlin: "Have Women a Sense of Humour?" Isn't it much more important that men should have the sense to humour them?

• • •

Large eyes, says a French scientist, indicate big brains. And yet the bead-eyed performer of the three-card trick often takes a rise out of the man with optics like organ stops.

• • •

Babies in classy circles at Washington are being labelled "Don't kiss me." If voters' babies could be similarly branded before the next General Election life would be happier for our candidates.

• • •

Mr. John Burns is concerned to prove that Napoleon once spent some weeks in London. But what does it matter whether or no? The great thing is that Winston has spent years and years here.

• • •

General Booth describes Canada as South Africa's elder brother. Can Ada be a brother?

• • •

We have no feminine financial genius, says a correspondent. He forgets Lady Day.

• • •

The "Black Hand" in America has reached its proper element. It has got into hot water.

• • •

The wives of Labour M.P.'s have written a cookery book of their favourite recipes. "Capital on Toast" doubtless figures in the list.

• • •

To ask a man to have a drink is now a penal offence in Tacoma. The whisky must be awfully bad there to justify such severity.

• • •

New Jersey (U.S.A.) husbands are to be compelled by Act of Congress to wear a wedding ring. The worried look serves the same purpose over here.

• • •

Several Members of Parliament have been telling the newspapers that their election cost them nothing. That's all right; but the country may yet find it expensive.

• • •

A woman recently applied for a separation order because her husband had been silent for a year. A similar complaint with the parties reversed has yet to be recorded.

• • •

First-class golf, says the *Scots Pictorial*, is monotonous in its mechanical precision. The fear of getting like this constantly keeps some of us at a modest eighteen handicap.

• • •

It has just been reported from New York that one Robinovitsch of Poland, once a bootblack, became at length a banker. His origin was, in a double sense, Polish.

• • •

The Aga Khan has promised, in connection with the Sovereign's projected visit to India, a lakh of rupees. A lack of "sovereigns" would be too English a commemoration.

• • •

The Prague police are arranging to have "wanted criminals'" portraits exhibited in picture theatres with a view to indentification. This is certainly a good way of "showing them up."

• • •

"Free" postcards are to be issued by the Post Office, but we fear the day is still far distant when free cheese and biscuits will stand handy on the counter for the giver of a good order for penny stamps.

• • •

Mr. Sopwith's cross-Channel flight into Belgium was, says the *Daily Mail*, "the more meritorious because it was made in an aeroplane of purely British workmanship." But is that really a handicap?

WILL ULSTER FIGHT?

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

I SPENT Christmas week in Belfast, and while there I looked the Ulster sphinx in the face. She is an inscrutable lady, and although she is my mother I am not ashamed to confess that she puzzles me. I have been trying to read her riddle for a quarter of a century, and I have come to the conclusion that the only solution of it is brotherly love. I think Ulster has been stupidly ill-used by all parties. She has been the dupe of mean passions and narrow ideas. She has been the tool of partisans. She has been exploited by both her friends and her enemies. She has been flattered and snubbed, petted and neglected, taken up as a party weapon and then tossed aside, until she hardly knows where she is or how she stands, and is in a state of muddled indignation and bewildered suspicion.

* * *

Hardly anybody has the courage to appeal to her nobler self. Everybody takes for granted her religious rancour, her hatred, her bigotry, her intolerance. Her public men and her clerical guides accept her traditional schisms as if they were permanent and unchangeable. Many of them make them serve their own ends. Not once nor twice in her rough Orange story, the path of bigotry has been the road to glory. The capitalist, the lawyer, the preacher, the newspaper proprietor, as well as the vulgar demagogue of the Customs House Steps, find that the gospel of religious hate provides a short cut to power and popularity. Cheap labour in Belfast is buttressed by bigotry. A brood of selfish interests, from the public-house up to the pulpit, from the sweater up to the place-hunting politician, sit hatching out the eggs of religious discord. Nothing is so easy to exploit as bigotry. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour on it the more it contracts. But the real point to be grasped in regard to Ulster bigotry is that it is an exploited thing. The honest many are the dupes of the interested few. Those who manipulate the sincere terrors and antipathies of the multitude are cynical self-seekers who use religion as a political and economic narcotic. The Ulster democracy is drugged into docility by continuous injections of bigotry.

* * *

On Boxing Day I tramped from Glengormley over the road that winds round the Cave Hill. From the heights I looked down on one of the fairest prospects in the world. The green hills of Antrim and Down, clasping the shining waters of Belfast Lough, seemed to my eyes as lovely as any of the show bays of Italy and France. The mountains and the sea shimmered like jewels behind the sun-shot veils of fairy mist. The westering sun wore a glory of trailing fiery robes round the shoulders of the Black Mountain and Divis Hill. Down in the valley, where the river Lagan meets the stealing tides, the great city lay silent in a cloud of sombre smoke, a stately vision of industrial might. Tall, slender chimneys stood up like a forest, great branchless trees in the motionless gloom. It was a pageant of stern masculine struggle with hard conditions and harsh necessities. Between the chimney holes rose up the spires of the churches, and below lay miles on miles of streets. In the gleaming mud of the estuary a great whitish-grey monster caught the roving eye. It was the *Olympic*, looking more like a city wall than a ship, so vast and so immense that it dominated the whole foreground. Before it and behind it loomed a strange iron tangle of mechanical miracles—the Queen's Island shipbuilding works—Harland and Wolff's titanic world's wonder. In the sky hung a gigantic gantry that looked like a fantastic airship.

* * *

As I looked down on the superb city, I felt a sudden thrill of native pride. The power and majesty of it dwarfed all the tiny intolerances and misunderstandings. The greatness and grandeur of it seemed to rebuke all the trivial vendettas of the spawning sects and factions. The men who built this city, I thought, builded better than they knew. Behind the pall of smoke I divined the valorous soul of the labouring people, and I longed for a prophet who could set the trumpet of a new day to his lips and rouse their virtue and virility in a cause worthy of them. My heart was hot within me as I thought of the gropings and fumblings of the mighty city towards the light. I saw in a flash that it is sinful folly to revile it and rail at it, to sneer at its prejudices, to scoff at its dreads, to jeer at its fears. Too long has Belfast been bullied and badgered by rival medicine-men. Her salvation can come only from within. Her heart can only be hardened by contempt. Her temper can only be made sullen by invective. Very sore is the soul of this glorious city, and heavy is the guilt of those who do not strive to bring healing to its wounds.

* * *

Every man who loves Ireland ought to work for the reconciliation of the alienated North. I like to figure Belfast as a proud and beautiful Scottish queen who hesitates to give her hand in marriage to her Irish lover. His courtship has been rather rude and boisterous. He has tried to carry her off by force, and she has defied him. But in secret she loves him, and would marry him if he were allowed to woo her chivalrously, for she is a Scottish queen with an Irish heart. If her noble and generous qualities were set free from meddlers and mischief makers, Belfast would be the brightest jewel in the Irish diadem. The Red Hand of Ulster would be the right hand of Ireland. But Belfast will never be beaten into subjection and surrender. She is no coward to be cowed by violence. She can be led; she cannot be driven. Is it too much to ask her chief men to lead her from strength to strength, not from weakness to weakness? Is it too much to ask statesmen to appeal to the greatness and not to the littleness of her soul? Ireland needs Belfast. Ireland needs Ulster. Will Ulster fight? She will fight like a lion for Irish unity if all the politicians can be turned into patriots.

THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



Signor Asquith (after the applause): "That's nothing to what I can do. Why, I shall produce 500 peers if necessary, before the entertainment is over!"

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS.

The devil makes fools of us all.—*D. McClymont.*

Revenge is sweet until it begins to ferment.—*J. Senior.*

The bore is not necessarily a person of deep penetration.—*L. Persian.*

It is frequently much easier to make a person believe a lie than a truth. -*Punshon.*

A "brilliant epigram" is a solemn platitude gone to a masquerade ball.—*Lionel Strachey.*

Unfortunately the people who marry in haste are not the only ones who repent at leisure.—*Rushley.*

When a man says that misfortune drove him to drink the chances are that drink first drove him to misfortune.—*P. Boniface.*

Pleasure always knocks louder than Opportunity. —*A. Brown.*

Common people do not pray; they mostly beg.—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

Whenever people don't look at Nature, they always think they can improve her.—*Ruskin.*

The golden guess
Is morning star to the full round of truth.
—*Tennyson.*

At any rate the husband of the Suffragette can't taunt her with not getting the votes his mother used to get.—*A. Newman.*

Beauty is only skin deep. A spring chicken isn't as pretty as a bird of Paradise, but it's a lot better to eat.—*G. Railer.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 10.—The Fishmonger.

The New Year.

ANOTHER year is safely launched—satisfactorily for some, less pleasantly for others. Time has had a Christmas festivity, wetted his lips, mopped his brow, and commenced a fresh lap. Bills and demands for money remind us that the programme of the coming twelve months will be very much the same as that of the last. As for the bills, let them wait—as for the taxes (which many people confuse with the rates), remember that inspiring lyric, "Never pay your taxes till you're summoned, my boys!" Consciously or unconsciously, we are all looking forward to bits of luck this year. It is a good job that the "hope springs eternal" principle never dies, for life would be intolerable except for the anticipation of a good time coming. Those of us with few of this world's goods are trusting for some more. Those with wealth without health are praying that the fly may be got out of the ointment of happiness. Meantime, an unruffled philosophy may be recommended as a specific for the "blues." Even my landlady, under this prescription, has ceased to be the acute terror she was, and, as for the rain which made the end of the Old Year memorable, let us recollect that our climate is like a flock of sheep and must be composed of all wethers.

• • •

Optimism.

How many hundreds of poets have, from first to last, urged the multitude to look on the sunny side? I came across an example the other day:

Though to-day be dark and dreary,
And black clouds around us rise,
Let us halt not, nor be weary,
Light is looming in the skies!
Aid and cheer each fellow-creature
'Gainst the storms that round us lour;
Soon they'll wear a brighter feature,
And the sunshine come with pow'r.
Never, boys, give way to sorrow,
But be up and act like men;
Look with hope for joy to-morrow,
Sunny days will come again!

With much more to the same effect. This is the kind of thing the late Harry Clifton was wont copiously to pour forth, not to mention an even greater master in the person of Henry Russell. They did good, for pessimism, in addition to being highly unprofitable, is extremely uncomfortable. You do not want the pessimist at an evening party, and, as a general rule, you may accept the proposition that a man who is of no value to an evening party is of no value to anything or anybody. For the pessimist is an individual prone to live to himself, and the person doing that is never a cheerful soul.

• • •

Family Trees.

PERHAPS it is the touch of selfishness, natural to us all, that makes genealogical study a lost art among ordinary matter-of-fact people. Few of us bother about our ancestors unless they have left us money. Mr. W. P. Phillimore, in a recent article, says: "As a rule, the knowledge which the average man has of his pedigree is exceedingly limited. Perhaps it will not be wrong to say that not one man out of ten could give off-hand the names of all his grandparents, and that a still smaller proportion could name their great-grandfathers or accurately name their uncles and aunts and their various cousins even in the first degree." I certainly cannot give, off-hand or otherwise, the names of my grandparents, or the maiden names of my grandmothers. As for my great-grandfathers and the other denominations mentioned I know no more about them than if they were the Gulf Stream. Who my second cousins (if any) are, Heaven alone knows.

• • •

All the Difference.

Now, of course, had there been any legacies in question I should have posted myself up in the pedigree and "form" of my family, even as the giddy punter studieth the tree of descent among the runners in the half-past three race at Kempton Park. And were the King suddenly to announce—in an intelligent wave of appreciation—that he intended to reward the importance of my services to the community—were I to realise the great truth that I was positively to be a baronet and wear a Bloody Hand, the whole College of Heralds would have a busy time until my coat of arms had been finally settled. I am acquainted with a very few peers and baronets and things. Knowing what they are in themselves, the stock they sprang from, and their lifelong sycophancies to obtain the so-called "honours," I derive the greatest amusement from observation of their various crests and mottoes. What political trucklers and official timeservers are looking forward to this Coronation year for a fulfilment of the hungry and vulgar desire they have long cherished? Many folk would accept a title to-morrow if there was any money to be made out of it. Otherwise they would esteem it a nuisance. I knew one literary gentleman who took a handle to his name, remarking that he did not want it himself, but he knew it would improve his position with his firm—"who are such snobs."

• • •

What are Your Crest and Motto?

APART from those bound by tradition to make some sort of show in Debrett, we take little or no interest in our forerunners, although now and then some poor, half-starved soul will relate with a touch of pride that her mother was second cousin to an admiral, or that her sister-in-law had an uncle who was the brother of a rural dean. Mr. Phillimore thinks the pursuit of genealogy a very engrossing hobby. Every man to his taste. Over many of our relatives we are content to drop the veil of a charitable silence, and, to be just, they

are often content to drop the same over ourselves. To my own mind genealogy is a chilly business. For all I know, my family, in mediæval times, may have been devils of fellows, whereas here am I, a weak, shy, retiring man who couldn't have said "Bo!" to a Christmas goose had I possessed one to say it to. And why geese should be supposed to be always addressed by this uneuphonious exclamation is a mystery to me. Still, with all my modesty, never can I forget that in my veins runs the blood of the premier clan of Scotland, ye ken. My people made quite a hobby of mopping up the Macintoshes and Macphersons, and inferior tribes too numerous to be mentioned. And they—och, aye!—were not all that we mopped up, I do assure you. Nevertheless, I do not purpose spending my spare time either in hunting up deeds, parish registers, or tombstones in village churchyards. To be candid, I would prefer an afternoon at the Palladium, described in the Tube advertisements as a "palatial palace." Why not call it "Dear old Pal!" and be done with it?

• • •

At Drury Lane.

I RESPECT a family tree when it hands down talent, and the Barry Lupino who gives a remarkably clever performance in the Drury Lane "annual" is a descendant of that famous line of pantomimists whom all of us remember ever since we took to visiting theatres. In the early days of the last century a Chevalier Lupino arrived from sunny Spain before the war, and became costumier of the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket. He was the head of a family which, later, has given the public much honest enjoyment. The great George Lupino nearly escaped being born on the stage at Birmingham, for his mother danced in a ballet only an hour before he came into the world. In 1878 he accomplished the astonishing act of turning 207 consecutive and double pirouettes on the stage. It makes one's brain reel to think of it! As for Barry Lupino, he has secured an instantaneous and emphatic success at a house where success reaps its highest reward. I was delighted with his performance, and much pleased with the show as a whole. Arthur Collins, in "Titania's Bower," has provided London with absolutely the most beautiful scene ever presented on the stage.

• • •

In Future.

WHAT is the future of our railways to be? Time was that the "penny a mile" of the iron horse was considered the last word in economical travelling. Now the motor-omnibuses are to do three miles for the humble brown. Presently we shall be able to get all over London with a farthing ticket. Forty-eight years ago this month the Metropolitan Railway was opened to the public, thus inaugurating that great underground system of travel which deserves to be celebrated, in right royal Jubilee fashion, in 1913. The same week which saw the crowds at Farringdon Street Station was distinguished by the summoning of an omnibus proprietor for working horses in an unfit state. It was alleged in evidence that the fares charged were "ruinous, even to the proprietors of the 'buses." The vehicles ran from the Elephant and Castle, over Westminster Bridge, to Charing Cross, and thence to the Carlton at Camden Town—and the fare was 4d. for the total distance. The inspector of State carriages said he was afraid proprietors thought "anything was good enough for 2d." We do not think that in these times, and Tube travellers are quite exacting on points of comfort. Had the motor been born earlier I fear our present splendid tubes would never have been constructed. Since they were thought of, the chauffeur has grown to be a power in the land, and his numbers increase and multiply.

• • •

A New Year's Card.

HAIL to the chauffeur-king to-day!
Bold man, when duty bids,
His driving is no child's play,
Although it's, sometimes, skids.

• • •

A Scribe's Life.

I STRIVE to be an up-to-date journalist—no praiser of past times. When I commenced to earn a living—and what a poor living it was, and is!—the things one had to do on a newspaper were far different from the things of to-day. The chief requirement was shorthand writing, and to get a job it was necessary to swear you could report anybody "verbatim." To write so many scores of words a minute was the summit of ambition. Outside that, your intelligence was very cramped. You were never supposed to compose anything of a descriptive character. A special class of pompous old gentlemen was reserved for that, and touchy, conservative old gentlemen they were. After years, the fashion changed, and the shorthand reporter became of less importance, though he is still an invaluable factor in country journals, where he has to deal with the local hogwash of town councils and boards of guardians—very often the same kind of hogwash that you get in Imperial Parliaments and the law courts.

• • •

Old Times.

NOTHING in journalism is so clever as the really brilliant stenographer, and among the benefactors of mankind the late Sir Isaac Pitman has not been sufficiently recognised. The envy entertainable for a real "dab" at the business cannot be expressed. I marvelled that such writers could be, cursed my inability to become proficient, and railed at the fate which made me work for a livelihood. There is a bumptious and inflated type of ass who says: "Yes, sir—I am not ashamed to say that I have worked myself up from the lowest rung of the ladder." Were I able to boast of such successful accomplishment, I do not think I would. For it is difficult to see what there is to howl about in "springing from the people." A lot of folk have done it. They have slaved like niggers to obtain a mediocre position in Society, often destroying their nerves and health by the undue exertions of early years. Personally, a well-connected duke, as a parent would have suited me down to the ground. To-day, instead of writing for your readers, I should be shooting a pair of clean cuffs, driving a motor-car, lunching daily at the Carlton, or buying a box at the Empire whenever I wanted it. Eh, what?

• • •

A Good Trade.

SHOULD an anxious parent ever consult me about a trade suitable for his bright and beautiful boy, I make it a rule to recommend that of a skate manufacturer. The value of it seems to lie in the fact that one is able to go away for his summer holidays without being suddenly called back by a rush of business necessitating the working of overtime. And even in winter the quality of hope rises superior to that of achievement. So that it is an occupation free from that worry attending the draper and the grocer. I invariably order my summer clothes to be ready by the time the National Skating Championship is advertised.

ROUND THE TOWN.

When Sir C. Wyndham Got No Laugh: Telephone Company Hooliganism: End of Wars Prophesied: Travels of a "Fiver."

Two other Ministers are off to the Riviera to join Mr. Lloyd George at the Hotel Cap Martin directly.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

The Nice Races, which commence to-morrow, promise to be of exceptional English interest on account of entries by Lord Marcus Beresford and Lord Torrington respectively. During the nine days of the meeting, prizes worth £15,000 are offered, including the Nice Grand Prix £4,000 steeplechase, and the Monte Carlo £2,000 hurdle race.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

Back in November, I mentioned that mutiny was brewing against Mr. Balfour's leadership. The result of the General Election has goaded the disaffected ones into more open revolt, and this month's *National Review* calls for Mr. Balfour's retirement.

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A London theatrical star who married some years ago the next-of-kin of a well-known peer expresses her intention of instructing her solicitors to serve divorce papers upon him on sight.

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Mr. J. W. Wilson, recently returned once more to Parliament by North Worcestershire, has a charming country house high on the western slopes of the Malvern Hills, and near the British Camp and the villa of Mr. Cadbury, once the home of Jenny Lind. Mr. Wilson, who is a partner in the firm of Albright & Wilson, chemical manufacturers, Oldbury, near Birmingham, is a kind and considerate master to the host of workpeople he employs; maintaining a convalescent home for those indisposed. He is fond of hunting, and rides with the Ledbury, the North Ledbury, and the Croome hounds.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

The arrest of the young German nobleman, Count Gisbert Wolff Metternich, at Vienna, is engaging the attention of a well-known private detective firm in London, and certain associates of the young man in a London card scandal, in which he was the victim, are likely to be brought into the proceedings.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

Dr. Benjamin Moore's book advocating the nationalisation of the medical service of the kingdom was mentioned in these columns last week. Curious that the very next book sent to me for review, *Doctor Grey*, by Stephen Andrew (Greening & Co. 6s.), should, published simultaneously, adumbrate the same idea. A coming movement, apparently.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

Poor Gus Moore, who died last week, was a valued contributor to London Opinion. He was one of the few remaining survivors of the old Bohemians—a warm-hearted friend, and a desperate enemy, if needs be. He carried his age well, the effect of his white moustache and silvered hair being neutralised by his alert and upright figure. Yet he was editing Society journals thirty years ago, and has been writing "books" for comic operas since he did *Les Cloches de Corneville* in the 'seventies, and it is twenty years ago since Whistler caned him at a Drury Lane first night, and was knocked down by way of repartee.

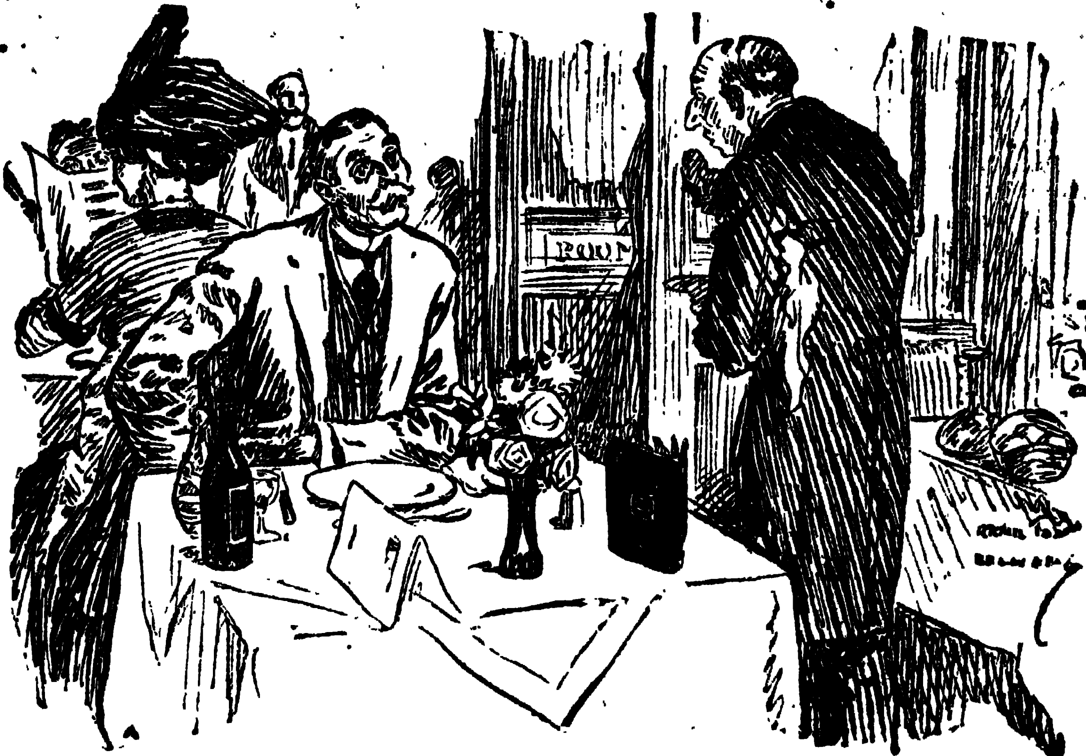


A FOOTBALL MARK TAPLEY.

"It's a wire from Jack. He's been injured at football."

"What does he say?"

"He says: 'Nose broken—how shall I have it set—Greek or Roman?'"



Diner: "Waiter, kindly remove this egg."
Waiter: "What shall I do with it, sir?"
Diner: "I think you'd better wring its neck!"

It is generally supposed that authors are loth to compliment each other's work. But a recent opinion expressed by Kate Douglas Wiggin proves the contrary, in her case at least. A friend asked her how, in her opinion, Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Books" stood in comparison with other young people's books which had been written during the last ten years. "They do not stand at all!" replied Mrs. Wiggin enthusiastically. "They soar, they fly—they inhabit the upper ether! When people are dizzy with Kipling's high altitudes they flop down and read me."

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The Alien Act dodgers, a well-known police official tells me, employ a £5 note which passes backwards and forwards to the Continent. It is used as the qualification for entry, and is returned by post immediately to pass someone else in.

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The Houndsditch murders may open the eyes of the authorities to the overtaxed labours of the special branch at Scotland Yard. This department is so occupied with guarding Ministers and shadowing Indians, Armenians, Egyptians, and suffragettes, that there has not been time for them to keep themselves informed of the doings of East-end anarchists. As one of them said, "We shall soon have to adopt the Continental system of paid spies in conspiracy circles to obtain the necessary information, and that would make a big hole in the Secret Service Fund."

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I suppose that the leading officials of the National Telephone Company are quite well-mannered as individuals. But as a corporate concern the company can act the hooligan perfectly. During a subscriber's absence from town, and while his house was locked up, some of this company's men got into the premises, and added some telephone brackets and lines to those already in position on the roof.

A letter was sent to the company resenting this insolent intrusion, upon its discovery. There was a belated acknowledgment of the receipt of this letter; and then, after ten days, the local representative wrote that he was unable to trace that men from his district had visited the house. This, although the additional brackets were and are visible from the ground. It was only a few days ago that the company at length apologised, after many weeks.

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Just a week or so before his fatal flight last Saturday, John B. Moisant made the following prophecy: "It is only a question of a few years when war will be at an end. There will be no great Governments which by their wealth and armaments can overawe and overpower small Governments. All will be equal, and this change will be the work of the aeroplane. A fleet of thousands of planes could be built for the money it costs to build a modern Dreadnought, and such a fleet could destroy a fleet of battleships with the greatest ease."

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Moisant was asked if one was so secure in the air that missiles or explosives could be dropped with accuracy. "Why, certainly," he replied. "I can steer my planes with one hand, either the right or the left, can change hands, or look about me with glasses or anything of the sort. When I talk about what can be done by the plane in war I am talking about an accomplished fact, not a dream.

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"It is not that we must make the aeroplane practical; it is only that we must put it into practice. That is only a question of time and of capital. People talk of shooting at flying machines from the ground and warding off an attack in that way. We can travel seventy miles an hour, and more than that soon, and can go up five thousand feet or more. Can they hit us under those conditions? Of course not."

Sir Charles Wyndham tells a story of the part he took in the benefit for the Actors' Fund in Washington on his recent visit to the States. He had to make a short speech telling how the funds realised were to be applied. Two song-and-dance girls came from their dressing-room and stopped to await their call. One of them peeped out on the stage. "Who's on now?" her companion asked. "Oh," said the other girl, "it's an old man doing a monologue. He's been on ten minutes, and hasn't had a laugh!"

Among the theatrical people who are taking a hand in the cinematograph boom is Miss Violet Melnotte (Mrs. Wyatt), the owner of the Duke of York's Theatre. She has large interests in several London shows, and has just opened one at Brighton.

The nimble legs of Fred Farren, the Empire dancer, annoyed the somewhat boorish man opposite to him in the restaurant. So this man said to a friend: "His legs fill the whole room." But this friend recognised the actor, and replied: "That's nothing: they frequently fill the whole Empire."

Managers should see that acrobatic turns at the halls are not spun out too long. At the Hippodrome, recently, for instance, I saw the Holloways, a clever and daring troupe. But their perils keep your nerves taut too long. For the first seven or eight minutes I was afraid one or two of them would get hurt. For the remainder of the time I was afraid they wouldn't.

The renowned music-publishing firm of Witmark & Sons, where the wit-marked songs come from, celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence this season.

No doubt the creation of the Palladium is a colossal speculation, but those who predict that Mr. Gibbons has bitten off more than he can chew this time are needlessly pessimistic. It is a huge house to fill, but Gibbons will fill it all right, while he has the pluck to provide bookings such as his opening ones, including the operatic star, Miss Edyth Walker, at £750 per week. No; *Gibbon's Decline and Fall* was about the Empire (Roman) and not over the Palladium.

Ellen Terry, talking about the many women who asked her to help them get on the stage, recently said: "Every woman under thirty imagines that she is an actress. And every actress believes that she is under thirty."

"What do you think of my little girl, sir?" This was the surprising question put to me by the chauffeur of my taxi an evening or two ago as I alighted. He had driven me home from the Little Theatre, where Miss Loie Fuller's troupe of children dance Mozart's ballet *Les Petits Riens*, so delightfully. His little girl, he proceeded to explain, was one of the troupe. He did not even glance at the fare I gave him before he slipped it into his pocket, so eager was he to pull therefrom a portrait of the dancer for my inspection. The proudest father in London!

Have just heard a good story from Harry Lauder. An acquaintance of his keeps some big drug stores in Glasgow, and is now a most successful man. "I remember, however, when he first started, things went badly for a time with him," said Lauder, "and one day I found him in despair. 'Have only had two customers all day' he said. 'The first spent twopence, and the second, a little girl, nothing. All she wanted was change for a threepenny-bit, as, she said, "ma granny's feared it's no a gude ane."'"

The London actor who goes over to the "halls" finds that working the provinces is trying. Here is an extract



AN ECHO OF THE ELECTIONS.

"Well, 'tany rate, you ought to have given the Socialist yer vote in *your* part."

"Wot, *'im!* Not me! Bloomin' fine Socialist 'e was! 'Adn't got no more grime on 'is face and 'ands than either of the other blokes!"

from a letter from the north: "We are now at what the manager himself tells me is the roughest music-hall in the world. They have eighteen 'chuckers out.' When a bottle is thrown at anyone, they break it in halves first, so that it may be more effective when it arrives. They seem to like our show; and at present—with the exception of a threat that to-night they will cut our throats, as we refused to be blackmailed at the stage door last night—we are all right."

I find that Mr. W. J. Locke's story, *A Christmas Mystery*, has been published here as well as in the States. I don't know how I missed it, for it was in the *Red Magazine*, which, in my case, is always a well-read magazine.

Poidevin, the Australian cricketer, back on his native heath again after his stay in England, is pessimistic regarding English cricket. The form is not up to the standard of a few years ago, he declares. "They play six days a week, and only very wealthy men can afford to play county cricket. There are too many professionals."

An explorer's story which appeared recently in the *Journal*, Alberta (Canada): "When we reached Grouard the telegraph construction gang was putting the finishing touches on the line to that point. Working with an axe in advance of this construction gang was all that remained of Frank Slavin, rival of Sullivan and other old-time idols of the ring. When interviewed, Slavin did not say he was training to get back into shape to tear the laurels from black Jack Johnson. He was just working to get a living." The champion who thinks It will Last For Ever is counselled to nail the above excerpt over the *prie-Dieu* in his boudoir.

I am glad to hear from Arthur Birch, who used to ride for the late King Edward, over the sticks, that his health has improved tremendously since moving from Hayward's Heath to Eastbourne. Not long ago, Birch tells me, despite his crippled condition, he was well enough to be driven over to pay a visit to Batho, for whom, in his palmy days, he steered many a winner.

More boxing stars for England. Have just heard that Al Kaufmann, who, Jimmy Britt thinks, is likely to prove one of Johnson's most dangerous opponents, will be over here early in February. Tommy Burns is expected within a fortnight or so, but whether he will be seen in the ring or not is doubtful, as he has not yet recovered from his recent baseball accident.

The great ambition of Mr. Whitaker, whose stable has been in such wonderful form this season, is to lead back the winner of the Grand National. It is early days yet to go into individual candidates chances, but I may just throw out a hint that Mr. Whitaker's stable looks like playing an important part at Aintree, as he can send out that very promising young jumper, The Duffrey, and old Rory O' Moore. Both are sure to be entered.

Bagotstown is the likely recipient of a nice hurdle-race in the near future. This four-year-old was a strong S.P. job at Kempton last week, but had the misfortune to run up against something very smart indeed in Himan. Be on the *qui vive* for Bagotstown's next appearance.

The Kisber Stud are negotiating with Lord Rosebery with the object of purchasing his last year's Two Thousand Guineas winner, Neil Gow. It looks as if we are to lose still another good horse, for, erratic though he was on the turf, Neil Gow has the makings of a really valuable sire.

THE LOOKER-ON.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

A GUID New Year tae ane an' a'. Why I should burst into Scotch I don't quite know, unless it is that the festive atmosphere of the season suggests a nationality, one of whose chief industries forms a not altogether neglected element of the annual celebrations. Theatrically speaking, the best I can wish the readers of this page is a year of wholesome and amusing plays, and an ever-lessening capacity for the toleration of the other sort.

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The town is stocked with Christmas fare—pantomimes, fairy plays, and fantasies designed for the entertainment alike of the small persons and their elders. So far as I can ascertain (for the whole round has not been completed), the purpose of the promoters of these various shows is being effected from both the points of view of the managers and their patrons. Drury Lane, which, with even an average pantomime, is about as sure a thing as you could imagine, is likely to make big money, for as a spectacle it is a thing of great beauty and one of these evenings it will be quite funny. Full inside is likely to be the sign at *The Blue Bird* for a few months, and old *Charley's Aunt*, bless her heart, is filling the Savoy o' nights with riotous laughter. As for *Peter Pan*, I need hardly tell you that the revival is an assured success. For the rest there is *Alice in Wonderland* to delight little afternoon playgoers at the Savoy and, as already noticed on this page, *Chicks in the Wood* at the Hippodrome. For the moment the serious form of theatrical entertainment is, as the American humorist puts it, as rare as a pet fly in a butcher's shop. Time enough to think of the serious things of the stage after the kiddies have gone back to school, and even then not too much of it—if you please.

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A correspondent writes to me from Edinburgh to ask whether pantomime comedians do or do not make up their own jokes. There is, of course, no settled rule, but, in justice to them, I ought to say that they do not invariably do so. Upon this point something of interest might be written as to the methods employed in collecting "gags" for pantomime. It is probable that were you to ask half-a-dozen of the most popular comedians how they evolved their jokes for this year's pantomimes, five of the six—if not, indeed, the sixth as well—would reply to the effect that they thought them out, that they occurred to them, or that it came natural to them to produce at random the funniest ideas imaginable. That some of the really amusing lines or situations owe their origin solely to the actor who is responsible for them on the stage need not be doubted, but that even a small percentage of the highly-paid comedians originate all the good things which they express no one who knows anything of the matter would for an instant believe. There is, it may interest you to know, a class of men, and, for all I know to the contrary, of women, with which the suggesting of "gags" to comedians is a profession.

• • •

I know of one very popular comedian who, when recently starting to "build up" a thin part in a musical comedy, used to receive many letters each week from men who suggested lines for various situations in the piece. On acceptance, the suggestion was paid for at a price mutually agreed upon, and a perfectly legitimate means, too, of acquiring such goods as the comedian may not himself keep in stock. The one who, relying upon no other source of inspiration than his own, is really bright is rarer than true poetic feeling in a financier.

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So far as I am concerned, there will be no excuse in forgetfulness of engagements during the New Year, for the ever-thoughtful Henry W. Savage, of America, has most kindly sent me a very beautiful memorandum book which is called "The Daily Reminder." It is a most elegant little volume bound in soft, green leather, with a space for the entry of appointments on each day of the year, and my name embossed in gilt letters on the outside cover. For a most charming and useful gift I am ever so much obliged.

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There is, of course, not the slightest truth in the rumour that, with an eye to the amendment of the "ridiculous law" concerning sketches, Sir Herbert Tree will be seen at the Palace in a skit entitled *Folly Reforming Itself*.

• • •

Talking of the Palace, Alfred Butt is to be congratulated upon the engagement of Edmund Payne and George Grossmith, and so, of course, are the latter, who should be thoroughly at home at this house. By the way, Anna Held, who concluded her visit to the Palace last Saturday, will, I hear, probably return to London later in a new musical play.

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The *matinée* which Alfred Butt and Robert Courtneidge are organising in aid of the sufferers by the Atherton Colliery horror, and which is to be held at the Palace on Tuesday, 17th inst., promises to be a wonderful affair. Many of the great stars of the drama, of the musical comedy section, and of the variety side have promised to appear, and it is already assured that the programme will be one of lightness and brightness, with a minimum (if any) of the long-drawn and tiresome one-act plays, and excerpts from current pieces which are so commonly an indigestible ingredient of this class of show. Those who propose to combine an act of goodness with an afternoon of memorable delight should get busy and book, for there is sure to be a scramble for seats.

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At the Little Theatre Miss Gertrude Kingston is submitting the quaintest programme in London—a triple bill consisting of Miss Loie Fuller's troupe of barefooted dancing children, a welcome change from the decadent dances of the day; *The Fotheringay*, an adaptation from *Pendennis*; and a Chinese company in *The Dragon of Wrath*.

• • •

The nicest New Year present I have heard of was the manuscript of a new one-act play, *Youth*, which Mr. J. M. Barrie sent to Miss Maude Adams.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"The Captain of the School."



He: "There's a strong smell of paint in this compartment."
She: "From the woodwork, or the ladies?"

MORE DUCAL ARROGANCE.

He seemed the same as other men;
His face displayed no signs of fear,
And so I marvelled hugely, when
A passer-by said, "That's a Peer."
Noting his obvious cheerfulness,
I found it hard to understand it.
Surely he'd read the daily press
And heard about the People's mandate?

I felt there could not be a doubt:
That gladsome smiles ought not to deck
The face of one who's just about
To get it badly in the neck.
In view of what he must have seen
(In print) of Asquith's bastinado,
I thought the fellow's happy mien
Distinctly savoured of bravado.

We gave our order at the poll
(That stirring order, "As you Were"),
And yet his seemed to be a soul
Entirely destitute of care.
And I, for my part, took it ill
That one whose power would soon be lightened,
Disdained to pay the People's Will
The compliment of feeling frightened.

T. Hodgkinson.

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THE PERFECT HUSBAND.

[The more pride a man takes in his wife's good looks and the greater his unconsciousness of his own, the better husband he makes.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.]

My Dora, here's a rather brainy notion,
Which to your kind attention I submit;
It's out from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*
(A paper which I do not know a bit).
I must confess it gratifies me greatly,
Whenever you and I go out to dine,
To notice how—it's often happened lately—
Out of the other girls you take the shine.

It's true that I am blessed with perfect features;
My figure Herculean one might call.
But, unlike some men—poor conceited creatures!—
I never think about myself at all!
For as an ornamental man to dine or sup with—
To take you to a meeting or a play—
Well, think what *some* unhappy wives put up with,
Then kindly turn your liquid orbs this way.

Poor George's nose is eminently snubby;
"Ginger" is what I've heard your brother called;
Fred's figure now is getting more than tubby,
And Herbert's going absolutely bald.
But, though their claims to be good-looking lack ground,
While my appearance is excelled by few,
For your sake, dear, I'm keeping in the background,
Now, isn't that a lucky thing for you?

V. D.

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ATOMS IN THE UNIVERSE.

[Scientists say that individual atoms of matter each consist of particles in a constant state of motion, akin to that of the planets round the sun. Following up the analogy, some ingenious person has suggested that our own solar system may be merely an atom of matter in a vaster scheme of nature.]

Suppose with our Censor and temperance bars,
Our aeroplanes, airships, and signals from Mars,
Our North Pole and South Pole, our Peary and Cook,
We're just the frayed corner of somebody's book!

With our yearly elections and "Molly Maguires,"
Our habit of making remarks over wires,
Our immortal Hall Caine and our sage Bernard Shaw,
We're perhaps just a chip on a boy's "alley-taw."

When I think of the Dukes in a huddle of fear
At the "great revolution" that's now drawing near,
When I think of Lloyd George and his elegant band,
I should weep—if we're naught but a fragment of sand.

H. T. W. B.

HEALTH BY POST.



Wherever you live in the United Kingdom the postman will bring you free and post paid Mr. Sandow's Book on Health.

How Mr. Sandow uses the Marvellous Postal Organisation to spread his Wonderful Health Knowledge to the Ill and "unfit" in all parts of the world.

He will send Gratis and Post Free a Full Description of his Medicineless Treatment, which is working such Marvellous Cures in all manner of cases where everything else has failed, to sufferers in all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.



Wiele & Klein, Madras.

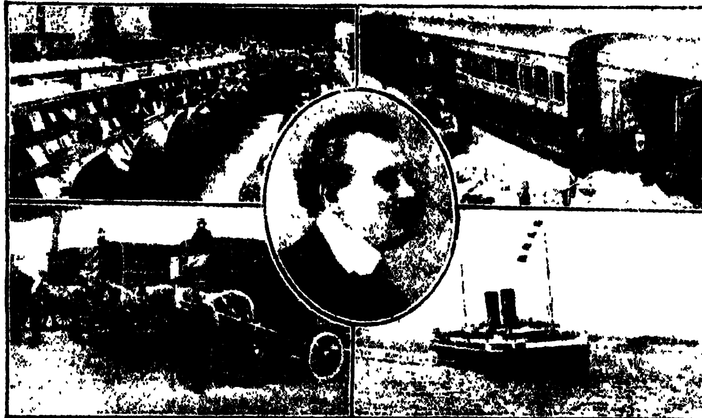
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a single dose of medicine, for affording sufferers the means of curing themselves of their illnesses, are so thoroughly organised that all who are ill or ailing, whether they reside in London or the provinces, anywhere in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies or abroad, can not only learn free of cost how they may cure their complaints and improve their health, but can take the treatment in their own homes, wherever they live.

By means of the 24 Books (titles given below) he has covered separately the whole range of illnesses and conditions in which his famous treatment is so successful, so that each inquirer, without any unnecessary expense of time, may, without expense or obligation, receive a careful explanation of his or her own health trouble, and be told just how the Sandow Treatment would be applied to improve that particular condition.



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Choose whichever of the Books you require from the List below.

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8. Heart Affections.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.
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Please send me gratis and post free Vol. No. .... of Sandow's Health Library, together with an opinion upon my case.

Name ....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev. or other title.)

Address ....

Age .... Occupation ....

Nature of Illness or condition from which relief is required } ....

Give further particulars in a letter.



Whether you live in London or Jamaica, Mr. Sandow's Health Books are sent free to all who write for them.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Caricature Collecting. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

Is anybody laying by examples of the picture-posters which enlivened the General Elections of 1910? Is anybody making a portfolio of the best things by F. C. Gould and E. T. Reed? Why not? Collecting interest and value will attach to them in the years to come, as well as historical meaning.

What lies before me at this moment is not exactly a caricature; it is a printer's proof of Tenniel's most famous cartoon, the "Dropping the Pilot." You remember that great page in *Punch*? It caused a European sensation. Bismarck, in a pilot-jacket, was shown descending the gangway from the liner, while the crowned captain of the *Germania* wistfully watched him retire.

When Mr. Swain had cut the lines of that drawing in a block of boxwood he "pulled" a few proofs of it to see if it looked all right, and one of those proofs is now mine. Any "proof before letter" is more valuable than the final print.

A British Art.

The political cartoon is not peculiar to these islands, but it is mainly a British product. The political cartoon has never flourished so well elsewhere. Caricatures are common to all ages and peoples, but, again, political caricatures have been particularly British. Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruickshank are the great past names in that line, but many unknown artists practised it, on pottery as well as upon paper.

The Willett collection of pottery and porcelain illustrative of British history, now in the Brighton Museum, contains many examples of mugs, jugs, busts, statuettes, and plaques which in shape or in decoration are caricatural. Most of these, perhaps, and certainly most of the caricatures on paper, had reference to the long struggle between our country and Napoleon.

A Quotation.

In a fine book just published at two guineas, two volumes issued by Lane, I find the following passage:

"The most popular form of caricature in vogue during the last decade of the eighteenth and the first two decades of the nineteenth centuries was an oblong folio sheet. These prints were bought in large numbers, and cost on an average one shilling when coloured and sixpence if plain. When exhibited in the windows of publishers they attracted crowds which frequently blocked the pavement, and seriously interfered with the traffic. Publishers were accustomed to 'let out' portfolios filled with caricatures for the delectation of guests at evening parties.

"The folio print was, however, only one of many shapes in which Napoleon was satirised on this side the Channel. The caricaturing of Napoleon was almost as universal as the fear he excited and the detestation in which he was held. It extended to vignettes on political broadsides, and the headings of political songs; to imitation banknotes and theatrical bills; to pocket-handkerchiefs; to fans, valentines, jest-books, watch dials and papers, and tobacco-wrappers. It invaded the games, puzzles, and primers of the children, figured on playing-cards, lottery-tickets, snuff-boxes, pipe-bowls, and walking-sticks, and afforded congenial occupation for the potters of Worcester, Derby, Leeds, Bristol, and Staffordshire."

That quotation, which shows how wide a field exists for a gleaner of caricatures, is taken from the book above mentioned, *Napoleon in Caricature*, 1795-1821, written by that thorough collector and reliable author, Mr. A. M. Broadley.

Some Examples and Prices.

Few caricature-jugs or other examples in pottery now remain on the market; breakages have lessened the stock. But the print and paper caricatures are more numerous. From one of those excellent, scholarly illustrated catalogues issued by Maggs Bros., I take a few examples, and mention the prices:

"Bernadotte—Hieroglyphic portrait, on horseback, shield and spear, in the act of trampling on a serpent,



POPULAR ILLUSION.
Taking fifteen years off her age.

alluding to the Italian state of Bonaparte. Drawn and etched by W. Heath. Size 8¾ in. by 12¼ in. March 4th, 1814. [illegible]

"The Head of the Family in a Good Humour—John Bull surrounded by representatives of the various Powers." By Rowlandson. Size, 12¼ in. by 9 in. Circa 1808. 21s.

Here is a Gillray caricature: "Tiddy-Doll, the great French ginger-bread baker, drawing out a new batch of Kings." Napoleon as a baker, in front of a "New French Oven," and Kings on a shovel. Size 10¼ in. by 15 in. January 23rd, 1806. 25s.

The coloured caricatures are the more desirable to collect, and they can be picked up for a shilling or two yet.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks, but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed. It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with the query.

Nourishes should be forwarded unless requested, and when sent the full name and address must be enclosed. The proprietors of London Opinion will endeavour to take all reasonable care [illegible] accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.

Readers should give complete [illegible] question, and enclose full name and address.

S. C. G. (Clapham). Middleton's Geography [illegible] condition described is worth 1s. to 1s. [illegible] worth 18s. to 20s.

F. J. H. (Bounds Green). Your engraving by [illegible] after Barker is not one that there is any demand for. It is worth [illegible] 5s. to 6s.

Query (Burian). There is no record of Morland ever being [illegible] Wales. One of his paintings, "Interior of a Stable," is in the National Gallery, and another, "A Stable," in South Kensington Museum. If yours is an original it is worth anything from £ [illegible] to £500, but cannot state definitely unless sent for inspection.

W. N. A. (Kensington). Your engraving after [illegible] is of nominal value only; there is no demand for publications of either of the societies who issued the prints. You have omitted to give any particulars of your Nelson engraving, so cannot express opinion.

A. R. (Enniskillen). Your volume of English works of Roger Ascham, by James Bennet, in condition stated is worth 1s. to 1s.

Bibliaswan (Clapham). If your plaques are genuine Bristol they are worth £3 to £4 each. Descriptions of your coloured and other vases are too indefinite for valuation. [illegible] the latter, if fine quality, may be worth a fair amount.

M. B. (Bexhill-on-Sea). If you will take the title of the picture by Rubens that you want particulars of, we will refer and [illegible] them.

A. B. R. (Chelsea). The [illegible] is painted and engraved by John Martin, not [illegible] It is of nominal value only.

E. P. (Walsall). None of the engravings you mention, with one exception, are of any commercial value, as there is no demand for the publications of this society. The "[illegible] herd's Hut," by Gibbon, after Landseer, published by McLean, is worth 8s. to 10s. Artist's proof of this [illegible]

B. A. W. (Stamford). Send one for inspection.

G. W. P. (Aston). The [illegible] pieces you mention are worth face value only.

• • •

A sumptuous volume is *The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century, George Baxter*, by C. T. Courtney Lewis, published at 21s. net, by Sampson Low & Co., and to collectors of Baxter's works a most useful and interesting record. "Baxter, and all that that name implies, have for some years now been to me a delightful hobby and recreation," says the author, and in the whole treatment of his subject he shows his great appreciation of the celebrated colour printer. A complete list of the original prices of Baxter's works, and a large number of illustrations in colour and black and white, make the record one that should be more than ordinarily treasured.

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Pitman's School during 1910 gained 2,000 various awards for High merit, including the Gold Medal for Business Training (London Chamber of Commerce), the Gold Medal for Commercial Correspondence (Olympia Business Exhibition), First Prize for Business Handwriting, the Gold Medal for Shorthand speed (London Association), the Silver Medal for French, the highest award of the Royal Society of Arts, as well as medals for Shorthand, and First Prize for Geography.

THINGS COMING.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

THINGS ahead are always interesting. Unlike things astern which we have passed in the day's run or the century's run, things ahead appeal to imagination. Any man looking calmly back at the events of the last hundred years must be prepared, not only for the restlessness of the masses, but to expect efforts more or less successful to oust the upper and middle classes from their control of the executive machine.

A Labour Ministry in the United Kingdom is now no more improbable than the idea of a Labour Ministry in Australia twenty years ago. Even as heavy rainfall on slab rock mountain sides descends into the valley where the river rushes furiously to the sea, so the great Social Movement is strictly in accordance with eternal law. Many of my personal friends sincerely believe that the Socialist movement in England is the work of a few wicked agitators. In Germany many intelligent people believe that Social Democracy was called into being by Bismarck's policy.

These British and German optimists further believe that the "wicked agitators" could be foiled by firmness on the part of their rulers; that there is some magic form of words which can prevent the democratic torrents from the mountain descending to the valley. The misconception would be amusing if men were children and women were not what they are. To dam a stream in full spate does not send the water back to the place from whence it came. The river overflows its banks and people are drowned in the flood or poisoned by the typhoid germs that follow the subsiding of the waters.

Instead of preventing the people from sharing in political life, the only available form of efficient leadership is to aid them enter it, to educate them with real education, to deepen the channel, remove obstacles, and accept the mighty rushing waters of democracy as incontrovertible fact.

We are all equal in the field of prophecy, but I cannot feel the terror felt and expressed by so many of my friends at the gathering strength of the Social Movement.

Those who abhor most completely the ideas to which I cling, and who advocate views that to me are repugnant, are subject to the same conditions of sorrow, of birth, death, marriage, youth, old age, friendship, treachery, fidelity, hate, health, and hope—and a hundred other things—exactly as I am. What I see, therefore, in the near future is not that human nature will change, but that larger and larger numbers of human beings will understand the limitations of life. It is not only the capitalist who will learn that water does not run up hill.

The great idea behind the Social Movement is the improvement of the environment of the masses. It is held that with improved environment men will become gentle, generous, clean, faithful, and happy. I do not observe in the history of the world that improved environment has hitherto produced any of these effects on a large scale. In the last forty years the conditions of life for manual labourers have greatly improved. Nevertheless there is a marsh of swamped humanity which is better described as the submerged quarter than the submerged tenth. Manners are worse, knowledge of facts no better, and the sense of wrong is often an illusion.

Improved environment is desirable on all grounds, but one of the discoveries democracy is destined to stumble upon before we are much older is that improved environment is no more a remedy for the evils springing from the fecundity of unfit parasites than the use of rifles to stop discontent of the able-bodied foodless. The middle class to which I belong have almost disqualified themselves from handling the great problems ahead of us by concentrating on money-making and aloofness from war. The wars of Britain have been fought and the Empire has been built by the deaths and sacrifices of aristocrats and the labouring classes. Hunger is our recruiting sergeant to-day. Ninety-five per cent. of the recruits of the British Army come in because other employment is lacking. The froth and the dregs of society to the middle classes are the aristocracy and the labourers, who have fought for and won what the bourgeoisie enjoys.

Two things we may count as assured. First, that the middle classes will begin a class war of their own, and, secondly, that the burdens of Empire which have not been fairly borne by the middle class, to which I belong, will either be more fairly apportioned or the middle class will go to the wall. Much depends, of course, upon whether people fight with clean weapons and fight fair. I have o interest in flattering the Labour Party, but several years of House of Commons experience by Labour men has convinced the majority opposed to them that in the essentials of which the label is the word "gentleman" the Labour Party have nothing to fear by comparison with any of their fellow members.

Another aspect of the near future will be the treatment of individuals, each of whom is little more than a parasite—a sac with reproductive organs. Atrophy is more rapid among parasitic than any other form of life. The coming clash of white and yellow men must be on the industrial plane. When the factory system sweats Asiatics by the hundred million, white democracy will look back on the Utopia of the earlier Socialists with sombre regret. There will be no place for a sac with reproductive organs. In Asia there are approximately 850,000,000 people. The birth rate of Asia per family probably exceeds the birth rate of the average British parent. So long as the Asiatic remains in Asia, white races with sea power hold Asiatics at their mercy. Numbers do not count to him who commands the sea. When the leaders of the Social Movement learn that Asiatics are not to be excluded from vast food-producing territories by writing words in ink on parchment, and calling it law, they will be in a position to explain to their followers that national energy must be concentrated on securing the uncontrolled food sources of the world.

The soils of Australia and Africa are scarcely scratched. Notwithstanding the cities on the coast the white man in Australia has not really tapped the resources of the island continent. In Africa, food stuffs, and raw material, and clothing can be produced in any quantity so long as England's coal beds and iron ore last.

All these things are insistent, but there will be both tragedy and fun before they come to pass.



A PERVERTED PROVERB.

"Where there's a will there's a fray."—Cynic's Calendar.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FREED BY A KNOT.

By Mrs. BARRY PAIN.

SHE shut the door very carefully and rang up Mayfair 00372. Her manicured fingers drummed nervously on the table as she waited, and her eyebrows puckered into a frown that looked, on her face, about as consistent as would a pair of spectacles on the nose of a kitten.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" Is Mr. Reid back yet?

"I am Mr. Reid. Who's speaking?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe! I'm Bunny. I'm so glad you're back."

"Then I am, too."

"I want to see you very badly—as soon as ever I can."

"Good. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Isn't there just! But I can't tell you about it on this thing. I must see you. When can you manage?"

"To-day?"

"Oh, yes, please."

"Nobody ill, I hope?"

"No, no."

"Shall I find you in at tea-time?"

"Oh, it mustn't be here."

"Lunch? Bath Club?"

"I'd rather it was some place where one doesn't run up against everybody one ever knew. You couldn't meet me in the Park?"

"I don't see why not."

"It's too dreadfully sweet of you. After ten, then?"

"Where? The Park's rather roomy, if I remember rightly."

"Oh, let's meet at the Achilles statue and strike out from there. Five o'clock?"

This was finally agreed upon. But it was close on five before she could free herself from an ill-timed visitor. She meant to go independently of the car, in order to avoid family questionings—perhaps walk a little, say, and then jump into a taxi-cab. But, as mixed luck would have it, the new Daimler emitted Sir Oliver Ford, fresh from the Stock Exchange, just as she came fluttering down the front steps, a vision of pink muslin and silly millinery.

"Want the car, my dear? Where are you off to?"

"Oh, lots of places. Yes, want it badly, please, Dad. Dreadfully late. Er—Hyde Park Square. I'll think of the number directly."

She jumped in. He waved genially from the kerb and the chauffeur, a handsome and refined-looking man, catching the spirit of haste without a word, whizzed her into the distance.

Halfway between Pont Street and Hyde Park Corner she pressed the ivory button in the car. It pulled up elegantly, and the driver flashed to the window.

"Oh, I've changed my mind, Mr. Maxwell. I'll just drive in the Park, please."

"Just drive round?"

One heard at once that he belonged to that curious and embarrassing species—the gentleman chauffeur.

"Yes. At least—I'll tell you when to stop, thank you."

"Thank you."

The pink which had suffused her face and neck died down again. It came back when she stopped the car at about a hundred yards from the trysting place, and got out.

"I shan't want the car any more, thank you."

"Then do I go back now?"

"Yes, please."

"You don't want me to come for you here, at any time?"

"No thanks. My—my friends will see me home."

"I see."

He drove slowly away, only half turning to look at Bunny hurrying, he knew not, but very much wondered, where.

"Uncle Joe" was sitting at the base of the great statue on a green chair, smoking a cigarette and watching the strollers with a look of aggressive patience.

"Oh, Uncle Joe! You haven't been waiting?"

"Not a bit of it." (Heaven help him! He had been there since a quarter to five!) "And how are you—well and happy?"

"Ill with worry, and totally miserable," said Bunny, looking him straight in the eye.

"I'm sorry to hear that. I was just going to say that you looked——"

He was going to have said "adorable," which would have been the truth, but changed it to "blooming." Uncles who are only uncles by courtesy, he remembered, have not quite the same privileges as the *bonâ fide* uncle. With him it was simply a title conferred by intimacy and affection.

"Well, I'm anything but blooming. You've got quite sunburnt. Did you enjoy yourself? Let's walk this way—out of the crowd."

"I haven't been up to much," he confessed. "Got a sort of amateur fever at Agra, but old gentlemen mustn't expect too much of the gods—excepting that they should be kind to children like you."

"You've not to call yourself an old gentleman, nor me a child, or I won't tell you a thing."

"How old do you think I am?" he asked with a laugh which was wholly sad.

"I've never thought about it," considering his pointed grey beard, his trim tall figure and fine carriage, with her head well on one side. "Forty?"

"And twelve," with a well-concealed little effort. "But we're not here to talk about me. I want to hear what's the trouble."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Bunny. "I don't know how to tell."

"Enter Romeo—eh?"

"Oh, if that was all!"

He grew just a shade paler under the sunburn.

"Well?"

"Well, I may as well—it's like this. It's been such a fearful rush all this season that I do believe it's given me softening of the brain."

"Or of the heart?"

"Oh, don't! I wish hearts had never been invented."

"Well, what is it? Supposing we start from there. Who is the lucky one?"

"He's two!"

"Oh, I begin to see. You don't know which of the two——"

She stopped and faced him with the courage of desperation.

"I'm engaged to be married to both," she said squarely, and awaited the effect.

"Ah!" There was a short pause. "That certainly seems awkward. One at a time is more usual, Bunny—one at a time."

"If only it were none at all! I'm absolutely sick of it. I haven't slept a wink all night—at least, I'm pretty sure I didn't—worrying and worrying about it."

"Couldn't it be resolved into the simple question as to which you love best, since money is no——"

"Love! They're both idiots!"

"Uncle Joe" stopped this time. "I think we'll sit down on this, if you don't mind," he said. "It rather affects one's wind."

"Oh, don't laugh about it!"

"I'd rather die!"

They found two reasonably remote chairs under a patriarchal chestnut-tree, and there she poured out the whole story, more or less coherently; how she had got secretly engaged to Captain Burlingham, really in order to be even with Trixie Kent, who deserved all she got, and lots more; how she only meant to keep up the joke till the captain went back to India, and then to break it off very nicely and kindly by letter (she could always do anything by letter), and how she had felt quite justified, consequently, in getting engaged last week-end to Lord Steeple, who was, of course, a splendid *parti*, but who was turning out *such* a [illegible]

devoid of conversation or backbone that she knew she could never go through with it—her parents would just have to get over the disappointment (they were just going abroad, anyway, which would be a distraction), and no one else would know that there had ever been anything more than chocolates and dances between them, the engagement so far having been kept a family secret—she had insisted on that; how Captain Burlingham had then met with that most rotten accident—broken his arm at polo and been unable to sail, not to speak of his being so seedy that it was not humanly possible to throw him over just then, and how he was getting more and more sickeningly devoted—in fact, if "Uncle Joe" would kindly tell her what in the name of St. George's she was to do, she'd be ready to give him everything she possessed, including her Pekingese.

And "Uncle Joe" very naturally took the line that, if she could speak in that way of either man, it proved conclusively that she must break with both before more harm was done; and Bunny said that that was exactly what she wanted to do, only he must help her and tell her how to do it, or she would simply jump into the Serpentine and finish it by water.

"Uncle Joe" looked troubled, and quite pale now, but his advice was excellent. He spoke to her like an uncle, and a confessor, and a man of the world. He even gave her a rough verbal sketch of what she must write to the unsuitable suitors, and assured her most sincerely that her thanks were absurd, since to do anything in the world for her was the greatest privilege in life.

When she heard that unsteadiness in his voice, and saw the moisture in his kind eyes, a pang of pity went through that heart of hers that was in such demand, and she was so sweet and grateful that—well, it was not till she got home, having parted with him at the door in the glorious sunset, not till she was taking off her hat and spinning it on to the bed, that she suddenly realised what had happened, and then she laughed so loudly and so long, that Chivers, the housemaid, came in without knocking, to make frightened inquiries.

But, of course, one could not tell the housemaid that one had gone out for advice as how to deal with two *fiancés*, and had come home engaged to three, though such was the case.

* * * * *

When she came down to breakfast next morning neither of the two letters, sketched out by "Uncle Joe," had been written, and there were pale amethyst shadows under her eyes.

"You look every inch of your season," said Lady Ford drily. "Better take her abroad with us, Oliver."

"I can't bear abroad," said Bunny. "It's mangy."

"My dear child!"

"Besides, I've rung up Mrs. Uppy (presumably Mrs. Uppingham), and asked her to come a tiny motor tour with me when you're gone, and she says she'd love it."

Lady Ford objected, chiefly on the score of Mrs. Uppy's frivolity, and Sir Oliver threw in his weight, with the usual result that Bunny did precisely what she liked.

She started on that motor tour early next morning, having posted three incredible letters overnight—letters of masterly vagueness and so non-committal, that no human recipient could have made head or tail of them.

But a fortnight later, each of those three recipients read and quite grasped the short paragraph in the morning papers:

"We are authorised to state that a marriage has taken place between Miss Christabel Maud Hargrove Ford, only daughter of Sir Oliver and Lady Ford, of 7A Pont Street, and The Hall, Midthwaite, and Mr. Percy Maxwell, youngest son of Dr. Maxwell, of The Elms, Dorpeth. The young couple is at present touring in the Lake District, and will return to town shortly."

The bride had wanted to add: 'No salt-cellars, by request," but had been happily dissuaded by Mrs. "Uppy," before that lady waved a frivolous hand to the young couple from the railway carriage on the morning of their surprising marriage.

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*** Next week's complete short story will be 'The Hat with the Purple Plume," by Dorothy Greenwood.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Humour.

"HUMOUR is the saving grace of mankind, and without it there may be much achievement, but little charity."—*Gilead Balm*, by Bernard Capes. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The Ethereal Potato.

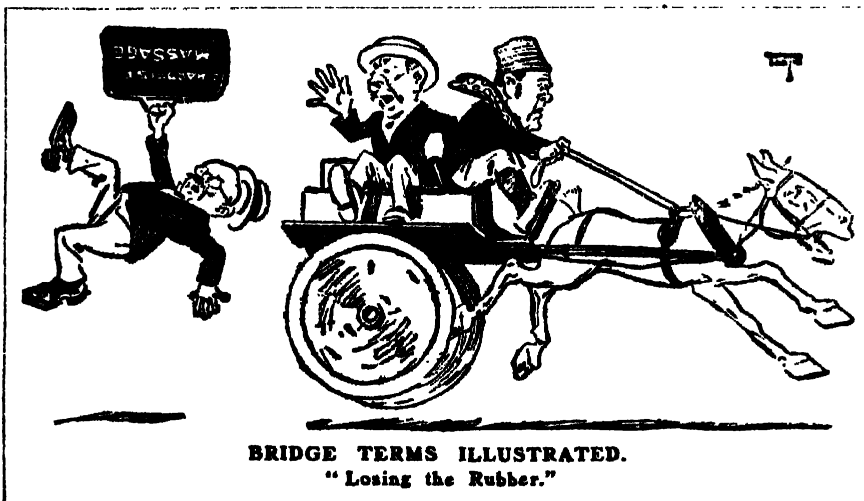
"The mixture of green and purple on some monstrous cabbage is much subtler and grander than the mere freakish and theatrical splashing of yellow and violet on a pansy. Few of the flowers merely meant for ornament are so ethereal as a potato."—*Alarms and Discursions*, by G. K. Chesterton. Methuen. 5s.

Celebrities.

"At its birth the club sent invitations to sundry celebrities to become life members without price. A few lent their names. There are nice patient scientific celebrities in the country who hardly know they are celebrities at all. There are also celebrities in London whose arrival is so recent that they are not yet quite convinced, and welcome any confirmation."—*The One Before*, by Barry Pain. Nelson & Sons. 7d.

Marie Corelli on the Press Again.

"Roll out your columns of vaporous notoriety, ye printing presses of the world!—spread wide the fame of the Anarchist and the Courtesan—mock and revile the spirits of the wise and true, noise abroad the name of the Murderer, and treat the Poet with derision—give flattery to the rich and scorn to the humble, teach nothing but the wit of lying, add venom to the tongue of scandal—dig up the graves of the great, and kill the reputations of the brave and pure!"—*The Devil's Motor*, by Marie Corelli. Hodder. 6s.



BRIDGE TERMS ILLUSTRATED.
"Losing the Rubber."

Johnson on Hunting.

"Johnson would follow the hounds fifty miles on end, but would never own himself either tired or amused. His comment on this much-esteemed sport is worthy of the author of *Rasselas* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. 'I have now learned,' said he, 'by hunting to perceive that it is no diversion at all, nor ever takes a man out of himself for a moment; the dogs have less sagacity than I could have prevailed on myself to suppose; and the gentlemen often call to me to ride over them. It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them.'"—*Six Essays on Johnson*, by Walter Raleigh. Henry Frowde. 5s. net.

A Censor's Ways.

"Warsaw was a city of unrest, with a Government somewhat fearful of revolt, and it likewise possessed a Censor—over zealous in his services to the Government—so every noble sentiment was forbidden. Even some words were found disloyal, among others the word 'slave.' In one of the melodramas it was cut out and replaced by the word 'negro,' and the sentence, which ran as follows: 'He was a slave to his passion,' was changed to: 'He was a negro to his passion!' In another play the words: 'He walked arm-in-arm with the Emperor, and whispered in his ear,' were changed to: 'He walked three steps behind the Emperor and whispered in his ear!'"—*Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska*. Macmillan. 17s.

No Turning Back.

"When it comes to making love, the Rubicon is passed, and the chances of retreat are as one in fifty."—*Beyond These Voices*, by M. E. Braddon. Hutchinson. 6s.

A Douglas Jerrold Story.

"Some ill-advised author once said to Jerrold, 'I hear that you say So-and-so is the worst book I ever wrote.' The reply came pat in its rudeness: 'No, I said it was the worst book anyone ever wrote.'"—*Douglas Jerrold and Punch*, by Walter Jerrold. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

Men and Women.

"Women grow into love—men grow out of it."

"Men are really far more 'catty' about each other than women are, only they reserve their cattiness for fewer and more important occasions."

"When one woman suddenly realises another woman's intense charm, it is usually because somewhere lurking in the background is a new and desirable man."—*The Lesson*, by Gertie de S. Wentworth James. Everett & Co. 6s.

Sir Walter Scott's Hat.

"The last to depart from a certain meeting were Sir Walter Scott, Professor Christison, and a third person, whose name I have forgotten. This man took up his hat, Christison took up his, and Sir Walter took up and put on the only remaining hat, which came down to the bridge of his nose. Taking it off, he addressed the janitor in his native Doric: 'Jone, that's no ma hat.' 'But, Sir Walter, it maun be your hat, for there's nae ither.' 'Na, na, Jone, it canna be ma hat; it maun be the hat o' some great genius!'"—*Memories of Eighty Years*, by John Beddoe. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 7s. 6d. net.

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C. RANGER GULL's latest novel, *House of Torment*, Greening, 6s., is a historical romance of the time of the Spanish Inquisition, told with all the dramatic power to be expected from this author.

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Two humorous illustrated calendars, one for golfers and one for airmen, have been issued by John Ouseley Ltd. Fleet Lane, E.C. The drawings are by G. E. Shepheard and the verses by Harold Simpson. Both are very amusing.

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THREE dainty volumes for children have just been published by Treherne & Co.: *The Flowers of Fairyland*, by Edith King Hall (3s. 6d.); *Quaint Beasts and Odd Birds*, by Vera Willoughby; and *Burbling Billy and the Bubble Bee*, by Irene M. Payne (2s. 6d.) All are delightfully illustrated.

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SOME dainty miniature classics, including "Love-letters of Abelard and Heloise," "Heroes of Mythology," "Emerson's Essays," and "Marcus Aurelius," have been issued by John Ouseley Ltd. "Song and Poems," from the same house, is a new anthology compiled by D. R. Broadbent, containing 16 photogravures of fine rare old prints of classic poets, from Shakespeare to Browning,—the best gift book of the season.

"WHO'S WHO IN PANTOMIME."

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

Some of you, no doubt, have never seen a pantomime. I once had an aunt who absolutely boasted about never having been to a pantomime. She, however, now lives in Peckham. So be warned in time.

But should you now rush off at once to see a pantomime, and thus avoid being condemned to Peckham, there is a likelihood that, in your ignorance, you may confuse the characters. You might, for instance, mistake the Dame for the Fairy Queen, and then you'd be horribly bewildered. To prevent such errors, I have compiled this little guide.

Those of you who have already seen a pantomime may possibly be feeling strong enough by now to go again—just to take the kiddies, of course. In that case, you can hand this guide to the children. This will save them asking a lot of questions, and will allow you more time to focus your opera-glasses properly.

First of all, there is the Principal Boy. Do not be misled by appearances; the Principal Boy is no gentleman, and sometimes, but quite occasionally, no lady either. This character is always call the Principal Boy, though at times accuracy should demand, instead, the label "Principal Middle-Aged Party." But, really, this Boy person is rather a difficult subject to write about. Sufficient be it to say that, while ordinary males "hoist their slacks," Principal Boys invariably hoist their tights. Also, some Principal Boys are born great, some achieve greatness, and quite a number put it on themselves in neat little pads.

Next comes the Principal Girl. Now, she really *is* a girl—or *was* . . . once. It is the duty of the Principal Girl to make believe that she is pretending to believe that the Principal Boy is not a girl pretending to be a boy. Read this over again, slowly, and perhaps you'll be clearer on this point than I am. The Principal Girl is the heroine of the pantomime; the hero is the man who goes to see the show twice. Some Principal Girls are really born actresses . . . but they've grown out of it somehow. I once fell in love with a Principal Girl. Even then, and it was years ago, she was old enough to be my mother. She is still Principal Girling. But this, of course, must be an exceptional case.

By the way, the Principal Boy and Girl both sing at odd moments. The refreshment bars are usually at the back of the dress circle.

On the last night of the pantomime people give the Principal Boy and Girl flowers. I've often felt like sending a wreath myself.

Then there is the Fairy Queen. Personally, I don't believe in fairies. The Fairy Queen appears in the first act to say "I will"—just like that! Then you don't see her again till the last act, when she steps in and says something nice, which is lost in the noise of people leaving their seats. It must be very disheartening to be a Fairy Queen. I am glad I am not one.

Next we have the chief comedian. He gets money for being what he is, so that ought to be some compensation to him. At the same time, I really think we ought to spare a little of our sympathy for his poor mother.

It is the comedian's duty to be funny, and mostly he tries to do his duty. The comedian works up his part for himself, so you need never accuse him of stealing someone else's jokes. You can always recognise the chief comedian at once—he has a red nose and "blue" lines. Some comedians are genuinely



THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "Where have you been?"

funny—but there are more pantomimes than real comedians.

The Dame is a comedian, too, only he has a skirt and elastic-sided boots to help him to be funny. The Dame is the character who waxes garrulous concerning the amatory indiscretions of the lodger, the pungent aroma of decaying kippers, and the acrobatic activity of ripe cheese. Indeed, the Dame is not so much a comedian as a home for aged and decrepit jokes.

The knockabout comedians are the two men who talk a lot while the palace scene is being set. It is their duty to come off the stage the moment the stage-manager claps his hands. Knockabout comedians have a distressing habit of falling about all over the stage, and they knock each other down every time they can't think of anything to say. This is the real reason why knockabout comedians are seldom invited nowadays to at-homes in the most exclusive circles.

The second boy and girl also figure on the programme. They do a song and jiggle-dance in the second act. They also understudy the principal boy and girl. The second boy and girl are keen critics of acting, especially of the principal boy's and girl's acting. The second boy wears the customary, well, undress of "boys." She, too, is often one of those divinities that shape their ends . . . with sawdust.

Then there is the herald. I don't know why they put her in at all, really, unless she's got a contract by mistake. There is, however, one redeeming feature about the herald—she never sings.

The chorus girls are those ladies who walk on and off the stage at intervals, just to prove the management don't mind spending a bit of money. Chorus girls are of two kinds, front rows and makeweights. Makeweights, again, may be divided into two classes, good-old-have-beens and poor-old-never-were-ers. Chorus girls' dresses begin at the last moment and leave off the next. Off the stage, chorus girls have a liking for sealskin; on the stage, they wear a good deal of bear-skin (and if there's anything wrong with that last word it's the printer's fault).

The supers are those men who apparently hold nightly competitions to discover who can hold a tin spear in the silliest way. They all win in turn. Supers are a leisurely but melancholy lot. They toil not, neither do they grin. But then the average super seldom has a friend doing the glad-eye act at him all the evening.

The producer is the man who comes on and bows just as the curtain is coming down. I don't know why he comes out, unless it's to show he's not a coward, anyway.

Then there is the stagedoor-keeper; but what have you got to do with him I'd like to know, eh?

Also, there is the author. Poor fellow.

In conclusion, lest anyone's feelings be hurt, I would like to say that I only mean about half I have said. You can take away which half you like. As long as you leave me the half I meant, I don't mind.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

"What's the difference between a haunted house and a handsome man about to kiss you?" asked she coyly.

"I give it up," he murmured, growing interested.

"Why, you can't let a haunted house."

• • •

Have you seen the *North-Western News?* This is a bright little paper issued by the premier railway, brimful of things interesting to everyone who travels. There is a story by George R. Sims, an article on the "Superheating of Locomotives," and another on "Railway Water Supply." The Advertising Dept. of the L. & N.-W. Railway, Euston Station, N.W., will send you one gratis if you mention "L. O."

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To the man with limited means, his yearly tailor's bill is a great consideration; and it can be cut down considerably. When a suit or overcoat becomes too shabby for wear, all he need do is to send it off to a first-class dry-cleaners, such as Achille Serre, of Hackney Wick, who will send it back again looking practically brand new. Their prices are cheap, and the time only four days. If you write to them, they will send you a free booklet, *Clothes and Men*.

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Pekingese and Pink Noses.

At the recent shows in London, some Pekingese puppies with pink or flesh coloured noses have been seen. This must be an undesirable point which should at once disqualify. Technically such a nose is called "a Dudley" A fighting dog (bull and terrier or bulldog) so coloured came from Dudley. That was more than a generation of man ago. The Dudley nose is supposed to show itself when there is great closeness of blood. Dudley-nosed Pekingese will not do.

West-end Show.

There is to be a large all-round show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on 5th January, under the auspices of the South-Western Dog Society. Mr. Higgs, the secretary, tells me the entries are marvellously good. The Higgses belong to one of the most prominent families of dog-fanciers in England. Their father, a tea merchant, was a Sheriff of the City of London.

Dog Shows on Ships.

Large dog shows will be held during the autumn on the big liners returning to America from England. Rich Americans always purchase dogs in England. Therefore it may be expected that from fifty to a hundred dogs will be on each of the more fashionable ships. The new mammoth *Olympic* and *Britannic* will be among these, and arrangements have, it is heard, been already made with Spratts Patent to provide the benching for these transatlantic exhibitions. The first important marine dog show was held last year on the *Adriatic*.

Harry Lauder and Dogs.

Harry Lauder the comedian is at present in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, panto. Always fond of dogs, he has now started a kennel of Irish terriers, having purchased, among others, Baburn Baronet from Mr. Harry Malix. Mr. Lauder has owned some very good bulldogs. While in America, he purchased prominent Boston terriers—specimens of a variety or breed which promises to become popular in England.

The Boom in Sealyhams.

Sealyham terriers will certainly be a great attraction at Cruft's show in February. This is the fox-hunting season, and everyone is talking about these short-legged, game terriers, which are most suitable for going into the smaller places where foxes, otters, and other vermin find refuge. The *Field* is giving great prominence to a discussion on the breed. About the best dog living of the variety is Ding, the property of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Haverfordwest. The old town is practically the home of the Sealyham terrier, which is sometimes called the Hook or Edwardes terrier.

Welsh Springer Spaniels.

This is the new breed which is being sent to America. The United States is the best market for British dogs. A springer spaniel is a gun dog used for springing, *i.e.*, arousing game. Welsh springers have white bodies with red markings. English springers have white bodies with liver or brown markings. Both are most useful and have a peculiar bark when they are close on or "spring" game. The sportsman may detect the particular bird, or whether it is a hare or rabbit that has been found in the covert by his springer spaniel, by the note of the dog's voice. Any springer should be over 28 lb. in weight.

New Kennel Club Premises.

The Kennel Club, with its enormous business and club quarters, has found it very difficult for some years to discover suitable premises. The second week in January will find its officials finally housed at 2 Saville Row, W. Here, too, will be found accommodation for the Ladies' Kennel Association—a branch of the leading kennel club of the world.

Dogs and Crime.

Major E. H. Richardson claims that if the police had had properly trained dogs with them during the Houndsditch shooting affair, the miscreants could not have got away. As to that, it may be surmised that if they still had ammunition for their revolvers, it might also have been bad for the dogs, which, however, do not offer so good a target. With trained dogs, the officers of law and order would obviously be better prepared to deal with such criminals.

A Famous Devonshire Sportsman.

It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Robert Vicary, of Newton Abbot, goes to New York as the judge for the mammoth American dog show in February. Mr. Vicary's presence across the Atlantic will be hailed with delight, since he is a proficient judge of a hound and a terrier, or, indeed, a dog of any kind. Mr. Vicary will see some wonderful fox-terriers, his favourites. They come from English stock. As a past or present Master of Hounds, he will glory in the exhibit of foxhounds and beagles, shown by the officers of the different hunts in their livery—the greatest feature of the New York show.



Employer: "Jenkins, here's a shilling for you to go to the pantomime to-night."

Office Boy: "Thank you very much, sir. It's very kind——"

Employer: "Not at all. I want you to go and learn a new tune. I can't stand 'Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay' any longer!"

£500 AND NO ENTRANCE FEE

For Names of the Forthcoming New "Veto Abolition Peers."

Of course, it is still quite possible there may be no actual creation of new Peers for the purpose of providing a majority of the House of Lords to pass the Bill to abolish their Veto.

The Lords may do as they did in 1832, and either abstain from attendance or refrain from voting.

In that case we should not have to pay anything under the competition scheme set out on this page. That is why there is no entrance fee; competitors will be none the worse for having exercised their wits.

But then, again, those 500 or so Peers may have to be created. If the House of Lords will not give way and agree to what many of them regard as self-destruction, there is no Constitutional alternative; and leading Conservative publicists are strongly urging that the extreme course shall be insisted on of compelling the Government to ask for the appointment of the necessary number of Peers.

In that case there will be an Official List of, approximately, 500 new Peers promulgated, and we undertake to pay £1 to the first sender of each one of them up to 500 correctly indicated on a coupon cut from our columns before the date to be named later on for the closing of the competition. There is no entrance fee at all beyond the purchase of the paper.

Readers who have looked into the matter and got, perhaps, fifty or sixty correct names will then have the smile!

Everybody who sends in one correct name will get £1 for that name, if first in with it. You may send in the whole 500 if you like, and get the entire £500, if first in with each name. But that is not probable. That a little thought and research should enable you to be first in with a number of the names is, however, quite on the cards, and we shall pay £1 per name to the first sender of each name which turns out to be correct, limiting our liability to £500 in all, and making post marks the deciding factor as to priority in cases otherwise doubtful.

How can you get clues to the likely names? That is where your skill and judgment will come in.

No doubt many a Liberal M.P., many a chairman of the Liberal clubs throughout the country—your own town, maybe, for instance—will help the Premier by accepting his invitation to "go upstairs." But in your selections of Liberal M.P.'s look first and ascertain their majorities.

It would not be skilful, for instance, to name a man whose ennoblement would mean a fresh election in his constituency, with a seat only won by a score or two of votes. You will have to think of points like that if you really mean to win a good handful of our £500.

Municipal eminence may furnish a fruitful field for choice; it has been suggested, for instance, that the new Peers should be selected from among the Radical mayors, and aldermen, and chairmen of County Councils. Doubtless many ideas for guidance will occur to you, such as the heads of professional bodies, Friendly Societies, and Trades Unions—any class of people, in fact, who may be considered to be representative.

A coupon cut from London Opinion must be used for each name sent in; for we do not want any ingenious competitor to send us in every name he can conceive, or to exhaust all possibilities by forwarding us a few London and local directories which would be bound to contain the names hereafter to be found in the Official List of the new Peers. Upon that Official List decisions will be based.

Care must be taken to make the identity of your



"Oh, Ethel, I feel positively desperate! I don't care whether my hat's on straight or not!"
"I'm farther gone than that. I don't care who knows how old I am!"

choice clear. There are very few names of which there are not more than one bearer, while there are, of course, Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons innumerable.

Already we are beginning to get in entries for this competition; and, naturally, the names earliest sent are the more obvious "likely runners" for the Peerage Stakes. Here is an additional list to that published last week:

Mr. H. H. Asquith.	Mr. E. G. Hemmerde.
Mr. Thomas Burt.	Sir Rufus Isaacs.
Mr. Godfrey Baring.	Mr. Percy Illingworth.
Sir Thomas Barclay.	Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.
Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett.	Mr. Thomas Lough.
Sir William Crookes.	Sir Henry S. Lunn.
Sir Ernest Cassel	Mr. Bonar Law.
Sir Henry Dalziel.	Mr. H. W. Massingham.
Sir Francis Edwards.	Mr. J. A. Pease.
Sir John Fuller.	Mr. Oswald Partington.
Sir Thomas Glen Coats.	Mr. Arnold Rowntree.
Sir Edward Grey.	Sir Albert Spicer.
Sir Ivor Herbert.	Mr. Eugene Wason.

You need not trouble to send any of these again, since, should they be included in the Official List, the first senders will get the promised pound. But there is plenty of room for selection yet awhile. Some of those named would certainly not pledge themselves to vote for the Parliament Bill; and for all sorts of reasons a man may not accept the honour even if it be proffered; and LONDON OPINION'S undertaking is to pay £1 for each correct choice up to five hundred.

Some people won't take the trouble to get on to a good thing when they see it, so we suggest you should write and ask your friends who are not competing to give you their L. O. coupons. It's a pity to waste them.

In the case of any question whatever arising the Editor's decision will be final, and all competitors, by the act of entering, agree to that condition.

Entries may be sent in at once, and the date of the closing of the competition will be announced later.

Mark Envelope Peerage Competition, and post immediately to 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

I, ...

of ....

enter the following name as one selection for "London Opinion" Peerage Competition, and hereby undertake to accept as final the award to be published in that journal.

....

....

THE REAL BOSS.

"YOUR clerks seem to be in a good humour," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. "My wife has just been in, and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."

• • •

WHY HE STOPPED.

THEY had been engaged only a week. He had kissed her fully forty times that evening. When he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said:

"Dearest, you have ceased to love me."

"No, I haven't," he replied, "but I must breathe."

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.



"SOLOMON."

The quaint little figure that has taken the place of "Billiken" as a luck bringer for the New Year.

The London Sales.

By the time these words are in print, the great London sale season will be at its height, and all the leading dressmakers' establishments will be busy disposing of bargains of all sorts and conditions which are so eagerly snapped up by the economical in life. For there is no doubt that the sales provide an excellent opportunity for restocking one's wardrobe, and for picking up real bargains in the way of Parisian models, oth in frocks and hats, which have the merit of remaining in fashion far longer than the ordinary products of the costumier's art.

Bargains of To-day.

Perhaps the greatest bargains of to-day are to be found in smart ready-made coats and skirts All of these are characterised by short, narrow skirts and long, graceful semi-fitting coats, trimmed in the majority of cases, with braid and fancy buttons. Particularly cheap are the smart velveteen and corduroy costumes which abound in most of the West-End shops, and are such a feature of dress of to-day.

Winter Coats.

Another valuable asset of the winter sales is to be found amongst long winter coats for day and evening wear, which are ridiculously cheap just now. Black velour coats, marked down to prices a little over three guineas, made full length and loose enough to be slipped over any dress, serve a double purpose for day and evening wear, while smart motor coats of plain blanket cloth and tweed, trimmed with a fur collar, are to be bought at low prices, and are invaluable for motoring or for country wear.

Evening Dresses.

Perhaps the greatest of all bargains are in ready-made evening gowns, which are just now being cleared out at any price to make way for the new models. Charming satin and ninon models, and ready-made robes that only require to be joined at the back, are made in all sizes to suit all figures, and are being reduced from four and five guineas to thirty and forty shillings apiece. With a very little alteration, these frocks can be made very smart, for they are quite up-to-date and exceedingly well cut.

Blouses.

In the blouse line, all manner of tempting models are displayed. Amongst the most up-to-date bargains in this direction sought after by the wise shopper are the new Paisley handkerchief shirts made in a variety of coloured washing silks which will be worn all next summer. White Jap silk blouses, trimmed with hand embroidery, are always a safe investment, as they never go out of fashion, while bargains in veiled chiffon blouses, that are embroidered in porcelain beads, are by no means to be despised.

Day Dresses.

Then, too, there are all manner of bargains to be fixed up in the way of pretty embroidered cashmere, velveteen and venetian cloth robes, which are to be bought at prices considerably below two guineas apiece. These dresses are all made after up-to-date models and for the most part are very smart and effective. In several instances they can be made very smart and up-to-date by the simple addition of an embroidered chiffon and net tunic of the same colour, or by one of those dainty coloured garnitures or bérthes which are a feature of this season's sales.

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THE NEW MAGISTRATE.

A NEWLY-MADE magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice:

"Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together.

"Officer," he said somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not commited bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

• • •



New Maid (announcing visitor): "Please, 'um, is this the lady you told me always to say you was out to?"



Stocks and Shares

By EAGLE.

The Anglo "A" Deal—Bankers' Profits—Investments which should Advance.

FOR bankers, the year which has just closed has been much more profitable than the preceding twelve months, money rates having been distinctly higher. The average Bank rate in 1910 was £3 14s. 4d. per cent., as against £3 1s. 10d. per cent. in 1909, while the rate paid on deposits was about £2 4s. per cent., as compared with £1 12s. 3d. per cent., three months' discount rates £3 4s. per cent., as against £2 5s. 10d. per cent., day-to-day loans £2 8s. 3d. per cent., as compared with £2 0s. 9d. per cent., and Stock Exchange Accommodation nearly 1 per cent. higher than in 1909. Of course, in these circumstances bank earnings in the past year have been higher than was the case in 1909, and the share prices have consequently risen. Notwithstanding this, however, some of the shares of our leading institutions can be bought to give a yield of over 5 per cent.

Promise and Performance.

If every company only lived up to its prospectus promises, what a lovely joint-stock world this would be! But we find the Argentine Navigation Company actually exceeding the promoters' own expectations, the net profits for the first year's working coming out at over £340,000, whereas in the prospectus the average shown for a period of years was but £247,000. The company's £1 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares, which are also entitled to 10 per cent. of the surplus profits available for distribution, stand at $1\frac{5}{16}$, and for the year just closed they receive a dividend of 9 per cent. altogether. Even at the present quotation, I think them a good investment. The Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures are quoted at about 102. The yield is a good one and the security ample. The company is the biggest shipowning concern in the Argentine.

Diamonds.

Premiers are depressed on the news that although a dividend has been earned it will not be paid, owing to labour difficulties and the poor results in the past quarter. Perhaps this will induce the directors now to join the Diamond Syndicate, and so end the boundless production of small stones.

Bitter Experience.

Brewery directors are at last recognising the fact that this is the day of small things as far as the industry is concerned. Competition in buying public-house property in boom times, inflated capitalisation, and heavy taxation have made it impossible to earn the gigantic profits of bygone days. The boards are now hard put to even secure small dividends on the money invested, and in these circumstances it is not surprising to find that there is a widespread movement towards amalgamation. Allsopps and Ind Coope, it is quite possible, will regain a great deal of their old-time prosperity by joining hands, and I believe that, if a large number of the smaller breweries would agree to combine, economies could be effected which would enable them to improve both the standard of their products and the level of their earnings.

Citys and Selukwes.

The starting of crushing at the City Deep is good news for the shareholders in the company and, gradually, as the whole 200 stamps and the tube mills are brought into working, the quotation should advance. There is a crumb of comfort in the news from the Selukwe mine that a new reef, which is highly materialised, has been struck. Let it be hoped that the discovery marks the opening of an era of luck for the company. It has had far too much of the other kind of experience.

Strong Tea.

Tea shares continue to climb the dizzy heights, and if the movement goes on much longer, it will surely blaze into a boom, and we shall, perhaps, see some new flotations. Well, Mincing Lane behaved well during the rubber boom, nearly all of the promotions emanating from these being of a genuine character. Let us hope that the Lane's exultation will remain untarnished if "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" is the medium for another outburst of business.

A Bear Squeeze.

There may be a warm time in store for the bears of Kibwezi Rubbers. It is believed that the market is sold very short. Certainly I know that energetic efforts have been made to buy lines of the shares by people who, presumably, have contracts to fulfil. If the bears were squeezed, it would serve them right for trying to depress the price of the shares of the legitimate holders who have faith in the property.

Scottish Rails.

I recently referred to the brighter outlook for the Deferred stock of the North British Company. It is now understood that the Government are going to greatly extend their plans for the Rosyth naval base, and this circumstance is a further bull factor for North British. In the market, North British Deferred are expected to receive a dividend at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum for the half-year which ends shortly, as compared with ½ per cent. per annum twelve months back, while Caledonian Deferred, it is believed, will receive a distribution at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, as against nil a year ago, and Glasgow and South Western Deferred 2¼ per cent. per annum, as compared with 1¼ per cent. per annum.

Anglo "A."

Readers of LONDON OPINION ought to have made nice little profits over my advance information concerning the deal between the Anglo-American and Western Union Telegraph Companies. The Union guarantees 1½ per cent. per annum on the Deferred stock of the Anglo-American Company, whereas the last dividend was 1¼ per cent. only, while for the year previous to that only ⅞ per cent. was distributed. Of course Anglo "A" have risen appreciably, as compared with the price at which they stood when I drew attention to them.

Nigeria's Tin Fields.

With the new year just started, and high hopes being entertained in market circles that 1911 will witness an upward movement in tin shares, there appears opportunely a useful little volume, by Mr. Albert F. Calvert, entitled "Nigeria and Its Tin Fields" (London: Edward Stanford. 3s. 6d.). Mr. Calvert is well known as the author of various treatises on the gold and other mineral resources of Western Australia, and this latest work of his pen should enhance his reputation as a sound writer on this kind of subject.

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*Mizrach.*"—Many thanks for your acknowledgment of the value of my information; I am always pleased to assist readers. I think you would do right in averaging your Fanti Consols now, as West Africans, I think, are at bedrock; they are a sound holding. I should not advise you to average Fanti Mines. "*Fuerth.*"—I regret that you bought the shares in the Kerala Rubber without first writing me; I should have advised you to leave them alone.

I am afraid you will be unable to sell, but if you can even get 6d. a share I should advise you to get out. No information is obtainable regarding the position of the company, except that an option on 60,000 shares has been granted to certain persons. "*Angler.*"—I think that you would be justified in putting the amount you mention into a speculative investment, and you might do very well out of Taquah Exploration. This is a well-developed property with a future, and, as you are not in a great hurry for dividends, you should eventually see your investment appreciate. "*Trust*"—I have, as requested, sent you by post the name of a broker who will inform you as to the stocks you are allowed to invest in and will carry out the business for you. "*Viking.*"—Great Eastern Ordinary would yield you £4 6s. per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend, which is almost certain to be increased this year. Grand Trunk Guaranteed would yield you £4 8s., but the interest on this stock is fixed. You would get a little more on a foreign railway, such as Central Argentine, which yield £5 7s. 6d., but I prefer the first two mentioned, as not likely to alter in the yield, which is the point most important to you. "*Advantage.*"—Do not be tempted by the promises in the circulars you enclose, or any of a similar character. Very strenuous efforts are now being made by the Post Office authorities in New York to prevent the public being swindled by means of such documents and it is to be hoped that the same policy will shortly be adopted over here.

(Other replies next week.)

• • •

INSURANCE.—An inquiry, giving present age of applicant and mentioning the form of Assurance required, will receive immediate attention if addressed to the Insurance Editor, LONDON OPINION, 36 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. A stamped addressed envelope should be forwarded.

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THERE WAS A REASON.

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I cannot think what has upset that tall blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. "He's my husband."

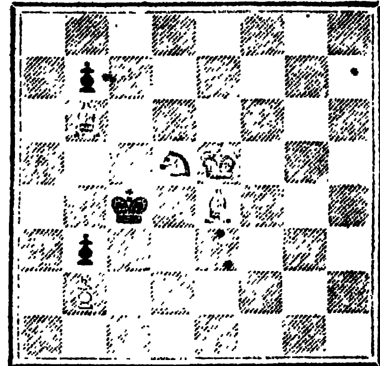
• • •

Hazell's Annual makes its appearance this year three weeks late, but the delay is justified by the inclusion of a biographical list of the members of the new House of Commons, with particulars of the pollings, etc., and summaries of the pronouncements of the party leaders. Thus once more *Hazell's* justifies its claim to be a complete and up-to-date record of the men and movements of the times

CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

PROBLEM No. 309.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution to No. 308: P-R8 (=R).

Correct solution to No. 307 received from J. D. Tucker, Dr. T. K. Douglas, "Alpha," also 306.

No. 306: G. Ingledew, R. M. Burr, F. J. Lackonstein. No. 301: H. P. Forster (Johannesburg), also 302. No. 303: J. F. Adamson (Ontario).

• • •

OUR TEACHERS.

AT a teachers' conference one of the school principals rose to propose the toast: "Long live the teachers."

And a pallid assistant instructor in a hollow voice asked: "On what?"

• • •

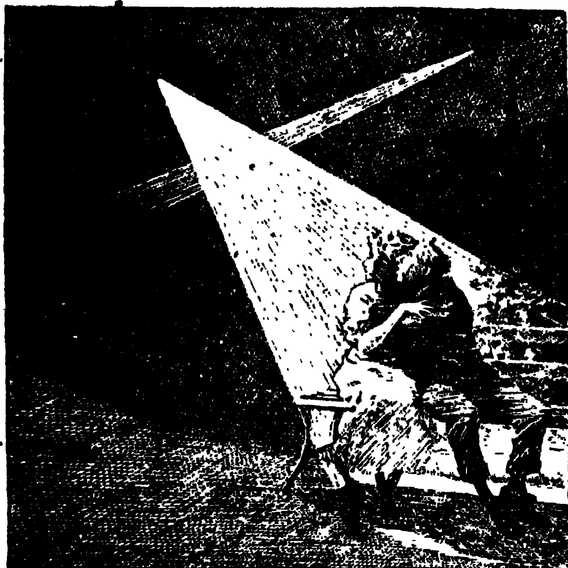
NO SETTLER.

BACON: "And you say your brother has settled in Canada?"

Egbert: "No, I didn't say so. I think he went there to get out of settling."

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

More than half those who fail do so because they try to imitate somebody who has succeeded.—*Advertising.*



"Ships that pass in the night."—"Judge," New York.

Inspiration may be defined as something that will come to-morrow—when you feel more like working.—*Peoria Herald-Transcript.*

• • •

As cruelty prevailed among the Romans because they thought it manliness, so the fear of life prevails among us because we call it prudence.—*The Times.*

• • •

The Englishman's pernicious habit of breakfasting is responsible for a large majority of the unhappy marriages, wrecked homes, or lost illusions which we see on all sides—*Daily Mail.*

• • •

Who can deny the enormous importance to the State of motherhood? Yet it goes absolutely unrewarded by the community so far as the mother herself is concerned —*Daily News.*

• • •

The only way to conquer vulgarity is to get hold of the things that really matter; to realise that honour, courage, grace, nobility, and gentleness are infinitely more priceless possessions than wealth or display, or the cackling applause of the muddle-headed multitude.—*Gentlewoman.*

• • •

It's best to clip gay Folly's wings
And take this little hint:
Don't be a fool and do the things
That won't look well in print.
—*Puck*, New York.

• • •

A divorce case is a lesson to the foolish—we will not say a deterrent to the vicious. Scores of homes are wrecked because men and women do not understand each other, and do not know what will happen if they do *this* and don't do that.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

• • •

A correspondent suggests that the Co-operative Society should add a book department to their store. This appears to be an excellent idea. If carried out, the members could procure at their own shop everything they wanted, from the fresh eggs of Ballyworkan to the Lays of ancient Rome.—*Portadown News.*

• • •

The ceremonial features of the dinner-table, the change of clothes, the leisurely yet precise succession of approved and expected dishes accompanied by pleasant talk and light-hearted companionship, are shown by strict scientific examination to be important aids to the healthy digestion of food.—*Daily Telegraph.*

It is the privilege of every fool to teach other men their business.—*Tatler.*

• • •

Nobody heeds the experience of old age till he is there himself.—*New York Press.*

• • •

Nothing is as good as it used to be in bygone days. It never was, and never will be.—*World.*

• • •

Man's psychology is such that he can have no more untrustworthy guide than memory —*Daily Dispatch.*

• • •

The virtue of punctuality is too often attributed to those who are in reality victims of the vice of prematurity.—*Graphic.*

• • •

Men have never believed in the superiority of woman, that she is in any way a nobler or greater being, for they have never imitated her in anything.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

• • •

Of all the rights for which the working classes of this country have ever fought, there is one which stands out most prominently—the right to leisure.—*Co-operative News.*

• • •

Nobody can boast a record absolutely free from the little lapse. There comes at least one moment to all when through carelessness, error, the sport of circumstances, they perpetrate the awful thing.—*Daily Chronicle*

• • •

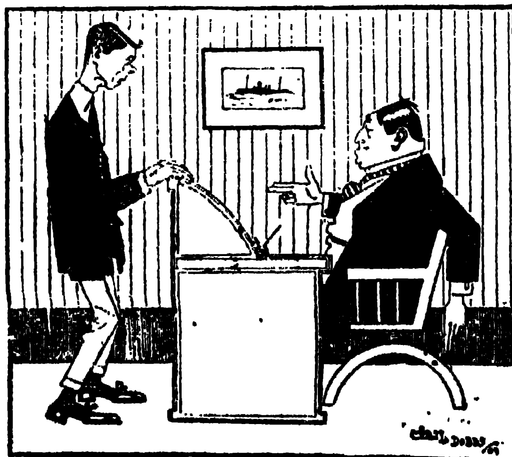
There was a little girl
Who had a little curl,
Good looks and a figure seldom seen;
A note she couldn't sing,
Still, they took the little thing
And made her a comic opera queen.
—*Judge*, New York.

• • •

Cars, or any means of conveyance, ought not to be provided for voters in towns. The man who wants carrying to the poll is more than likely to vote the other way when he gets there, and it would be an advantage if both parties could come to some agreement that would compel the suffragist to carry his own massive intellect to the polling booth.—*Black and White.*

• • •

An American recently in London experienced great difficulty and delay in the business that brought him here, owing to the absence of certain well known financiers, who were shooting grouse on the Yorkshire moors. One day he inquired of us what would happen if the British worked all the year round, seeing that they appeared to conduct about half the business of the world by working only six months per annum. We replied that it was quite possible we might not do so well!—*Financial Times.*



PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST.

Clerk (making excuses for a big error): "But, sir, man isn't a machine. He can't go *for ever*."

Employer: "Oh, yes, he can! You're going for ever at the end of the month!" "Sydney Bulletin."

A NEXT YEAR INCIDENT.

As Mrs. Banderly prepared to leave her office, she called in her chief clerk and said:

"Nothing you want to see me about before I go?"

"Nothing," replied the chief clerk in some surprise, for it was not usual for Mrs. Banderly to ask this question. Her forceful business mind and her great executive ability seemed to take account of everything, so that she seldom had to rely upon others.

She turned down her desk, put on her hat and coat, lighted her cigarette, and taking up her stick strolled out into the business section, preparatory to going home.

But as she went along the strange restlessness that had seized her in the office continued. Instead of going immediately home she determined to walk some distance.

Her prominence in the business world made her the recipient of frequent bows, and once or twice she was asked to "join" someone, but declining politely she made her way along. Occasionally she stopped in front of some jewellery window, where ornaments for men, in reckless and extravagant profusion, were displayed. The unrest, the strange feeling in her heart, increased instead of disappearing. But at last, with a mighty effort, she dismissed it, and proceeded home.

As she entered her house her husband was waiting with all of his old tenderness, and yet, if she had but noticed it, there was an air of expectancy about him that indicated some hidden current of feeling.

"Has all been well, dear?" asked Mrs. Banderly gently. She was known as a splendid wife, a fine provider, and she rarely went out evenings, excepting, of course, to spend Saturday night at the club.

"Yes, dear. The children are all in bed. Will you step up and kiss them?"

This duty done, they proceeded to dinner, but it was evident to Mrs. Banderly that all was not well. A vague restlessness pervaded their usually calm home atmosphere. At moments she caught her husband looking at her furtively.

"Nice dinner you have, dear."

"Ah! You think so? Yes, I have had a specially good one to-night."

"Thoughtful of you."

"And have you nothing else to say about it?"

Mrs. Banderly smiled in reply.

"How can I add any more to my respect and admiration for you?" she said, with an air of gentle approval. In reply, Mr. Banderly turned his face away, not wishing her to see the unbidden moisture in his eyes.

After dinner they repaired to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Banderly offered her husband her cigarette case.

There was a long silence, unbroken by either.

But at last Mrs. Banderly could stand it no longer. She determined to break her accustomed rule of never taking the initiative when it came to any argument.

"My dear," she said at last, "come over here."

Mr. Banderly dutifully came over and sat in her lap.

"What is the matter?" she asked, smoothing the thin hair of his partly bald head. "I know, of course, that something is the matter. What have I done?"

In reply her husband burst into a passion of tears.

"It is just like a woman," he cried. "Don't you know that I have been waiting all day for you to say something—to refer to it—but this morning not a word, and all day not a word, and I prepared a fine dinner for you, and still not a word!"

"A word of what?" asked Mrs. Banderly, still mystified.

"Don't you know," sobbed Mr. Banderly, "that this is the anniversary of our wedding day?"

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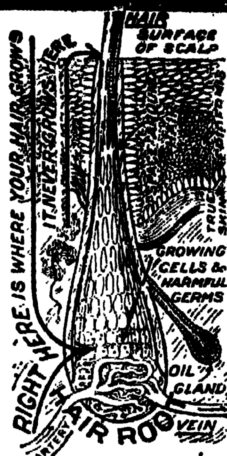
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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

14th JANUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 356.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 44.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 76.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



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London Opinion.

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TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

THERE is a dog on the royal preserves in Germany that can talk. And not only a dog!

• • •

We can find no corroboration of the rumour that the battle of Stepney was engineered by Mr. Churchill and a bioscope company.

• • •

This astonishing battle of Stepney caused intense interest in Paris. Frenchmen incline to the opinion that the Scots Guards made a mistake in not bringing their bonnie braw pipers into action to effect a dislodgment.

• • •

An American paper reports an elopement by aeroplane. Just as of old, the ardent lover said, "Oh, fly with me!" only this time she literally did.

• • •

Under the heading of "Theology," the *Evening Standard* includes "The Everyday Pudding Book." Was this on account of the inward comfort it suggested?

• • •

Mr. Sousa says he has written a piece of music "as much like sunshine as possible." We ourselves have found a lot of moonshine in some much boomed compositions.

• • •

The harem suit for ladies includes a neat little pair of Turkish trousers. A very economical idea, this—our lady friends will be able to finish up their old hobble skirts two at a time.

• • •

Tradesmen are said to dislike the pillow muff at bargain sales as a possible aid to kleptomania. But it's no use advertising "astonishing sacrifices" unless they are ready to make them.

• • •

Some alleged German spies in Scotland explained that they were merely studying the language. They were doing it with a theodolite; but then the rude Doric of Caledonia admittedly presents special difficulties.

• • •

The Board of Trade excuses the low pay of Scotch postal servants on the ground that Scotsmen live largely on oatmeal, which is cheap. But the authorities should, in common fairness, remember that whisky is up in price.

• • •

The *Daily News* considers that England ought to be proud of harbouring political refugees. If the *Daily News* would only take the lot and harbour them on its own premises we might almost become proud of the *Daily News*.

• • •

Some Liberals have been objecting to political topicalities in pantomime. A nasty Tory says their grievance must be due to misapprehension, as the story of the *Forty Thieves* is not allegorical, and originated before the Radicals were in office.

A young American is hailed as "the champion money-saver." Yes, he is unmarried.

• • •

There is now a magazine written entirely by railway men. Doubtless they are paid by the line.

• • •

In the demand for Home Rule, says Mr. Redmond, there must be no half measures. No; but there may be several long waits.

• • •

The City Steamboat Company Limited have done badly partly because of the heavy pier dues. This kind of pier you can't abolish.

• • •

You must not conclude, because Sir T. Lipton and Sir Joseph Lyons are among the knights, that their motto in honour-getting was "Tease."

• • •

By way of "fun," the guests at a hydro have been changing places with the servants. It suggests that the hydro is a little hard up for amusements.

• • •

Next July a great Convention will be held in London, to bring the peoples of the East and West to a fuller understanding. We can almost hear our yellow brother winking.

• • •

Instruction by means of correspondence classes is now much appreciated by gentlemen detained in his Majesty's prisons. Naturally, they want to qualify quickly for their "little go."

• • •

It is suggested that extra letters should be introduced into the alphabet to make telephonic messages clearer. More letters certainly might make dashes, blanks, and asterisks fewer.

• • •

A well-dressed American woman has been fined at Bow Street for giving a 'bus conductor a blow in the face. She ought to know that any punching done on our 'buses must be done by the conductor himself.

• • •

The title of a new play is, *We Can't Be as Bad as All That*. Another short, sharp, and succinct title for a comedy would be, *Where yer goin,' 'Arriet, a Monday, ole dear, cos I gotta couple-a-bob ter spare, an' we might 'ave a beano?*

• • •

Some of the papers are, in the lurid light of recent events, actually urging more stringent provisions for the exclusion of alien criminals. If it can be done without seeming rude to our visitors, perhaps it would be as well.

• • •

The light of the new star in the Milky Way has taken a hundred and fifty years to reach us. Perhaps the brilliancy of some of the stars now billed in the pantomimes will be apparent after a similar lapse of time.

THE ROASTED IRISH MAGISTRATE.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

IRELAND has still got a smile as well as a tear in her eye. She can wink as well as weep. After a fortnight spent in Antrim and Wicklow, I came back to London with my lungs full of laughter. The Irish temperament is as changeable as the Irish atmosphere. Rambling in the Wicklow Hills one sees a new landscape every five minutes. The winter sunlight plays elfin tricks among the fairy mists that move like gossamer veils over the dim peaks and vague ridges. On one side a sky of thunder lowers above Howth and Ireland's Eye; on the other side the green sea is shimmering in the light that rains down from a blue sky. The intense green of the headlands glows like an emerald. The hinterland of hills is a miracle of gleaming and glooming loveliness, like laughs melting into sighs. Earth and heaven seem to meet and mix together in a fantasy of fading apparitions, mountains dissolving in clouds, and clouds dissolving in mountains. There is nothing in the world so bewitching as the dance of the sunlight on the misty Wicklow Hills.

• • •

This dance of the merry light in the melancholy mist is a true symbol of the Irish temper. I cannot tell how or why I laughed more in a fortnight spent in Ireland than in a year spent in England. All I know is that at every twist and turn the humorous aspect of things is revealed. There is infinite misery in Ireland, but it is shot with gaiety. Misfortune is an excuse for a joke. Affliction is a pretext for a jest. Even the children have a knack of humour. "Shure, the weather isn't worth talking about," said a barefooted Irish gossoon, after several days of resolute rain. I heard many amusing stories, but the most riotously droll was the true, veracious, and authentic narrative of an Irish magistrate's defeat and discomfiture in a bout with an Irish reporter. It is a story that is Irish through and through. The amazing absurdity of it could hardly be matched in any other country.

• • •

The Irish R.M. is an Irish institution. There are no resident magistrates in England. This particular R.M. was very fat and very irascible. He had the shortest breath and the shortest temper in Ireland. Imagine a very stout little man with a brick-red face, a close-cropped red head, a bristling, sandy moustache. Everybody in the Irish town laughed at him behind his back, for his tantrums were notorious. One cold, wet winter day he came down to the courthouse to try a batch of cattle-drivers. The court was very cold and very draughty, so the R.M. decided to hear the case in a small room. There was in it a fire fit to roast an ox. There was only one small window, protected by strong iron bars. The R.M. sat down, and the little room was packed with police and officials. Then the seven prisoners were brought in. They were big, powerful men with a big, powerful odour compounded of many materials, gleaned after years of labour in barn and byre, field and pigsty. They had been brought in on an outside car, and their clothes were saturated with rain. Before long they began to steam. Everybody in the little room broke into perspiration. The big policemen mopped their brows. The R.M. puffed and blew like a porpoise. The witnesses were voluble. They were cross-examined at prodigious length. The R.M. was peppery, and his snarls and growls made everybody tremble. It was evident that he was looking for a victim. On whom would the thunderbolt fall?

• • •

Just as things were approaching a crisis the door was pushed open, and a policeman stepped back to admit a queer, shock-headed young man, wearing a long, dirty, white waterproof coat. It was Mike Rafferty, the reporter of the local newspaper. His chin was unshaven, his black hair hung in matted disorder over his dingy collar. The R.M. glared at him with bloodshot eyes and swollen face of ire. "Shut that door!" he snapped. The policemen tried to shut the door on Rafferty, but Rafferty stood his ground. "Your worship," said he, "I'm a reporter." The R.M. glowered horribly at him. "Turn him out," he shouted. "I have a right to be here," said Rafferty. "You can't exclude the Press." The R.M. stood up, and everybody shivered. "Press or no Press," he roared, "I'm not going to be parboiled in this purgatory. Put him out!" The big policeman banged the door on Rafferty, who narrowly escaped decapitation. As the door closed, Rafferty stood for a moment scratching his head. Suddenly, as he stared at the closed door, his wicked little black eyes lighted up with mischievous glee. The key was in the lock. For a moment Rafferty gazed at it meditatively. Then he rubbed his hands together, looked over his shoulder down the long, dark corridor. It was silent and deserted. Very gingerly Rafferty laid his ear against the door and listened to the voices inside the room. He heard the R.M. breathing asthmatically and grunting and growling. Then he softly turned the key in the lock, worked it gently out, put it in his pocket, and tiptoed delicately away.

• • •

Inside the little court the case dragged slowly to the end. The R.M. was now nearly suffocated, and he gasped like a landed trout. The little window had not been opened for years, and vainly the police tried to move it. The great fire was like a furnace. The walls of the room were sweating like a Turkish bath. The R.M. took off his collar. Then he took off his coat. The police, in their tight tunics, panted. The grinning cattle-drivers were the only persons unperturbed. A lifetime passed in Irish cabins made them proof against asphyxiation. The air was heavy with agricultural perfumes. At last the R.M., in despair, abandoned the fight. He adjourned the case. "Open that door," he thundered. The policeman tugged at the handle. It came off in his hand. "The dure is locked, your worship!" The suffering R.M. could contain himself no longer. He stormed and raged. He filled the malodorous air with still more malodorous expletives. He ordered the police to break the door open. But the door was impregnable. It defied benches used as battering rams. "Break the window!" yelled the infuriated R.M. The window was shattered, but it brought small relief to the captives. The police shouted, but nobody heard them. Everybody connected with the courthouse was inside the room, and if anybody else heard the din, they ignored it. It is whispered that a small crowd gathered to enjoy the howls of the imprisoned minions of the law. Not until the priest chanced to come by was there any pity for the victims of Rafferty. The priest sent for the



Britannia: "The kingdom demands the extermination of this odious creature."

locksmith. The lock was picked, and the R.M. came out more dead than alive.

• • •

Rafferty, with smiling impudence, met him in the corridor. Rafferty offered him bland condolences. Rafferty told the whole story in his paper, and set the whole countryside laughing at the R.M. But nobody could prove that Rafferty had locked the door. It is said that Rafferty to this day cherishes the key as a souvenir, but nobody has ever seen it. As to the Irish R.M., he has now a profound respect for the liberty of the Irish Press.

• • •

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS.

Passion is the motive-power of life.—*D. McClymont.*

No man really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world.—*Ruskin.*

There is no virtue in being good because you have to be.—*G. Knowles.*

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. —*Shakespeare.*

Love is a gross exaggeration of the difference between one person and all the rest.—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

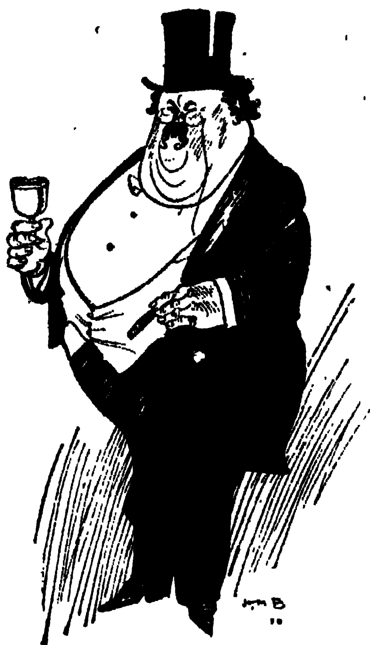
When women whisper scandal and say a little bird told them, it's a safe bet it was a lyre bird.—*K. Knowing.*

The love of money is the root of all evil, but it looks as though that was the sort of love that makes the world go round.—*Unidentified.*

The girl looking for a proposal will find that men are very much like corks. Some will pop, while others have to be drawn out.—*Walter Pulitzer.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. II.—The Vaudeville Floor-walker.

On Wintry Eves.

Now is the season when nervous wives have cause for much uneasiness. Husbands come home late at night, explaining that January is a terrible month for lodge meetings, and that a painfully conscientious devotion to duty compels them to give attendance upon dinners and smoking concerts. Directly winter sets in the average man, instead of finding peace and contentment by the family hearth, proceeds to display the gregarious habit and revels in those cheery assemblies where "For he's a jolly good fellow!" and "We won't go home till morning!" are sung several times in the course of the evening. The pursuit of amusement is the animating principle of life. Yet there are scores of peculiar beings so constituted that they have no appreciation of what the larger world considers "amusement." It would be torture to them to be compelled to sit out a theatre or a concert, just as it would be torture to me to have to drink a bottle of champagne, even were it of the famous 1900 vintage, which, I understand, puts all other years quite in the shade.

• • •

The Days of My Youth.

When I was young the model boy held up to me for imitation was the correct lad who had no hankering for the theatre or even any milder form of frivolous entertainment. In the indentures of an apprentice—I suppose the form is current now—the attester foreswore the frequenting of taverns and playhouses. This appealed to my own imagination in a somewhat bewildering light, because one of my father's apprentices—whom I regarded with much awe and veneration—was violently addicted to constant attendance upon the local habitation of Thespis. Many a time did he thrill my young blood with stories of fearsome melodrama which he had sat out to the very end, none daring to order that he should be at home by eleven of the clock. It was then I learned all about *The Bottle Imp* and *Jonathan Bradford*, and oft did I sit in silent worship while the dashing 'prentice, setting the obligations of his indentures at defiance, harrowed me with tales of dirty work at the cross roads enacted at the theatre the very night before. I gather that the habit of "binding" apprentices has declined of late years. Only public-houses seem to be bound now.

It Might Have Been.

I sometimes think I should have done well to have followed the lines of the steady lads I went to school with, and have avoided the portals of the place where tragedians went into a passion at so much a night. I wonder if I should be happier to-day, or wiser, or prosperous. A sleek tradesman, perhaps, with money in the bank and, possibly, several assistants receiving weekly wages from me. Who knows what civic and municipal honours may have eluded my grasp? I might have been—oh, to think of it, oh! to dream of it, fills my heart with pain!—even a knight, or Mayor, or, at least, the chairman of a Baths and Wash-houses Committee. I might have been a magistrate with my silly jokes preserved in the Press. I might have married an amiable spinster with money, or a widow with a nice little living—as many of my prudent and sober-living friends have done. Instead of which here I am with all my original vices ingrained, a piece of flotsam on the river of life—the boy who took the wrong turning. Frequently has it been impressed on me that the habit of thrift in early years would have laid the foundations of a beneficent, and personally profitable, public career. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." I must have missed the steamer. For, up to the last post, the fortune had not arrived. No matter! I am taking out a most kissable young woman on Tuesday. Were I a solemn country haberdasher I should know nothing of the joy of spending a sovereign—earned or borrowed—on a dark-haired darling with brown eyes and a waist like a wafer. I abominate drapers, whom I look on—rightly or wrongly—as hard taskmasters. But the draper's dainty assistant! Ah, me, the memory of bygone years! From all of which you may conclude that my views for the New Year are not materially altered, and that beauty still draws me with a single eye-lash.

• • •

If——

I am delighted to learn from Professor Bickerston in a lecture to the British Astronomical Association that "two suns like ours would come into collision with a force 1,000,000,000 times greater than the impact of two expresses grazing one another when travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour." If only a stupid trifle like this is to occur, why make a song about it? Happening to mention it to a friend he rapped out with "Don't worry me about this stuff—I've lost my collar stud!"

• • •

Material.

Meet, you two angry suns—collide
In cataclysmal slaughter!
I am content, whate'er betide,
To meet one lovely daughter.

• • •

All My Eye.

M. Lapicque, in a communication to the Académie des Sciences, claims that large eyes indicate a large brain. Fortunately he says nothing about swollen heads, yet the bare truth has sufficed to upset me very much. As a weevil-eyed individual of very peery vision I am concerned at the "giving away" of my own cranium. Lest others should be even more perturbed let me remark that generalities

about cleverness and the size of heads, or hands, or feet is all my eye and Elizabeth Martin. Human nature cannot be appraised in this wholesale fashion. I have known people prone to believe that a Yorkshireman or a Scotchman must be 'cute by reason of his "port of origin." Nonsense. You will find as many "mugs" in Yorkshire or Scotland as you will find smart people in foolishly contemned "silly" Suffolk.

• • •

Obliging a Friend.

YOUR contributor, "A Playful Stallite," recently remarked that he would be glad of any information which would show a beating of the "record" made by Mr. Dan Agar, who performed the principal male part in a musical comedy at Brixton one afternoon and the principal male part in another at Shaftesbury Avenue the same evening. I am happy to oblige him. A more striking feat must be credited to Miss Dora Poole at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, during the 1904-5 pantomime season. In the afternoon, as understudy to Zena Dare, she played the lead in *Beauty and the Beast*, and in the evening she went on for Lil Hawthorne, the principal boy. Nothing was cut either morning or evening. This is the only instance in my recollection where a lady has appeared as both principal girl and boy on one day, and I venture to think it eclipses Mr. Agar's effort entirely, particularly as it was accomplished by one of the weaker sex.

• • •

A Fine Performer.

IN that interesting publication, the *Encore Annual*, which gives a host of delightful pictures, including a specially charming one of Miss Dorothy Ward, there is a plain deliverance by Miss Vesta Tilley concerning her first acquaintance with the stage. "My earliest recollection of a public appearance," says she "was as 'the Pocket Sims Reeves,' when I was so small that my father produced me from behind the chairman's seat. He might actually have produced me from his pocket. I was such a little mite. After then I did some touring as 'the Great Little Tilley.' I was helped along at that time by another 'great' person, 'the Great Macdermott,' a very good friend of my father's, and a man with much forethought and a keen insight. It was at Day's Music-hall at Birmingham where I really began to take a hold on the affection of the public, and I have been lucky enough to hold it ever since. Oh, yes, I feel quite at home in male attire on the stage, but one day as I was going to the Palace Theatre ready to go on, the brougham met with an accident and I had to walk through the street. That's quite a different thing to walking on the stage, and I was as nervous as I could be until I got safely into the theatre. I was a bit upset in two senses by the brougham accident, but to find myself in male attire walking along a crowded thoroughfare upset me a good deal more."

• • •

Another "Pocket."

WHAT I should like to know is what became of Master Henry Collard, who was known as "the Pocket Sims Reeves" a few years before Vesta Tilley appeared? This last is a remarkable woman, and the way she puts in the shade other "turns"—some of them very highly paid—which happen to be in the same programme with her is an eye-opener. In December, 1874, the "Great Little Tilley" was performing at the Mechanics' Hall, in Hull; in 1877 she was "the Wondrous Tilley," and in 1878 she announced she would in future be known as Vesta Tilley, "the star impersonator of male characters." The name does not matter much. The leading fact is that to this day the lady has had no equal in her own line of business.

• • •

On the Road.

"BUSY?" I asked a telegraph office counter-man on Boxing Day. "Yes," said he, "all the actors are sending telegrams wishing each other luck." Over the face of the country public performers are now dispersed for the pantomime season, and the theatrical lodgings are full. These differ materially in character and quality. A popular London comedian relates how in earlier days he and a comrade shared "diggings" in a house where the sugar developed a faculty for mysterious disappearance. The two men hit upon the happy idea of taking a census, and on returning home one night inspected the bowl and called up the landlady. "Mrs. Swiffkins," said the elder, "I ascertain, madam, on making a roll-call that lumps of sugar, numbers 14, 27, 6, and 32 are missing." The hint was sufficient, and, as a partiality for sugar could not be ascribed to the cat, no further cause of complaint arose.

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Old Age Pensions.

THERE is a saying about light which makes darkness visible. The Old Age Pension makes independence visible—and no more. Now that the pauper disqualification is removed a number of aged people are going forth to the world to try life on 5s. a week. Knowing something of poverty I can realise how hard the task must be. I read that of sixty inmates at one workhouse only two were willing to leave. No surprise can be felt at that. For, not to put too fine a point upon it, to expect persons of advanced years to keep going on 5s.—unless they have some friendly side assistance—is a farce. We should all rejoice to see the workhouse abolished for ever. That day will surely come. But the 5s. allowance is an aggravation and a mockery. This is no political question. If the Tories had made the arrangement instead of the Liberals, I daresay they would have started at the same figure. The thing should be done properly or left alone. Well may the pensioner exclaim—"To be thus is nothing—but to be safely thus!" Considering the millions this nation fools away in wasteful expenditure the old age pension business ought to be reformed so as to be made a practical reality. We want it not only for the very poor, but also in future for the huge class which is burdened throughout the best years of its life to pay rates for the very poor.

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"The World Knows Little —".

IT was a popular manager, starting rehearsals for a new piece, when somebody happened to mention that Tolstoi was dead. "I am sorry to hear it," said he; "I always liked his compositions, and I think his 'Good-bye for ever!' one of the best things I ever struck." And then the conductor broke in, and the band started a waltz dreamily.

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A New Title.

[PUCCINI, leaving New York, after producing his last opera, was smothered with kisses. He offered both cheeks to the fair marauders.]

His handsome face lit up with glee,
And glistened like a guinea,
"Pout-cheek-y" he must henceforth be,
And never more "Pout-chin-ny"!

ROUND THE TOWN.

Queen Alexandra and the Coronation: Lord Lonsdale and the Cottesmore Hunt: and other Inside News.

THERE is a curious mystery about the Coronation. Nobody knows for certain whether Queen Alexandra will attend it. This is because Queen Alexandra has not herself decided. On behalf of her Majesty it has been suggested that, should she attend, a third Throne for her shall be placed on the King's left, exactly corresponding in size and position with that of Queen Mary on the right.

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Probably that is what will occur, but these matters of procedure take a lot of arranging. There are wet towels round the heads of some of the greatest functionaries already over the happenings of next June, and I would bet that the Lord Great Chamberlain's cat has even now to look lively at times to escape the missile of wrath.

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In an effort to beat Capt. Scott's expedition, Capt. "Bob" Bartlett (Peary's famous lieutenant) and Harry Whitney, the well-known Arctic traveller, are going to make a dash for the South Pole in the early autumn. They think it more sporting to take a route utterly apart from the Shackleton-Scott way, and will start from Punta Arenas, the southernmost point of South America, in the hope of reaching Coats Land before navigation is closed up in February.

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I asked Sir Ernest Shackleton about the chances of this venture. He pointed out that Captain Scott, with good fortune, ought to reach the South Pole about next Christmas—a year before any other expedition could do so. "Coats Land," added Sir Ernest, "may be only ice barrier, and altogether the prospects of an expedition reaching the Pole from that base in a single season are very remote. Much preliminary work must be done first."

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Another Savoy supper conversation: "Should one say 'the Rhine' or is 'the Rhone' the more correct pronunciation?" "I'm never certain myself; you hear it both ways."

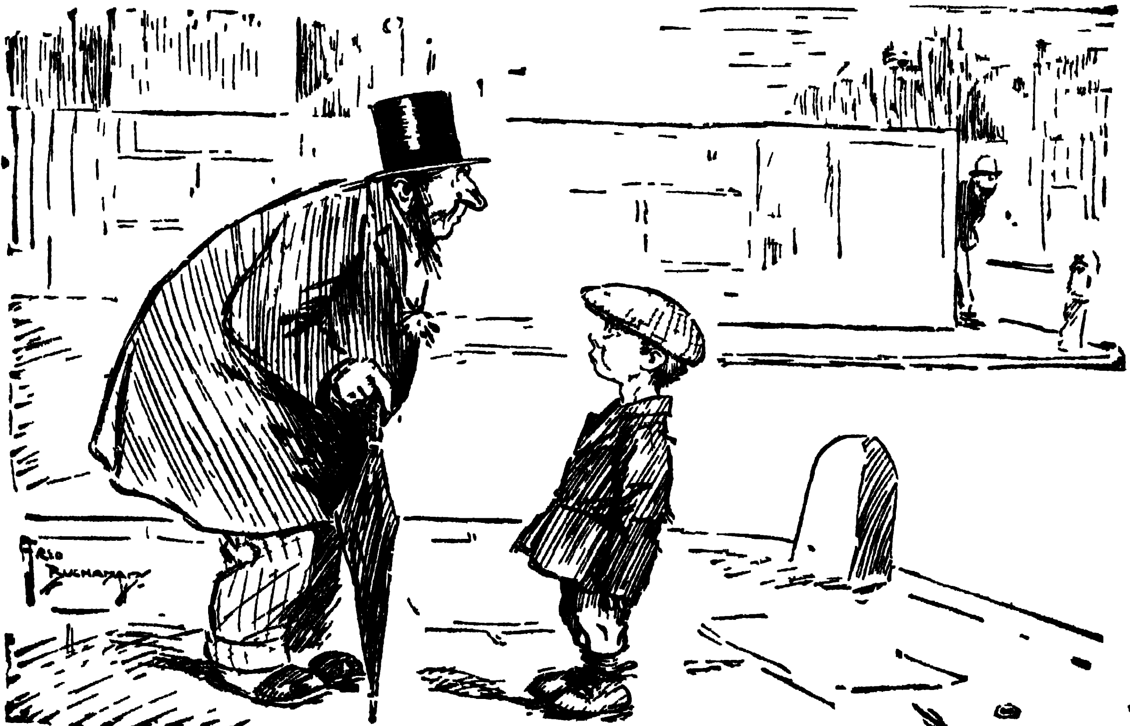
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Lord Lonsdale sends me a copy of his letter to the Secretary of the Cottesmore Hunt, in which he resigns the mastership. He feels that nothing he can do, apparently, can give the chairman and some of the committee satisfaction. When he took over the Cottesmore Hounds he found anything but a satisfactory pack. He has spent large sums, far above the amount of the subscriptions—in what he believes to be the interests of the country, but as antagonistic members of the committee are still retaining office in spite of what occurred at the general meeting, his lordship finds resignation his only course.

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Lord Cowley has been mentioned as a likely successor to the mastership, but Lord Lonsdale very much doubts if that is his intention.

Mr. Birrell is credited with expressing the hope that the hobble skirt will not go out of fashion yet. He



The Boy: "Will yer gimme a penny, sir?"
The Benevolent Gentleman: "Are you hungry, my little boy?"
The Boy: "No; farver's thirsty!"



"Full inside is he? So'm I. He's not—like everybody!"

imagines that ladies cannot, while wearing this happily restrictive garment, lack his ... they might otherwise achieve

Mr. David Davies, M.P., has been presented at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, with his portrait in oils in celebration of his recent marriage. He is portrayed in hunting costume, mounted on his favourite horse, Oyama. The picture is the work of Mr. Dick Adams, and over 1,600 persons contributed to its cost, the subscription being limited to 5s. Mr. Davies maintains at his own expense a pack of foxhounds and a pack of otterhounds.

Sir Herbert Tree has had in his possession for some time a play by Mr. Zangwill called at present *The Man of Iron*, which he Tree considers a masterpiece up to a certain point. But he does not think the last two acts quite right, and wanted the dramatist to alter them. Zangwill might have replied like Oscar Wilde on one of his own plays to George Alexander, "Who am I to tamper with a classic?" Instead he is willing to make the desired changes if Sir Herbert will agree to put the play on to follow Henry VIII. The debate stands adjourned.

The last words John Moisant wrote were optimistic to a degree. "Just," he said, "as was the case with the automobile, the heavier-than-air flying machine will be developed by those whom the world calls reckless or venturesome and by the wealthy man. But this will be only true for a short time. Where to-day there is one aeroplane there will be 100 in one year, where there are 100 in a year, there will be 1,000 in two years, and the end of the third year from now will surely see no fewer than 10,000 aeroplanes in active use.

"Five years from now it will be a common thing to see hundreds of heavier-than-air machines flying over our big cities, and I feel certain that within the span of time we shall not only have tried to cross the Atlantic in an aeroplane, but shall actually have spanned it."

When will the Lord Mayor of London, with all his civic glory and equipage, own his own horses? Is it not amusing that in the greatest city in the world the Chief Magistrate should have to sit in a coach drawn by four horses hired from a firm of ... ? There were admiring crowds outside the Mansion House on a State occasion the other morning. They were taking up the gilt and glitter of the official ... of the City of London, and the prancing and stamping of Mr. Heun's horses.

My paragraph about the strangeness of music halls to the stranger who first crosses over to variety reminds a correspondent of the remarks made by one of the Hawtreys when he once trod the hall. "I like the audiences very much," he said, "but I must tell the strange people at the back of the stage. There is a most peculiar person sharing my dressing-room with me. I don't understand him at all."

Upon being asked wherein the person was strange, he continued: "Why, er—I don't know exactly, but he has the largest diamonds and the dirtiest underwear I ever saw."

The first of a series of sporting and dramatic balls at Prince's Galleries will take place to-morrow (Sunday). The number on will be *The Girl in the Train* ball, and many stars of the theatrical world, as well as from the vaudeville, are going. The agency organising this interesting series has its offices at 28 Stafford Street, Old Bond Street.

The composer of *Salome* was dining one night with a party of musical friends when the conversation turned on the compositions of the Kaiser. Some of the guests had expressed their opinion pretty freely when Herr Strauss put his finger to his lips and said, "Sh! sh! You should never run down the compositions of crowned heads in company. There is no telling who wrote them."

The gowns, so the ladies inform me, are delightful in *Is Matrimony a Failure* at the Criterion. Miss Ellis

Jeffreys captured their hearts in a cerise satin frock, embroidered in gold and veiled with a black chiffon tunic bordered with gold and boasting two fascinating gold tassels, the colour note being repeated in the waist-belt, tiny buttons on the sleeves, and the cerise under-brim of the large black cavalier hat adorned with ospreys, which crowned this effective toilette. Among Miss Edyth Latimer's many pretty frocks is a picturesque gown of shaded green and gold *mousseline de soie*, with a deep pointed collar, reminiscent of the Stuart period. With it goes the quaintest "Quaker" cap of lace, behind the "wings" of which are posies of tiny deep red roses.

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In the revival of a *A Waltz Dream*, Miss Lily Elsie makes one of the dantiest "conductors" conceivable in a short white satin frock, trimly belted with apple green and flame coloured Oriental embroidery. Much silver embroidery goes round the skirt, and a band of skunk, while silver stripes each side of the frock inset with apple green velvet lend the "creation" a military air. Worn with this frock is a wedgwood blue coat be-laced with silver and belted with green. A vastly pleasing evening frock worn by Miss Elsie is composed of the filmiest of fabrics through which there is a glimpse of an underdress of pink.

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The great J. P. Sousa, whose farewell tour is now being boomed, tells me that for two of his best known pieces, "The High School Cadets" and "The Washington Post," he received only £5, although the latter realised £20,000 for the publishers. To which the publishers might answer, I expect, that nowadays they have to give the "March King" the best part of £20,000 for his pieces on the chance of making an additional fiver for themselves.

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A dialogue reported from Fleet Street: *Manager:* What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about? *Press Agent:* She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night. *Manager:* Great Scott! Ain't that enough? *Press Agent:* No; she paid for ten.

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Miss Cecilia Loftus, who in private life is, of course, the wife of Dr. Waterman, to whom she recently presented a son and heir, tells me that she will not be seen on the variety stage again until the end of [illegible]. Within the next few days she leaves for the Riviera. In the meantime, I may mention that she is on the look-out for a good comedy.

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The day of the bread-and-butter miss, with her silken tresses hanging down her back, has spread even to pantomime. In consequence, the one-time "Queen of Pantomime," the tall, dignified, somewhat "mountainous" lady, who invariably got her penny's-worth on the weighing-machine, has found it this year by no means easy to secure engagements, whereat she is greatly wrath. Among the letters received from would-be leading ladies at the Lane this year, Arthur Collins tells me, was the following, written by one of the pantomime chorus of the old stamp: "Have nothing to do with these Peter Pan girls who persistently refuse to grow up," wrote this damsel, "but give me a chance. I have a good figure, and as I weigh close on fifteen stone you would find me very useful in propping up the scenery.—Yours etc.——"

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Would you be very surprised to hear that a certain young couple, each distinguished in their own "walk"—or is it in some other sphere?—of life, whose reported engagement has been much discussed lately in the Press, have actually been married for several weeks? A little bird who should know something about it whispers to me that this is so. I wonder.

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Danny Maher, who puts on weight very easily, tells me that he finds roller-skating a really excellent antidote to increasing avoirdupois. He will, by the way, renew his contract with Lord Rosebery next year.

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There are few owners of less sanguine temperaments as to their horses' chances than Mr. F. R. Hunt. At Newbury, however, I happen to know that he thought he had the Andover Steeplechase in his pocket with Michet, who finished third, after being eased. Michet, however, will surely pay to follow. A likely horse "to buy the winter coals with," this.



The Opportunist: "Nice little dog, isn't he? I got to know my last flame, too, through him!"

I have heard an ugly whisper that, after all, the two foreigners "executed" in 100 Sidney-street at the siege were only engaged in making counterfeit coin, and had nothing whatever to do with the burglary or police murders in Houndsditch! This view is supported by the extraordinary quantity of molten lead and pewter found in the ruins, as well as the metal tubes and moulds called "bombs."

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That very successful trainer, G. Duller, tells me that he is thinking of leaving Epsom before long. In fact, just now he is very much on the look-out for some suitable training quarters elsewhere.

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Mr. Richard Croker has hopes that he may again win the Derby, with Clonburn, this year. He does not consider this son of Clonmell a great horse yet, but his trainer says he is an improving colt who has not been thoroughly tried so far, and there is nothing like Lemberg or Bayardo to beat this year.

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As soon as novelists think they have a mission they are, in the opinion of Robert W. Chambers, lost. He scouts the idea that the fiction writer must experience before he can describe truthfully, and cites Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Deland as examples against the personal experience theory. "Those women have not found it necessary to knock around the low places of the earth, and yet their characters are by no means an array of saints."

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An early forthcoming booking at the Oxford is Herbert Sleath's company in *The Third Degree*. This is another playlet by that very successful sketch-writer, Harry M. Vernon. It is ten years since Vernon's first production was put on. It was *The Marriage Broker*, at the old Royal, Holborn, and he tells me the following incident concerning that night.

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In those days his "wad" was small, and he had spent his all on doing the production well. But when on the fateful first night he sent in his name for a seat, the manager returned word: "Don't know him—not to-night." His dinner had left him with just sixpence in the world. But there was no alternative, and bang went the last tanner for a seat upstairs to see his own show. That was ten years ago. *The Marriage Broker* is still being played in the halls, here in England, in America, Canada, and Australia. "I have written a few since then," he says, "and I don't have to go up in the gallery any more."

THE LOOKER-ON.

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CRY OF THE MIDDLE-CLASSES.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—May I venture to protest, as a member of the supposedly fortunate middle-class, against some of the ideas expressed in Mr. Arnold White's latest article?

Though it is for some incomprehensible reason as a rule entirely ignored, the middle-classes are in many cases the worse sufferers from our present social system; and it is their perpetual struggle to lead decent and honest lives which is the cause of so many of the evils which we see ventilated in the Press. The declining birth rate, of which we hear so much complaint, is largely attributable to the absolute impossibility of maintaining a family at the present meagre rate of pay received by the "middle-class." Accordingly, hundreds of men, perfectly fitted to be happy husbands and fathers, are compelled to remain bachelors. The poor are, of course, not deterred by any such considerations, but these the middle-classes, *i.e.*, the thinking classes, who have to suffer. If the people who talk so much about the "declining birth rate" would pay their clerks and employés better it would be more practical loyalty to the country than the present futile methods which are adopted.

Yours faithfully, "HONESTY."

THE UGLY MALE.

Resentment Among Women Over Masculine Looks.

THERE is a growing feeling of resentment among women on the subject of the extreme plainness of their men-kind.

In the after dinner privacy of the drawing room they are wont, over their coffee cups, to draw odious comparisons between the high standard of beauty demanded from women and the low level of masculine looks which they themselves must perforce accept.

"A handsome man will soon be as extinct as the dodo,' said a Society beauty lately. And a chorus of assent followed her remark—disgusted and almost indignant assent.

One must admit that, in mixed company, women are constantly heard to remark that 'men's looks do not really matter.' I don't mind telling you that they don't mean a word of it. But the frequency with which one hears this observation has lulled the masculine suspicions, and convinced them of that which they are only too eager to believe. This deceptive attitude on woman's part has no answer for much of the hideousness which we see around us. Undoubtedly it has helped still further to lower a standard which for many years has not been very high. The only way to produce handsome men is to demand them. If we do this often, and loudly enough, a supply will necessarily be forthcoming. This has always proved true. But the difficulty is to convince the men of their own deficiencies.

I once heard a woman tell a man with a face like a caricature, 'I don't care for good looking men—they are so vain.' Instead of accepting this as a tribute to his own lack of beauty—an obvious fact for which she was thoughtfully endeavouring to console him—he preened himself, threw back his shoulders, and replied, "Oh, no, not all of us!" to the blank amazement of his companion.

"Every artistic instinct I possess is offended whenever I look at my husband," a wife assured me lately.

"Why did you marry him, then?" was my obvious query.

"I had no choice. The others were all worse," she sadly replied.

The question, "Why have you never married?" but seldom receives the reply that "No nice-looking man ever proposed." It seems as if women will put up with anything rather than have nothing. And so long as they will, they may!

In the feathered world, the plain little hen bird demands that her mate shall have beautiful plumage, and so, in order to gain her approval, he has become a highly decorative creature. The same thing would happen on the human plane if it were only made obvious enough to men that their hidden virtues are not sufficient to recommend them. But how to convince them is the question.

One meets a puny undersized pasty-faced bit of masculinity in Bond Street. Its hair is highly polished, and so is Its hat. It wears trousers short enough to display brightly socked ankles to match Its necktie. It is firmly convinced that It is irresistible. You look at It pityingly and mentally wonder 'Is this really a man?' It catches your glance, promptly takes it for one of admiration, thinks you have rippin' good taste, and is on the verge of inviting you to tea at Fuller's, when you unexpectedly turn up Burlington Gardens and disappear into your club. This is fairly difficult matter to deal with. So also is the heavy bulldog type of man who thinks that the balance at his banker's is all sufficient for feminine requirements and recks nought of the yearnings after God-like outlines which are hidden away beneath his wife's expensive blouse.

'Let a man be clean and well groomed, that is the principal thing,' is a saying which may be all right in theory. But when in practice it works out that the feminine eye must eternally rest upon masculine noses which even though perfectly washed are ill shaped and ugly, and chins which, though they be closely shaven, are rough-hewn and unpleasing in form, one wonders if a little beauty, even if less scrupulously soaped, might not make an agreeable change. One might bring oneself to marry a man—in order to wash him—if his features were only sufficiently Grecian!

KATHERINE VAUGHAN.



"So Jessie is engaged to Jack. I wonder what in the world she saw in him?"

"Her last chance, probably!"

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THE WIFE'S REPARTEE.

A YOUNG cotton worker and his wife had been married only a few months. John developed a tendency to stay out late at night, and now it was early morning, when his wife heard a violent knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" asked she from the bedroom window.

"It's me," replied John meekly. "I've just come from the meeting. We have been considering the present strike."

"Oh, have you? Well, you can sit on the doorstep and consider the present lockout!" was the retort.

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A Question to every Business Man — Clerk, Salesman, Traveller, Book-keeper, or Manager.

JUST think for a moment how long it is since your salary was raised, how long since you received any promotion

Is it longer than you like? Have you worked hard and earnestly, but found your efforts go unrecognised and unrewarded?

Well, how much have you *learnt* during that time? How much do you know of the work outside your own department? Because to-day it is not mere hard work that brings success, half so much as *general* ability, the power to fill any position that offers. It is the all round man who succeed to-day not the man of one job, who is denied promotion because he must wait to step into the shoes of the only man he can follow the man directly above him "All round" knowledge is the knowledge that brings promotion

What is this "all round" knowledge? It is the knowledge that the manager has to possess that every successful man has had to obtain before he could achieve success.

One way to get it is to spend your whole life experimenting with your problems and finding out your own solutions. That may mean success when you are seventy or eighty years of age Another way is to benefit by other men's experience That means success, when you still can enjoy it and not a problematical success when you are too old to care

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

SOME few years ago the papers had a story concerning a community of residents in an English country town who had been thrown into a condition of frantic consternation by the announcement that the church at which most of them had been married was not properly licensed for the purpose. As the distracting piece of news did not leak out until some of them had been living in supposed wedded bliss for several years, and as, moreover, many unions had been bountifully blessed, you may imagine the scare which the bursting of that particular bomb shell caused.

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That was a perfect peach of an idea for a farcical comedy, and at length we find it figuring as the central episode of *Is Matrimony a Failure?* (adapted from the German by Leo Ditrichstein) and coming back to us *via* America. What a wonderful chance the notion offers for a three act scream, but as they do it at the Cri the opportunity is missed almost entirely, mainly because the approach to the chief situation is diffuse and tedious while but little is made of the inevitably obvious "straightening out" process at the end—unfortunately, the weakest part of the whole business. What the central idea really needed (as I overheard the fair occupant of a seat near mine explaining to her lady friend) was French treatment. What she meant was that it wanted a touch of tabasco—not too much, of course, but just enough pepper to add the necessary piquancy. Instead of all the "wives" leaving their "husbands" and going to stay at a neighbouring inn, their hostess might have said in effect, "My poor dears, it's very dreadful but, of course, you cannot leave the house on this awful night, so you must be segregated until we can find the registrar in the morning." The next scene might then have been laid in a gallery showing the doors of the various rooms of the sundered couples, and—well, can't you see what a scream they might have evolved from that?

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Much of the acting was of the first class, notably that of Ellis Jeffreys and Kenneth Douglas. Paul Arthur was easy and smooth, Edyth Latimer was excellent, and Charles Bryant may be recommended at once to drop his irritating suggestion of the voice and method of Sir Charles Wyndham—at least, so long as he is acting at the Cri. The piece was most cordially received.

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The letter from Robert Loraine published in a morning paper a few days ago, in which the actor announced his withdrawal to private reasons from several flying contests in which he had arranged to take part would seem to indicate his abandonment of the extremely risky sport in which he has figured with so much pluck and success. In view of all the circumstances, it may perhaps be permissible to express the hope that the assumption of his retirement from the practice of aviation may be correct more particularly as I hear rumours of a highly interesting professional engagement in which Marie Lohr and himself are to participate. They are, I believe, to go abroad to appear in a series of plays under a very well-known management, but not, of course, until Miss Lohr has fulfilled her forthcoming engagement in Sir Arthur Pinero's comedy.

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There is generally a theatrical quarrel afoot. The current one is between Lewis Waller, who wants to resume his tenancy of the Lyric Theatre, as agreed, in February, and William Greet, the lessee, who will not let him because the plays Waller has suggested do not meet with his (Greet's) approval—which was provided for in the bond. Mr. Waller thinks that Mr. Greet is not prepared to approve of any play because he is doing too well with *The Chocolate Soldier*. Mr. Greet's answer is that he is only drawing rent from *The Chocolate Soldier*, and would do much better on sharing terms with Waller if Waller could produce the right goods.

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"I often wonder," said a man to me, "how the members of the orchestra while away the waits between the musical numbers." By way of illustrating my reply that they beguiled the time in various ways, I told him what happened a few evenings ago at a West-end theatre, where some wags in front had arranged, by way of surprising a popular comedian, to hand up at the close of his song a fine bunch of celery and a cauliflower bedecked with pale pink ribbon. By some mischance the veg never got there, but it served after all a more useful purpose, for in a period of leisure the bass drummer sent out slips for a raffle at a penny a pop among the other members of the band. So while the audience were laughing heartily at the piece, the musicians in their seats were passing along their pence and waiting anxiously for the drummer's announcement of the winning number. The celery and cauliflower went, I believe, to the trombone, and half a crown was netted for a sick fund connected with theatre orchestras.

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It is recorded of Sir Herbert Tree that meeting one of his working staff in the wings he said, "I hear you are separated from your wife." "Yes, sir," replied the employee, "and only three weeks married too." With a touch of regret in his voice the manager said, "Ah, well, faults on both sides, I suppose?" "That's it, guv'nor," answered the disconsolate husband, "false on both sides—false back an' and false teeth."

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Mr. Henry Arthur Jones states he would not have allowed his play *We Can't Be as Bad as All That*, to be produced in New York if Miss Katherine Kaelred had not been available to play the heroine. This tendency of authors to believe in the one indispensable actress grows. Recently Mr. Jerome K. Jerome declined the production of his new suffragette play at the Garrick Theatre because Alexandra Carlisle was not free to play the lead, and nobody else would do, while Sir Arthur Pinero has hung up his new comedy, *Preserving Mr. Panmure*, until now because he felt that it was a case of Marie Lohr or nobody for the lead, and Miss Lohr was elsewhere engaged.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Is Marriage a Failure?"

SORE THROAT AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES: Their Cure and Prevention.

The cold damp weather this month has been responsible for a severe epidemic of Sore Throat. The worst of this malady is that it so often develops into some dangerous throat disease like Diphtheria, and always makes the sufferer particularly liable to catch Influenza, or any other infectious disease which may be in the air.

A prominent throat specialist has been drawing attention to this fact which is not so well known as it ought to be. "A person who has a Sore Throat," he writes, "possesses a throat in which any germs which may chance to alight can grow much more rapidly and with much more dangerous effect than they can on a healthy throat. Therefore, medical men say with one voice, 'Look carefully after a Sore Throat, or something worse will inevitably ensue.'"

Fortunately, these risks need no longer be incurred by anyone. Modern Science has provided a simple and pleasant remedy which not only gives prompt relief from the pain of Sore Throat, cures it rapidly and prevents further attacks, but also safeguards the user against catching infectious diseases like Diphtheria, Consumption, Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc.

The name of this remedy is Wulfing's Formamint, the germ-killing throat tablet—a palatable and harmless tablet, which is sucked in the mouth like a sweet and has the unique power of rendering the mouth and throat free from the germs of Sore Throat and other infectious diseases.

Wulfing's Formamint is endorsed by over six thousand doctors, as well as by thousands of distinguished laymen like the following:

Lord Glantawe writes: "I have been using Wulfing's Formamint for Sore throat with most satisfactory results." General Tillard, C.B., writes: "Formamint has afforded me ready relief when, as is frequently the case, I have been suffering from Sore Throat." Lord Kingsale writes: "I and my family use quite a number of Wulfing's Formamint tablets and find them all you say they are. I always carry a goodly number in my pocket, and have recommended them to many friends."

Danger of Diphtheria.

"To prevent Diphtheria," writes a physician in the *General Practitioner*, "what we want is a bactericidal agent to destroy the bacteria in the mouth and throat, and to do this we have an ideal agent in Wulfing's Formamint."

An interesting case in point is recorded by the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, of Lylewell Park, Lymington, Hants, who writes: "The Hon. Mrs. Whitaker thinks Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co. might like to know that two months ago her little nephew had diphtheria, which was only thought to be an abscess from a bad tooth, but as her throat was always slightly affected when in the room she as well as her own two children, sucked a Formamint tablet whenever they were in the room with him. Her children played with the little boy, and the baby even lay in his bed to amuse him, and Mrs. Whitaker nursed him on her knee continually. *None of those who took Formamint caught the disease.*"

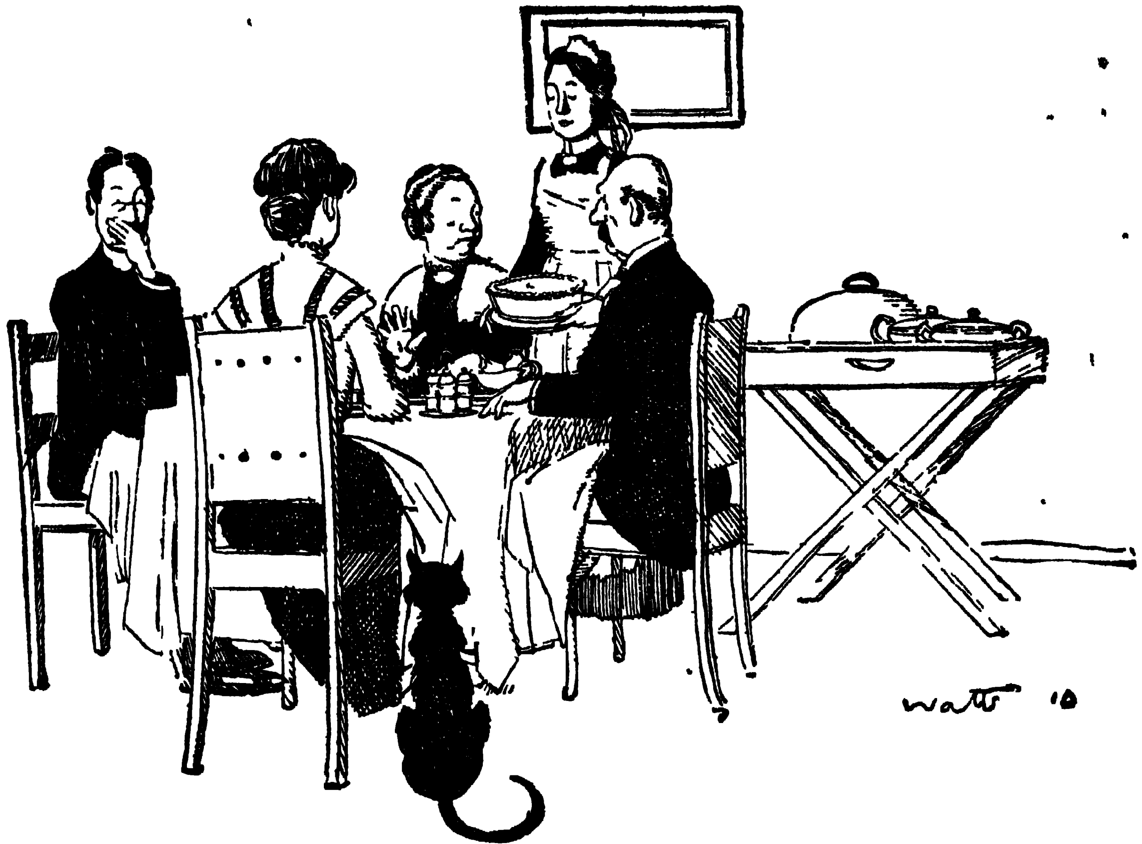
The Remedy Supplied Free!

Arrangements have been made by which every reader of LONDON OPINION who writes, mentioning this paper, to Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co., 12 Chenies Street, London, W.C., will receive a free supply of Formamint and an interesting booklet.

Wulfing's Formamint is sold by all chemists, price 1s. 11d. per bottle, but insist on *Wulfing's*, the only genuine Formamint, as its great success has produced many worthless imitations. Keep it always in the house. By doing so your chances of catching Sore Throat will be reduced to an absolute minimum. If through neglecting to take Formamint you at any time catch Sore Throat, Formamint will quickly cure you. It will always prove a reliable remedy for mouth troubles, foul breath, etc., and, finally, it will protect you against the constant risk of catching some infectious disease.



"'Urry up, Enery, FE-VER!" (Reprinted from London Opinion by request.)



Hostess (anxious to make an effect on the new curate): "Dear me, Janet, cook has surpassed herself in the border round the pie! How *did* she do it?"
Janet: "Please, mum, she made it with her false teeth!"

TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

[Who is reported uncertain of his wealth within a few millions.]

O John, I blush to think it true
That you
Ring out the Old and in the New
A few
Odd millions out or more or less!
Fain would I doubt your carelessness!

How now shall I with justice hard
Regard
The household books of Madam Bard
Now marred
By one elusive farthing's sins?
(She says she took the change in pins.)

The card as evidence I claim
Sans shame
She handles your illustrious name,
Her aim
To prove herself financier true,
Better by millions, John, than you! A W

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AT CLOSE RANGE.

Wrinkle, wrinkle, little star,
Shows how old you really are
Through my lorgnette I can trace
Furrows in your smiling face

• • •

ODD

That we should speak of wading through a dry book
That one can make one's maiden proposal to a widow.
That a fellow can be in a girl's presence and yet be "gone"
That the more we think of some people, the less we think of them
That the more people we get to help us keep a secret, the sooner it gets away from us

THOSE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Jan 1 Ten new resolutions started off so fine
„ 2 Much too tired this morning so only keeping nine
„ 3 Nine stiong resolutions quite strong up to date
I forgot the time last night, so only keeping eight
„ 4 Eight stout resolutions though I swore by heaven,
"Two to one" tempted me and now I've only seven
„ 5 Seven resolutions These I meant to fix,
But a game of "bridge" last night leaves me only six
„ 6 Six big resolutions I would keep alive,
But the girl I met last night left me only five.
„ 7 Five grim resolutions, I can keep no more
Someone gave me a cigar, and now I have but four
„ 8 Four good resolutions then were left to me
Till a pal said "What is yours?" Now I've only three
„ 9 Three fine resolutions firm as any glue
Someone stepped upon my corn One went, leaving two
„ 10 Two nice resolutions seemed to cramp one's fun
Told the wife 'twas "Business" and left myself with one—
„ 11, One poor resolution, ere this was begun,
Namely that I'd write with sense; so this leaves me none.
LUCAS CLASSEY

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

"These stocks of yours are worthless," said the banker
"I don't care," said the woman "The broker is very accommodating. He has exchanged them four times."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

"Cruell Needleworke." By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

It was about the year 1622 that Dame Anne Sherley made her will, and bequeathed "my Turkey carpet of cowcumbers, a chaire of needleworke of apples, my carpet of needleworke of gilly flores and woodbynes," also "five of my chaires of cruell needleworke" to her heirs and assigns. Crewels were used even then, it appears.

The full list of the ingenious labours which Dame Anne Sherley and her sewing-maids performed with the needle, may be studied in "English Secular Embroidery," by M. A. Jourdain (Kegan Paul, Trübner, & Co., 10s. 6d.), a handsome, richly illustrated volume, which comes as a godsend to collectors of antique needlework as just the book which has been lacking until now.

Wide is the range of "lines" and collections of this kind; embroidered bed-hangings, applied work, patchwork, *passementerie*, upholstery, emblems, book-covers, gloves, cushions, pictures, bead work, carpet work, costumes, darning, samplers, quilting, portraits, stump work, and what not. Recently, in these columns, I had something to say about samplers, and in my "A B C About Collecting" I have written on "Acupictura," or pictures in needlework, a fascinating subject, but one more for women collectors than for men.

Needlework Miniatures.

Yet there are some branches of interest to all. In how many collections of old miniatures do you see a needlework miniature? In very few. Yet needlework miniatures are charming old things. They are none of them so old as some other kinds of miniature; the earliest needlework pictures hardly date back much before the reign of Charles I. Perhaps tapestries suggested them; at any rate, the earliest needlework pictures were done in tent stitch—*petit-point*—a stitch which imitates the work of a tapestry loom. Needlework miniatures are very rare. You may see one in the Bodleian Library, a head of the Duke of Buckingham, embroidered on the cover of an edition of "Bacon's Essays," published in the year 1625. In the Wallace Collection there is a needlework miniature of Charles I., and there are several of the same subject extant, done in that unhappy king's "own hair." At the Victoria and Albert Museum you may see a hair-embroidered portrait of Peter Paul Rubens. But you will be lucky if you find a miniature of the kind in a year's search.

Costumes.

Much more numerous, but also more sought for, are seventeenth and eighteenth century costumes for women and for men; the most valued are those which were embroidered by hand. A large collection of these was recently dispersed from a small village in Nottinghamshire. The collection belonged to an elderly gentleman who lived at a Hall, and was a collector indeed! He had furnished the upper rooms of his fine old mansion with Elizabethan and Jacobean beds, chests, coffers, and furniture to match, and had taken down all the doors, so that the rooms stood *en suite*. The better to show off his large collection of old costumes, he had, at some time or other, bought up the whole stock of a travelling waxworks show, and he dressed the figures, put them to bed, or set them beside the beds as if in attendance on the sick or dying; so that ghastly effigies—the wax had not been repaired or repainted—of celebrated criminals, such as Weare and Mrs. Manning, all clad in costly costumes of the olden times, stood about those upper rooms, and even by daylight made a night-mareish, nerve-shaking show. But all that is over now; I wonder whither those beautiful costumes are gone?

Fine examples of embroidered coats, long-sleeved vests, bodices, and petticoats, may be seen in the capital little local museum at Peterborough, and the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington is rich in



Mrs. Peachly (to young Boodle, just introduced by her sister): "So sweet of you to have taken me for a younger sister of Marie's."
Young Boodle: "Oh, but, don't you know, I hadn't seen you *near*, then!"

treasures of the kind. In the latter collection there is an eighteenth-century petticoat, made for a Duchess, which is covered with needlework representing branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits growing out of fanciful rockwork, and bridges amidst houses, winding roads, and trees; the *rococo* and Chinese Chippendale styles at their worst.

Sometimes you come across a beautifully needleworked cover for the sheath of a dress-sword. For the men of those days delighted in embroideries, and had their coats and waistcoats adorned in this wise, upon the pockets, and along the edges of the lapels, the front, the tails, and the sleeves. In the eighteenth century the fashion for English noblemen and gentry was to get their silken costumes made and decorated in Paris, just as it is the fashion in France to get tailored from London to-day.

"English Secular Embroidery" is an excellent guide to collectors. Perhaps in the next edition the author will add a chapter of warnings and tests against fraud.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

J. B. T. (Darwen).—You will find "George Baxter," published by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., of Tudor House, Warwick Lane, E.C., at 21s. net, the most complete book on the subject. It was recommended to readers in our last issue.

ENQUIRER (Chester).—Your engravings are worth "Gathering Wood" and "Gathering Fruit," after Morland, in bistre, 2[illegible] to 30s. the pair; "Peasant's Family" and "Pedlars," in colour, 35s. to 40s. the pair. Set of eight engravings by Jukes, after C. Loraine Smith, in colour, are worth £5 to £6 the set.

A. C. (Heaton Chapel).—Your Dresden china groups are of the Marcolini period, 1774-1814. Decorations in blue and white are not so valuable as the highly-painted pieces, and could not value unless photograph is sent.

S. V. C. J. (Wellington).—Engraving of Lord Byron is of nominal value only. Volume, "A Tour through Sweden," etc., with engravings, is worth 10s. to 15s., Animal plates, Howitt, 7s. 6d.

A. W. C. (Wellingboro').—Nothing on your list is of any value, except Nos. 2 and 3, "Cottagers going to and returning from Market," painted and engraved by J. Ward. These if genuine, are worth from £5 to £20, according to state and condition. Cannot state definitely unless inspected.

A. E. DE L. (London, S.W.).—Your volume of Grant's "The Penny Wedding" (1836) is worth 5s. to 6s.

L. GILES (Guildford).—Your Punch ladle is most probably Geo. III. Many were made with coins of an earlier date inserted in the bowl. It is worth 30s to 40s.

C. W. J. (Farnham).—If your autograph letters are of an interesting nature, advise offering them for sale to Maggs Bros., Strand, W.C., or Sotheran & Co., Piccadilly, W. The etchings are of no commercial value.

J. W. (Pontypool).—Your old oak table and benches are worth 45s. to 50s. The demand for large pieces is not so big as for the smaller useful or gate leg tables.

A. T. (Wisbech).—Your tea set is of nominal value only. It is the make of a small factory, of no repute.

C. M. M. (Brixton).—Cannot value your painting unless you send photograph and full description of colour, etc. If by Beechey, it should realise a good price, as his work is appreciating in value, consequent on the increase in price of the works of Reynolds and Raeburn, which are now beyond the reach of any moderately well-to-do person.

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FORGETFUL PEOPLE.

"THAT letter I gave you this morning, did you post it?" asked the wife, looking at her husband out of the corner of her eye.

"No, dear, I did not," said the man boldly.

"Of course you didn't. And I told you it was important that it should go to-day."

"Yes, dear."

"And of course you forgot to post it. If that's not just like a man!"

"But, dear——"

"Don't 'but' me. I'm angry."

"But, dear, look here at the letter. You forgot to address it!"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE HAT WITH THE PURPLE PLUME.

By DOROTHY GREENWOOD.

At the precise moment when she dawned on his befogged intelligence, she was tripping her demure way back to the office that daily received her best attentions from nine till five-thirty.

Ordinarily a being of cautious decision, he lost no time in assuring himself that this was indeed "a bit of all right." He crossed from the kerb to the pavement's inner edge, face contorted into a smile of welcoming recognition.

"I'm sure," he persuasively pointed out, "that I've met you somewhere before?"

Miss Norton looked him up and down with a glance that should have quelled.

"On principle," she retorted coldly, "I never give away money in the street."

There are men who would have been crushed by the rejoinder. McIvor was not of the modest violet fraternity. Not for nothing had he progressed from the Whitechapel Road to the palatial recesses of his money-lending establishment in Pall Mall.

"You shouldn't!" he expostulated facetiously, if a trifle hoarsely—his lunch-time potations were apt to err on the generous side. "You really shouldn't; Olympia, wasn't it? Now, do you know, I feel sure that it must have been Olympia?"

Miss Norton sighed. She permitted her answering voice, pitched a shade higher, to hold a suggestion of weariness.

"If you really want to know, Mr. McIvor, it was on the stairs at Palace Gate House. Your office is a floor above the one where I'm employed as a typist."

McIvor murmured a lurid something to the air of the Strand. He became discreetly absorbed in the radiant contents of a jeweller's window; Miss Norton, forging ahead, discovered that she was alone. The beatific sensation was compensated for three hours later when, emerging from the office, she found him awaiting her in the roadway beyond.

"Gave me a bit of a start to find that we were both in the same building, but what's the odds?" he inquired affably. "You look"—he appraised her with an admiring glance—"you look the sort of girl who could keep her mouth shut."

Miss Norton could. She kept it shut persistently through the not inconsiderable motor-'bus journey from Piccadilly to Peckham. Mr. McIvor, on the contrary, chatted a good deal. With some subtlety and a picturesque gift of verbiage, he hinted at the possibilities of a complete understanding between Miss Norton and himself; he banteringly inquired her taste in jewellery, and gave it as his opinion that the turquoise was emphatically her stone. Moreover, although he himself resided in a Hampstead terrace, he made it convenient to escort the girl to her shabby home at least three nights a week, and to persecute her with undesired attentions on innumerable occasions throughout the day.

"But what I want to know," Miss Jameson demanded, "is why on earth you stand it?"

Juliet Norton flung out her hands with a gesture of despair. One of the pluckiest little women who ever waged the battle of life for herself and widowed mother, the sordid McIvor persecution had at last broken her down; her answering voice held a good deal more than the suggestion of tears.

"All very well to talk, but what am I to do? What'd happen if I spoke to the police? A scandal, and my job gone. And what was the result when I complained to the boss? He looked at me as if I wasn't there and muttered, 'Eh, what, nonsense! Can't be bothered!' All very well to talk!"

And to prove the entire inefficacy of conversational remedies, Miss Norton abandoned speech for the long denied relief of tears.

Miss Jameson, a fellow typist, consoled her soothingly. She was a large, unrefined young woman, who possessed innumerable freckles, and feet adapted for use rather than ornament, but it must be conceded that her heart, at least, was of the best.

"Seems to me," she mused, "that if you could only get some man—a relation, now—to come and wait about outside with a good, strong horsewhip——"

"Oh, haven't I thought of that a hundred times? What's the use? I haven't any men relatives, except some cousins I've never seen, and my mother's brother out in Australia."

Miss Norton collapsed into a chair of the cloakroom. Later, fortified by sal-volatile and by a peep through the window that assured her of the absence of her odious tormentor, she made her rapid way into the streets, seeking Piccadilly and her motor-'bus by devious routes, casting ever and anon a furtive glance behind her.

And it was thus, unexpectedly, that she happened upon the shop window, and upon—the hat.

It was one of those shops whose meagre display and absence of ticketed prices hint at an exclusive *clientèle* and exorbitant charges. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the window was flanked on the right and left by modest creations that allowed its own superlative splendour to dawn insidiously on the passers-by.

It was a hat of black velvet, nipped and pinched into fantastic shapes, and adorned with a superb sweeping plume, shading from delicate heliotrope to deepest, regal purple.

"O—oh!" murmured Miss Norton ecstatically.

"Nice thing?" a wheezing voice at her elbow demanded. "Now supposing," said Mr. McIvor, and in case his companion contemplated flight, he thoughtfully laid a detaining hand upon her arm, "now only supposing"—he emphasised the problematical word—"that a friend was to buy that hat, and send it along to a nice little girl he knew, I wonder what'd happen?"

Indignation flared up in the breast of Miss Norton, beating down the barriers of reserve and silence.

"I'm afraid," she cried pantingly, "that he would be rather sorry he'd wasted his money! Because, you see, she would return it at once, unopened."

"She wouldn't!" the gentleman contradicted. Appreciation of his own subtle knowledge of the feminine temperament lit up his small eyes. "She'd open it first of all, then she'd try it on, and afterwards—oh," added Mr. McIvor, shaking his head and descending suddenly from generalities to personalities, "you wouldn't send it back. *I* couldn't wear it, you know!"

Miss Norton broke from his detaining grip. With an adroit flank movement she dived down a narrow alley to the right; she ran at full speed down this narrow way and that; she arrived at her destination flushed, dishevelled, and breathless. And on the lengthy homeward journey a kindly 'bus-conductor was distressed to observe that the passenger who sat in the remotest corner of his vehicle found it necessary, ever and anon, to mop away a surreptitious tear.

The hat arrived at the dingy Peckham lodgings the following evening. It arrived at the moment when Juliet Norton, sparkling-eyed, a delicate flush invading her pretty cheeks, was engaged in reading, for the twentieth time, the portentous legal document that her mother had received an hour before.

The girl gazed frowningly down upon the imposing box. She wondered if the shop people had packed the hat well, and if that string would be difficult to untie; she decided that it would be a thousand pities if the thing were crushed, and speculated as to whether it would become her with her hair done like this . . .

Ten minutes later she determinedly replaced the creation in its tissue-paper folds, laying once more on top of it the card that bore Mr. McIvor's name. She retied the string with some dexterity; she frowned at the box; she nodded her head thrice with immense determination.

"You little beast! You horrid, fat, wheezy little



Wife (whose husband the local Mayor—has just been knighted) "Have you heard from the man who offered to trace our pedigree?"

Husband: "Yes, he has found out more than enough."

Wife: "What did you pay him?"

Husband: "Fifty pounds—to hold his tongue!"

"beast!" she murmured to the unresponsive stillness of the shabby room . . .

"And so," cried Miss Jameson the next evening, "so your uncle in Australia's left your mother all his money, and you're leaving now—giving up the week's salary and everything? Nice to be you!"

Her good-natured tones held the suggestion of envy without malice. Miss Norton smiled across at her.

"Anyway, I shan't forget my best friend here, Gerty. You'll come and stay with us ever so often. No more Peckham, thank you—we're taking a nice little house down at Bournemouth!"

She adjusted her hat at a demure angle, and, as a concession to the occasion, bestowed on her pretty face the swiftest, barest dust-over with a powder-puff.

"Well," demurred Miss Jameson, "if I——"

She broke off abruptly. The door burst open to admit Miss Vere, who wore a superfluity of jewellery, and was not, upon the whole, popular with her fellows.

"Seen Ikey?" the lady demanded breathlessly.

The occupants of Palace Gate House were apt to hark back, conversationally, to Mr. McIvor's earlier and simpler cognomen.

Miss Vere seized up a convenient newspaper, fanning therewith her heated countenance. "Never saw such a phiz in your life! Met him on the stairs just now, being helped down to a four-wheeler. Both his eyes bunged up, and his nose, well—half across his face! Such a clamour in his rooms you never heard in all your born days! I ran in and got hold of that nice little chap—one with the ginger moustache. Seems Lord Lanchester came to the office half an hour ago with a horsewhip in his hand. Pushed past the chap who let him in, rushed into Ikey's private room, and locked the door. Now, well——!" Miss Vere flung out her hands expansively. "Thought I'd just pop up and tell you girls—I'm off again now, for another chat with that little chap with the ginger moustache." She tittered facetiously. "Get on all right together, us two! So long!"

She disappeared to an accompaniment of giggles and tinkling bangles.

Miss Jameson turned uncertainly to her companion.

"Lord Lanchester? Why, he's Ikey's best client—worth a good five thousand a year to him, they say."

"Everyone knows that," Miss Norton demurely admitted.

"But why on earth——? Been charging him too high, or——?"

The object of Mr. McIvor's affections shook her particularly pretty head.

"Gerty," she demanded, "do you think you could keep a secret?"

The other nodded a voiceless assent. For a moment she considered the situation; then, with a remembrance of endless melodramas and the "Dewdrop Novelettes," what she imagined to be the true inwardness of the matter dawned on a bewildered comprehension.

"You got some chap to disguise himself as Lord Lanchester, and——?"

Miss Norton laughed.

"You've got a complex brain, my child! It was a good bit simpler than that. Remember I told you Ikey bought me a hat—hat with a purple plume?"

"And you sent it back?" Miss Jameson's helpless sigh paid expressive tribute to the determination of a nature stronger than her own.

"Yes." The lady permitted herself a final peep into an inconveniently placed mirror. "Not to Ikey, though. You see, as he pointed out, he couldn't possibly wear it himself, so I thought things over and sent it on to Lord Lanchester's wife instead." She paused on the threshold. "With Ikey's card inside," she thoughtfully explained.

For a moment Miss Jameson found no word. Emerging at length from the doorway, she bent over the balustrade—not for the employees of Palace Gate House were the luxurious comforts of the lift. "Well!" she cried inadequately and breathlessly, "well, you *are* a bit of all right!"

Miss Norton paused to fling back a careless smile.

"Oh, you're bound to get a bright idea in your head now and again," she admitted nonchalantly.

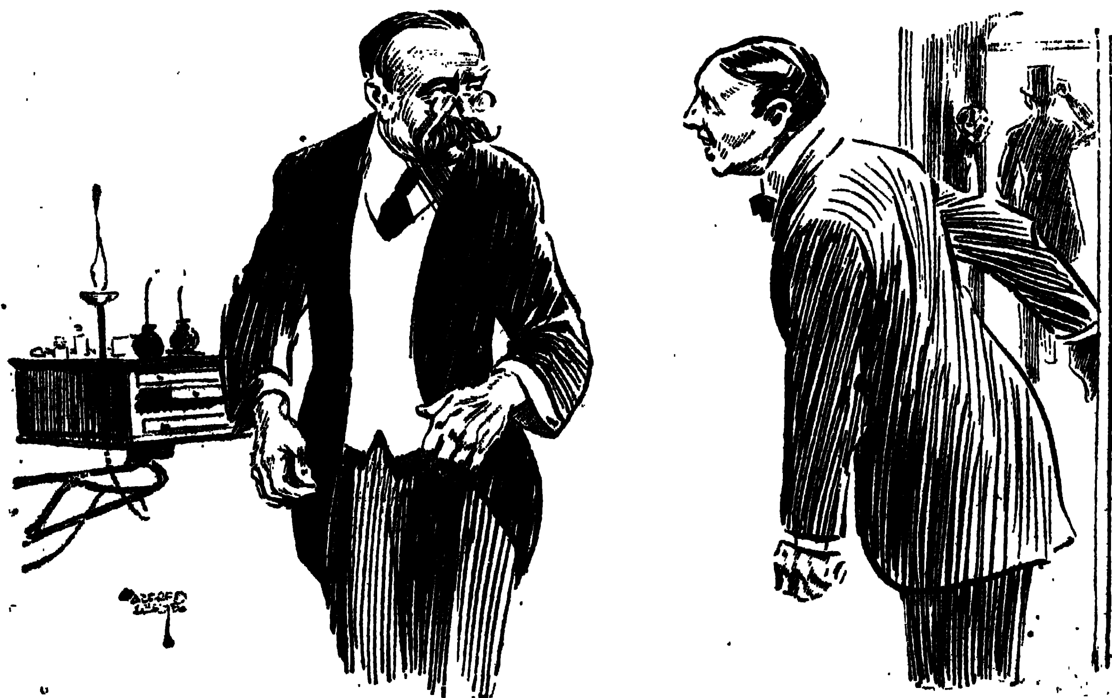
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FEMININE NAMES.

A CERTAIN man, taking his infant daughter to be baptised, told the clergyman to call her Venus.

"But I refuse to call her Venus," said the clergyman indignantly. "Venus is the name of a pagan goddess."

"Well, how about your own girl, Diana?" said the man.



REVENGE.

Assistant: "It took you a long time to drill that chap's teeth."
Dentist: "Yes; he jilted my wife!"

THE GOOD INTENTION.

By A. P. GARLAND.

The other day I dropped into Hagger's for my hair-cut. I like Hagger. He is one of the few Englishmen left in Barberdom—a short but plentiful man, with a face as solemn as a horse and an accent reminiscent of Gus Elen.

I looked round for Polditch, the assistant who generally attends to my needs, but he was not in. Hagger invited me to sit down in the operating chair. As I did so, I murmured, "Polditch's day off, I suppose?"

"Not exactly, sir. He's gorn," said Hagger, as he trussed me deftly.

"Left, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Remember that great mirror I used to 'ave at the end of the shop. Bin smashed into a million pieces. See this lump 'ere on the side o' my head. That's all Polditch."

I was amazed. Polditch smashing up mirrors and landing his employer a beauty above the right temple! It was preposterous.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said I, sacrificing elegance to force. "I thought Polditch was a walking saint—a pillar of meek piety, and that sort of thing."

"The best-meaning chap as ever stropped a razor," said Hagger, with unabated seriousness. "The only fault 'e 'ad was that 'e always wanted to 'elp his fellow-man.

"The day before yesterday a customer, Mr. Driver, came in for a shave, and Polditch set to work on him. Just after 'e got going, Mr. Driver had a sudden hiccough, and Polditch was within an ace of taking a bit of 'is ear orf.

"'I've got a rotten hiccough and can't get rid of it,' said Mr. Driver. 'It's a cursed nuisance. I've spent about half-a-crown trying to cure the bally thing, but it's no good, so you'll have to go extra careful.'

"Polditch, of course, said 'e would, but as 'e went on shaving, his kind 'eart told him that 'e ought do something to cure that wretched hiccough. 'E told me afterwards that he'd read somewhere that a sudden fright would cure any hiccough that ever stood on earth. So 'e kept thinking for a minute or two and an idea came into 'is 'ead.

"'E dipped the razor for a couple of seconds in the water until it was quite 'ot, and then suddenly drew the back of it across Mr. Driver's throat.

"It wasn't a bad idea for a fright, was it, now? But it was overdoing it a bit, don't you think?

"Well, I was lathering a customer at the other end just then, and the shriek I 'eard so upset me that I pushed the brush nearly down the gentleman's throat.

"When I looked round, I saw Mr. Driver rushing to the glass 'olding on to 'is throat with both 'ands. As soon as 'e found out 'e wasn't cut, he made a rush at Polditch, hits him a fearful clatter under the jaw, and sends 'im flying through the mirror—corst me eight quid second 'and three months ago. And when I came over to ask wot was up, I got this on the side of the 'ead.

"It took three customers who were waiting to 'old Mr. Driver back, but at last they got 'im out in a terrible state—using language something 'orrible.

"And of course I couldn't sue 'im for damages after wot Polditch had done, so I 'ad to stand all the racket myself. And Polditch 'ad to make way for a less well-meaning assistant.

"Ard or soft brush?" he continued, reverting to business.

THE NEW BRITON. By LAMBERT FLETCHER.

THE national character has changed considerably in recent times.

There is gain as well as loss. Our manners have certainly improved. We have borrowed a little from the professedly polite nations, and, discarding the brusquerie that became rudeness on the slightest pretext, we are increasingly courteous to all but complete strangers, and new graces adorn our social intercourse.

We have broader ideas of art, have grown to care for music, and have forsworn the narrowness of judgment that left the whole continent quoting our word "shocking!" in gentle derision of extreme British propriety; but of what were considered peculiarly—and admirable—British characteristics, many are disappearing.

Nowhere is the Englishman of tradition so ardently believed in as on the Continent, and the foreign critic visiting us for the first time is now frequently astonished. He is particularly surprised at our growing frivolity and love of amusement, for he clings to his belief that we are a "serious nation." What he sees of our diversions, and the extent of them, leads to a reconstruction of his ideas.

One has only to look round London and see the large number of new buildings for amusements that are everywhere springing up—halls for rinking, picture-theatres, and local music-halls—to realise that the pursuit of pleasure is not confined to the upper classes. Sport, which occupies an increasing amount of the nation's time, has, at least, the recommendation of being healthy, but the regrettable fact is that more money and energy are being spent every year in amusements not only senseless, but demoralising, which create an atmosphere of excitement that must in the end have its effect on the national health.

Nothing is more significantly modern than youth's outspoken claim to the "right" to enjoyment, and its refusal to contract ties that would to any extent interfere with it.

Home life, in the old sense, is disappearing, and families are no longer united when all the members have separate interests and go their own way.

It may seem curious to quarrel with humanitarianism, but much of what passes under that name to-day is merely sentimentalism revelling in lamentation and recoiling delicately from disagreeable facts. The conscience of "the policeman of Europe" has become enervated, his emotions too easily moved. We have grown "soft," and physical comfort looms large in our ideas. Heroism is now considered chiefly in its material sense, and the toil, privation, and self-denial, which played so large a part in the beginning of some of our great careers, make no appeal to latter-day commonsense, which prefers a small certainty to the greatest possibility.

Crimes of jealousy and revenge have grown alarmingly frequent, revealing a diseased egotism from which the nation could hope nothing in an hour of need, and are being regarded with increasing leniency. One can imagine at no distant date the "unwritten law" being successfully pleaded before British juries. Outbreaks of public hysteria are easy to remember, and there are many indications to show that the once unemotional Englishman finds increasing enjoyment in "letting himself go" in crowds and and in private affairs.

Thus we have changed most in what were once thought to be particularly our own characteristics, and not altogether along lines natural to us. Great Britain has become Continentalised, but whether it is merely a surface change, a temporary fashion, the next occasion of national difficulty and distress will show. Possibly we shall then return to our old ideals of thought and conduct, for even if they were faulty, there are few new ones to-day that take their place.



Urchin (to Commercial Traveller): "Carry your bags, sir?"
Second Urchin: "Garn, silly; he's carryin' 'em for somebody else 'imself!"

London Opinion.

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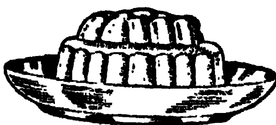
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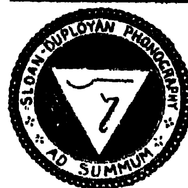


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See . . . HUGO'S SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT on Page 47.



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"Three ladies lived where from the windows of their apartments they could see the back of Tintoretto's studio. One morning, seeing T. out on his balcony clad in an old-fashioned American linen duster, engaged in the laudable occupation of dusting his pictures, they concluded it would be a good time to call on him, as they would not be interrupting him in his painting. They did so, and were kept a long time waiting. When he did appear, he came to the door clad in a velvet jacket, with a copy of Browning in his hand."—*The Digressions of V.,* by Elihu Vedder.

A Queen who Pities Men.

"I have often pitied men, in the first place because they cannot know motherhood; in the second, because they are bereft of our greatest comfort—needlework."—The Queen of Roumania, in her preface to *The Art of Tatting.* By Katharine L. Hoare. 21s. net. Longmans, Green, & Co.

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"There's no time like the pleasant."

"Never take a better half unless you are sure of better quarters."

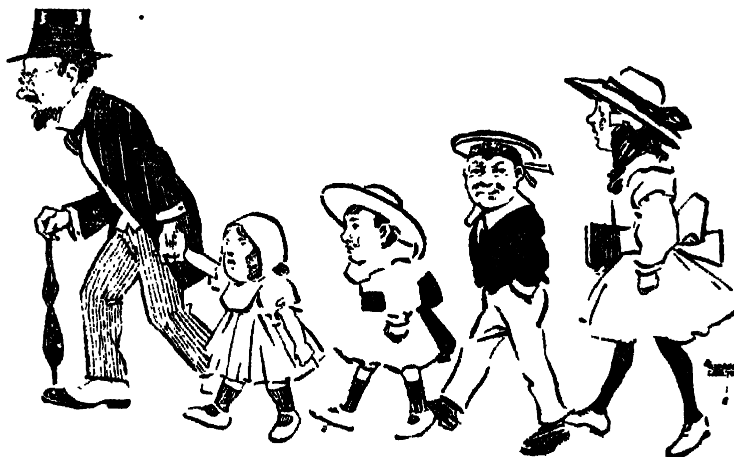
"Women speak easily of Platonic love; yet there is not a frill or a ribbon about them that is not meant to drive Platonism from men's hearts."

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The Parson's Race.

"One Sunday in a church near the South Downs, the clerk gave out notice that there would be no service that evening because the parson was going off to Lewes to be in time for the races next day. A parishioner promptly went to the Bishop to acquaint him with this breach of clerical duty. 'Why is he in such a hurry to get to Lewes?' inquired the Bishop. The scandalised parishioner declared, with a shocked expression, that the parson was actually going to ride in one of the races. 'Then,' rejoined the right reverend father, 'I'll bet you two to one he wins!'"—*Notable Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era,* by John Fyvie. London: Constable & Co. Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

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MESSRS. GREENING & CO.'s latest six-shilling publications include *A King's Masquerade,* by May Wynne; *The Black Abolutionist,* by J. F. Bradley, and *The Girl's Head,* by Edgar Jepson.

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CHILDREN FOR EXCHANGE.

Montmartre and the Latin Quarter Not the Whole of France.

It is a saying throughout the civilised world that there are no children in France. Rousseau is supposed to be the last Frenchman who had offspring, and he was so ashamed of his deviation from the normal that he disowned the impeachment and scattered his heirs on hospital doorsteps. Since then France has had no birth-rate to speak of; it is a commonplace of general information that the population is dying out.

For, of course, you can't have everything even in Pangloss's best of possible worlds. There is the Latin Quarter, and Montmartre, and the Boul. Miche., and the Moulin Rouge, and the boulevards; and the price of such things comes high. How Parisian they all are, thinks the outside world. These are the high lights of France which cast their lure over the channel and across the Atlantic, and draw the stranger within Gallic gates. He journeys gaily from the Quarter to Montmartre, revels in the frank and polished immorality of it all, rejoices in his escape from Puritanism, snaps his fingers and ejaculates "*Eh, bien!*"

What a whirl of life at Montmartre, with its showy little music-halls, riotous and expensive supper-houses, startling side-shows, and all-night restaurants, with their fountains of champagne at 20 francs a bottle! Polyandrous females and polygamous males hold the stage at every turn, a motley of jesters in paper caps and baby frocks. Here is your true Paris—the Paris of the boulevardier who does his business over marble tables, cements his social connections through head waiters and the lady at the pay desk; the Paris of journalism's daily scandals, intrigues of politicians, squalid machinations of stage folk, and the bickerings of artists and writers!

But why amplify the details? Are they not familiar far and wide as the living features of gay Paree? And is it surprising that the price of such things is high? So high, indeed, that the stern sociologist is not bewildered there are no children in France.

There is opportunity here for natural but misleading error. For who would believe the assertion that hardly one in ten of those seasoned rakes at Montmartre is a Parisian or even a Frenchman? This would be to destroy a fundamental principle of general information.

And yet there are those who contend that the sparkling life of the boulevards is not the real Parisian life after all. They would take us into the home of the boulevardier, a tiny castle battlemented and guarded against boulevardism, and show us such a domestic piece as this: In that tiny castle papa, who is a famous journalist out of doors, lifts gently the curtain of the cot where the little crumple-faced, black-haired baby sleeps, looks with a great tenderness and without a shade of the Englishman's *mauvaise honte*, and says, quite honestly and purely, and without the smallest sense of the ludicrous: "Mon cher, believe me, there is the best page I ever wrote."

So there *are* children in France, in Paris even, after all! Amazing! But let the stern sociologist be easy. The spirit of Rousseau is not dead. For hardly has it been secretively admitted that Gallic childhood is not quite extinct than the announcement is made that French parents want to get rid of their children. Proof beyond questioning is forthcoming at No. 36 of the Boulevard Magenta, where is displayed a sign reading: "Society of International Exchange of Children." If that is not Rousseauism over again, what is it? The boulevardier with his "best page I ever wrote" was an actor, a hypocrite, after all.

But having left Montmartre so far away as to reach the Boulevard Magenta it may be worth while to step inside at No. 36 and make a few inquiries. They will have some corrective results. It is true that the society has on its books the names of many French parents who are anxious to get rid of their children, but—astounding as it may seem—they stipulate for other children in their place! And, further, they actually want their own back again in a year at the longest.

What does it all mean? It is shock enough to learn there *are* children in France; it is still more disconcerting to be told that although those children are at the disposal of other parents they must be returned. Not to multiply explanations, the inwardness of this topsy-turvy situation is that there are a number of French parents who are seriously concerned as to the ideas of their manners and morals which are current in the outside world; they object to their entire nation being judged by French novels and plays and the white-light pleasures of Paris. Hence the "Society of International Exchange of Children."

Montaigne would have given it his blessing. "I would," he said, "that a boy should be sent abroad very young, and first, so as to kill two birds with one stone, into those neighbouring



"I'll have sixpennyworth of those buns, please."
"In a bag, madam, or will you eat them now?"

nations whose language is most differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the tongue will grow too stiff to bend."

No doubt the French parents whose names are on the books of the society are partly moved by a desire to "bend" the tongues of the English and German children they are willing to exchange for their own, but they have a higher than a linguistic ideal. Their ambition is that their young guests may leave behind them a bundle of national prejudices and errors and carry home a stock of new and truer ideas of the country and the people among whom they have sojourned.

Although the society is but young, numerous exchanges have already taken place, and branches have been established in London and Berlin. The method of working is exceedingly simple. Thus all applicants who wish to send a boy or girl abroad are furnished with a question form to fill up, and, if all the answers are satisfactory the books of the society are examined to find whether there is a corresponding demand. If so, the parties are placed in communication, and when the exchange is completed the boy or girl becomes a member of the new family and is treated exactly as the other children of the circle.

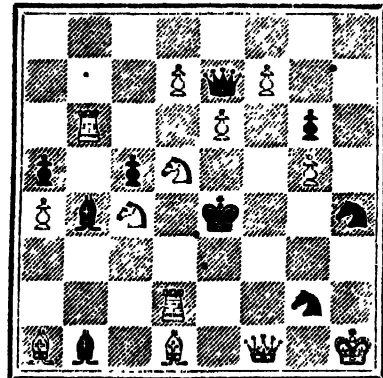
A specimen or two from the books of the society may be cited as concrete illustrations. Here, then, is a professor of the Lycée of M who desires an exchange for his daughter, aged nineteen, for four or six months. He has two other daughters aged eight and fifteen, and would take a boy or girl between fifteen and twenty. Again, a Paris real estate agent wishes to exchange his daughter, aged fifteen, for a year and is willing to take a girl of thirteen to fifteen, who will have a girl of nine for companion.

Up to the present all the exchanges have been arranged between Germany and England, but the officials of the society contemplate including America in the sphere of their operations. When that wider field is covered, and by the time the twentieth century is drawing to a close, it may be that Rousseau will be no longer regarded as the last French father or Montmartre accepted as a microcosm of Gallic life.

CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

PROBLEM No. 310. By H. W. BICK.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution to No. 309: B-Kt6, K moves; B-R5, etc.

Correct solution to No. 308 received from "Alpha," P. R. Brooks, "Simplicitas," Dr. T. K. Douglas, R. M. Burr, F. G. Maunsell, C. R. Neiderheitmann, J. D. Tucker, S. R. Johnson, H. G. Hughes, W. H. Slimer, W. E. Candy, H. V. Tattersall, H. R. Mathew, T. A. Eagles, L. J. McAdam, W. Mitchell, C. Tomlinson, S. B. Talmage, N. Wane, F. E. Nickols, O. Whittaker, T. L. Davies, R. C. Took, J. M. Phillips.

re No. 307: If K-Q5, Q-B6, ch, etc., F. Brock and others.

J. McCluskey: The idea is very old though seldom adopted nowadays.

No. 301 solved by R. M. Burr, and G. Ingledew. Nos. 304 and 305: J. F. Adamson (Ontario).

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HUMAN WOLVES AT BAY.

Some Parallels to the Stepney Siege.

THE unprecedented eight hours' siege in a mean street in Stepney the other day, has nevertheless had parallels in some of its features. For instance, in the Tottenham and Walthamstow affray of January, 1909, the elder brigand, Jacob Lapidus, held Oak Cottage, Hale End or Higham's Park, where he turned at bay, for some time, against a mob of pursuers many of whom were armed; and he moreover committed suicide rather than suffer capture. Volleys were fired through the windows by the besiegers, and the besieged, man fired out in reply.

The closest parallel we have had in London itself was the famous Cato-street Conspiracy in 1820, the year of the accession of George IV. to the Throne. A man named Arthur Thistlewood was the leader of the gang, which consisted of some twenty or thirty persons. The design was to murder all the Cabinet Ministers when they should be assembled at a dinner at Lord Harrowby's, and then start a revolution, break open the prisons, and set fire to London, in the confusion plundering the banks. The plot miscarried through one of the gang informing the authorities, and we have another resemblance to the Stepney affair in the police with a squad of the Guards raiding a loft over a stable in Cato-street, off Edgware-road, where the plotters were met in conclave. The trapped men showed fight, dashed out the lights, and fired on the invaders, one policeman being wounded by Thistlewood. In this case the Guards, also brought from the Tower, were Coldstreamers. Nine of the desperadoes were captured, and Thistlewood and four others were executed, the remainder being transported.

The nearest approach, perhaps, to the Stepney siege was probably the last stand in 1880 of the infamous Kelly gang of bushrangers in Australia. A bush-hotel at a place called Glenrowan was "stuck up" by the four outlaws, and word was telegraphed to the police head-quarters. With the greatest promptitude a hundred armed constables were at once conveyed by a special train to the spot from Melbourne, and the hotel was surrounded and besieged. Heavy fusillades were exchanged by the desperadoes and the police, and presently one of the outlaws came stalking forth with a revolver in either hand, firing right and left at the besiegers and daring them to come on. The police fired a volley at him. He did not even stagger; the shots seemed to have no effect. Something like a panic seized the police. Was the ruffian human? At length a bullet struck the desperado in the leg. He fell. A rush was made for him and he was secured, when it was found he was wearing a complete suit of plate armour under his overcoat, with a cylindrical helmet. He had had the armour made out of old ploughshares and boiler-iron, and it was bullet-proof, though dented with something like a score of bullet-marks. The siege of the hotel went on until one of the other three ruffians was shot dead and the place caught fire. Like the Stepney desperadoes, the two remaining members of the gang then committed suicide and their bodies were found in the ruins. Ned Kelly, the captured chief of the gang, was hanged.

There was the case of a madman in the West Country who held a cottage against all comers for a couple of days, and not a week ago in France we had a case of a thief threatened with arrest barricading himself in a loft and besieged by the police unavailingly for hours. The desperado shot his own father dead when the old man approached his den to remonstrate with him, and eventually killed himself.

Then, again, there was the notorious "Fort Chabrol" siege in Paris, where the firemen used their hosepipes to wash out the besieged. Nevertheless, these held out for a week and then rather ingloriously surrendered through lack of provisions.

Artillery has been brought up before now over in America, by militia, to bombard outlaws entrenched in a strong and practically impregnable position.

In 1874 a little boy, four years old, was kidnapped near Philadelphia, the affair creating the greatest sensation. The parents were fairly well-to-do and the motive was supposed to be blackmail. Certainly letters demanding a heavy ransom were sent to the distracted parents, but no attempts were made by the ruffians to secure the ransom, possibly owing to the extraordinary methods adopted by the police to run them to earth. Six months elapsed and it was discovered that the kidnappers were two men named William Mosher and Joseph Douglas. The two wanted men, hunted from pillar to post, turned burglars in the desperate hope of securing money to take them out of the country. They broke into the villa of Judge van Brunt, of the Supreme Court of New York. The house was shut up, the judge and his family being away. A brother of the judge's, however, lived near and was roused by an alarm-bell connected with the premises ringing violently. Mr. van Brunt armed himself, his son, and two men-servants, and the four besieged the two burglars in the lonely house, exchanging fusillades with the pair. The burglars attempted a dash for liberty but were both shot down, one being killed outright. The other man crawled back inside the house, and kept firing from it, although mortally wounded, until his ammunition was spent, when, reinforcements arriving, the house was entered, and he was found dying.

"It's no use lying now," he said. "I'm Douglas, and the other man is Mosher. We stole Charley Ross, but I don't know where he is now; only Mosher knew." The mystery of Charley Ross awoke the keenest interest on both sides the Atlantic, but though many other arrests were made, and several persons convicted of participation in the crime, the boy was never found, and the affair remains a mystery to this day.

JOHN G. ROWE.



HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Servant-girl: "Yus, I grant you he's smart; but I likes a chap wot's seen active service and been under fire."

Nurse-girl: "Well, so he has. He was in the Battle of Stepney last Tuesday!"

VETO PEERS LOOK MORE LIKELY.

We Offer £500 for their Names.

THE unusual fact that there were no Peers among the New Year's Honours is held by many politicians to indicate the certainty that the Government intends to carry out its policy, however determined may be the opposition; but, of course, it is still quite possible there may be no actual creation of new Peers for the purpose of providing a majority of the House of Lords to pass the Bill to limit their Veto. The Lords may do as they did in 1832, and either abstain from attendance or refrain from voting.

In that case we should not have to pay anything under the competition scheme set out on this page. That is why there is no entrance fee; competitors will be none the worse for having exercised their wits.

But then, again, those 500 or so Peers may have to be created. If the House of Lords will not give way and agree to what many of them regard as self-destruction, there is no Constitutional alternative; and leading Conservative publicists are strongly urging that the extreme course shall be insisted on of compelling the Government to ask for the appointment of the necessary number of Peers.

In that case there will be an Official List of, approximately, 500 new Peers promulgated, and we undertake to pay £1 to the first sender of each one of them up to 500 correctly indicated on a coupon cut from our columns before the date to be named later on for the closing of the competition. There is no entrance fee at all beyond the coupon of the paper.

Readers who have looked into the matter and got, perhaps, fifty or sixty correct names will then have the smile and the money also!

Everybody who sends in one correct name will get £1 for that name, if first in with it. You may send in the whole 500 if you are able, and so get the entire £500, if first in with each name. But that is not probable. That a little thought and research should enable you to be first in with a number of the names is, however, quite on the cards, and we shall pay £1 per name to the first sender of each name which turns out to be correct, limiting our liability to £500 in all.

How can you get clues to the likely names? That is where your skill and judgment comes in.

No doubt many a Liberal M.P., many a chairman of the Liberal clubs throughout the country—your own town, maybe, for instance—will help the Premier by accepting his invitation to "go upstairs." But look first and ascertain the M.P.'s majorities.

It would not be skilful, for instance, to name a man whose ennoblement would mean a fresh election in his constituency, with a seat only won by a score or two of votes. You will have to think of points like that if you really mean to win a good handful of our £500.

A fruitful field may be found in municipal life; it has been suggested, for instance, that the new Peers should be selected from among the Radical mayors, and aldermen, and chairmen of County Councils. Doubtless many ideas for guidance will occur to you, such as the heads of professional



THE CONSTRUCTIVE COMPLIMENT.

"I must apologise, madam, for passing you the other day, but really, you know, I didn't see you!"

bodies, Friendly Societies, and Trades Unions—any class of people, in fact, who may be considered to be representative.

A coupon cut from LONDON OPINION must be used for each name sent in; for we do not want any ingenious competitor to send us in a list of every name he can think of, or exhaust all possibilities by forwarding us a few London and local directories which would be bound to contain the names hereafter to be found in the Official List of the new Peers. Upon that Official List decisions will be based.

Care must be taken to make the identity of your choice clear. There are very few names of which there are not more than one bearer, while there are, of course, Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons innumerable.

Already we are beginning to get in entries for this competition; and, naturally, the names earliest sent are the more obvious "likely runners" for the Peerage Stakes. Here is an additional list to that published last week:

Mr. Percy Alden.	Sir John Gorst.
Mr. William Abraham.	Mr. Keir Hardie.
Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.	Sir Victor Horsley.
General Booth.	Sir John Kirk.
Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell.	Sir Thomas Lipton.
Mr. Andrew Carnegie.	Sir Joseph Lyons.
Dr. Clifford.	Dr. Macnamara.
Sir Jeremiah Colman.	Mr. Chiozza Money.
Mr. T. P. O'Connor.	Sir Henry Norman.
Lord Dalmeny.	Sir Frank Newnes.
The Master of Elibank.	Mr. W. T. Stead.
Lloyd George.	Mr. H. G. Wells.

Some people won't take the trouble to get on to a good thing when they see it, so we suggest you should write and ask your friends who are not competing to give you their L. O. coupons. It's a pity to waste them.

In the case of any question whatever arising the Editor's decision will be final, and all competitors, by the act of entering, agree to that condition

Entries should be sent in at once, and the date of the closing of the competition will be announced later.

Mark Envelope **Peerage Competition**, *and post immediately to 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.*

I, ...

of ....

enter the following name as one selection for "London Opinion" Peerage Competition, and hereby undertake to accept as final the award to be published in that journal.

....

....

• • •

THE FAULT.

THE fickle populace having smashed the popular idol, an interested observer asked:

"Why did you smash him?"

"Because he thought he was our popular idol," explains the fickle populace.

"But you made him your popular idol," objects the interested observer.

"True enough, but he took us seriously," explains the fickle populace again.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Dress Ties.

At this time of the year I usually get many inquiries regarding dress ties. When, for instance, should a man wear a white tie and when a black one? How wide should the tie be, and must it be tied by the wearer? How big should the bow be and are "butterfly" bows fashionable?—and so on. With regard to the first question—the most common of them all—I may say that a man is not absolutely in the wrong, in my opinion, if he always wears a white tie with his evening clothes, whether he is wearing a coat with tails or a dinner jacket, but if he is wearing a dinner jacket, he can please himself about wearing a black tie if he prefers that kind of tie to a white one. I should say, too, that a black tie is not necessary as a sign of mourning, and that the white tie is just as much a part of the ordinary evening dress as is the white collar or the white shirt. (By the way, the shirt should now have a stiff front with two stud holes; the soft-fronted dress shirt has gone right out of fashion.)

Dinner Jackets.

By saying that a black tie is permissible with a dinner jacket I raise another question: When should the dinner jacket be worn in place of the evening coat? Well, nowadays, the dinner jacket is a very different garment from the dinner jacket of ten years ago. The present-day dinner jacket is very smartly cut. The lapels and collar are similar to those of a dress coat; and the likeness between the two garments—barring the tails on the dress coat—is so complete that, when a man wearing a dinner jacket is sitting down, it is not always easy to tell whether the man has on a dinner jacket or a dress coat. This being so, it follows that the dinner jacket is now considered to be correct on nearly any occasion in the evening. Personally, I do not think that a man should wear a dinner jacket at a dance or at any big "function," but I am bound to admit that many men apparently think otherwise. As the dinner jacket is so generally worn in place of the dress coat it might be thought that the black evening ties would be equally fashionable, but I am glad to say they are not. I think that a man would be quite right if he always wore a dress coat and a white tie in the evenings. The dinner jacket is merely optional for all informal occasions. The man who stuck to the ordinary coat and the white tie could wear them with a black waistcoat on most occasions, and a white one if he wished to be particularly "dressy."

The Right Bow.

The dress tie should always be self-tied, but many men who ought to know better wear made-up dress ties, and imagine that the made-up ties, made to resemble the self-tied ones, really do deceive people. The tie should be neither very wide nor very narrow, and far and away the best material for the tie is a soft piqué. A tie that has a lot of stiffening in it never makes up into a good bow; on the other hand, if the piqué has not enough substance in it the two loops of the bow hang down, and give the wearer a very untidy appearance. When the tie is tied the two ends and the two loops of the bow should be level. If the knot of the bow is drawn tight the tie will be kept in position, and it will also have all the "butterfly" appearance that it need have. The ties which are shaped in such a way that when they are tied the middle part of the tie is very small, and the two loops very wide are no longer fashionable. The ends of the tie, by the way, should have the corners rounded off. Some men prefer to have them quite square, but I do not see that they are as smart as the others, and sometimes the corners get bent and creased when the tie is being tixed, and then—well, the best plan is to begin again—with another tie.

A Shaver's Hint.

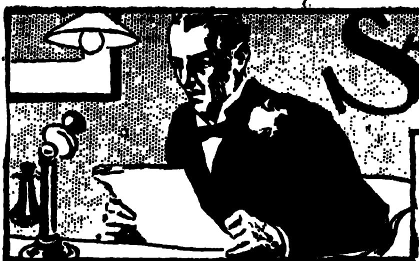
A correspondent asked me some time ago to tell him the best way of preventing a shaving brush from shedding its bristles. I told him that he had probably struck a bad brand of brush and that his best plan was to get another. I added a little hint which may be of use to other men who are buying new shaving brushes. Put the brush in water for a night. This is done, not in order that all the bristles which may happen to be loose may come right out there and then, but in order that all the bristles may be kept in their places. The idea is this. A new brush has usually been stored in a dry, warm shop. The ends of the bristles shrivel a little with the heat. By soaking the brush for a night you counteract this fault, and if the brush is a good one the bristles will not come out. By the way, the most expensive shaving brush—made of badger hair—is not always the best. Some men find a brush of this kind too soft to be of much use. A common bristle brush is too harsh for most skins. An excellent brush is one made of a combination of badger hair and bristles.



"Ah, Major, I hear you're going to get married. I suppose you'll settle down?"
"Well—dear lady—at any rate, I hope to be able to settle up!"

Note to Correspondents.

Any correspondent wishing for a reply to his letter must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. There must be only one question in each letter, and that must not be of a leading kind.



By EAGLE.

Bright Benoni Outlook—Cheap Railway Bonds—An Eagerly Awaited Inquiry.

We have, at all events, started the year in cheerful fashion on the Stock Exchange, and now only hope that the bright hopes held out for a period of improving prices will not be dashed cruelly to the ground as in some past years. Personally, I think 1911 will turn out satisfactorily for investors. Certainly it is time that the lean years we have experienced since the Boer war came to an end.

Money Spinners.

A South Wales concern, which has done well in the past year, is the Stepney Spare Motor Wheel Ltd., the net profits for the period amounting to £35,276, as against £33,000 in the previous year The dividend on the Ordinary shares for the twelve months is 20 per cent., but £26,000 odd, or sufficient to pay a further distribution of 30 per cent., is carried forward. In less than four years the company has earned £115,000 on its capital of £87,550. The directors have wisely invested £70,000 outside the business in first-class securities, and altogether the realisable assets total £100,000. The £1 shares, fully paid, stand at about 31s., and are a fair speculation, because at £2 the yield would be 10 per cent. It must not be overlooked, however, that the company's prosperity mainly depends upon patents, though, as a matter of fact, the other branches of the motor industry are being exploited in energetic fashion.

A Long Shot.

If you have patience the £1 shares of the Costa Rica Electric Light and Traction Company might give you a reward. After paying Debenture interest in the past year the company had only a credit balance of £10, but it should not be long before the capital expended on extensions should become remunerative and earn something for the Ordinary shares, which now stand at only a nominal quotation. The Five per Cent. First Debentures are obtainable at about 65, at which they yield between 7½ and 8 per cent.

The Future of Benoni Consolidated.

From now on the shares of the Benoni Consolidated Gold Mines ought to steadily advance, if the company has a fair amount of the luck of the game of mining. By reason of arrangements which have been made, sufficient funds are secured to bring the property to the producing stage, and about July next a reduction plant capable of treating 20,000 to 30,000 tons per month should be completed. The ore reserves total about half a million tons averaging near 7dwt.

Poverty-stricken Palaces.

If anyone wanted proof as to how the Picture Palace building epidemic has outgrown the public needs it is surely to be found in the suburbs of London and in the provinces, where these structures are becoming almost as numerous as grocers' shops. Some of the older concerns are finding themselves hard put to pay standing expenses because of the great increase in competition from newcomers into the business, and the skating rinks are also attracting away custom. In the not distant future many of these palaces will, no doubt, be shut up. But not until the shareholders' money has been frittered away.

Law Car and General.

What promises to be one of the most interesting public inquiries in the company world for some years past will take place in regard to the affairs of the Law Car and General Insurance Company very shortly, and no one will look forward with greater avidity to the ascertainment of the true facts of the case than the unlucky shareholders. The extraordinary circumstances concerning the comparatively recent issue of shares will no doubt be thoroughly sifted. In one respect, the shareholders are more lucky than their brethren in the Law Guarantee Society—they have the advantage of an official investigation.

A "Salting" Scandal.

If, as is stated, there has been an alarming increase in the number of cases of mine "salting" in the Transvaal, it is to be hoped that the geological experts of the Union Government will not hesitate to publish broadcast full particulars of such roguery. It is understood that a large number of alleged tin properties have been treated in this manner, the procedure consisting of obtaining rich specimens of cassiterite from one of the big mines and dropping it "accidentally" on a farm intended to be sold to promoters. I do not know if such a fraud is a punishable crime in the Transvaal, but, if it is not, the defect ought soon to be remedied.

Home Rails.

Those who have followed my notes from week to week in regard to Home Railway stocks, and have acted on the advice given, should have no reason to regret their conduct, for now on the eve of the dividend declarations quotations stand generally higher than they did when attention was drawn to the securities. You must decide for yourselves whether you will take your profits now, or wait to see how the dividends are received by the market.

A 5¼ per Cent. Bond Yield.

At the current price of about 96½ the First Mortgage Five per Cent. Redeemable Gold Bonds of the United Railways of Yucatan (Mexico) would afford to a purchaser a return of about £5 2s. 6d. per cent. The bonds are secured on all the company's concessions and undertaking. The present profits of the line are approximately double the sum required to discharge the interest on the security, and the outlook for the company, which was formed in 1902, is a good one.

Anglo "A" and Associated Cements.

Having recommended Anglo A as a speculation when the negotiations for amalgamation were proceeding, I feel it my duty to point out that as the merger has been agreed upon and a fixed rate of interest guaranteed the stock has now entered the investment list, and is not likely to move much from now onwards.

Associated Cements after their smart rise will probably now lose the attention of a great many speculators. When dividends on the shares are in sight a further advance will no doubt occur.

Diamond Shares.

The improvement in diamond mine shares has proceeded since I drew attention to the better trading conditions for the companies, and it is now considered to be not improbable that a new agreement will be arrived at in the near future regarding production. This should, of course, help to keep the price of the stones at a remunerative level. De Beers, I believe, will go still better.

Constantinople Fives.

The Five per Cent. Bonds of the City of Constantinople can be purchased at about par now, and they are cheap at the price. It was in 1909 that the municipality issued £1,000,000 of the security, which is unconditionally guaranteed as to the principal and interest by the Turkish Government.

• • •

Farrow's Bank have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended 31st December, 1910.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*N. C., Pudsey.*"—I should advise you rather to renew your option on Chartered or to make the stock firm. I think there will be a steady appreciation in value during the next two months. I should not advise buying Americans on 3 per cent. margin; I would prefer to give for the "put" on any substantial rally. "*F. H., Hebden Bridge.*"—Have nothing to do with the people in question, their guarantees are absolutely valueless. You cannot speculate without running a risk of losing, but it is a certainty that you will lose if you send any money to firms who circularise promising to guarantee profits. If you wish to deal in stocks and shares, do so through a member of the London Stock Exchange. "*Worried.*"—I am afraid there were a good many Rubber shares sold during the boom at premiums which were absurd, but when people lose their heads this kind of thing is bound to happen. I do not think you have any remedy unless you applied on the prospectus, and can prove that the statements made in it were incorrect. "*Coolie.*" The Rice Hamilton Exploration Syndicate was, I believe, absorbed by some other Rhodesian company. You should write to the secretary. I do not know any reason why Potchefstroom should improve, unless there is a general rise in the South African market. Battlefields are quite a speculation. "*J. B. M., Llanelly.*"—Any rise in Rhodesian Consols would be due to a better Rhodesian market or some good news regarding one of their properties. I have heard rumours regarding one of their mines turning out well. I think, if you bought, 2s. a share would be a good profit to hold on for. Thank you for your kind remarks. "*J. N., Selkirk.*" (1) A fair speculative purchase. (2) Do not care for United Rhodesia, should prefer to purchase Chartered Option. (3) No, have nothing to do with them on any consideration whatever. Do your business with a member of the London Stock Exchange. "*Tyke.*"—I should advise you to hold Harmony Props. as I understand the company is being financed by several of the South African group. With an improved market in South Africans, there should be a recovery in the price. I regard Gold Coast Amalgamated as one of the best selections in the West African market. It is interested with the Consolidated Gold Fields and some of the leading West African mines. The broker you mention is not a member of the London Stock Exchange. It is, therefore, difficult to answer your inquiry. If you wish to be introduced to a member of the London Stock Exchange, I shall be pleased to give you the name of a broker. "*Lola.*"—I should not advise a purchase of the Duckwari Rubber shares for improvement in capital value. You would be better advised to buy Linggi, Vallambrosa, or Anglo Malay, or, among the cheap shares, Merliman and London Ventures. An improvement in Rubber shares is expected in the early spring. "*G. H. K., Old Trafford.*"—I consider the guarantee of the Great Central Railway perfectly safe. The stock you mention I regard as a sound investment. There is only one objection to it, and that is there is not a very free market in the shares. "*C. F., Heaton Park.*"—On no account should you put money into the concern. It is simply a blind-pool of the worst type. "*L. J. S.*" Van Den Bergh Pref. are a fair industrial investment. I do not advise the others you mention. You might take a few Lipton Ordinary and Preference. I am advising Home Railway stocks for investment and improvement in capital value, especially Great Eastern, Great Northern Def., and Midland. "*Deposit.*" The banks you mention may be regarded as safe in the ordinary way, and it would only be through a financial crisis in the countries in which they do their business that any danger would occur. This, however, is always the risk if you put money into banks outside England or the leading Continental countries. Would it not suit you to buy English Railway Pref. stocks, which can be bought to yield 3¾ to 4 per cent., and are likely to increase in capital value? "*Mags.*"—I should not like to promise a dividend on Madagascar Rubber, in fact, I think you might make a much better selection. It is much the best not to buy any but the leading shares, such as Linggi, Vallambrosa, and Anglo Malay. Other Rubber shares are best left alone. "*Berlin.*"—I think that at the price Ecuador Salt Bonds are quite a fair speculative investment, and that the payment of the interest as due is likely to be continued. The risk you run is, of course, local outbreaks in the country, which might involve the Government in temporary difficulties, in which case the funds for the payment of the interest on the loan might be temporarily stopped.

(*Other replies next week.*)

• • •

INSURANCE.—An inquiry, giving present age of applicant and mentioning the form of Assurance required, will receive immediate attention if addressed to the Insurance Editor, LONDON OPINION, 36 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. A stamped addressed envelope should be forwarded.

• • •

LOVERS of antique furniture, pictures, prints, china, glass, and bric-à-brac should make a point of visiting the annual sale at Messrs. Story and Triggs Ltd., of 152-156 Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The sale is now proceeding, and many rare bargains which cannot be duplicated will be picked up by early purchasers. *London Opinion* has made arrangements with Messrs. Story and Triggs to forward a copy of their "Blue Book of Bargains," gratis and post free, to any reader who is unable to visit the sale, on receipt of a post-card.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

WOMEN are much more tolerant of masculine peccadilloes than of feminine ditto.—*Black & White.*



"Why are you crying, Mrs. Maier?"
"Oh, the sight of Vesuvius reminds me so much of my late husband. He used to smoke a lot too!"
—"Fliegende Blätter," Munich.

A former Chicago newspaper reporter has become an Episcopalian bishop. There is hope for all.—*Cleveland Leader.*

• • •

The only man who believes in luck is the one who has things against him; the fellow who has them with him is sure his brains did it.—*N. Y. Press.*

- - -

What men desire (sometimes too late) in their wives, but are apt to overlook in sweethearts and in the girls they flirt with in society, are the qualites women demand in other women—reasonableness, reliability, fair intelligence, and a sense of honour.—*Daily Chronicle.*

• • •

A judge is all the better for being a sound lawyer; but it is at least equally important that he should be an accomplished man of the world, active, alert, vigilant, and open-minded, and capable of handling the multifarious issues that concern the daily doings of a complex community.—*Standard.*

Dress to women is something more than a game. It is one of their means of expressing themselves. Fine clothes make them feel happy and as if they were in a glorified state of existence, freed from the wear and tear of this life; in fact, as if they were true birds of Paradise, with all the splendour of Paradise in their plumage.—*Times.*

If the necessities of life keep on increasing in price, it will soon be cheaper to live on the luxuries.—*Judge*, New York

• • •

Nature herself is never punctual. Birth and death keep no regular hours; unexpectedness is their very essence.—*Graphic.*

• • •

The defaulting bank cashier has no harsher critic than the man who dodges paying his street-car fare whenever he has the chance.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

• • •

Champagne drinking in the clubs is the exception rather than the rule. Not only are men afraid of their doctor but they are ashamed of their extravagances.—*Daily Dispatch.*

• • •

Thousands of people who do not gossip themselves, like to listen to it. It saves them the trouble of talking. The gossip is generally good-natured. The scandalmonger seldom is.—*Gentlewoman.*

• • •

Every bicycle that is built, every bowling green or tennis court that is established, every tram line that is laid to carry people out into the country is a new nail in the coffin of the drink trade, and when a slum goes one almost expects to hear a brewery fall.—*Daily News.*

• • •

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey:
Although she was sprightly,
She was hobbled so tightly
That she simply could not get away.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

• • •

QUICK CHANGES.

"Can you tell me what country has the most powerful Dreadnought?"
"No."
"Or who holds the aeroplane altitude record?"
"No."
"Or which liner has the transatlantic speed record?"
"No."
"Then, maybe, you can tell me the name of the richest baby in the world?"
"No. Confound it, man, I haven't seen the morning paper yet!"—*Puck*, New York.

"How long are you going to stay in Monte Carlo?"
"Six days."
"Why exactly six days?"
"Because I have only brought six costumes with me!"
—"Le Rire," Paris.





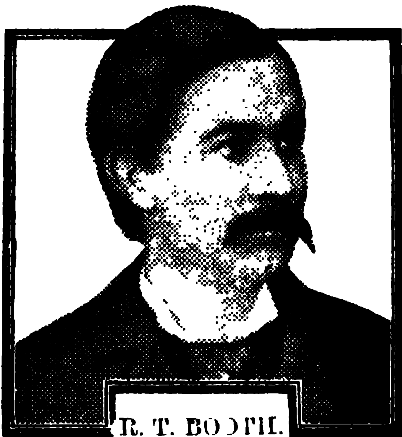
HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

Nature's Own "Breathing" Cure for Catarrh, Influenza, Head Cold, Catarrhal Deafness, and other Nose, Throat and Lung Troubles.

By R. T. BOOTH

Whom Hyomei cured 25 Years ago to Stay Cured Ever Since.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clarke, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germicide, cures by just breathing it.



(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei.)

Mr. Booth writes :—

Don't be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims (however wildly absurd) to sell their nostrums. The height of absurdity is reached when you are asked to accept any of the score or so of the different makes of "Pine Lozenges," etc., which just now strew the chemists' counters, as a so-called "breathing" cure. Remember, sucking lozenges induces the habit of mouth-breathing (a habit once acquired very hard to cure), and that mouth-breathing is the commonest cause of catarrh and nearly all other breathing troubles. You might just as well suck the corner of a cheap ticket to Brighton and think you were getting sea breezes, as to think you could get a "breathing" cure from sucking the so-called "Pine Lozenges."

I am speaking here with the authority of a man who knows, and not a mere advertiser who is after your money at any cost to you.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed, no medicine taken *into the stomach* ever did, or ever will, cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles. These troubles threatened my life and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, *to stay cured ever since*, and it can cure you. I guarantee this or return your money (see Coupon below).

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment: it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing, or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei Treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei" and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Tonsillitis, Laryngitis, Catarrhal Deafness, Croup, Consumption, Throat Troubles, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Head Cold, Hay Fever, including, in fact, all Respiratory Troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, **is** 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once, with coupon below, P.O. or stamps for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

To Mr. R. T. Booth, 250 Roycroft House,
96 Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment.

Name ....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address ....

IMPORTANT NOTE:—

You are invited to write a separate letter to me, giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

"LONDON OPINION" FREE INSURANCE

undertaken by the

MIDLAND & TEXTILE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

39/41 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Nominal Capital, £500,000. Subscribed Capital exceeds £185,000. Paid-up Capital, £70,000.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached, but the paper need not be carried on the person.

The Midland & Textile Insurance Company Limited will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:—

£2000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's passenger train in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any tramcar in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any public omnibus in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any four-wheeled or hansom cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger-steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare paying passenger; or

£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury, caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal, but cause the loss of both arms or both legs, or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle; or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such non-fatal injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract, viz:—(*a*) That such death or loss result within thirty days after the accident. (*b*) That the holder shall prior to the accident have written his (or her) usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath.—(*c*) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its principal Offices in London within fourteen days after its occurrence.—(*d*) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request for the same by the Company, and (*e*) That this insurance applies only to persons [illegible] ance-ticket for [illegible] olde[illegible] d for the [illegible] (*f*) That in the e[illegible] more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amoun[illegible] surance granted as above set forth, shall be equally divided among such claimants, whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with [illegible] The decision of the [illegible] regarding any claim made in respect of this coupon shall be final, and binding on all parties. This insurance holds good in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass as a passenger in a passenger's compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium.

Signature of holder...

This insurance extends from and including Wednesday, the 11th day of Jan., 1911, to the morning of Wednesday, the 18th day of Jan., 1911.

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a *stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagents' receipt and one penny stamp,* for [illegible]tration to:—

The Midland & Textile Insurance Company Ltd.,
39/41 New Broad Street, LONDON, E.C.

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

21st JANUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 357.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON.

See page 110.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

MR. SANDOW'S ADVICE TO LADIES ON CORSETS.—*See page 91.*

London Opinion.

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TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

After the recent £200 libel, in a serial story, publishing will have to be added to the list of dangerous callings.

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The hero of the future will be the author or playwright who dares to bestow upon his villain any ordinary or credible name.

• • •

The time is coming when a safe name to use for a reprehensible character in a play or book may, when discovered, be a valuable asset, to let out upon lease to literary hirers. We hasten to copyright Aubrey Fitzplagonet Punklehash.

• • •

Hastings policemen are learning ju-jitsu. So the tripper, if he deserves it, may become the tripped.

• • •

The fashionable Paris dance is called the Tango. Over here, the Contango will maintain its popularity in the City.

• • •

The title of a new novel is *The Needlewoman*, which gives disparaging people the opportunity to say it is only "sew-sew."

• • •

When the Suffragette read on the newspaper bills "New Arms for the London Police," she murmured, "The old ones carried far enough, surely."

• • •

The Liberal clubs of Leeds intend to brew their own beer in future. This is hardly a new departure. Everyone has heard of Primrose League "hops."

• • •

In the proposed Liberal brewery the favourite tap of beer will be (Form) Four'arf.

• • •

Monaco with 448 electors is to have only about two dozen members of the Legislature. Ireland could teach them a bit about Parliamentary representation.

• • •

"Home Battery Charging" was a contents-bill which made us think that there was further trouble in Houndsditch, until we noticed that it was issued by a motor journal.

• • •

Some French schoolboys threatened to strike recently because of a lack of provision for warming them. In England the masters usually strike when the pupils need warming.

• • •

At last we are beginning to treat alien offenders with awful severity. Two of them were the other day actually ordered to be sent back to their own land at this country's expense.

• • •

Mr. Chapman says that "if a wife answers her husband, it is called 'nagging:' if a husband answers his wife it, is called 'advice!'" Yes, and if a defendant answers a magistrate, it is called "contempt of court."

Mr. Lloyd George's shepherd is, after all, a "Crook."

• • •

The downfall of the "Bootblack Banker" in America is causing quite a shine.

• • •

A new play-producing society calls itself "The Oncomers." Their audiences are to be known as the in-comers.

• • •

Political allusions have not been popular in pantomime this year. The practice, even at Clapham, has been to hiss 'em.

• • •

Prizes for the soundest and strongest teeth are to be given in Berkshire schools All Berks and no bites is not a popular saying in the county.

• • •

Hampstead Parliament has tabled a resolution in favour of the retention of the House of Lords. Many a careworn nobleman may breathe more freely for that.

• • •

Mr. Lloyd George has been to inspect the anarchists' house in Sidney Street, though not, we believe, as rumoured, with a view to assessing its increased sight value.

• • •

Fashions for the spring, it is announced, will give the wearers of the latest frocks the appearance of having two waists. That'll give the lads a chance to get busy with both arms.

• • •

Patriotic shopping—meaning the purchase of British goods only—is to have a week's trial in the West End this spring. The greater the bargains the more enthusiastic the patriotism.

• • •

One of George Graves's jokes in the Drury Lane pantomime is to tell a boy using a pea-shooter that it is a silly thing to shoot peas. Our military expert says that the boy ought to have shelled them.

• • •

Complaint is made that very few singers of grand opera in English clearly enunciate the words. For which, remembering the usual quality of the translated lyric, let them fervently be thanked.

• • •

Because a number of English workmen have recently migrated to Greenock the authorities there have decided to open the public-houses on certain holidays. These same workmen are now the most popular Southrons that ever settled in Scotland.

• • •

Many ladies whose name is not Mary are desirous of contributing to the "Mary" Coronation Gift. One lady has solved the difficulty by economising her lunch money, explaining that the result will be forwarded as coming from "little Mary."

THE POPE AND MIXED MARRIAGES.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

In writing about public affairs in London Opinion I try to be truthful and to help my readers to get at the truth. Every week I receive letters from correspondents in various parts of the kingdom. Some of them agree with me; others disagree. But I value the latter even more highly than the former, for it is well to see both sides of the shield, to hear both sides of the case. I make no secret of the fact that I am a democrat, an Ulster Protestant, and a Home Ruler. But I am not blind to the faults of my own political associates. I hold myself free to tell the truth in all circumstances. A storm is rising in Ireland, which is going to spread to England. At present the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, but before long it will cover the sky. It is well, therefore, that we should all think clearly and resolutely before the storm bursts.

• • •

Let me explain. By the Papal Decree entitled "Ne Temere," issued on 19th April, 1908, all mixed marriages in Ireland after that date not solemnised by a Roman Catholic priest are declared to be invalid. This decree is based upon the decree passed by the Council of Trent in 1563. Before the Council of Trent a marriage was a civil ceremony, not requiring the sanction of a priest. It is important to note that the Vatican has exempted Germany from the operation of the new decree. The Germans resisted it, and the Vatican yielded. Ireland is not allowed the benefit of "the most favoured nation" doctrine. Mixed marriages celebrated in Protestant churches in Ireland are anathematised. Such marriages are permitted by the Vatican in Germany, but not in Ireland. Stated briefly, that is the fact we have to face. Now for its consequences. In May, 1908, at Ballymena, a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Gilmour, married a Presbyterian girl to a Roman Catholic. He subsequently baptised her first child, her husband consenting. Another child was born. Then a priest told the parties that the marriage was null and void, having taking place a month after the Papal decree. He said that they must be married over again in a Roman Catholic chapel. The mother refused. One Monday evening she found that her infant, four weeks old, had been taken away, torn from her breast. The other child had also been taken.

• • •

The mother stayed in the childless home till Thursday, pleading with her husband for her children. He took her out, promising to restore her children to her. Then he jumped on a moving tram and left her in the street. When she returned home she found that all the furniture had been removed. All her clothing, all her personal treasures, were gone. Since then she has been unable to find either her husband or children. She has sought for her little child in the streets. She has stopped women with babes in their arms in the hope of finding her lost little one. This is a tragic story. Before telling it I have taken the trouble to investigate the facts and to discover if there is another aspect of the case. But the facts appear to be indisputable. The decree, "Ne Temere," has produced what every Roman Catholic as well as every Protestant must feel to be an outrage on the holiest human rights. It is fair to point out that the desertion is not defended or justified by the priests. But the desertion is the logical consequence of the decree declaring the marriage to be null and the children to be illegitimate. The husband was forced to choose between fidelity to his church and fidelity to his wife and children. If he had defied the priest he would have been excommunicated.

• • •

Now I am all for toleration and for non-interference in religion. But the question is whether the Vatican has any right to annul a Protestant marriage and to bastardise the children. I have shown that it has not ventured to do so in Germany. Ought it to be permitted to do so in Ireland? By the law of the land this woman is legally married, and her children are legitimate. Is it tolerable that the Vatican should issue from Rome a decree which compels Roman Catholics to violate the law? Remember that it is not the Irish priests who have done this thing. They obey the orders of the Vatican. We have, therefore, a direct conflict between the Pope and the British marriage law. In the case in question the Papal decree annulled the British law and made it void. If the decree affected Roman Catholics only, Protestants would have no right to protest. But it is a direct attack on all Protestants who contract mixed marriages and upon their offspring. I do not see how it can be justified, and I am confident that there are few Roman Catholics in Ireland or in England who would attempt to justify it.

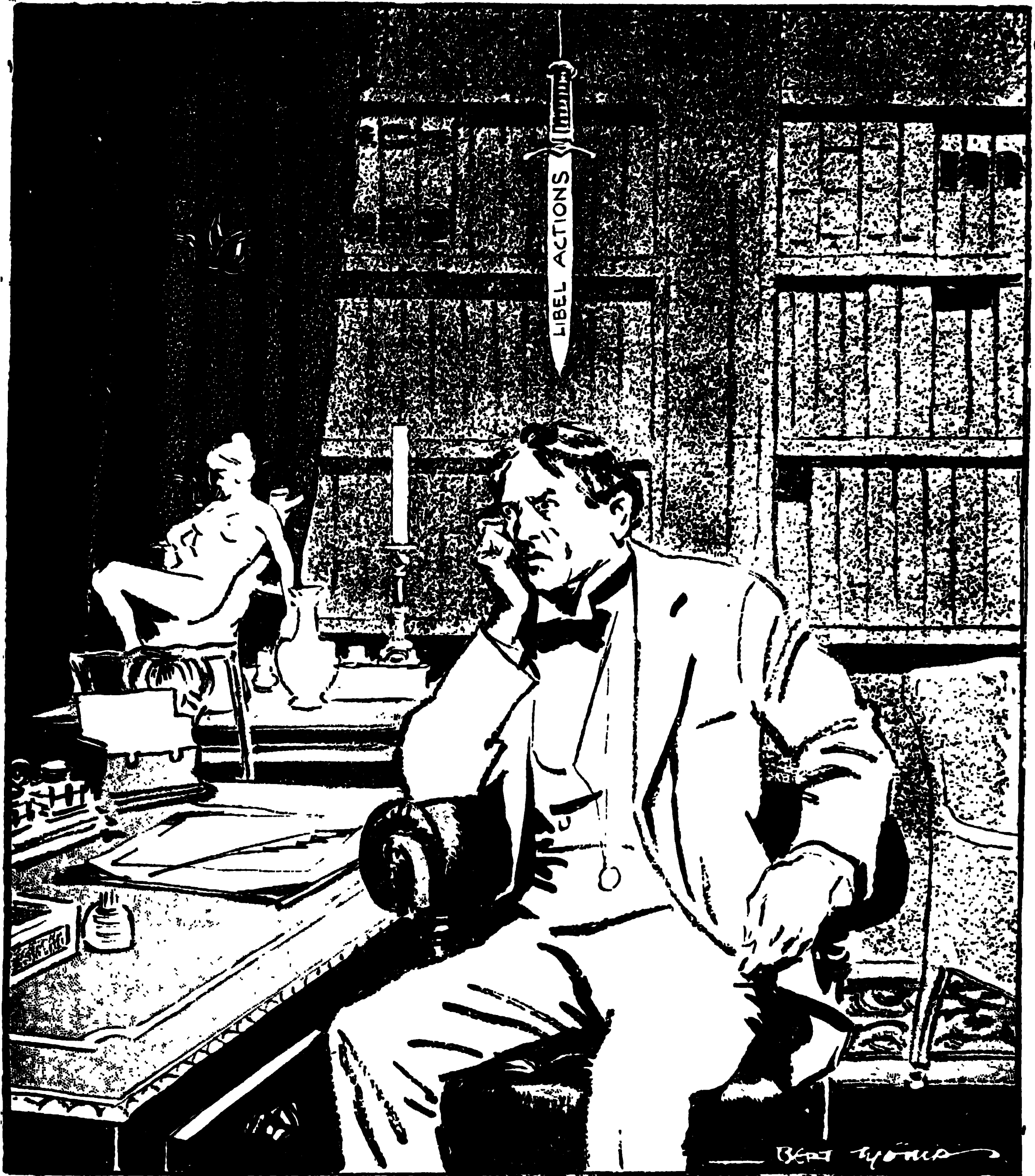
• • •

I hate bigotry, and I hope that in this matter the bigots will not be allowed to dominate. The proper persons to rebel against this monstrous decree are the Irish Roman Catholic laity. It is a test question, and I appeal to Mr. Redmond and the Irish party to take the lead in defending their Protestant fellow-countrymen against ultramontane persecution. If they do not act fearlessly in this crucial matter they will play into the hands of their country's enemies. It is said that this case is not the only one. There have been others. Let Mr. Redmond face the fact that this marriage question would wreck the coming Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, resisted an amendment moved in Committee on his second Home Rule Bill to include marriage among the subjects prohibited from the Irish Parliament. The amendment was defeated. Does Mr. Redmond think that such an amendment could be defeated again, in view of the new Papal decree?

• • •

There is another point which I invite Mr. Redmond to consider. The Vatican does not want Home Rule, for it dreads the Irish democracy. Is it not possible that this decree, not enforced in Germany, is being astutely enforced in Ireland in order to make Home Rule impossible? The present Pontiff is a reactionary. He has waged war against the Modernist movement in France and killed it. He has slain the Modernist movement in Maynooth. He has even put extreme pressure upon English Modernists. His hierarchy have stamped out independent Irish newspapers like the *Irish Peasant* and the *Irish Nation*. The latter paper has just succumbed to their persistent hostility. "England in Ireland," says Mr. Shaw, "is the Pope's policeman." If the Irish party do not break the power of the Vatican it will break them. I am a Home Ruler, but I warn Mr. Redmond that he will wreck Home Rule if he allows the Vatican to drive this decree like a wedge into the heart of the British Home Rule majority. British law is not going to be overridden by any Papal Bull.

THE NEW SWORD OF DAMOCLES.*



Eminent Author: "Whatever name can I call my villain if I am to avoid the risk of libel actions?"

NOTICE.

In view of what, since the recent Libel in a Story case, we now know the law to be, the Editor of London Opinion gives notice:

1. All contributors of fiction in which mention is made of any villain, scoundrel, anarchist, tax-collector or other person who is not absolutely nice all the time, must inclose with such fiction affidavits sworn by themselves and two householders, testifying:
   (a) That the name given to such person in such fiction is not borne by anybody known to the writer, his heirs, or assignees, or associates whatsoever; and
   (b) That the name so used in such fiction is not conceivable as the name of any living person, all ideas of attaining verisimilitude having been abandoned.
2. With all manuscripts of fiction must be inclosed directories to facilitate testing as to the exclusion of all such potentially ruinous cognomens.
3. Nothing reflecting upon the integrity and charm of the gentleman known as Peter the Painter will be tolerated in London Opinion, in case there may exist other Peters who are painters, who may feel aggrieved.

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 12.—The Tobacconist.

Horrors.

If one were disposed to dwell on the evil deeds of the New Year, there would be plenty of material to work with. Truth to tell, the public has had more than a sufficiency of the battle of Houndsditch, just as it had of the General Election and the murder by Harvey Crippen. "What an awful place London is!" exclaim our country cousins. They forget the size of it, the teeming millions, and the absence of that public opinion which makes it easy for people to lead double lives and doubtful careers. An instructive sign of the times is the rapidity with which startling events are made "pictures" of. Immediately after the recent tragedy I dropped into the Empire and saw the shooting on the bioscope. The audience was very interested except when Mr. Winston Churchill appeared. It then laughed and hissed, especially at the point where the apparatus noted some demonstrative gesture on the part of the Home Secretary. While the house in Stepney was getting pepper, the member for Dundee was being rewarded with the "bird." A curious anomaly that a man picked for a Cabinet should become an object of derision in a place of public entertainment!

• • •

Something Like a Siege.

The siege of any place is, however, literally as nothing compared with the siege of the drapers' shops during the past few weeks. Frequently have I forced my way with difficulty through the crowds of anxious women enjoying gapeseed in Oxford and Regent Streets. Amid the tootlings of motor-horns, the snorting of omnibuses, the shouts of the newsboy, and the everlasting din and roar of the traffic, the solid mass of womankind has kept the pavements as grandly as Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old. The poet who forwards a lyric commencing—

> O tell me not of winter gales,
> But let me sing of winter sales!

is hereby warned off the premises. I am in no mood to let anybody sing of these deathless excitements, for after your corns have been trodden on by rushing females and your only suit of clothes ruined by mud through personal projection off the kerb, the winter sales breed in me none but acrimonious feelings. I came across a lady gushing over some taffeta she had bought. Under the impression it was a newly discovered Welsh sweetmeat, which I should probably get a taste of, I lent a sympathetic ear. To my disgust I discovered it to be a material they make nightshirts of, or something equally prosaic. From all of which I deduce that I should be a highly indifferent winter saler, and have decided to be content with the humble and retiring position of life well befitted to my modest instincts.

• • •

At the Pantomimes.

A good imitation of a siege may also be noted at some of the pantomime doors. Taking them as a whole, the Christmas shows, I hear, have not done tremendous business, but the two great houses in the West-end of Town have nothing to complain of. Never have I known such a dainty Cinderella as Miss Iris Hoey at the Lyceum, and Miss Jane Eyre is not only a Prince of fine appearance, but one with a splendid voice and cultured style. Of how many "principal boys" can this be said? With regret I find that the performance of the harlequinade is a proceeding honoured, at several theatres, in the breach rather than the observance. If managers think the old game played out, why don't they resort to an expedient adopted at the Strand in the year which saw the close of the Crimean War? In *The Magic Mistletoe, or Harlequin Humbug* a lady named Cuthbert took the part of the clown, although it was found—here is a severe blow for the out-and-out women's rights brigade—that she was unequal to the tumbling necessary to the success of the part. A boy clown was accordingly laid on for the purpose and he was no other than our much-missed friend, the late Willie Edouin, who lived to delight the public for many years after.

• • •

Temple Bar.

I fancy it was Harry Rickards who used to tell us he never went east of Temple Bar. Alas! to-day there is no Temple Bar to go east or west of. What the Corporation of London could have been thinking about to allow this memorial to pass into private hands passes understanding. It is lucky the landmark has lived on in good keeping, but, remembering that there can be no more engaging or historical object, the movement to bring it back to the City is one heartily to be supported. We have a "Griffin" where the Bar stood. What charm of association is there about that? I am almost sorry the venerable obstructor of traffic ever disappeared from the end of the Strand. It acted as a wholesome restraint on fast driving, notwithstanding that you had to "tuck in your tuppenny" when riding outside a 'bus.

• • •

A Trouble of Routes.

The celebration of the Coronation will inevitably give rise to more of the customary trouble about routes. We are a loyal people, but with all our loyalty we like a piece of sugar for the bird. Therefore is it that those persons with lettable windows and houses are intensely

interested that all the King's horses and all the King's men—together with his Majesty himself—should pick out a particular direction on the great days of June. Several persons did a fine farthing out of the funeral of Edward VII., and the grand old English desire to "make a bit" is already being manifested. Some clamour for the Strand, others for Oxford Street and Holborn, but wherever King George may wander, it is certain that the inhabitants of the neglected routes will be filled with sublime disgust. The Coronation business will certainly be a disappointment for the multitudes in the street. They are barred from the show in Westminster Abbey. Even did they gain excess to that edifice they would have to be well placed to see any appreciable part of the ceremony. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the Abbey is not constructed on the up-to-date lines of the Coliseum or the Palladium, and it will work hardly on a number of long-suffering, and not over-rich, peers that, after being put to the expense of a new rig-out in the way of robes, they will have a broken view of what goes on. The great peril of the Coronation week is the risk of bad weather. And as the function takes place exactly at Midsummer ladies will do well to have their furs in readiness. For it is quite likely, with our democratic seasons, that we shall find King George ruling over a free, and a freezing, people.

• • •

Gush.

MUCH greasy rubbish has appeared in print during the past few weeks because the Sovereign has entered a few beasts in some of the more important races of the season. At one time the familiar wheeze about the Turf encouraging the breed of horses was put forward as a justification for the maintenance of a much-criticised institution. Now, the hysterical screamings about the renewed appearance of the Royal colours make one think that racing would be in danger of total extinction unless a Monarch occasionally came to its rescue. What would the Prince Consort have said had he foreseen the day his son and his grandson would have put up a jockey with what the adoring sporting Press calls the "Royal livery"? Albert "the Good" had no use for the Turf, and probably Lord Rosebery will be the last Prime Minister to give it patronage. Can anybody fancy Mr. Asquith getting excited over the ownership of a Derby candidate? I should as soon expect to see Mr. Balfour aspiring to the light-weight boxing championship of the world. The King is taking up with the game because so many of his circle are connected with it. All the same I wish him as good a collection of thoroughbreds as he has of postage stamps. That he will achieve the same great results as his father did is hopeless to expect. For King Edward, be it remembered, won all the big prizes of the Turf, with the exception of the Oaks.

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Tut! Tut!

[AN indignant gentleman has written to *The Times* protesting against the adaptation of classical musical compositions to the needs of the Drury Lane pantomime.]

The long-haired purist groaned with pain,
  And spied the hooflet cloven
In ballet airs at Drury Lane
  Decocted from Beethoven.
He squirmed when demons trilled to C—
  (The operatic toff's key),
And wept that moving strains should be
  Abstracted from Tschaikowsky.

If pantomimes must fodder seek
  From airs on hurdy-gurdies,
It makes us "sit up"—so to speak—
  To find them pinching Verdi's;
O vulgar, vandalistic, cheap,
  The wretched Christmas pro's art,
When it can thrive, and fortune reap,
  From sneaking bits of Mozart.

The common herd (stalls, ten-and-six)
  Should dance to hallish tabor,
And not with Harry Randall mix
  The classic pipes of Weber;
Poor, brainless mob, that laughs in waves
  While galleries sit and cheer a
Rare twiddly-piece (fie, Georgy Graves!)
  From *Ballo in Maschera*.

Where next will wild marauders dive
  In their orchestral clowning,
When Gounod gets joined up with "I've
  Been out with Charlie Brown"-ing?
E'en Beenstalk Jack, of deadly dash,
  May giant strike *in petto*,
'Mid Jimmy Glover's roaring crash
  Of chords from *Rigoletto*.

O songs of Love's delirious haze!
  O ballads, boozey, bungish!
You jostle, in a medley maze,
  All Götterdamerungish!
Sweet Music sways the great and small—
  What human force would check her?
Not knightly Wood of Queenly Hall—
  That Wood keeps up his pecker!

So, spread thy vision, purist rare,
  Do not take on and fret so!
Let Dolly Castles, in the air
  She sings, put intermezzo:
All melody was made for man—
  Staves solemn, gracious, funny—
Then conquer winter's gloomy plan
  With joy beams. Mendelssohny!

Rejected.

EVER and anon I meet in the streets a familiar face, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. It is that of an ex-M.P., one who has been "thrown" at the General Election. Few people appreciate the emotions of an individual in that unhappy position. "It is sad," as Mr. Eccles philosophically remarks, "to think of days as is gone most like for ever." and the consciousness of knowing that other men will be talking platitudes and wasting time in the place you did both, cannot be pleasant to any individual silly enough to make politics a hobby. Far better that modern delirium, known as "golf," or that grand old pastime, which has done much to make England what she is—nurr and spell. The prospect of more unreadable columns of speeches in the papers is far from cheering, and once again shall I flee to *The Lancet* for comic relief. In view of the opening of Parliament all sorts and conditions of men are getting their wardrobes in order. Having had the luck to find a shop where they give away a suit of clothes to every purchaser of half-a-dozen collars, I am thinking that I shall cut rather a dossy figure in this Coronation year.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Mystery of an Unexamined Prisoner Explained: the Stained-glass Shaw: Society Amateur Theatricals.

I FIND curiosity is being expressed concerning what has happened to Edward F. Mylius, the man who was recently arrested on a charge of sedition in connection with the *Liberator*, the paper which has been reviving the old story that the King had contracted a morganatic marriage at Malta in 1890. As Mylius was taken into custody a day or two after Christmas Day and has been in gaol ever since without yet having been brought up publicly in court, the following explanation of this otherwise astonishing circumstance may be desirable in the public interest.

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The reason this sedition charge has not come before a magistrate, in open court, is that the proceedings against the prisoner are taken under an old Act which does not provide for this modern *sine qua non*. Mylius will be put on public trial in due course, before one of the Judges of the High Court. Either the Attorney-General or the Solicitor-General will lead for the Crown, and the prisoner will be able to conduct his defence in person or by counsel in the ordinary way.

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He might now be out of prison while awaiting trial if he could have found bail, but this was fixed by the learned judge before whom the case came privately in Chambers at the substantial amount which the nature of the case suggested to his Lordship as right and proper—£10,000, I believe—and as the prisoner has not found the stipulated sureties, he has to remain in Brixton Gaol pending trial.

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Royalty has at length restarted theatre-going. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught went to see *Henry VIII.* and also *The Princess Clementine* last week.

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The Marquess of Hertford is lying so dangerously ill at his residence, Ragley Hall, Alcester, that his son and heir, the Earl of Yarmouth, has been obliged to cancel all future theatrical engagements.

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Apropos of the Mile End petition, the two votes by which Mr Harry Lawson got in were only recorded in the nick of time. A couple of voters called in at his committee rooms just before eight. There were only three minutes to get them over to the polling station, some distance off. Mr. R. B. Etherington Smith (whom you will remember as coach of the Cambridge crew last



"George asked me what dowry you had."
"The beast!"
"To punish him, I said you had no money."
"You cat!"



DIFFERENTIATION.
"I'm so glad you brought Trixy with you, Maude; people won't be so likely to mistake us for twins!"

year) happened to be at the door with his motor-car, and just got the voters in with half a minute to spare.

Sir George Reid finds amusment in telling of a retort hurled at him out of a recent audience. He was saying: "Australia is my country, and my sincere t efforts have always been to do the Commonwealth th best service within my power." "So you left it!" yel ed the cynic in the crowd.

They have been busy at the Leicester Galleries just lately, having disposed of Leighton's fine statuette, "An Athlete struggling with a Python," to the Liverpool Corporation, and Anning Bell's painting in tempera of "The Meeting of the Virgin and St. Anne" to the Manchester Corporation.

The autobiography of the late Sir William Butler will be out next month, and the publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co., assure me that he deals very frankly with the various military and political crises which led to the Boer War, in the preliminaries to which he presented so sensational a figure.

Curiosity has been expressed as to the destination of the recently executed stained-glass picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Sidney Webb remoulding the glowing world upon an anvil. Miss Caroline Townshend tells me that she designed it upon a commission from Mrs. Bernard Shaw, who wanted a piece of glass for the Adelphi-terrace flat, and left her *carte blanche* as to subject. The window is very strong in colour—too much so, really, for the original purpose—and Mrs. Shaw talks of finding a more suitable place for it in the country, when she returns from Jamaica.

This disposes, at all events, of any idea there might otherwise have been that this Fabian picture was going to decorate the residence of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Delighted to hear that his many friends are going to dine Nicol Dunn before he takes his departure early next month for South Africa, to edit the *Johannesburg Star*. Lord Northcliffe will occupy the chair, and Austin Brereton (who can be found at the Queen's Theatre) is acting as honorary secretary.

The Home Secretary has under consideration the propriety of photographs and sketches being taken of police officials, especially detectives Pictures of him appearing in the public Press and at cinematograph shows must tend to destroy a detective's incognito, and are likely to be detrimental to police duties.

Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell, who have been spending the holidays with the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, Fochabers, have returned home to Garnons, in order to prepare for the amateur theatricals which Lady Evelyn is organising at the New Kemble Theatre, Hereford, on 2nd and 3rd February, in aid of the Hereford General Hospital. The first piece played will be *Kitty Clive*, in which Major Cox and Lady Dorothea Lee-Warner will take the leading parts.

Great interest will be taken in the performance of *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, when the cast will include Lady Evelyn Cotterell, her two sisters (Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox and Lady Muriel Beckwith), Mrs. Francis Egerton, Mrs. Conyngham Denison, Miss Evelyn Thornhill, Colonel Ricardo, Colonel Wood, and Captain Charles Wood, who has a great reputation for dancing and is a good amateur actor.

Lady Evelyn Cotterell is a crack salmon-angler, alike on the Wye waters of Sir John and on the Spey waters at Gordon Castle. Also she is a dead shot with the rifle, both at rooks and rabbits, and she plays a good game of cricket, getting up ladies' county matches and matches on her own ground at Garnons, where she breeds extensively and successfully several varieties of prize poultry. Lady Evelyn possesses some priceless Pekingese spaniels, which came from the royal kennels in China. And she is an ardent, clever, and experienced amateur actress.

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Of the several Clyde Fitch stories related since the recent loss of that brilliant dramatist, I like best the one he told about the young English playwright who was interviewing a manager. "Don't you think it is chilly in this room?" said the manager as the conversation went on. The playwright agreed, whereupon the manager rang a bell, and to the servant who appeared said: "James, this room is rather cold. You may put a few more manuscripts on the fire."

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Mr. Welch's clever impersonation at the Coliseum of *The Man in the Street* sets one pondering again as to the origin of the now familiar phrase. My information is that it was Gertrude Compton-Reade, the novelist and niece of Charles Reade, who lit upon the sentence when seeking a title for one of her books, which was, however in deference to the expert opinion at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's ultimately published as "Sidonie."—a poor, alternative.

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Australian ideas of amateurism are original. You remember how Beaurepaire, the swimmer, captured all the amateur prizes over here last summer? Well, the hat is now being passed round in the Antipodes with a view to collecting £1,000 for him as a present "for having advertised Victoria," and the Premier of Victoria has contributed £250.

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Readers of London Opinion have often clamoured for more of those delightfully absurd rinking caricatures by Mr. H. M. Bateman. I consider myself, therefore, somewhat of a public benefactor, inasmuch as it was I who lured Bateman to the Holland Park Rink, and got him to fill his notebook with sketches for more skating types. The new series commences in the present issue.

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Why is Rugby not so popular as the Association game? True Rugby has its thousands of adherents, but it must be admitted that the Soccer game is far away ahead of Rugby both as regards the number of persons who play and who look on

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As one who in his college days played under both codes, and who at the present time officiates week by week at some of the big Association games, Mr. W. Gilbert Davis sends me the following comments:—

"Quite half the playing time at Rugger is spent scrumming, and scrumming does not in any way rouse



"Who's that gentleman with the stick, Daddy?"
"Hush, my boy, that's the conductor."
"Then, Daddy, where's the driver?"

the ordinary spectator. What fascinates and exhilarates the crowd is some smart three-quarter play, the running, dodging, and passing, not forgetting the fearless collaring. That is the Rugger that one dreams of, which raises the enthusiasm and admiration.

"This being so, I think it would be an advantage if the scrum could be abolished. If a man intentionally holds the ball, allow the opposite side a free kick if in their own half, and perhaps a throw down by the referee if in the defenders' half. However, abolish the scrum and we can leave the provision of an effective substitute to the authorities that be.

"Another point that strikes the plain man is that there are too many players on the field: fifteen a side are too many, eleven a side would, I think, be quite sufficient. The players would then have more room to display their talent. Abolish the scrum, reduce the number of players, and the game would become a more open one, and there would be more opportunity for brilliant running and tackling. If this were done, I think Rugby would become far more interesting, and prove a serious rival to the Association game."

Glad to hear from Mr. J. B. Joel's jockey, Walter Griggs, that he is recovering rapidly from his operation for appendicitis. He writes me that he is off to Switzerland as soon as he is allowed to leave the nursing home. Most of our leading jockeys are abroad just now. Maher and Martin in Switzerland, Willian Griggs is in New York, and Bernard Dillon is on the way to South Africa. Bookmakers, likewise, are generally holiday-making. Only backers remain at home. They have to.

A whisper reaches me that Bloodstone is the almost certain winner of a nice steeplechase within the next three or four weeks. This useful jumper has been dropped considerably in the weights, and I shall be disappointed if he does not "stand" me a week's holiday on the Continent before we turn our thoughts to flat-racing.

Newmarket is delighted at the lavish manner in which King George evidently intends to patronise racing. The tradespeople, who, for some time after His late Majesty's death, were in despair, are now gradually developing smiling countenances once more. When I was down there last week I heard that already twenty-three of King George's horses had taken up their headquarters at the Egerton House Stable under the watchful eye of Richard Marsh.

THE LOOKER-ON.

"THE UGLY MALE."

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—May I congratulate Miss Vaughan on her delightfully feminine production in LONDON OPINION?

Men, through the ages, have looked upon woman, not as an article of utility, but as a more or less ornamental and somewhat expensive luxury; and, after thousands of years of sexual selection in this direction, the beautiful women of to-day have at last been achieved by Nature.

On the other hand, women, being usually dependent on man for a means of livelihood when married, have chosen practical and capable men rather than purely ornamental ones—especially those women who intended rearing families, and who have consequently left a greater impression on tendencies than those who married merely to add to their art collection. Had this been otherwise, the age of the dandies and Brummell would still be with us.

BERTRAM MUNN.

THE FEMININE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

ONCE in a while (if not more often) there arises public discussion on that Eternal Question—Have women a sense of humour?

People write letters to say that women have no more claim to be considered humorous than a High Court judge has.

Other people write on scented notepaper to declare that a woman's sense of humour is keen enough to cut things with. But in the end all the talk dies down, and is eventually buried under the epitaph "This discussion must now cease."

Let me settle the matter now, once and for all. My dictionary defines humour as "a mental quality which delights in ludicrous and mirthful ideas."

Now consider, for example, the hobble skirt. It is ludicrous and mirthful. Women delight in it. Therefore—Quite so!

Men undoubtedly possess more humour than women, but women don't use theirs up so quickly. A little humour goes a long way with a woman; she has an instinct for economy.

A sense of humour, remember, does not lie in an ability to laugh. I know men who laugh till their ears ache, and yet they have no real sense of humour.

Slightly to alter Shakespeare—you know, the man who's enjoying quite a boom over this sketch prosecution business—"a woman may smile and smile and still have no sense of humour."

Many a woman owes her dazzling smile to her dentist, and not to her bump of humour. A thing need not necessarily be funny because a woman laughs at it; many men laugh because they feel like it, and many women laugh because they feel they ought to.

And remember, my son, that a woman usually laughs her heartiest when she wants to exasperate a man. And there's nothing funny in *that!*

When a man hears a joke, he prowls round restlessly till he's found a friend to whom to repeat it. When a woman hears a good joke, she never repeats it—because she does not know it's a good joke.

You see, a good joke, from a woman's point of view, needs three qualifications: (a) it must be about someone; (b) it must be about someone she knows; and (c) it must be "one up against" that someone. Given these three things, it doesn't matter whether the joke has got a joke in it or not. From a woman's point of view, it's a joke, any way.

Of course, women don't care for spiteful jokes . . . about themselves.

Woman are rather clannish in their humour; they prefer to laugh at each other. They don't even smile when a man wears his hat at a giddy angle, but let a woman's bonnet tilt three degrees from the normal, and every other woman will find quite a lot of satisfactory fun in the happening.

There are two certain ways of amusing a woman with a sense of humour. You can either propose marriage to her, or propose to someone else. A woman always thinks it's funny you could possibly expect her to marry you; and she always thinks it's funny you could ever think of marrying anyone else.

Comic literature does not appeal to women unless it is in manuscript, is delivered by post, and has a lot of little crosses at the foot of the page.

The feminine idea of smart *repartee* is to get in the last words. Any old words will do, so long as they are the last. I am such an admirer of wit that I would give anything to hear the very last words of some women.

There are very few women who are comic artists . . . intentionally. On the other hand there are a number of "comediennes" on the stage. I know they are comediennes, because it says so on the programme. And, of course, they must have a sense of humour, or they wouldn't be there.

But woman's possession of humour is best proved in the auditorium of a theatre. Why, women *cry* at melodrama! And tears, we know, are the most exquisite form of mirth.

Finally, let us sum up thus—the most remarkable feature of feminine humour is that it is so essentially . . . feminine.



Countryman (to Boarding-house Keeper): And what time do you have dinner here?"

Boarding-house Keeper: "From twelve to three."

Countryman: "Oh, that'll suit me very well. I never like hurrying over my meals!"

ERRATIC POPULAR TASTE.

"YOUNG man," said the woman at the theatre ticket-office, "why don't you answer me when I ask you whether this is a moral and proper show?"

"Because," answered the treasurer frankly, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a customer."



PLAYS & PLAYERS
BY A PLAYFUL STALLITE.



ONE of the very few interesting fixtures in a more than usually uneventful theatrical season is that made by Lillah McCarthy for the Court Theatre, where, commencing on the 31st inst., she will give a series of afternoon performances of *The Witch*. The play, I am told, has been prepared for the English stage (from the Norwegian original) by John Masefield, and is in four acts, the scenes being laid near Bergen. That *The Witch* is sombre, not to say gloomy, in tone I am also given to understand; but, of course, there may be a public in sufficient numbers for entertainment of the sort, and, for the sake of the able and extremely earnest lady who is promoting the series, I sincerely hope that such may prove to be the case.

Two American plays shortly to be produced in the West End are named respectively *Baby Mine* and *Mother*. Somehow the old man seldom gets a look in.

A correspondent asks me to tell him why the papers devote so much space, time, and ink to the question of prohibited sketches and plays, when, as a matter of stone-cold fact, the theatre-going public doesn't care a tinker's whatsaname. That is precisely what I am for ever wondering myself, for anything more fatuously foolish than the assumption that the play-going community is interested in the silly squabbles of managers of theatres and music-halls could not be imagined. It is characteristic of managers and of actors generally to believe that all that concerns them and their profession is of vital interest to the rest of humanity, which is, of course, all very stupid. Who cares a pinch of salt about the prohibition of a play or a sketch except those who are financially interested in its exploitation? Who devotes a second thought to the suppression of an alleged masterpiece beyond the discomfited writer of it? Shouts of "Nobody!" The only thing of real, living interest about the stage is the unprohibited play that proves worthy of its place in the bill.

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From Glasgow I hear excellent accounts of Lyn Harding in his sketch, *Honour Is Satisfied*, by Charles Eddy. At the local Empire, the piece was received with remarkable enthusiasm, and its appearance in the West End is assured.

Preceding the revival at the Little Theatre this week of *Just to Get Married* will be played a new one-act piece entitled *The Sa'oon*. The title notwithstanding, there is no fear of its being barred.

In the cast of *The Blue Bird*, which, it is gratifying to learn, is doing a fine trade at the Haymarket, there are two interesting changes. Miss O'Malley, of whose acting I have frequently made favourable note, is playing Light, while Fire has a capital representative in Harry Gribben, an Australian, remembered in his birthland days as a dancer of amazing flexibility.

Miss Enid Rose, who used to play Light so charmingly, is now rehearsing in Mr. McEvoy's new play, *All That Matters*, due to follow *The Blue Bird*. In this comedy Miss Rose understudies Miss Neilson Terry.

On Wednesday of this week *The Arcadians* set up a record for the Shaftesbury Theatre, the piece having been played for twenty months and nineteen nights, thus eclipsing the run of *The Belle of New York*, which, beginning on 12th April, 1898, kept going until 30th December, 1899.

Other, though lesser, successes at that house were *The Middleman* and *Are You a Mason?* which only shows you when people talk about a "hoodoo" or an unlucky house, they are talking of something which does not exist, excepting, of course, in so far as the term applies to the bad luck of picking unsuitable plays. Find the right piece, and pretty well any house in the town will boom with rich prosperity.

Preparations are afoot at the Empire for the early production of the new *Revue*, in which Millie Legarde, Jack McArdle, and Lionel Mackinder are to appear. The last named ought to be in the right market for this class of goods, for he has all the necessary qualifications for the player of burlesque. And Gracie ought to be in it, too.

Edmund Payne and George Grossmith appear to have done the trick at the Palace, where business is of the very best. It is, on the whole, an entertaining turn, the best feature of which is Payne's presentment of the 8.15 turn of the dud soubrette with a delightfully dainty soft shoe dance. Altogether, the bill at this house is capital, including, as it does, Vesta Tilley, Arthur Prince, the two comics above named, and the Palace Girls in the best thing they have ever done.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Bow Brocade."

MR. SANDOW'S ADVICE TO LADIES ON CORSETS.

An Elegant Book Full of Beautiful Photographs Free to Every Lady Reader.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that we are able to announce to our lady readers that they are to receive gratis, by calling personally or writing in which latter case they will be sent, post free, copies of an elegant book which will be most highly appreciated by every recipient because it gives invaluable advice and information, which is the result of Mr. Sandow's ripe experience on the corseting requirements of the feminine figure, together with full particulars of Sandow's wonderful Patent Health and Perfect Figure Corset.

This unique garment is the outcome of years of experiment and study by Mr. Sandow, the great authority on health and beauty of form, in conference with the greatest corsetières and corset manufacturers of practically every country in the world, and from this it will be readily understood that Sandow's Corset is not merely a garment built upon the old-fashioned and scientifically incorrect lines and christened with his name, but is fashioned on an entirely new principle.

No woman, I am sure, needs to be told that the first essential of any Corset is that it should be modelled with the closest regard to the wearer's anatomical and physiological conditions, and the Corset which is not so constructed is not worthy of a moment's consideration. In this respect Sandow's Corset is absolutely correct, every garment being cut with anatomical exactitude, bearing always in mind the requirements of the wearer's figure.

It is for this reason, and because it naturally and subtly moulds the figure to lines of elegance and fashion, that Sandow's Corset is so immensely popular with women who are conscious of increasing stoutness or who are already suffering the burden of unfashionable, unhealthy obesity equally with those who are unduly slim—with all, in fact, who set store by their appearance, comfort, and health.

As Mr. Sandow remarks in his book, entitled "The Fashionable Figure and How to Obtain It" (a dainty brochure illustrated with models and styles of the Corset and photographs of beautiful and noted women who wear his Corset in preference to all other makes, for gratis copies of which lady readers of London Opinion are invited to write), "If women will but follow my advice regarding the methods they should adopt for the preservation of their health, I can guarantee them a considerable extension of youth. I do not pose as a magician, and there are certain detrimental conditions which I cannot remove from the exigencies of life, but, given fair conditions, I maintain that, under my advice, women would retain the freshness of their youthful grace and beauty for very much longer than they do at present. And the wearing of this Corset may be regarded as one of the most important factors in the preservation of youth and a beautiful figure and in the retention of health."



Photo, *Dover Street Studio*

MISS CONSTANCE DREVER,
the well-known actress, whose beautiful figure is shown to such perfection above, writes: ' Sandow's Corsets, which I have been wearing for some time past, are the most comfortable I have ever had. They suit the figure perfectly and give absolute ease."

The leading dressmakers and couturières of London, Paris and other Continental centres of fashion were naturally amongst the first to realise what an aid to their art Mr. Sandow had placed in their hands in producing his patent Corset, providing, as it does, the foundation par-excellence for fitting the figure and displaying gowns and dresses worn over it to the very best advantage.

Of course, every lady who can will naturally visit the Salons of Sandow's Corset Co. personally and inspect the various models in which this garment is made, at as low a price as 12s. 6d.

Ladies have recently been travelling from Paris, Vienna, and other Continental centres of fashion in order to be specially fitted with Sandow's Corset; but it is not actually necessary to journey to London in order to secure a pair, for it will be found that the book contains full particulars and illustrations of the Corset in all its various styles, and a simple measurement form by means of which any lady's exact requirements can be conveyed by post to the skilful and courteous Manageress, who specially devotes her attention to carrying out the orders of country residents who do not find it convenient to come specially to town to be fitted.

Ladies who desire a gratis copy of Mr. Sandow's book have only to call, or fill in and forward the form below to the Manageress, Sandow's Corset Co., 32 St. James's Street, London, S.W.

CUT OUT, FILL IN, AND FORWARD TO-DAY.

Post to The MANAGERESS, Sandow's Corset Co., 32 St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of Mr. Sandow's book on "The Perfect Figure and How to Obtain It."

NAME ....

(Please say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS ....

LONDON OPINION, 21st Jan., 1911.



AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.
Gushing Lady: "I hear you've been away for your health, professor.
Musical Lion: "Yes, I've been at Marienbad taking the baths."
Gushing Lady: "Really! that *must* have been a change for you!"

AN ILL-TIMED ARRIVAL.

[An extraordinary sea monster, the species of which has not yet been ascertained, 18 feet in length, and weighing over 17 cwt., has been captured in fishing nets near Toulon.—Reuter.]

If your appearance provoke no surprise,
If it produce not the slightest impression,
Quite with yourself, sir, the cause of it lies,
Blame your own culpable lack of discretion:
Why in the world did you choose to appear
Right at the busiest time of the year?

Sea serpent season is months away yet,
August's the time when you ought to be landing—
How an old hand like yourself could forget,
Honestly, sir, is beyond understanding!
What will your friend the Huge Gooseberry say
When he shall learn of your foolish display?

Come when our Silliest Season ensues
Soft'ning our usual British austerity,
Then the sub-editor, nosing for news,
Gives you a column or so with celerity.
But at this time, why, he flatly declines
Anything more than some two or three lines.

Why, with our present unparalleled thrills,
Earthquakes and murders absorbing attention,
Anarchist sieges and Parliament Bills,
Scarcely an eyebrow is raised at your mention:
And, what is worse, your career's at an end—
Better have waited, my too eager friend!

HE KNEW.

"What comes after a million, pa?" asked the boy who was just learning to count.

"Generally some bogus nobleman," answered his millionaire father.

AN UP-TO-DATE ALPHABET.

A is an Alien, fresh from the boat,
B is the Bomb carried under his coat.
C is a Crime, by which shortly he earns
D—Deportation—from which he returns.
E's the East End, where his exploits are planned,
F is the Folly of letting him land.
G is a Government, lax as can be,
H a Home Secretary, on the spot he.
I's Immigration of all the world's scum,
J is the Joke—till the casualties come!
K is the King we endanger, while **L**
Stands for the Lies that the immigrants tell.
M is the Murder that opens our eyes,
N is the News that is "such a surprise."
O's just the Opening runaways need,
P's the Political motives they plead.
Q is the Question: How deal with the swarm?
R gives the answer—we must have Reform.
S is the Ship: if it carry no more
Than **T** (that is twenty), we'll let them ashore!
U's Undesirables driven to roam
By **V**, the just Vengeance they fly from at home.
W's Winston—no more need be said—
X is a policeman, all riddled with lead,
Wh**Y** I don't know; but perhaps enough's **Z**.

H. B. W.

• • •

EASILY.

"Dearest," he asked softly, "do you think you can live on my income?"

She looked up to him trustingly.

"Why, surely," she answered, "if—if——"

"If what, my own?"

"If you can get another for yourself."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Undercut Wedgwood. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

UNDERCUT is a word of several applications, and that is why, for a long time, I did not understand what "undercutting" in Old Wedgwood might exactly mean.

There are, for instance, the undercut in boxing, and the undercut in beef; but these are totally beside the present mark. You get nearer the mark when you consider the wonderful undercutting done in Oriental objects made out of ivory and wood. I have just been examining two tiny Chinese junks made out of small bits of sandal-wood. The knife hollowed away the interior so deftly, and with such infinite pains, that you can see *inside* the junks, and note the little seamen sitting within, behind shutters that open under your finger-tip. That is undercutting, and so is something of the kind which you may see in medieval European ivories; but it is not the undercutting to which this article on Old Wedgwood refers.

If you enter the Chapter House of Southwell Minster, as in an interval of electioneering I did in December last, you will be surrounded by beautiful pillars with undercut capitals, that are unique and unparalleled in any English cathedral, or in any of the fifty French cathedrals which I know. The hard stone was so cut into and under by the sculptor that the twigs, leaves, and fruit on these lovely capitals stand out, away, and up from the block of stone, just as if they were not integral parts of it. Even so in Grinling Gibbons' wood-carvings, the undercut details seem as if separately carved and then glued on. Now, it was these uses of the word "undercut" which long misled me as to what undercutting in old Wedgwood might exactly mean.

Sir Arthur Church wrote: "The relief had been previously moulded; after its application to the prepared ground it would be, and often was, worked on by sculptor or modeller, so as to repair defects, and *to do such undercutting as was necessary.*" And Mr. Rathbone had written of the medallions, etc., "all being carefully undercut." It is as essential for a collector of "Wedgwood" to know what that means exactly as it is for a collector of English old china to know "soft" porcelain by the feel.

A Simile.

A homely illustration may help us to understand. Liquid jelly is poured into a tin "shape" or mould; when the jelly hardens it is "turned out" upon a dish. The mould or shape if ornamental will "cast" an ornamental-shaped jelly, but the lines of it cannot be anything else than simple, because the lines of the mould must be perpendicular to the dish. Otherwise, the mould will not "draw off" from the jelly without breaking it. The undercut junks, capitals, and wood-carvings could not have been produced by a mould.

Now, the white raised ornament on a piece of "Old Wedgwood" was deposited upon it from a mould. Flaxman or Hackwood modelled a decoration in wax, a mould was cast from that, into the mould liquid white jasper was poured, and then the result was "turned out" upon the coloured jasper it was to ornament, just as a jelly from a mould. It was not turned out; strictly speaking, the mould was drawn off it, leaving the moist ornament upon the jasper "ground."

Lapidary Work.

Just as a lapidary chisels a cameo in chalcedony, or a sculptor a statue in marble, so an artist with a knife



Nervous Old Lady: "You know, Giles, I have such a dread of premature burial. Have you ever found persons alive when you are burying them?"

Old Gravedigger (who likes his little joke): "Well, mum, not o' late years I ain't. Y'see, mum, my 'earin' bain't as keen as it used to be!"

might go to work upon a jelly; and *did* go to work upon an Old Wedgwood bas-relief freshly produced by a mould. He *undercut* it—that is, he accentuated the lines, removed superfluities, deepened hollows—for example, consider a m-dallion of Nelson, the one most frequently seen. The knife cut under the lapel of the coat; the knife cut away between the neck and the collar; the knife accentuated the hollow under the eye-brow; and thus produced the sharp effects of light and shade which the mould alone, because of the necessity to "draw it off," could not produce. A fine piece of Old Wedgwood thus employed first a potter and then a sculptor. After 1800 or so, the labour of the sculptor was dispensed with, the ornament was left just as it came out of the mould, and inferiority began.

The Old and the New.

"Old Wedgwood" has in every way a finish superior to that which began to come from the same works in the year 1800 or so. The earthenware was finer in grain, and therefore produced a finer surface, more smooth, flat and glossy; the colours were better; and careful undercutting was done. This undercutting did not consist in cutting away the base and leaving details almost detached and independent of the whole, as undercutting did in Grinling Gibbons' work, so do not look for that. But if a piece of Wedgwood ornament being before you, you perceive details which are *not* "perpendicular to the dish," and could not have been produced by a drawn off mould alone, then you may be sure that you have before you a bit of early Wedgwood, undercut.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address

W. A. G. (Surbiton).—Your Breeches Bible, rebound, is worth 25s. to 30s. In original condition would be worth £2 to 50s.

H. S. J. (Malvern).—No record of the artist given, and value of painting would depend entirely on quality of work, which is usually very small in the case of unknown artists. Description of two coloured prints after S. Prout and Copley Fielding is vague, but they appear to be lithographs, worth a few shillings only.

M. E. W. (East Ham).—Silk Paisley shawls are worth from £2 to £6, according to quality and condition. Liberty's, of Regent Street, W., might purchase. Mug and saucer are of no commercial value.

J. S. (Leeds).—Could not give a definite opinion on "The Fern Gatherers," coloured mezzotint after Morland, unless inspected; it has been so extensively reprinted and reproduced. Original impressions are worth from £20 to £30. Reprints about as many shillings.

M. I. (Manchester).—Bronze medal *re* Tasmania, 1853, is worth 7s. 6d. to 10s. Other no value.

A. G. (Kensington).—Description of etching is insufficient for valuation, and name of artist is indistinctly written. Send fuller description and legible name.

G. T. (Paris).—The caricatures are old, but there is very little demand for them here at anything more than a nominal price. You should be able to sell the Napoleon ones better in Paris than London.

PEARS (Munich).—Thanks for kind remarks. There was a big discussion about the bust some months ago, but interest in the subject has now evaporated. It has been conclusively established that it was the work of Lucas, and comparatively modern, although Dr. Bode still maintains that it is the original work of Leonardo da Vinci.

S. E. (Shelford).—Unable to state value of jug from description, though do not think it is of any worth. The dates given are the birth and death of Wedgwood, so presumably the jug is a modern commemoration one.

C. W. (Little Holland).—Send photograph of painting and will value and advise. Constable was a landscape, not portrait, painter.

W. L. B. (Edinburgh).—You give no details of your engraving. Is it not a lithograph, after Birkett Foster? Many were done, though they are of nominal value only. Send fuller particulars.

S. S. (Brighton).—The china group is not an old one, neither is it *Dresden*. It is the make of an unimportant factory in France, who make very poor copies of the celebrated German size. Worth 20s. to 25s. at most.

THE DISGRACE OF ILL-HEALTH.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

MOVING freely through the compacted crowd at the end of Sidney Street during the engagement on the eventful Tuesday, I was struck forcibly by the fact that almost everyone looked ill. The crowd was largely composed of foreigners, who live almost as secluded from the sunlight as the white lilac raised by French flower-farmers' in underground cellars. The faces in the Mile End Road were not merely blanched. Everyone looked ill.

The very next day I happened to be in a town in Lancashire with a hundred thousand inhabitants. There again I perceived a wan, worn expression that faintly reproduced the agonised features of the competitors in a Marathon race towards the end of their toil. The expression of these crowds is not exactly one of unhappiness, but it was as though they are all engaged in a struggle for life which is rather too much for them. The operation of new laws during the last quarter of a century, whatever good effects they may have had, has not placed cheeriness and health among them. The land that once was "Merrie England" is becoming disgruntled; mainly, I believe, owing to the rarity of that good health by means of which the mere pleasure of living suffices to make a man happy.

The true test of the health of an urban community is to count the apothecaries' shops and scan the advertisements for patent medicines. They abound in Russia. The prevailing note in Russian life is sadness, not in consequence of the greatness of the Slav soul, but due mainly to Russian indigestion or Russian catarrh.

Since all life is war and diplomacy, with occasionally a patch of blue sky in the shape of love, sound health and the cheeriness that comes from sound health are as essential to success as brains, pluck, or luck. I do not believe for a moment that the Good Old Times were anything but a good old fraud. The filthy habits of our ancestors with their carpets of decaying rushes on the floor absorbing insanitary morsels of food dropped by mannerless trenchermen, must have contributed to a high average of ill-health, that probably conduced to acerbity of manner in public and to domestic cantankerousness.

Errors in diet and profuse indulgence in port wine account for the errors of judgment on the part of European statesmen in the eighteenth century, which led to wars that would have been deemed unnecessary to-day. Enjoying as we do immense advantages as compared with the fraud of the Good Old Times, there is no doubt that we are beginning to run a serious risk of national decay from almost universal ill-health. To see the rude health of farmers in Canada, cowboys in the States, Boer or Briton on the high veldt, or sailors hard-bitten with good food and lots of work in the open, the flaccid and depressing townsman with a load of care upon his brow is a problem that needs tackling soon.

I read in the *National Review* for this month a remarkably virile and timely paper by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser. This article strikes me as especially important because it approaches the whole question of health in relation to nationality, both from the scientific and from the woman's standpoint. For many years I have been looking for capable women to pull their weight in the boat on the subject of national health, which cannot be treated successfully by men only. Dr. Chesser and Disraeli declare that nearly all the ills of this life result from ignorance of health laws. All disease is preventible. Five decades have halved the ravages of tubercle. Cholera and typhus have been mastered. Typhoid and smallpox have been weakened and are on a fair way to extermination. We shall have to deal with alcoholism and feeble-mindedness as we have dealt with the diseases that are vanishing.

The chief hope of peopling Britain with healthy men and women and happy children is by making ill-health socially disgraceful either to the sufferer or his ancestors. None of the early Victorian hypocricies were more revolting than the affectation of delicacy, the taste for fainting fits, and the refinement of poor health, which characterised the odious femininity of that period. The hockey-girl may be too bouncing for some tastes, but she is at all events a vast improvement upon the anaemic and neurotic *poseuse* who wore petticoats in the Britain of seventy years ago, as she was depicted in the fiction of the day, a better guide to contemporary fashions and sentiments than the Press or the Annual Register.

If ill-health were only counted disgraceful by a strong social convention, we might in a generation recover those conditions which for four hundred years made the ancient Greeks the healthiest, the happiest, the most beautiful, and the most artistic people who ever lived on earth. For four hundred years the name of no Greek physician was sufficiently famous to have descended to our time. Presumably there were no apothecaries' shops in the city of the Violet Crown, where the health and beauty of children comprised the religion of parents.

The majority of the immigrants who favour us with their presence in these islands come from countries where the shut window and the closed door are regarded as essential to comfort. It is scarcely too much to say that common colds can be absolutely avoided by sleeping well under open windows summer and winter. For the first day or two it seems strange when one is sleeping in the open to wake in the morning with a sense of vehement elation and vitality which nothing on this earth can give except the free and open air. To obtain good national health we must hunt down disease in the same way as the police follow the tracks of "Peter the Painter." The original instincts of the cavemen from whom we are descended teach us to isolate where they would have bludgeoned. Already we recognise that a case of virulent smallpox in a tramcar is an outrage on the community; but it is no more an outrage than the feeble-minded, the tuberculous, or polluted bridegroom or bride who taints posterity without sense of shame.

Although I have never been able to follow those who desire the State to exact a veterinary certificate from those about to wed, the difficulty might be got over by requiring intending husbands to insure their lives for a few pounds. This would involve medical examination before the policy was issued, not ostensibly in the interests of the State, but in the interests of a prudent commercial company. A medical certificate would be forthcoming if the life of the bridegroom were an insurable risk.

It is high time to treat the rickety dwarf who is also prolific as a public enemy and to regard everyone who reproduces degenerates as we now regard a case of confluent smallpox in the tube or the tramcar.



By H. M. Bateman.] [*To be continued.*

CARICATURES AT THE RINKS.
No. I.—The "We're Here" Girls.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

By CHARLES REGINALD POOLE.

WALKING home from a friend's house shortly before midnight Mr Barlow, a respectable City merchant, was stooping to adjust a refractory bootlace when his ears were assailed by a sudden rip behind him. Looking about him in consternation for a convenient refuge he noticed a garden gate slightly ajar at 5 Westleigh Mansions.

Slipping inside he ascertained the extent of the damage and readjusted matters as well as he could with the aid of a couple of pins.

He was about to slip out as unostentatiously as he had entered when his attention was arrested by a curious rasping sound coming from the direction of the house. The noise was faint but in the darkness and stillness it was distinct.

Mr Barlow stood still and strained his eyes to pierce the darkness. Suddenly a gleam of light shot out and instantly vanished.

Now, the house had the unmistakable appearance of being "shut up" during its owner's absence. Mr Barlow could come to but one conclusion. Somebody was trying to break in.

He groped his way noiselessly up the path until he was near enough to distinguish a man's form against one of the lower windows. Next moment a shaft of light from an electric torch was flashed on the window and its brief gleam showed Mr Barlow unmistakably that the man was trying to force the catch.

Mr Barlow slipped softly out, ran up the road, and had the unusual good fortune to find a policeman when he wanted one. The policeman, a young and zealous recruit who had not yet had a genuine "case," heard his story with enthusiasm.

Noiselessly they crept up the garden, found the window open and crawled in. The policeman flashed his lantern round the room. It was empty.

A quick footfall sounded in the hall, a voice rang out sharply: "Who's there?" In an instant the room was flooded with electric light and a young man, tall, and of distinguished appearance in his evening dress, stood in the doorway with his hand on the switch.

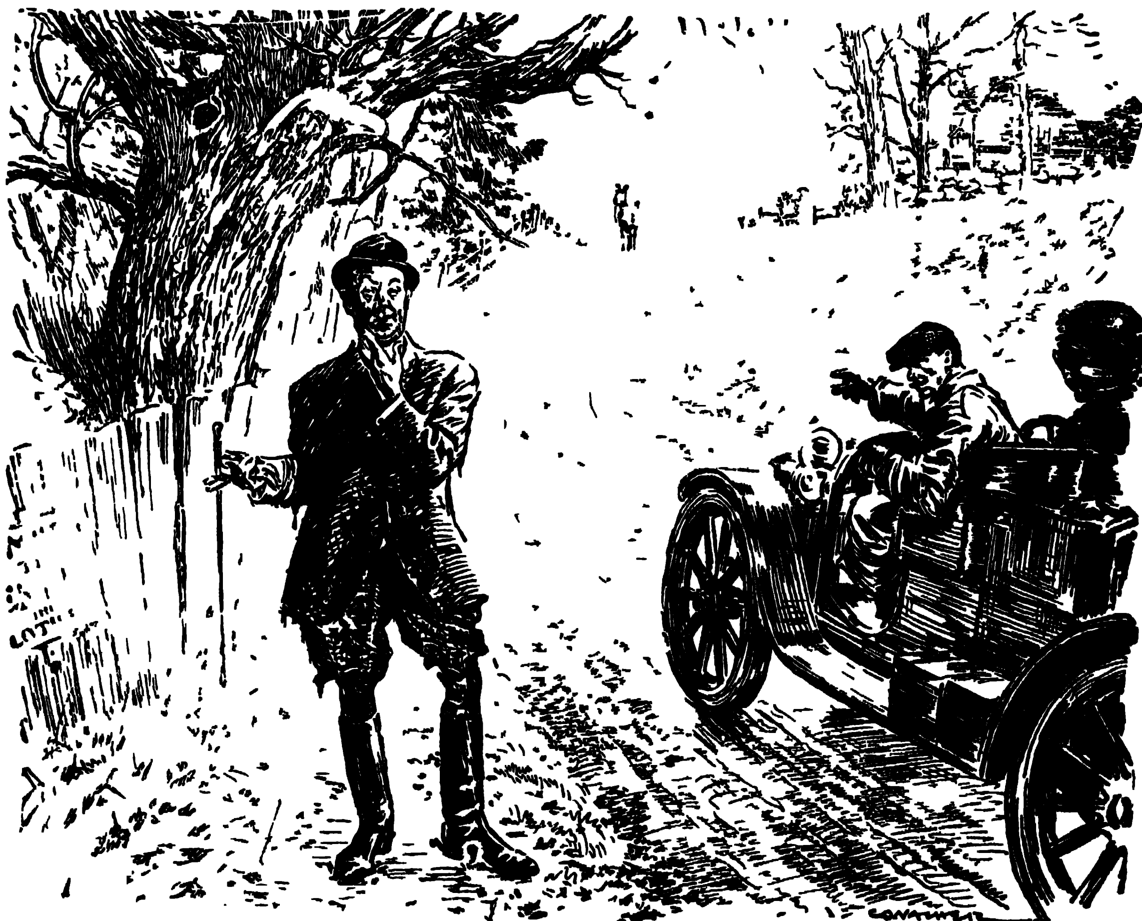
"What's the matter?" he asked.

"That's jest what we've come to find out, sir," said the policeman, blinking in the bright light. "Somebody broke in a few minutes ago."

The young man laughed. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "It was only me. This is my house. I am Sir Victor Delamore."

"Ho! Very neat," scoffed the policeman. "And I suppose it's a little habit of yours to get in your own house by forcing the window like a professional cracksman?"

"I can easily explain that," was the reply. "I returned to town rather suddenly—I was not expected in fact—and as I arrived rather late I preferred forcing my way in to disturbing old Mrs Topps, the caretaker, who is asleep upstairs."



RECONCILIATION IMPOSSIBLE.

"I think that is your horse, sir, coming back."

Deposed Rider (sadly, but firmly): "Coming back, is he? Ah, yes—yes. If you should pass him, will you kindly tell him from me that it is quite, quite useless?"

The policeman was obviously perplexed. He glanced uncertainly from Mr Barlow to the other.

"Pardon me," said the former, addressing the latter, "if I suggest that your explanation is—ah—not altogether satisfactory. I was watching in the garden when you were forcing the window, and from my observations——"

"And what," came the indignant question, "were you doing in my garden?"

Mr. Barlow coloured and looked uneasy, a fact which did not escape the notice of the policeman.

"That," he said, "is—er—quite beside the question."

"I don't agree with you. People don't conceal themselves in the gardens of uninhabited houses without a motive. Constable, who is this person?"

"I don't know 'im," confessed the policeman, looking at Mr. Barlow with increasing suspicion. "I never saw 'im afore to-night."

"Just as I suspected! In my opinion you would be very well occupied in keeping an eye on him. I believe this business is a mere piece of bluff to divert suspicion from himself!"

"How dare you, sir?" broke out Mr Barlow angrily. "The constable will tell you that when he met me I was looking for him."

"You met me," said the constable cautiously. "You might have been looking for me or you might not. All I know at present is that this gentleman admits he broke into the house and though he says he's Sir Victor Delamore I've only his word for that. If you could get somebody to identify you, sir—" he suggested.

"There's Mrs Topps," said the man in evening dress. "It seems a shame to rouse the old woman from her sleep at this time of night and perhaps frighten her out of her wits but as you seem to be bent on making a fuss, there's nothing for it but to wake up Mrs Topps."

He led the way upstairs and, pausing before a door, rapped on it smartly.

"Mrs Topps!" he called.

A muffled shriek answered him.

"Don't be alarmed mum," bawled the policeman. "It's only the police. Sorry to disturb you, but we won't keep you a minute."

There was silence for a moment. Then a quavering voice asked, "What do you want?"

"It's all right Mrs Topps, it is I, Sir Victor Delamore. There's been a slight mistake and I want you to identify me."

There were sounds as of a person getting out of bed and moving about the room. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and there appeared a wrinkled old figure in dressing-gown and slippers with wisps of grey hair peeping from beneath an old-fashioned night cap. The figure held a lighted candle aloft and peered suspiciously at them.

"Oh, it's you, Sir Victor," came in a tone of relief. "Lord ha' mercy! What a fright you gave me."

"I came back in rather a hurry, I had no time to let you know. As it was rather late I came in by the window, and these people took me for a burglar. Just tell them who I am."

"Is this gentleman Sir Victor Delamore?" asked the policeman, anxious for a definite statement.

"'Course he is. Who else? Burglar, indeed!"

"That'll do, Mrs Topps! We needn't detain you any longer. Sorry we gave you such a fright."

He led the way downstairs again.

"Pray don't apologise," he said, cutting short the policeman's profuse expressions of regret. "The mistake was, in the circumstances, natural. But I have yet to learn what this person"—he glared at Mr Barlow—"was doing in my garden."

Mr. Barlow realised that he had no option.

"Of course, if you insist on knowing——" he said stiffly; and gave an account of the incident which, owing to his modesty, was singularly incomplete. Asked by the policeman to give overt proof of his words, the old gentleman flatly declined.

"A very lame story!" commented the man in evening dress. "I am not satisfied. It's my belief you were loitering there for a felonious purpose, and adopted this method of getting me out of the way."

"Upon my word!" expostulated Mr Barlow.



The Cynic: "I suppose she is all the world to you?"
The Lover: "Not exactly; but she's all I want of it—five thousand acres and an Elizabethan mansion!"

"Had you succeeded, your confederates would probably have ransacked the house, and what would have happened to that poor defenceless old woman upstairs I tremble to imagine. Constable, I insist on your taking this person into custody until he gives satisfactory proofs of his respectability."

The constable nodded.

"You'd better come along 'o me," he said to Mr. Barlow.

"This is outrageous—preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Barlow warmly. "I am Mr. William Rothesay Barlow, of 25 Malvern Crescent, and I am perfectly well known, and—though I say it—respected in the neighbourhood."

"Ah, but we've only got your word for that," said the policeman knowingly.

The old gentleman glared witheringly at him. "Arrest me at your peril!" he said with spirit. "I warn you I shall make trouble over this."

The embarrassed policeman glanced from one to the other and scratched his head in perplexity.

"May I make a suggestion?" said the man in evening dress. "I have no desire to be unduly harsh, and I may be making a mistake. Let us all three walk to Vaughan Street police-station, and if, as he says, he is well known in the neighbourhood, he will have no difficulty in giving satisfactory proof of his identity."

"A very—ah—reasonable suggestion," said Mr. Barlow in a tone of relief. "The superintendent at Vaughan Street knows me well."

"That I can well believe," was the ambiguous comment.

His apologies, however, were so graceful, and his regret so manifestly genuine when, ten minutes later, the superintendent at Vaughan Street convinced him that he had made an egregious mistake, that Mr. Barlow was mollified in spite of himself, and they parted with mutual goodwill.

* * * * *

"Sir Victor" started back at a leisurely pace for Westleigh Mansions. When he reached the end of Vaughan Street, however, he apparently changed his mind, and, instead of turning to the right, turned to the left. Once round the corner he quickened his pace, and a few minutes later, broke into a run.

At the top of the street a motor-car was waiting. "Sir Victor" jumped in, and immediately drove rapidly off.

Seated in the car was a little, wizened old man, with a much-wrinkled clean-shaven face that was strongly reminiscent of the Mrs. Topps who had identified his companion as Sir Victor Delamore.

"Got 'em, my boy!" he said gleefully, and patted affectionately a large leather bag.

"Good!" said the tall young man. "I wondered if I'd given you enough time. I kept 'em talking as long as I dared, and I flatter myself the way I got rid of 'em was pretty neat. Lucky I'm not as well known at Vaughan Street as *you* are, eh?"

The elderly man grinned.

"You're an apt pupil, Billy. For a beginner you did very well. But there's a limit to bluff, and police-stations are a bit *too* risky for our line of business. However, we can both take a bit of a rest now, for this"—he patted the bag again—"ought to last us for some time."

The younger man took out a handkerchief, and rubbed something off the other's shoulder.

"Bit of paint, Jimmy," he said. "Shouldn't chuck your make-up about like that. Rippin' idea of yours to impersonate an old woman caretaker in case we were disturbed. You've got a nerve, old man. However, the luck was with us to-night. It was very fortunate they didn't come back in time to see me letting you in by the front door."

He threw himself back on the cushions and chuckled softly.

"If you'd seen that old buffer's face when I turned the tables on him and gave him in charge——"

They chuckled softly together.

But the policeman did not laugh when it turned out a day or two later that a daring and successful burglary had been committed, on his beat, at No. 5 Westleigh Mansions.

WHY THE SNAKE SUFFERED.

A CONTRIBUTOR writes about a story of his we recently printed.

"I told you," he said, "that the snake was twenty feet long, and you had it in as only ten feet."

The editor begs to explain that the error was unavoidable. LONDON OPINION was very crowded that week, and everything had to be cut down.

A MORE-THAN-SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY SECRET.

TRY IT FOR 10 DAYS AND SEE HOW IT CLEARS THE SKIN OF PIMPLES AND PRODUCES A PEACH-LIKE COMPLEXION.

A PERSONAL TRIAL THAT COSTS NOTHING IF IT FAILS TO PLEASE YOU.

All who try the following more-than-skin-deep beauty secret for 10 days will be highly delighted.

Everyone who puts it to the most practical test of all, namely, *personal trial*, will be amazed at the wonderful way in which this marvellous coveted secret clears the skin of pimples and all blemishes that mar the face of natural beauty.

Even when pimples, blackheads, rashes or roughness do not exist, and when perhaps only a sallow, dull greasy or pallid complexion spoils an appearance which otherwise would excite admiration and pleasure, this 10 Day Beauty Secret will bring out the lovely tints and exquisite colouring that no cosmetic—however expensive—can rival.

For 10 days you can try this marvellous Beauty Secret free of charge. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied with the improvement that has taken place in your look, send it back and the price you have paid for it will be returned (the cost is only 1s. 1½d. for a 30 days' course). If on the other hand you find this course of Beauty Treatment is improving your complexion, you can continue it for the full 30 days without any further charge being made.

WHAT ONE LADY SAYS ABOUT IT

That this Beauty Course will delight you is certain. The hundreds of letters daily received from ladies and gentlemen who have tried it prove this. Here is one of these letters, quite a typical example. It is from a lady who had previously suffered terribly from blackheads and an excessively greasy and blotchy skin. She tried this Beauty Treatment for 30 days. And as a result she now writes:

"You will be pleased to know that my complexion has now become beautifully clear and free from all greasiness. The blackheads have all gone, and all my friends congratulate me on my improved looks. They say I have grown 10 years younger in a month. I owe it all to your wonderful treatment, which I recommend to everyone troubled in the same way as I was. I cannot say how grateful I am for what you sent me."

IT GROWS BEAUTY FROM WITHIN.

The secret of the success of this more-than-skin-deep treatment is that it develops Beauty from within, instead of vainly seeking (like a cosmetic) to superimpose it from without.

True, lasting beauty, the beauty that entrances the eye and enthrals the beholder, is dependent on blood health. It cannot be created by the application of powders and pigments. These only choke up the pores of the skin and render its ultimate condition more unsightly than before.

Skin blemishes are due to impurities in the blood being thrown off through the pores of the skin.

You cannot remove these disfigurements by plastering them over with greasy cosmetics. First, you must cleanse the blood. Having done this, pimples, spots, blackheads, eruptions, blotches, redness, and roughness, sores, sallowness, and pallor, all will disappear of their own accord. This is what this famous Beauty Secret—which you can try for 10 days free of charge—does.

Just as the tint of a flower proceeds from the root, just as the sparkle and power of the eye is dependent on constitutional good health, so does a clear, peach bloom complexion proceed from blood purified by this wonderful Beauty Treatment. Remember, this Beauty-creator is a pure compound. It contains no arsenic, no poisonous mineral or drug, nothing but the most wholesome and health-giving elements [illegible] from the sun and showers [illegible] products of the [illegible] purifies the [illegible] the [illegible]

which thread their way immediately under the surface of the skin. It is from the purity of the blood in these minute blood vessels that the complexion of those who practise this Beauty Secret derives its delicate bloom and colour.

The beauty of a woman is the same in nature as the beauty of a flower. Just as the tint of a flower proceeds from the root, so does a clear peach bloom complexion proceed from the purity of the blood flowing through the capillaries of the skin. Both spring from within. To plaster the face with cosmetics can only be compared with a foolish attempt to paint a lily—both result in spoiling—not improving—the appearance. Pimples, skin eruptions, and complexion blemishes are due to impurities in the blood. The famous Beauty Secret described in this article purifies the blood, and thus creates a flower-like complexion *from within*. You can try this secret for 10 days, and if it does not improve the appearance of your skin and remove all complexion defects, send it back and your payments will be returned in full. The coupon entitling you to this Free Trial is given below. Use it to-day.

Thus the famous Beauty Secret removes the blemishes which disfigure your looks and ruin your complexion.

Further, it cleanses and regulates your liver and kidneys and aids your digestion. As a result, your general health rapidly improves, and with this improvement your whole appearance [illegible] [illegible] Not only does your skin become pure and your complexion clear [illegible] [illegible] radiate [illegible] [illegible]

WHAT THIS HOME BEAUTY COURSE WILL DO FOR YOU

[illegible]—the improvement [illegible] this treatment [illegible] lutely [illegible] to say [illegible] is amazing [illegible] complexion.

[illegible] completed [illegible] beauty of your skin [illegible] such as you [illegible]

[illegible] complexion blemishes [illegible] Beauty [illegible]

[illegible] Complexion.

[illegible]

[illegible] Heads.

[illegible]

[illegible] of every kind.

[illegible]

[illegible] the Eyes.

[illegible]

If you [illegible] of the [illegible] for a [illegible] Vege-[illegible]

[illegible] and the cost [illegible]

[illegible] days, and if it [illegible] I send it back, [illegible]

[illegible] missed by [illegible] present [illegible] his skin [illegible]

[illegible] will regret it afterwards. Send for this treatment to-day. [illegible] branch of BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS, TAYLORS DRUG STORES, TIMOTHY WHITE CO., LEWIS & BURROWS, PARKES DRUG STORES and all other high-class chemists, at the following prices:—

One Month's Course	1 1½
Three Months' Course	2 9
Six Months' Course	4 6

4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET FREE COUPON

To THE DAVID McQUEEN CO., [illegible] London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—[illegible] of all charge [illegible] Supply of DAVID McQUEEN'S FAMOUS VEGETABLE BEAUTY SECRET [illegible] penny stamp to pay the postage of same to the following address:—

Name ....

Address ....

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guaranteed by the

MIDLAND & TEXTILE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

39/41 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Nominal Capital £500 000. Subscribed Capital exceeds £185,000 Paid-up Capital £70 000

This Coupon Insurance Ticket must not be detached but the paper need not be carried on the person.

The Midland & Textile Insurance Company Limited will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket —

£2000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's passenger train in which the holder is travelling as a ticket bearing or fare paying passenger or

£1000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any tramcar in which the holder is travelling as a ticket bearing or fare paying passenger or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any public omnibus in which the holder is travelling as a ticket bearing or fare paying passenger or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any horse or motor cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare paying passenger or

£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal but cause the loss of both arms or both legs or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract viz (a) That such death or loss result within three days after the accident (b) That the holder shall put his or her usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath — (c) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its principal Office in London within fourteen days after its occurrence (d) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request of the said Company and (e) That this insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under 60 years of age is limited to one coupon for any one holder and hold good for the current week of issue only (f) That in the event of more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amount of insurance granted as above set forth shall be equally divided among such claimants whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with the conditions herein (g) The decision of the publisher of this journal in regard to any report of this coupon shall be final and binding on all parties. This insurance is not available in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass as a passenger in a passenger compartment.

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FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

"A WOMAN's conceit is the most lovable of her vices."—*The Island of Test*, by Andrew Soutar. Harpers. 6s.

Fate's Slaps.

"To every hundred persons who can bear with courage the blows of Fate, there is about one who can equally support her slaps."—*Early Victorian*, by S. G. Tallentyre.

A Man's Ways.

"A man will confide more to a woman who waits and listens than to a woman who presses and questions.

"A man will sacrifice a great deal for a definite aim, whether it's the conquest of an invention, or the conquest of an element, or the conquest of a woman."—*The Mountain of God*, by E. S. Stevens. Mills & Boon. 6s.

Business v. Ethics.

"We live in a commercial age, and the commercial motto, 'Business is Business,' does not leave much room for ethics. 'Six days shalt thou labour and get the best of the other fellow; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, when thou shalt square the account' is the modern idea."—*Doctor Grey*, by Stephen Andrew. Greening. 6s.

Are the Smart Set so Silly?

"Smart" men and women consult me chiefly about their intrigues, their debts, and the thousand trifles which constitute life as they interpret it. Their usual remarks are, 'I say, don't tell me I'm going to lose a relation just when the Season begins.' or else, 'Look here, I hope you'll see I'm goin' to have a rippin' time with Mrs.—, now that ass of a husband of hers is off big-game shootin'.'"—*Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant*. Eveleigh Nash. 7s 6d. net.

The Arctic Night.

"No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. Even the moonlight is unnatural, casting upon the snow and the ice, the wind-swept rocks and the people themselves, a shade of ghastly, indefinable greenish-yellow. Shifting shadows flit among moving ice masses like wraiths of departed spirits. A death-like silence prevails, to be broken only by the startling and unexpected cracking of a glacier with a sound of a mighty thunderclap, or the smashing together of great ice floes with a report like heavy cannon."—*Hunting with the Eskimos*, by Harry Whitney. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d

A Story of King Edward.

"When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, went to Canada, his suite included Sir Henry Wentworth Acland. At a ball at Quebec a stranger of pleasant manners drifted into conversation with Sir Henry about the Prince's characteristics. Subsequently he learned that the gentlemanly stranger was an American newspaper man. Still later, the Prince of Wales came down to breakfast one morning flourishing a copy of the *New York Herald*, and saying, 'Acland, I see that you think I am very amiable, but that I have not the brains of my brother Edinburgh.'"—*The Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith*, edited by Arnold Haultain Macmillan & Co.



A CHASTE SALUTE.

American Statesmen.

"I have always had a poor opinion of American statesmanship. In the United States the grocers are statesmen, the statesmen are grocers."—*Reminiscences*, by Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Macmillan. 10s. net.

A Somnolent Premier.

"Lord North, in the House of Commons, felt no shame at giving way to slumber in debate, and when an opponent remarked that 'even in the midst of these perils the noble lord is asleep,' 'I wish to heaven I was.' he replied with heartfelt fervour."—*The Mother of Parliaments*, by Harry Graham.

From Mrs. Fitz.

"'Every man has his blind spot. . . Find it, and he is yours.'

"'A woman is either a lady or she isn't, but she may be frightfully entertaining and fascinating all the same.'

"'I hate people who are not serious about clothes. It's so shallow.'"—*Mrs. Fitz*, by J. C. Snaith. Smith, Elder. 6s.

A Woman Philosophises.

"No healthy, youthful, vigorous mind is tolerant. Tolerance is another name for Torpor."

"It is, after all, the people who get what they want who have the bitterest griefs to bear. Better to lose and laugh than to win and weep."

"Love, above all the businesses of life, is one in which you must be bold—be bold—and evermore be bold · delay is nearly always fatal."

"A woman is in a parlous state when she philosophises."—*Astray in Arcady*, by Mary E. Mann.

R. L. S. as a Menace.

"My friend Carruthers, who had Stevenson for a neighbour, averred positively that he played so dolefully upon the flageolet as to be a menace to one's enjoyment of life. He usually performed on it when he got "stuck" in the middle of a chapter, and was searching for inspiration."—*With Stevenson in Samoa*, by H. J. Moors. London, Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

Woman's Second Youth.

"Women are quite old for five years, but that is all. They are quite old between the ages of thirty-five and forty Then, if God has given them a heart and they have taken advantage of the gift, youth comes back again. It is not the youth under the eyes, perhaps; it is the youth in the eyes. It is not the youth around the lips; it is the youth of the words that issue from them."—*Patchwork Papers*, by E. Temple Thurston. Chapman. 6s.

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MESSRS. EVELEIGH NASH's latest six shilling stories include *The Wonderful Bishop*, by Morley Roberts, and *The Woman Deborah*, by Alice and Claude Askew—a sequel to *The Shulamite*.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO. have recently issued at six shillings each *The Bungalow Under the Lake*, by Charles E. Pearce and *The Werewolf*, by W. B. Beattie. The latter is a stirring romance of France before the Revolution, with Louis XIV., Ninon de l'Enclos, and Cyrano de Bergerac.

FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

I.—The House Near Portman Square.

THE unceasing game of chess between the criminal and the detective must always interest the understanding onlooker, and some of the best actual matches which have been played will be found related in this series, refreshing the memory of a world which must keep these cases to its experience account.

There lived then at Windsor Villa, Champion Terrace, Leamington, a Miss Pitt.

Miss Pitt let lodgings, and at the time of which I write she had a young married couple staying with her of the assumed name of Torpey. The Torpeys had one small child—a baby in arms.

On 9th January Mr Torpey suddenly left Windsor Villa, his wife informing Miss Pitt that he had gone to London. Shortly afterward Mrs Torpey also informed her landlady that she, Mrs Torpey, might perhaps have to go up to town for a day, and that she would be glad if somebody could be got to mind her baby in the meantime. On the 11th [illegible] two telegrams arrived for Mrs Torpey, on the receipt of the second of which she gave a letter to Miss Pitt to post to London. On that same evening she also had a cab ordered to take her to the station the following morning, when she left for London.

And now we also must take a journey to London. On 12th January, three days after, it will be noted, Mr Torpey left Leamington for London—a well-dressed man of distinguished appearance entered the shop of the well-known jewellers, Messrs London and Ryder, Bond Street, and asked to be shown some jewellery.

This request was at once complied with, some very handsome and valuable articles being placed before him. At the same time the gentleman stated that he desired to make a present to his wife, that he resided at No 4A Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, whither he desired the articles to be taken in order to be inspected by the lady referred to. He gave his name as Mark Tyrrell.

Never doubting the *bona fides* of their customer, Messrs London and Ryder readily fell in with this arrangement, and at half past five on that same afternoon an assistant named Parkes, having with him a bag containing jewellery to the value of some £3,600, presented himself at No 4A Upper Berkeley Street. He was rather surprised when the door was opened by Mr Tyrrell himself, who, however, promptly and amiably explained that the servant was temporarily absent on an errand, and at once conducted Parkes into a handsomely furnished drawing room. Immediately he entered the apartment Parkes noticed a young, handsome and elegantly dressed woman seated by the fire. This, he concluded, was Mrs Tyrrell, just the attractive kind of a lady a man of Mr Tyrrell's class might be expected to be wedded to.

As Parkes proceeded to remove the costly diamond jewellery from his bag and display it on the table the lady rose from her seat, approached the table, and at once became lost in enthusiasm and admiration of the glistening baubles. They were everything, declared she, that was superlatively lovely. And to be sure, they must have looked very alluring to the lady, consisting as they did of a ring worth £1[illegible]0, another worth £[illegible]85, a diamond pendant worth £1[illegible], and a couple of necklaces worth respectively £[illegible]50 and £1,000.

Mr Tyrrell seemed to be much gratified at his wife's unaffected admiration of the costly jewels, all of which he signified his intention of purchasing. But he added, as though as an afterthought, it would be as well if his wife first summoned her sister in order that she might also inspect the intended purchase and add her approval to that of his wife. Accordingly Mrs Tyrrell, in prompt deference to her husband's wishes, at once passed out of the room.

In the middle of the conversation between the two men Mrs Tyrrell returned to the room, volunteering the information that her sister would be with them very shortly. The words were scarcely out of her mouth and in the ears of Parkes when Tyrrell glided up behind the latter, flung an arm round his neck, and pressed a handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils. The latter was chloroformed. Simultaneously he gripped Parkes about the body and arms, at the same time breathing fierce threats into his ears should he venture to utter a sound. Parkes struggled fiercely, but the drug taking effect he became unconscious.

When at length he came to he found himself a bound and helpless prisoner, his arms, legs and wrists being tightly strapped. Tyrrell was standing over him, and calmly and consolingly informed him that if he dared to move he would be promptly murdered.

Shortly after Parkes heard the front door slam and felt instinctively that he was alone in the house. Then began a long struggle on the part of Parkes, which culminated in his succeeding in releasing himself at the wrists by means of his teeth. Soon after he was free altogether, when he at once rushed to the window, which



Teacher: "Seven times seven?"
Boy: "Forty-nine."
Teacher: "Good!"
Boy: "Good be blowed. It's *right!*"

he smashed with a poker, and called loudly for help. His cries soon attracted a policeman, who forced an entry, and came to the assistance of Parkes. Needless to say, all the jewels which were on the table were gone, but in the bag under the table still reposed jewels to the value of about a thousand pounds!

We must now return to Leamington. On the evening of the 12th—the day of the robbery, it will be noted—Miss Pitt received a telegram from Mrs. Torpey announcing the return of herself and husband, and at two o'clock the following morning they duly put in an appearance.

Miss Pitt's inquisitiveness waxed apace. Unseen by her mysterious lodgers, she proceeded to search their dressing room, and in the drawer of a table she found two small bottles marked "drugs," a small box of dye, a brush, a new razor and a pocket handkerchief. It was not difficult to put these articles together and so construct a lucid and pregnant narrative. Moreover, Mr. Torpey she noticed, seemed to be possessed with a fever of unrest. Finally he disappeared.

Miss Pitt was now well in her element. She had read in the newspapers an account of the jewel robbery in London and decided to "pump" Mrs. Torpey. So she invited her to a nice little tea for the purpose. The result of this "pumping" process was to confirm Miss Pitt in her suspicions, so she went straight to Superintendent Lund, of the Leamington police, and denounced Mrs. Torpey as being implicated in the robbery in Upper Berkeley Street.

Accordingly Mrs. Torpey found herself in custody. She was eventually removed to London, and duly placed on trial at the Old Bailey, being defended by the late Montagu Williams. She presented a very interesting appearance in the dock, carrying her infant in her arms, which she carefully tended during the hearing. In the end she was acquitted, it being maintained that she had acted under marital influence.

In the meantime, where was Torpey? The police did a wise thing; they kept their eyes on Mrs. Torpey, and eventually, sure enough, she led them to Torpey, who was hiding in a house in the Marylebone Road. There was no difficulty in identifying him in spite of the fact that he had sacrificed even his imperial. He was duly brought to trial, and went into penal servitude for eight years.

This was perhaps one of the most remarkable robberies to be found recorded in the annals of crime. So far as could be ascertained it was Torpey's first essay in crime. They took the house in Upper Berkeley Street on forged references and engaged a servant, whom on the day of the robbery they sent out on a false errand in order, of course, to get her out of the way, and so leave the coast clear.

Torpey made restitution as far as in him lay, but that unfortunately was not very far. Only £800 of the stolen jewellery, which he had lodged with a relative at Southampton was recovered, the rest having been disposed of in a foreign country, and therefore, was not recoverable.

NEXT WEEK: A "NOBLE" CHEAT.

THEIR CHARMS

A MONTH ago 'twas Isabella's hair
That held me captive with its shining splendour;
Then Marcia's eyes, so languishly fair.
Anon the smile of Gwennie arch and tender.
Yet think me not a fickle, idle boaster—
I'm but a humble artist of the poster.

A HERO MALGRÉ LUI.

"He was certainly brave to crawl under the bed and engage in a life and death struggle with that burglar."

"When he crawled under the bed he thought the burglar was in the basement."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

A Name That Will Live.

THE name of W. J. Pegg has now to live in history—its owner has passed away. Mr. Pegg, of international fame as the owner of some of the best bulldogs and bull-terriers, died at Worthing. He gave his dogs the prefix of "Woodcote." The bull-terrier, Woodcote Wonder, was champion of the world, and well known from London to San Francisco. The bulldog Woodcote Chinosol died young. He was about the best. Mr. Pegg was an Irishman. He had judged in America, and was highly honoured throughout the world.

Working Terriers.

It is now advocated that working terriers, exhibited as such at shows, should be certified as actual tacklers of foxes by the M.F.H. in whose country the individual terrier happens to have its home. It is said that some so-called working terriers are kept solely for show purposes. So a certificate would certainly be useful. A dog of a certain breed may be very good-looking, but not in fact a worker; and owners naturally want to know when and when not they are sending their perhaps less good-looking dogs to compete against the unqualified terriers. The requirement appears to be a just one.

The Duke of Portland.

The Duke of Portland has resigned from the Kennel Club. The Duke was never a very "doggie" man, although frequently the K.C. and other field trials have been held over the magnificent Welbeck Abbey estate. His grace has, for some years, retained, in his kennels, several Clumber spaniels, a grand old variety, named in England after the seat of the Dukes of Newcastle, not far from Welbeck. There is, likewise, some of the Eaton Hall blood in the Duke of Portland's kennels; this, of course coming from the late Duke of Westminster's kennels.

The Clumber Spaniel.

The Clumber spaniel was probably introduced into England between 1720 and 1730. It is said that Captain Robert Spencer brought some specimens over from France, and these came from the Duc de Nouailles. Captain Spencer gave a brace to the then Duke of Newcastle. The breed was kept up at Clumber and was reckoned of great value. They are white in colour with lemon markings. The Clumber is mute when he finds game, other spaniels make a noise. Clumbers were the favourite gun or shooting dogs of King Edward.

Where Strange Dogs are Seen.

At the Quarantine Station at Shooter's Hill, Woolwich, all sorts of strange dogs are to be found. The Chorlton Kennels are under the most capable charge of Mr. H. E. Dyer, a South African veteran. Licensed by the Board of Agriculture, a curious *mélange* may be seen at the Chorlton. For instance, Gentleman Jim is a fighting bull-terrier which was wrecked with the *Minnehaha*, the American liner. Near to Mrs. R. Bateman's (Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.) dog was, when I visited the place, a pretty little fellow purchased by Dr. A. Mitchell from Bedouins in the Sahara.

The Pet of the "Pelican."

The *Pelican* is a small sailing ship which comes out from Hudson Bay laden with furs every Fall, and returns when the ice permits her in the early summer. She carries provisions, powder, etc., for the Company's agents, who barter them with the Indians for furs. Jack is the *Pelican's* dog. He is a black and tan-headed, wire-haired fox-terrier. Jack comes over every year and spends the winter in these comfortable quarantine kennels.

From the Antarctic.

Another most interesting inmate is Snowball, a Samoyede or Siberian dog owned by Lieut. J. B. Adams, who was one of Shackleton's plucky men on the *Nimrod* on her voyage to the Antarctic. Snowball is a very strong dog and was retained by Lieut. Adams as a reminder of a historic expedition. He has a flesh-coloured nose—a point not allowable in exhibition circles.

Lady Sybil Grant's Dogs.

Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Sybil Grant, is very fond of her dogs, which are from the Pyrenees. The breed is rather scarce in England, although a magnificent specimen was shown years ago by the late Captain Marston Thomas. The Pyrenees sheepdog is nearly always white, and he appears in shape more like a St. Bernard dog than a tender of flocks. But with his great strength he is all the more useful to guard the sheep and cattle on the pastures of the great chain of mountains which stretch from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. Lady Sybil Grant gives her dogs Pyrenean names. For instance: "Millanon Pattu" means "feathered legs."

• • •



THE FLIRT.

He: "Good night, dear. We mustn't kiss or you will take my cold."

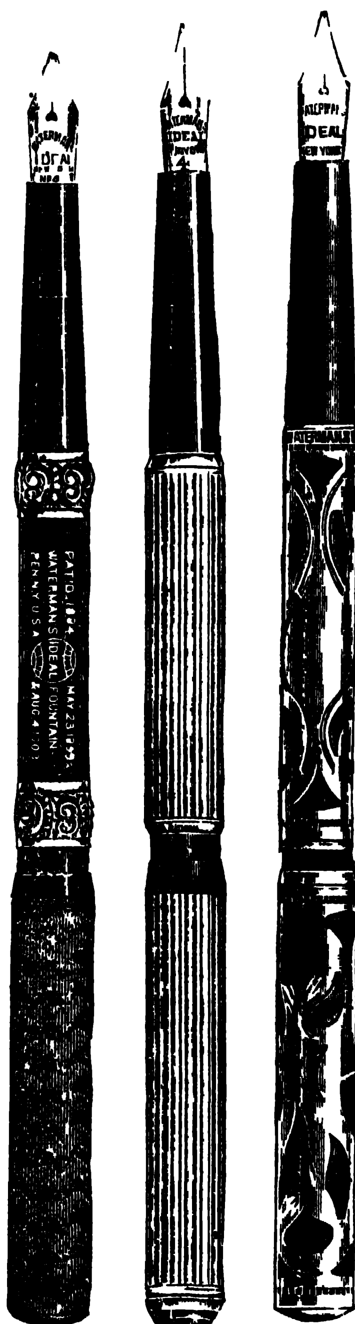
She: "Never mind—*I can pass it on!*"

HEARD IN THE CITY.

"S'POSE my face is dirty," said the office boy in the lift, "what business is it of yours? You ain't my dad."

"No," replied the lift man, "but I'm bringing you up."

They represent a Standard of Quality which cannot be attained by Competitors.



Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

The Latest Honour!
HORS CONCOURS AWARD
at Brussels Exhibition.

Do you know the meaning of the "Hors Concours Award"? It signifies that, in the opinion of the judges, the article upon which the award is conferred represents a standard of Quality that places it "beyond competition." In other words, the article is inimitable.

The predominance of Waterman's Ideal in the fountain pen world is due, first, to its Efficiency, and, second, to its Simplicity. The Pen works magnificently year in and year out. It will give of its best every time used. Waterman's Ideal is always ready for use, writes with an ease that makes for speedy pen work, and never shies even at the hardest writing task.

Made in many choice styles, with iridium-tipped gold nibs to suit all hands.

Prices 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, 25/-, 35/-, and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. List free from L. & C. Hardtmuth Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York, 173 Broadway; Paris, 6 Rue de Hanovre; Brussels, 14 Rue Pont Neuf; Dresden, Pragerstrasse 6; Milan, Via Bossi 4; Vienna, I Franzensring 20.)

Ask your Stationer to also show you Waterman's Ideal Safety Pens and Pump-filling Pens at 12/6 and upwards.

ARE YOU A PEER MAKER?

£1 Each Offered for the Names of the 500 Coming New Noblemen.

Reform of the House of Lords seems to have been agreed upon as inevitable by all parties.

The Government's plan is, first of all, to limit the time during which the Peers can continue to impose a veto on any particular piece of legislation to two years.

But the Parliament Bill which embodies this plan admits, in its preamble, the need for reform also.

The Lords themselves have admitted this latter necessity by passing resolutions to the effect that being a Peer ought not, by itself, to give any man a right to vote in the House of Lords.

The hereditary principle having thus been abandoned by those chiefly concerned to maintain it, some other way of choosing the members of the Second Chamber will probably come into use before long.

What will it be? Quite possibly the first experiment will be made by the present Government. If the existing Lords refuse to pass the Veto Bill—equivalent, many of them consider, to self-destruction—enough additional Peers will have to be created to make a majority in its favour before it can become an Act of Parliament.

It is calculated by the leading Conservative publicists, who, in the newspapers and magazines, are insisting that the Lords should not give way as they did in 1832, but should this time compel the actual creation of the extra Peers, that something like 500 new noblemen will be needed.

Can 500 suitable subjects be selected? Some people say "of course", others are equally emphatic that actually to make the attempt will cover the whole idea with ridicule.

Probably holders of either opinion will be equally surprised when they sit down to make out a list of 500 likely names, and our present competition is designed to entertain and instruct our readers by making it worth everybody's while to try at the rate of £1 per name.

We offer £500, without entrance fee or condition, except that each name must be written on a coupon cut from LONDON OPINION, to the first indicators of what prove to be, when the Premier's list is published, the people comprising that list at the rate of £1 for each correct entry.

All sorts of schemes have been suggested for selecting a Second Chamber worthy to have the last word on the legislation of the British Empire. Take any of those schemes, or any combination of them, or merely choose what you yourself consider the best people. Leave out those already in that Chamber, or for any other reason unlikely to be included in the Official List. Send them, a few at a time or all together, as you prefer—each one on a Peerage Competition Coupon addressed to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

The cost is trifling, the brain exercise entertaining



"That's a honeymoon couple, Billy."
"Is it?"
"Yes, Billy; and when we're married we won't be ashamed like they are. We'll have 'married' put on our carriage, eh?"

and informative; while the possibility of pecuniary reward is substantial.

That it is not a simple thing to pick 500 suitable names is shown by the fact that though we have already received some thousands of coupons, the entries so far do not yet include nearly five hundred different names; and a large proportion of these are quite certain to be "non-starters," as is evident from the selection we have published; while of the remainder many are quite unlikely to get placed, so that the possibilities of winning a good share of the offered £500 have not yet begun to be exhausted.

Care must be taken to make the identity of your choice clear. There are very few names of which there are not more than one bearer. You should write and ask your friends who are not competing to give you their "L. O." coupons. It's a pity to waste them.

In the case of any question whatever arising the Editor's decision will be final, and all competitors, by the act of entering, agree to that condition

Entries may be sent in now; the date of the closing of the competition will be announced later.

Mark Envelope **Peerage**, *and post immediately to 35 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.*

I, ...

of ....

enter the following name as one selection for "London Opinion" Peerage Competition, and hereby undertake to accept as final the award to be published in that journal.

....

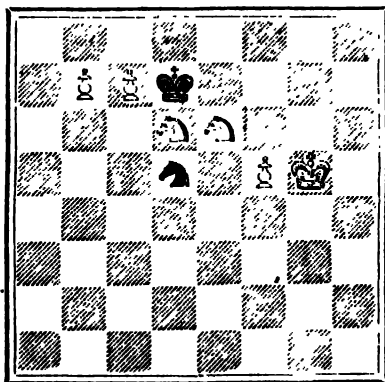
....

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CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

PROBLEM No. 311.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution to No. 310: B-Kt3, etc.

Correct solution to No. 309 received from Rose McWilliam, A. C Balson, J. D. Tucker, W. E. Candy, S R. Johnson, F E Nickols, Master Connaught Astery, S. B. Talmage, R. W. S. Nixon, Sid Ford, H. G. Hughes, L. J. McAdam, R. M. Burr, O. Whittaker.

No. 308 by H. J. Hughes, G. Ingledew.

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

Skirts of To day

THE discussion and the outcry raised concerning the unsuitability and unsightliness of the hobble skirt has not been without result for this monstrosity has had its day and ceased to be so far as fashionable femininity is concerned

The smart of life to day wear a far more practical and suitable kind of skirt which though still narrow by no means goes to the extreme that the hobble did Indeed the skirt of to day is far and away the most suitable worn for a long time past It is short and has sufficient width to allow freedom of movement, and does not trail or flop anywhere

Long Coats

One great advantage of this particular kind of skirt which is confined to out door wear only is that it allows one to wear full length coats of fur or cloth which are always becoming and which have never been fashioned on such artistic lines as they are to day Such coats fashioned of musquash or seal coney are nothing short of a rage and figure largely in sale catalogues at the present moment

Their popularity is so persistent and their usefulness so unmistakable in these days when women engage in such pastimes as rinking or skating and require a really warm wrap to put on before leaving the warm rink that it is safe to prophesy that they will be worn not only late on in the present season but will reappear in very much the same form early next winter

Novel Modes

One hears a very great deal about the coming novelties of next season Still in spite of this it is well to bear in mind the fact that individuality in dress has reached a pitch when actual fashion influences the majority of well dressed folk comparatively little To wear clothes that are artistic and individually becoming is so much more important nowadays than to be in the fore rank of coming fashion that one does not hesitate to counsel the woman with a limited dress allowance to take the fullest advantage of all those many beautiful model gowns which having come straight from Paris in the early part of the season, are so great a feature of the sales

These represent the most up to date designs of the leading Parisian firms and such models seldom go wholly out of fashion

Coming Fashions

So far as can be gathered from the new models displayed in Paris or Vienna, the leading characteristics [illegible] to morrow will be the general use of silk on materials even for tailor made costumes while a very decided effort is going to be made to reintroduce the bolero [illegible] once more

Skirts for walking will still be short and not very full but they will have a good deal more trimming than last year's models showed The waist line will remain high and bulky while the hips will be made to disappear as much as is possible

Small Hats

There is no doubt about the triumph of the small hat at the present moment In Paris and in London alike all the best dressed women are wearing seal or sable toques which completely cover the head [illegible] are trimmed with one big and very expensive [illegible] white osprey or by a bunch of beautiful gardenias made of soft cream coloured kid

A very charming black hat made of satin and of medium size worn recently by a well dressed woman had a single bunch of white kid roses [illegible] trimming which is quite as expensive [illegible] simple

Morning Hats

Very simple and effective hats are the new Austrian velour beaver models which [illegible] had in various dull colours such as [illegible] dark green [illegible] They only want a simple trimming [illegible] gold or silver [illegible] These hats are a feature of the sales this year and are well worth buying for although in some instances they have been reduced down to a few shillings each they wear well and [illegible] all manner of shape and are invaluable for golf or travelling

• • •

A PROVIDENT PRINCE

"I THINK" said the foreign heir apparent "that I will add music and dancing to my accomplishments"

"Aren't they rather light"

"They may seem so to you but they will be very handy if a revolution occurs and I have to go on the music hall stage"

• • •

• • •



CONSTANT

She "You say you can't live without me. Supposing I had not been born for another fifty years?"

He: "I should have waited!"



STOCKS & SHARES

By EAGLE.

Antofagastas—The Gaming Act as a Defence—Securities Which Should Advance this Year—Chersonese.

For the coming year the manager of the Chersonese (F M S) Rubber Estates estimates an aggregate production of 60,000 lb from the property—a big jump on the 19,000 lb turned out in the year to 30th September last. In the prospectus it was estimated that 4s per lb would be obtained for the produce in the past twelve months but as a matter of fact an average of 6s 11d per lb was obtained. With many more trees coming into production in the current period the dividend stage should be reached and in this connection it may be pointed out the forecast of 60,000 lb referred to above is likely to be exceeded.

Rhodesians

The opinion is still generally held that Rhodesians will be the first section of the Mining Market to enjoy a move forward. It is argued that not one tithe of the improvement in the position of the gold industry of the country has yet found reflection in share values but against this it must be remembered that pretty much the same remarks can be made concerning the Jungle. If indications count for anything I believe South Africans, West Africans, and Rhodesians will, in the majority of cases, be higher at the close of 1911 than they are now.

Antofagastas.

Since I drew attention to the Deferred stock of the Antofagasta Railway Company the price has risen ten points, owing to the fine traffic showing made for 1910 an advance of nearly £200,000 being shown in the revenue for the period. In these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that a dividend of 10 per cent is looked for on the stock as against 7½ per cent paid for 1909. But it cannot be expected that the company can keep up steady 10 per cents in future years.

The Gaming Act

For a member of the public to plead the Gaming Act in an action brought by a bucket shopkeeper may be justifiable in certain circumstances such as for instance where the "pigeon" gets to know that the client given has been of a dishonest kind but a correspondent surprises himself when he innocently asks if it is not the fact that the Gaming Act is a complete defence to any action brought by a stockbroker. Of course generally speaking the Gaming Act is no answer at all to actions brought by members of the Stock Exchange.

Casino Cod.

Desperate efforts are being made at the present time to foist on the public shares in at least two companies formed to run casinos on the Continent. The glamour of the wealth of the famous Monte Carlo concern is duly paraded and generally the picture drawn is so roseate as to make one wonder why the promoters do not keep these joint stock sweets for the private delectation of themselves and their friends. In one case, shares are offered on the weekly instalment system!

Promising Trust Stocks.

I have before expressed the opinion that 1911 is likely to be a year of cheap investment issues and that 5 per cent yields will be obtainable with something like safety. The trust companies are never slow to take advantage of conditions of this kind and the cautious investor can certainly do worse than purchase the stocks of these undertakings for in that way their money becomes spread over a number of first class risks. The Deferred stock of the Indian and General Investment Trust now quoted at about 92 will I believe touch an appreciably higher figure in the course of the year and the similar stock of the Omnium Company should also advance from the ruling price of about 85.

A 5 per cent. Yield

The "B" Debenture stock of Goldsbrough, Mort, and Company is now entitled to a fixed rate of interest of 5 per cent and at the present price of just under par the stock is attractive. The company's profits are now on a comparatively very high level and the security of capital offered is ample as far as human foresight can tell. It is believed that the next account will show a vastly improved position as regards earnings.

Nitrate Companies

After much negotiation a conference of the chief nitrate producing companies will be held I hear in June next to see if a new agreement for regulating the output can be come to. Whether the conference is successful or not I think that nitrate companies that is the leading ones—are in for a period of remunerative trading a thanks to the growth in consumption unrestricted production has not by any means been the ruinous factor as was at one time feared. The Santiago Salar del Carmen and Colorado Companies shares will probably advance between now and the close of the year.

Tea Shares

Lochnaufts have risen since I mentioned them. I believe an even better price will be seen. The £1 shares of the Imperial Tea Company can now be bought for about 25s 6d and these also should advance. The company has just paid an interim dividend of 2½ per cent but the final rate will probably bring the distribution for the whole year above the 7 per cent declared for the past twelve months. The Empire of India and Ceylon Company has paid 10 per cent for the last four years but a higher rate will no doubt be forthcoming for 1911 as the interim distribution is to be increased from 5s to 7s 6d per share.

Bank Dividends

As the half-weekly ... in these columns bankers profits reached a higher level in the second half of last year than they did in the similar period of 1909 and consequently dividends are being maintained despite the fact that large allocations have had to be made on account of the depreciation in the value of investments. In a few cases however the companies have had to draw to a comparatively slight extent on their reserves in order to provide for depreciated securities. For those looking for a 4½ to 5 per cent yield and for whom a big uncalled liability has no terrors the shares of some of the institutions should prove attractive.

Trunks

If the United States and Canadian governments arrive at a new commercial treaty as is probable the Canadian railway companies should derive considerable benefit. This is another bull point for Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunk junior issues. By the way this week the Canadian Pacific Company has taken over the New Brunswick and Southern and the St Maurice railways, thus adding nearly 100 miles to its system.

Canadian Pacifics

No doubt some of my readers profited to a great extent by the sharp rise in the Canadian Pacifics on the directors' announcement in regard to the payment of future dividends out of the land and other assets of the company. This puts Canadas on a 10 per cent basis. In season and out of season I have advised a purchase of these shares, and they have risen over fourteen points since I first drew attention to the imminence of increased distributions out of the sources mentioned above.

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W C, and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

Alban.—I think you could get the information respecting the Premium Bond from Messrs N. Keizer & Co, 31 Threadneedle Street, London, E C. *' A B L '*—Do not advise you

to have anything to do with the firm of outside brokers You should do your business with a member of the Stock Exchange The financial journal mentioned is not entirely unbiassed ' *Eagle* —London Venture shares The company is interested in rubber oil and mining properties Do n t advise Mount Lyell Comstock *Canon* I wrote you a f v days since saying I had been unable to trace the Bridge Brick works and asking if you could give any further information This also applies to Labrador Trimmer Timber Land wh h I cannot trace in any books of reference *Cui Bon* I regret I cannot find out anything regarding the company you refer to which is evidently a very small one and unl ss you know everyone and everything connected with it I sh uld most strongly advise you not to invest There are plenty of good investments into which you can put your money and realise when you wish to do so *Durban* I think y r investment in Durban Roodepoort will turn out well ... the mine is estimated at eight years from 1 10 ... highest dividend paid by the company was ... per cent in 1 10 I do not think the dividend will be increased this year unless working costs can be reduced *Decima* The shares of the Midland Uruguay Railway can hardly be considered a ... investment as they do not pay any dividend ... is however making steady progress and I am inclined to think that these South American States ha e turned the corner Therefore unless you want an immediate return ... your money you might hold on the prospect of ... in capital value *Speculator* I regret that I can ... thing s tisfactory regarding your investments ... newspaper and rubber shares named ... New Zealand Oilfield has a speculative ch nce and ... an active market when you should take the ... sell out Tahong Tin are a fair speculation ... view of the rise in the metal ... difficulty in doing business on the London St ... change through a member I do not care to recommend outside firms Option dealing is more popular than ... professional speculators and jobbers often run this ... active markets ... I do not see any reason ... close your bear of Steel Common as you ... see the price temporarily against you The Trust ... costs are steadily increasing and its profits will ... For the moment the ... have the ... as

there is a heavy "bear" account but when this is partially closed the fall will commence On any sharp rise if you can afford it, it would be better to ... *Dividend* If you sell Canadas before the ... dividend you have to pass the dividend on to ... There is no way of making a profit ... dividend ... You will ... markets will ... *Other replies next week*)

3,000 Pile Sufferers

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Three thousand cures in ten months This is the ... of my ... Treatment which is ... for all forms of Piles ... London Opinion who writes me at ... My ... Piles ... I am ... Hemorrhoids ... My direct Hd Absorption Treatment can ... to stay cured ... would ... and I want you to ... at my expense

Send me no money only just your name and address stating that it is written very plainly and addressed to Giles W Van Vleck ... Shoe Lane London E C I will also send ... valuable New Book (in colours at the same time with the free treatment, all sent under ... sealed and in plain wrapper

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CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

It is a delusion to suppose that our grandmothers were entirely virtuous.—*The Tim[illegible]*



KINDLINESS

"Mother, I think monkeys must be awful good to each other."

"Why, Dearie?"

"Because I watched one for half an hour pick moths out of the other's fur!" —"Puck," New York.

When a woman sets out in pursuit of a man she gets him, whether it be to take him to the altar or to take him to gaol.—*The Book Monthly.*

• • •

Prison walls have fewer terrors for the feminine mind than other women's tongues. It is the thought of 'what people will say' that keeps many in the straight and narrow path.—*Gentlewoman.*

• • •

Last week Parson Watson finished up a tremendous denunciation with the statement: "There is a false standard of living among the young men and women of Melbourne. They live on bread and dripping in order to wear fine clothes." Really parsons are hard to satisfy. Good clothes don't lead to indigestion, pimples, corpulence, jim-jams, etc., though all these things are liable to happen through abundant eating and drinking. Men dig their graves with their teeth, but if women dig theirs with their silk stockings the fact hasn't been noticed.—*Bulletin, Sydney.*

• • •

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

A sportsman popped a partridge on a hill—
It made a great to do, and then was still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a near by wood—
A pretty shot, offhand, from where he stood.
It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown,
And lived in town.

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul
That later proved to measure six feet tall,
And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth,
Its name was Smith.

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of brown—
Was it a deer—or Jones, a friend from town?
But while he pondered by the river's rim,
Jones potted him.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

There are now five States in which the women vote. In the others they merely control the voters.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

• • •

Civilisation is a thing much too cowardly to abolish war, and, at the same time, silly enough to fancy it may be made ladylike.—*Puck*, New York.

• • •

The man who speaks of a red headed girl as the one with the auburn locks generally has not only the poetic sense, but also good sense.—*Judge*, New York.

• • •

Jack Johnson is suffering from a nervous breakdown. No blame attaches to the distinguished Californian, Jim Jeffries.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

• • •

The British House of Lords yells compromise as clearly as it can with the Commons and the [illegible] sitting on its chest and feeling solicitously for its windpipe.—*New York World.*

• • •

If an Englishman were invited to go to heaven he would send a courier in advance with shawls to cover the shoulders of the angels who were too *décolletée*. Then after heaven had been anglicised he would enter with dignity and approve of the heavenly host.—*Times-Democrat*, New Orleans.

• • •

A TA[illegible] [illegible] CITIES.

We chew gum.	You chew garlic.
We often spoil our wives.	You often beat them.
Our Puritans burned heretics.	Your heretics burned Puritans.
Many of our best families are being supported by graft.	Many of your best families need it; their ancestors fixed it for them.
Our houses are like steam ovens.	Yours are like cold storage plants.
We have no interesting ruins.	You have no modern plumbing.
Many of our institutions have become corrupt.	Many of your corruptions have become institutions.
Our custom houses are obnoxious.	You doubtless have [illegible] of your own.

—*Metropolitan Magazine*, N.Y.



A MATTER OF DEGREE.

Mab.: "There's young Smythe. He's an M.A. now, you know."

Meg.: "Is he? Well, I don't think he'll ever be an M. A. N.!" —"Sydney Bulletin."

WHERE HE CAME IN.

One bleak winter morning a cold-looking individual walked into a small restaurant.

"Morning," he said cheerily, addressing himself to the white-aproned proprietor.

"Morning," was the reply.

"How'd you like a sherry and egg this morning?" continued the stranger.

"Well, that sounds very good to me. Are you going to treat?"

"I'll furnish the eggs if you will contribute the sherry."

"Done," agreed the proprietor.

"All right, I'll be back in a minute," the frosted one called over his shoulder, as he walked toward the door.

Into the street and around the corner he made his way, and halted before a grocery shop, where the assistant was sweeping the steps.

"Morning," he said good-naturedly.

"Morning," came the reply.

"A little raw this morning," he pursued.

"Rather."

"How'd a sherry and egg go this morning?" he asked, rubbing some heat into his hands.

"Best thing I've heard to-day," announced the young man, interested.

"Tell you what I'll do," the stranger continued. "I'll find the sherry if you'll furnish the eggs."

"Certainly."

"All right. Get out three eggs and follow me."

And the stranger led the way back to the café.

"Here's the eggs," he announced to the proprietor.

"Here's the sherry," replied the proprietor, mixing the drinks.

"Here's how," the three exclaimed in unison, and they drank the concoction and replaced the glasses on the bar.

"By the way," said the proprietor to the grocer's assistant, "you contributed the eggs, didn't you?"

"Ah," said the assistant, smacking his lips.

"And I furnished the sherry, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," turning to the stranger—"how do you come into this deal?"

"Why, gentlemen," replied the stranger, as he bowed his way out, "my position is easily explained. I'm the promoter."

• • •

STILL WAITING.

Little opera tickets,
Little supper late,
Make the young man's tailor
Wait and wait and wait.

• • •

HER DECISION.

A girl who inherited a snug little fortune of £3,000 had been rather cramped financially all her life, and she had always longed for the luxuries and frivolities of existence. Her uncle came to talk the matter over and advise her as to the investment of her little fortune.

"Now, my dear," said he in the tone of a genial but prudent counsellor, "of course you have made some plans, have some idea of how this is to be invested. What yearly income do you expect from your £3,000?"

Then the young woman replied:

"I expect, dear uncle, to invest my money so that I shall have a yearly income of £6,000 for six months."

• • •

RUDE HASTE.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a boat and had taken her out, putting her to tend the sheet.

A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said: "Why didn't you let go the sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."



I'VE LOST MY

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

28th JANUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 358.

(Reg G P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN See page [illegible]

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON See page [illegible]

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS



"NEVER MIND THE WEATHER, LOVE!"

See . . .

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT by GUY'S TONIC COMPANY

on Page 131.

London Opinion.

Proprietors The L O Co Ltd *Sole D e to s* *(Bertram I Io P aa! (Chairman) I I S I I(I I tor) I M t I d t) Manag g D ectors*

No. 358. Vol. XXVIII. **28th JANUARY, 1911.** **Price One Penny.**

TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

AI PROPRIATELY enough the Little Theatre is t be th scene of *matin e* given by child act rs

• • •

Prison warders are forming a Union One of these days there ll be a lock out at the lock ups

• • •

' British Writer Revol in says a he dline But then some of these f reign nes aren t exactly delightful t lo l upon

• • •

With pardonabl pride the *Daily News* mentions a nonagenarian who has read that paper for sixty five years and is st ll alive

• • •

Forty anglers in a recent mpet t n caught one fish between them But y u sh t hear some of them on the fish they *really* caught

•

Twenty five tons of the v ting p per f January 1910 are being burnt at Battersea So the mandate of the Polls ends i it began in hot air

• • •

A man with an abn rmally large head recently bequeathed it to a scientist M re comm nly it is the big head which gives away the man

• • •

It is proposed that the County Council sch l children shall be taught how t bl w their nose The Council as usual means to bl w the expense

• • •

"All the bril mud w r I I I welled hi h s
J ay al C urr

S that is the new fashion to follow the hobble skirt, is it?

• • •

An all British shopping week in the West End of London is proposed for the end of Mar h What a chance for some wine merchants to work ff their present stocks of champagne!

• • •

A Duke of the Royal House of Portugal is clerk in a Stock Exchange man s office We trust he is not expected to concern himself with any but gilt edged stocks

• • •

Published returns show that while most things rose in price last year bricks did not In South Wales, in fact, many owners of plate-glass shop fronts were able to get them for nothing

• • •

"The great man" said a French writer lately ' is he who can state the most complicated problem in the simplest terms.' So the porter who tells you how to catch your train at Clapham Junction deserves a statue.

A new novel is called Th Pound of Flesh" The plot hould be meaty

• • •

Sessions means sittings Yet a West end skating rink is frank enough to advertise three sessions every day

• • •

A c nt mporary asks Wil 1911 be a W t Year?" It is hard to say of urs but the supplies of whisky are abnormally l w

• • •

[illegible] the ol warm [illegible] that [illegible] cold

• • •

S r Rufus Isaacs h [illegible] there is [illegible] any other [illegible] calling

• • •

A [illegible] have [illegible] is much more [illegible]

• • •

Having at [illegible] shot [illegible] to give the p [illegible] How very rude

• • •

A new re taurant [illegible] dishes under th [illegible] us nly c mplete [illegible] the [illegible]

• • •

An [illegible] the prot [illegible] game is all right What we want is [illegible] the protection [illegible]

• • •

The telephone auth [illegible] ing much [illegible] on the problem [illegible] time [illegible]

• • •

Women w [illegible] questioners [illegible] that a knowledge of [illegible] And that the on [illegible]

• • •

At the close of a minstrel show at Benton (Arkansas) the audience climbed on the stage killed one of the artists and severely injured others Criticism in England is evidently in a lamentably weak condition

SIR HERBERT TREE'S TRIUMPH.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

"WHY let lying dogs sleep?" Sir Herbert Tree is fond of teasing the faddists who wish him to turn His Majesty's Theatre into a barn in order to take all the colour and movement out of Shakespeare's plays. He's willing to let sleeping dogs lie but he is not willing to let lying dogs sleep. Of course, he is far too polite to use the words in anything but a Pickwickian sense. The apostles of desolation are not dogs. The prophets of dulness are not liars. Some of them are benevolent pedants. Others are amiable antiquarians and archæologists. But they are all wrong-headed and narrow-minded. They would rob the people in order to please the cliques and the coteries. They would depopularise Shakespeare in order to titillate the palate of the superior person.

• • •

Now it is only right that the playgoer ought to be considered, and it seems to me that the critics who are always crying out against scenery and costumes forget that the playgoer is not a cranky dry-as-dust. The playgoer is a human being who likes to see Shakespeare presented vividly, brilliantly, and picturesquely. One of the stock jeers at the English theatre is based upon the fact that it does not glorify Shakespeare. But the very critics who clamour for more Shakespeare do their best to decry and belittle Sir Herbert Tree's heroic labours in Shakespearean drama. He has persevered in the teeth of implacable carping and cavilling. He has stuck to his faith in the playgoer. I believe that he has now produced two more Shakespearean plays than Sir Henry Irving, and with *King Henry VIII.* he has at last beaten down his assailants. It has eclipsed all his previous productions in its popularity. The playgoers of London have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to see the best acting and the most beautiful stage pictures of the day. It's easy to sneer at a popular verdict of this sort, but I think it is stupid. Art is a democratic thing, and I have no patience with the prigs who pretend that the people are always wrong.

• • •

For my part, I prefer to be wrong with the people than right with the prigs. When I see the London playgoers flocking to see Sir Herbert Tree's Wolsey, Mr. Bourchier's King Henry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Katharine, and Miss Laura Cowie's charming Anne Boleyn, I do not turn up my nose in supercilious disdain. I join the lengthening queue and I share their enthusiasm. It does one good to catch the contagion of my fellow-playgoers. I may be a simple soul, but I love poetry, and colour, and romantic beauty. I find all these rare things at His Majesty's. Perhaps the critics could give me these rare things in fuller measure. My point is that they have not done so. They have not slaked my thirst. They have talked about doing it, but they have not done it. Sir Herbert Tree has done it, and I am grateful to him. I look round London and I find nobody else doing it. If it were not for his faith and courage, Shakespeare would be wiped out on the London stage. It is well to remember that the triumph of *Henry VIII.* means a new lease of life for Shakespeare on our boards. Sir Herbert Tree tells me that he intends to reward our appreciation of his Wolsey by giving us his Macbeth. Can his critics promise us anything?

• • •

Tree's Wolsey is a living portrait. It is a great imaginative presentment of the man. It is ripe in its psychology. You see more than the externals of the priest statesman. You are conscious of his working brain, of his iron masterfulness, of his boundless ambition, of his terrible pride, of his subtle craft, of his lightning vision. You watch him towering over his contemporaries, dwarfing his rivals. And you divine the human soul behind the remorseless intellect, with its flashes of tenderness, of nobility, and of shaping idealism. To me it seems that Tree has in Wolsey soared far above his own personality, and bodied forth a conception wholly original in its depth and in its complexity. His voice, his gesture, and his mien, have all been finely moulded into a unity which moves the mind and fires the imagination. In other words he has created an illusion. As I watched Wolsey I forgot Tree. Surely that is the whole art of the great actor. In judging dramatic art I am an impressionist. If the actor achieves illusion, I am satisfied. If he sweeps me out of the Twentieth Century, and makes me live for three hours in the Sixteenth Century, then I applaud him. Tree does that. Can any of his critics do it, or induce any of their prodigies to do it?

• • •

And the whole play lives up to the illusion created by Wolsey. Mr. Bourchier is the real Henry. I dare to say that nobody else could come within miles of his daring realism. As a rule, stage kings are stuffed puppets. This king is alive. The hot blood in him hisses and bubbles with Tudor sensuality. The jovial humour of him carries all before it. He is a King in fiery action, with the rough humanity leaping and grimacing out of every pore. As for Miss Vanbrugh's Queen Katharine, nobody can bully me out of my certitude that it is an unforgettable masterpiece. The thing is all sheer genius, and we should all be on our knees to her if she had been imported from Paris, or Berlin or Rome. I have seen nothing finer in my time, and for the life of me I cannot find a flaw in that haughty majesty, that womanly pathos, that insulted dignity. These three incomparable stage-portraits live and move in the very life of the time, with its pomp of raiment, and its glitter of arms. Every coat is a bit of history, and every jewel has the fire of the past in its heart. It is Tudor England breathing in our Georgian age. Why, then, should we let the lying dogs sleep who snap and snarl at it?

THE SOCIETY PASSPORT.



[Mrs. Asquith says extravagance is a passport into Society.—*Daily Paper.*

Footman: "You have the wrong ticket, madam. That one is out of date nowadays."

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS.

To be happy is the first step toward being pious.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Be happy and you'll probably tend toward becoming good.—*Bernard S[illegible]ll.*

Be good and you will be happy, though you may miss a good deal of fun.—*Carrington.*

The individual must be free to reach his best; the whole community must profit by his best.—*Philip Thomas.*

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—*Lord Avebury.*

When you hear a man remark that accidents will happen, you may be pretty sure he has been doing something he shouldn't.—*C. Simpson.*

M[illegible] everything except her [illegible].—*[illegible]*

A true gentleman has no need of self-command, he simply feels rightly on all occasions.—*Ruskin.*

The fellow who boasts that he can take or [illegible] drink and stop [illegible] to be [illegible].—*Publicola.*

[illegible] the [illegible] next [illegible].—*[illegible]*

He who knows the value of [illegible] money and success [illegible] modest to those who direct [illegible].—*[illegible]*

Self-help is a glorious thing and one of our numerous birthrights, but it should stop short of helping oneself to all the gravy in the dish.—*William de Morgan.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No 13—The Post Office Girl.

An Eventful Year.

THE Coronation is casting its shadow before—if "shadow" be the proper word. Seat merchants are already on the *qui vive*, and some of the restaurants have booked up rooms and tables for the penultimate Thursday of June. There is a rush on ocean liners, and to travel from America to London will be for once a more onerous job than going from Piccadilly to Balls Pond. Excitement and interest are sure to run high as the date approaches and the butchers, the bakers, the dressmakers, the carpenters and the stand builders are in for a good time. But it is well to give a steadying word, for on occasions of national interest people often cherish strange notions. It is quite certain that the majority of the public will have no more money to spend simply because this is Coronation year. Good kind masters will not pay their employees more wages or their clerks higher salaries. The cost of living will not diminish and the possibility of great monetary output on the part of the masses is by no means increased. Yet some folk talk as though the holding of a Coronation will mean vast expenditure by all classes who are foolishly assumed to become through some mysterious agency sudden holders of coin which they intend to dispose of rapidly.

• • •

Draw backs.

SEVERAL of our trades, dealing with goods in the nature of luxuries, will suffer severely. If positions to see the show have to be bought they have also to be paid for, so the pictures, the china, the carpets, the books which might have been purchased in normal circumstances, will not be obtained until next year. The country lodging-house letters will not have their chances improved, although they will be less heavily hit than if the great ceremony were to be deferred until the close of July. Persons in various walks of life have only limited purses and thousands will come to London to see the sights, and I fear they will be rather disappointed who would otherwise have made holiday by the silvery sea somewhere. Places of amusement in town expect to reap a rich harvest. But outdoor attractions in the middle of June do not favour theatre-going, and with really hot weather the weaker playhouse programmes are certain to feel a draught. Some managers are "holding up" their novelties with the idea of sending them off about Easter time, when town will be waxing busy. What a mistake! A shilling is as good a shilling in January as it is in June, when the risks of heat and shortage of money (though the assured expenditure on Coronation incidentals) are factors to be reckoned with. London is always very full in the summer, yet theatres are often very empty. And no Coronation will fill all the theatres when the heat wave is about. As for the slump in everything at the end of July—well, don't let us think about that. The humble will have spent their money and the well-to-do will be off to "foreign parts abroad," weary of the sun-baked, dust-swept metropolis, and the tedium of its noisy gaieties.

• • •

Flies in the Ointment

BUSINESS in theatres is not always favourably affected by a crowded Capital. The Great Exhibition of 1851 did not make fortunes for managers, quite the reverse, as the bitter lamentations of those gentlemen prove. "Hundreds and thousands of people swarmed inside and outside the beautiful Hyde Park Palace," says James Anderson, "yet Drury Lane, which I was managing, remained the same old desert. On May 1st we played to £65 5s 6d." The Coronation of King George will take place exactly fifty years after the most sensational fire London has known in modern times. On June 22nd, 1861, there occurred a conflagration destroying property to an extent unparalleled since the Great Fire of London in 1666. The Thames was literally set on fire that afternoon, through the disaster which started at the wharves off Tooley Street. And by the way, the expression about setting the Thames on fire is all nonsense. The saying is derived from "temse," a flax difficult of ignition. Far more than a million of damage was done, and for fifteen days did the terror continue. Mapleson had opened the Lyceum for an Italian opera season, and the Tooley Street fire sight and light proved a strong card against him. Fashionable folk went, in evening dress, to watch the river aflame, instead of hearing Titiens, Alboni and Giuglini in the Strand.

• • •

A Dread Comestible.

FOR the sake of the country at large it is to be hoped the Coronation week may pass off without a hitch. All I wish to point out is the foolishness of supposing that we shall all suddenly come into an unusual amount of spending money which we shall be prepared to pour forth like water. What buns will be consumed that month! What school and village children will be regaled with that substantial and, frequently, indigestible delicacy! What infant stomachs will have sad cause to remember the crowning of our Sovereign Lord the King! The worst use to which you can put a child is to stuff a bun into him. Still, that is the orthodox method for impressing national events on the budding mind. Whatever its virtues, the common or garden bun cannot be considered an agent of boisterous hilarity. If on the hunt for merriment I would prefer even Mr. Pecksniff's captain's biscuit. I do not say the children of England should be given something more substantial than buns, but, at any rate, they might be presented with something more tasty.

• • •

A Solution.

'Fore dough and currants fancy fails
Upon that June day sunny,
Lloyd George will see that youthful Wales
Welsh "rabbit" eats—that's "bun-ny."

In the Mumps.

We hear a great deal about dumping in this country. Mumping is a distinct art of the cadger. The "mumps," on the contrary, are an affliction for the deserving. They are a gregarious nuisance like the measles. You never heard of anybody with a mump—not even the little London boy who, detecting honey on his country holiday, opined on the instant, that the cottager "kept a bee." I learn that mumps have recently been going wobbling in the City, like Consols and the Kaffir circus horses and things, while an inspired person divines that the infection is distributed through City gents meeting together at lunch time and playing dominoes in restaurants. If dominoes be the cause, it would be more appropriate to call the complaint "spotted fever." Surely a harmless pastime cannot be held responsible for this sad trouble. Would the same dire results accrue if the poor "does" had the spots taken off them and the players were all condemned to play with double blanks? But what really upsets me is the dreadful knowledge that the swells of the City condescend to indulge in such a plebeian pursuit. I have always imagined they passed the luncheon hour drinking magnums of champagne wine, smoking three and sixpenny cigars, and tossing for sovereigns.

• • •

The Domino.

I could never work up any wild enthusiasm over dominoes. There is an irritating immutable placidity about them which likes me not. Perhaps it is because they are not played for money. Though averse to gambling I cannot handle cards without having a few pence on, nor do I ever enjoy an evening party unless there is at least an off chance of kissing a pretty girl on the sly. The only act of heroism I ever committed—for if I have one weakness more than another it is courage—was when a darling of my heart happened to be laid up with mumps. I received an assurance that to embrace the fair one aforesaid would result in my catching the disorder. I risked it—and I am waiting for the medal. If mumps can be escaped in such circumstances I will not have the poor domino slandered without saying a word on its behalf. Why doesn't somebody give bridge clubs and whist drives part of the credit for the mumps distribution? Still, I am forced to admit that whenever I look a domino in the face in future I shall be tempted to whistle, "Is your mumpy always with you?"

• • •

Emulation.

In a recent prosecution it was alleged by a counsel for the defence that in modern literature a glamour of romance had been cast over offenders of the "Raffles" type. However this may be, it is well understood that persons of all ages are fired to emulation of deeds they read about in books. Schiller's *The Robbers* had a disastrous effect upon the young men of Germany, who sought to imitate the acts of the gallant De Moor. Unfortunately the common law is wholly and entirely unsympathetic in respect of such matters, and even if such heroes as Robin Hood and Rob Roy Macgregor were alive to-day they would probably have no more chance of carrying on their business for a fortnight than I should of downing George Gray at billiards. Scotland's marauder would possibly be routed by the Edinburgh police, the troops at Holyrood, and a choice selection of Gatling guns—the whole under the distinguished patronage of a Home Secretary. Gatlings would be nasty opponents for Scottish mountains, and there would be more mist than "missed" about these last. As for Robin, "the English ballad singer's joy," he wouldn't last ten minutes against the Nottingham constabulary. Yet who is sorry that Robin lived? Nobody. Without him the chief bloom would be rubbed off our Foresters' *fêtes*, and those dashing toffs in Hessian boots, the glory of the Crystal Palace.

• • •

Cheap Horseflesh.

Much comment was lately exploded on the fact that Old Nick, an animal started for Spearmint's Derby in 1906, has been sold for five guineas. As a rule racehorses are not cheap, and classic aspirants when disposed of, can usually achieve three figures. R[illegible] nevertheless that The Marquis—winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger in the year Caractacus secured the Derby—went for 21 guineas in Australia, and Gamos, winner of the Oaks, was sold for £9. Mail Train, who won the Gold Vase at Ascot in 1867, beating Regalia (winner of the 1867 Oaks), was bought for 13 guineas the same year. Tom Pitt in 1856 won the Cambridgeshire from a huge field with Malacca, an animal he picked up for £8. George Frederick, the Derby winner in 1871, went under the hammer for 65 guineas. [illegible] might be further extended.

• • •

Luck — Good and Bad.

The truth is that racehorses in common with human beings have their ups and downs. You recollect the sensation scene of *The Whip*, where the thoroughbred is saved from destruction in the railway van. This incident was inspired by the fate of Klankoff, a colt for a half share in whom [illegible] whom is allowed [illegible] in talking of horses—the late Lord St. Vincent gave 5,000 guineas on the Saturday before the Derby of fifty years ago. He ran only fifth, and a few weeks later was roasted to death in his van, the [illegible] taking fire between Retford and Bawtry. Another unlucky beast is suggested whenever the [illegible] of the late Marquis of Hastings is mentioned. This was Kangaroo, expected in 1866 to deprive [illegible] Frenchman Gladiateur of his Derby spoils. Twelve thousand pounds went [illegible] the [illegible] was how a poet began when inditing a sonnet to the luckless animal alleged to have sunk to the level of a cab horse. Riding home in a hansom some night just stop and reflect that the creature in front may be one who has in his head [illegible] secured you a [illegible] parcel at Epsom or Newmarket.

• • •

Admiration

An anonymous lady has kindly sent me a pair of socks which she trusts [illegible] of practical benefit during the coming twelve months. Such a tender [illegible] tribute to unquestionable [illegible] leaves me dumb. "Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks." Frequently have I [illegible] socks [illegible] in another sense. This is the first time I have been able to garb my extremities [illegible] fit for an Emperor. As these [illegible] of Royal purple and of a brightness calculated to out-dazzle the Albert Memorial, there is some [illegible] of a fearful joy about the present. You have heard of the man who went out to buy a dog for a biscuit he found. May I not suggest the wisdom of raising a National Fund to purchase me an outfit to match my socks? Since Aladdin was arrayed at great expense, in new and striking togs, never has such lavish raiment been known in my family. The greatest rapture of all is, of course, the gratifying reflection that one female heart, at least, beats true to me.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Zena Dare's Engagement: An Anglo-German Agreement Coming?: Publishers' Perils: a New Libel Bill.

In reference to the case of Edward F. Mylius mentioned here last week, his friends state that the charge against him is not that of sedition but of circulating a criminal libel against the King, as is usual. And I am informed that the bail fixed in his case is not £10,000, but £20,000. An application to postpone the date of the trial may be expected shortly now.

Mr McKenna is greatly perturbed by the strength of the reaction against his policy of outbuilding the alarmists in naval expenditure. The economists in the Liberal party are carrying all before them. Mr McKenna is so deeply committed by his surrender to last year's scare that it is possible he may be forced to solve his difficulties by resignation. There will be surprising developments before long.

There is no doubt that it would suit Germany if we were to slow down in the race of armaments. The pace is getting too hot for both countries. It is not generally known that the relations between England and Germany are more friendly than they have been for many years. The Russo-German agreement over the Bagdad railway was not sprung on our Foreign Office, as has been suggested by some ill-informed writers. On the contrary, our Foreign Office was a friendly participant in the whole affair, and the next step will be an Anglo-German agreement which will round off the bargain.

Miss Zena Dare's engagement to the Hon. Maurice Brett, Viscount Esher's second son, will probably be a short one. She tells me that although they have at present fixed no definite date for the wedding, they both have made it that it will take place within the next two or three months.

Which reminds me that Phyllis Dare is terribly cut up at the thought of losing her sister. Writing to me from Manchester a few days ago she said: "Of course I am delighted that Zena is going to be so happily married, but I shall miss her more than I can tell you on paper without smudging the writing, not with inky fingers or worn-out blotting paper, but with something else."

Efforts are being made to provide a suitable Unionist seat for Mr Bonar Law. It is not generally known that it was Mr Bonar Law who induced Mr Chamberlain into Parliament, and it was at Mr Chamberlain's request that Mr Bonar Law was offered office at the Board of Trade in the Balfour Ministry. Next to Mr Balfour he was the most effective speaker on the Opposition front bench.

Mrs Maurice Hewlett, the novelist's wife, who with M. Blondeau conducts a successful aviation school at Brooklands, informs me that she hopes soon to be able



Gravedigger: "I take it you are not busy, doctor?"
Doctor: "Well, I'm not—but what makes you think so?"
Gravedigger: "Well, I haven't dug a grave these three months!"



Assistant (to client of quiet tastes) ' There Madame that hat would be the very thing, if Madame wishes to be inconspicuous ! '

to pass for her own pilots certificate Both M Ducrocq and Lieut. J. Snowden Smith were taught their flying as pupils at her school

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The bulk of the papers have not given nearly adequate attention to the far reaching results which may follow the recent libel suit in which a plaintiff obtained damages against a newspaper because one of the characters in its serial story was of his name and the jury held that a person reading the story might connect the character with the plaintiff. Our cartoonist Mr Bert Thomas last week depicted the new sword of Damocles—the serious risk of libel actions—which will now incessantly hang over the heads of all authors, playwrights and publishers and how dead on the bull's eye he was is indicated by the following statement which has since been made to the *Daily News* by a leading publisher

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"I publish say 30 or 40 novels a year, in each of them there is a villain and his name can be matched fifty times over in the London Directory. At present I have an action pending against me in which the plaintiff is a man that neither I nor the author ever heard of before but he happens to have the same name as a person of doubtful character in one of my novels. We will soon have to resort to the practice of numbering the characters in our books instead of naming them"

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Meanwhile the Institute of Journalists with other bodies connected with the Press are taking action. Recognising the increased danger of being shot at since the libel laws have been so greatly stretched in recent years, these bodies are now providing a Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Libel— and not before it was wanted.

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Dr Blake Odgers has the drafting of this Bill one of the main provisions of which is that leave will have to be obtained from a judge or Master in Chambers before an action can be started unless the plaintiff can show that he is good for costs should he lose. This should stop frivolous or blackmailing actions or threats of action leading to expense which now abound

In present political circumstances it is thought that the best procedure will be to introduce the Bill into the Lords who should be glad of an opportunity to show what a useful body they really are. Then by the time the Coronation is over the Commons may be ready to consider the very necessary measure

Sir James Yoxall has joined the English Goethe Society having been tempted to that recently on Goethe back from Italy that middle period of the poets life which is so full of drama. Sir James Yoxall is completing a novel in which he aims to explain and largely to justify Goethe's treatment of Christian Vulpius and their relation which has been little written about or understood

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Are our London specialists the absolute limit in skill that we imagine? Lord Dudley on whom several of our great surgeons operated a year ago had a recurrence which was worse than the original trouble but operated upon again recently in Australia has now been assured of a definite and absolute cure. It is a feather in the cap of Australian skill and knowledge at all events

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There have been many cases lately of thefts of pocket-books from men about town. One was stolen at the last Covent Garden Ball and at several of the big hotels coats hanging up have been rifled of letter-cases, and so on. These articles are not "lifted" for the intrinsic value of their contents although if a few fivers or tenners are found therein, the thief is doubtless glad to have them to be going on with. The purloining is,

generally done with blackmailing as the ulterior object. A few letters of a confidential character, so a Scotland Yard friend tells me, cut more ice with the West-end pickpocket than mere "ready."

While on tour recently, in his capacity of Governor of New South Wales, Lord Chelmsford had his acquaintance claimed by the officer of his escort, a giant mounted on a big horse, with drawn sword. "I don't think you remember me," he remarked. "We were at school together, and you gave me a good licking." With a touch of dry humour, Lord Chelmsford looked at the big frame, and said, "I hope you bear me no malice." The officer, laughing, replied, "Oh, no, I think I deserved it," and fell back into his place.

To the persistent pleading of Miss Agnes Weston, the self-styled "Sailor's Friend," the public has, according to Mr. Lionel Yexley, of *The Fleet*, subscribed just on £1,000,000! and he thinks it is high time to issue a protest against indiscriminate begging on behalf of "Poor Jack." Hence he has got out a cogent booklet, "Charity and the Navy" (411A Harrow Road, price 3d.). He does not deny that Miss Weston is well-meaning; but he maintains that the vast majority of naval wage-earners resent the public being led to regard them as objects of charity and of missionary endeavour, especially as the State spends £60,000 yearly on providing some 200 reverend gentlemen to attend to the Navy's spiritual needs.

Captain Arthur De Courcy Bower, the lucky player who has been breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, is a well-known financial agent in London, with offices at Empire House, Piccadilly.

Have rarely seen quite so much compressed into quite so little as the record the Secretary of the Life Boat Institution sends me of the work done by the Institution during the past year, as follows: 649 lives have been saved by life boats, and 118 by shore boats; total 767. Life boats were launched 438 times. What a cinematograph of moving scenes the sentence conjures up! For those who would study this subject in detail Sir J. C. Lamb has just published "The Life boat and Its Work" (W. Clowes and Sons Ltd., 1s.), any profits from which he will hand over to this noble Institution.

Equal divorce laws for both men and women, female as well as male jurors in all matrimonial cases, and free meals for expectant mothers who require them, in order to secure the birth of healthier children, are among the topics down for discussion at next week's conference of the Women's Labour League.

Advertisement by drama seems to be the latest thing in booming. I see mentioned in *A Book of Original Plays*, just published by Lynn and Harding, Savoy House, Savoy Street, Strand, that Mr. J. Wellesley Lynn is "engaged on the writing of a play which is to be considered by the Australian Government with a view to exploiting the great Northern Territory."

Miss Marie Löhr has some pretty frocks in *Preserving Mrs. Panmure*. A "little" one of pale blue cloth, daintily embroidered, has the charm of simplicity, while the pink chiffon evening frock she wears is truly the pink of perfection, with its insertions of Malines lace, high waist girdled by a pale blue fringed sash, and ornaments of little posies of hand-made flowers in different shades of blue and pink. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, in an evening gown on Tudor lines of black ninon, covered with a velvet design, and decorated with black fox and jet, looks regal. Her old rose soutane frock under a coat of black velvet, with quaint up-standing collar of rose and skunk, and the hat and muff *en suite*, also win admiration.





She: "Only fancy, they're selling those new 'Harem' dresses for ten guineas each. I should like one."
He: "I wouldn't advise the introduction of those Eastern fashions. It might end in the husband having an Oriental number of wives!"

Tired, jaded Londoners in search of a few hours' ozone-breathing, who really know their Brighton, seem to make a point of congregating at Cheesman's, that famous little oyster house within a stone's throw of the Old Ship Hotel. When I looked in there the other day I found among those present Lord Marcus Beresford, Bob Fowler, chirpy as ever, Jack Homfray of "Land League" fame, and Hubert Husey-Hunt, who tells me that he has known this "oyster home" for pretty well half a century. A lucky man to find it so early!

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The search for a white champion progresses apace. In the meantime, that very astute boxing expert, 'Geno Corri, told me after the Lang-Curran match at Olympia the other day that he thought that when Johnson met his Waterloo it would be at the hands of still another coloured pugilist, Sam Langford, who, by the way, should be over here a few hours before these lines are in print.

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Bombardier Wells, terribly cut up over his unlucky defeat by Moir, will never rest, he tells me, until he has again met the "Gunner." A match in the near future is likely. The Lang-Langford match next month should be a fine one. Jimmy Britt says he thinks Langford will just scrape home. Scrap home, he means.

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A definite arrangement has been made that if Mr. Assheton-Smith runs both his cracks in the Grand National Driscoll will ride Jerry M. and Mr. Harry Beasley will have the mount on Cackler. Old-time race-goers will remember that Mr. Beasley has already ridden one National winner in Come Away. He also finished second on Too Good. Jerry M., I take it, is pretty sure to start a good favourite.

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Fop is expected to pick up a small hurdle handicap the next time out. This horse is considered a bit better than his book form has yet shown him.

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The enterprising "Harriet" who has been exposed in *The Times* as writing to butlers offering cash for gossip about Society people staying in the houses where they are employed—"I write for some of the American papers . . . and I buy large quantities of such letters regularly"—can hardly object to that notoriety for herself that she is so anxious to extend to others. I have no compunction, therefore, in stating that she is Miss Harriet Churchill, of Ladywood Road, Birmingham.

Nor has she confined her attentions to butlers. Here is a letter received by Mr. Justin Chevasse, the well-known Bedford Street private detective:

"Jan. 10, 1911.

"DEAR SIR,—

I shall be much obliged if you will forward me, in *plain envelope*, well *sealed*, your terms for supplying me with up-to-date information about leading people in English and Anglo-American Society over here; also let me know if you have employées regularly at work in the leading Continental cities who could procure information about the financial and amatory and matrimonial affairs of the various members of the European aristocracy who have married Americans? I write European news letters, pars, etc., for American papers which make a specialité of this kind of matter, and in addition to my numerous "scouts" in European Society I think it might be well to employ regularly the services of a good detective agency. Prompt reply will oblige.

"Yours faithfully,

"(MISS) HARRIET CHURCHILL."

Naturally Mr. Chevasse's prompt reply was a polite refusal.

THE LOOKER-ON.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

"THERE is nothing which so effectually keeps people at a distance as the most perfect politeness."—*Peace Abbey*, by Diana Meyrick.

A Dreadful Doctrine.

"To suspect all you meet is the first great rule of prudence, wisdom, success; and to suspect your own self is the second."—*The Justice of the King*, by Hamilton Drummond. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Some Large "Ifs."

"If there were no men in the world, how easily women would love one another, and keep their beauty even when old."

"The world would be a much quieter place than it is if women never gave way to their impulses without considering how they are likely to affect the rest of the universe."—*This Son of Adam*, by G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson. 6s.

Stories from Goldwin Smith.

"Labouchere said that he did not object to Gladstone's having aces up his sleeve; but he did object to his thinking that the Almighty had put them there."

"'We are much better off than you are for a leader,' said a Conservative Member of Parliament to a Liberal; 'ours is only an unprincipled scoundrel; yours is a dangerous lunatic.'"

"Martin Routh, President of Magdalen, was never seen but in full canonicals of the fashion of the last century. Somebody bet that he would show Routh without his canonicals, and thought to win the bet by crying 'Fire,' of which Routh was horribly afraid, at the dead of night under his window. Routh at once appeared, in a great fright, but in full canonicals."—*Reminiscences*, by Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Macmillan. 10s. net.

The Good Old Times.

"Someone of the same name as Charles James Fox having been hanged at Tyburn, Fox asked Selwyn if he had been there. 'No,' replied Selwyn, 'I never go to rehearsals.'"—*The Beaux and the Dandies*, by Clare Jerrold. Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

English Courage Explained.

"It is not that the English are braver than we Iranis—Allah forbid! I have read that their country is so wet and foggy that their ideas come very slowly in consequence; and so they do not realise dangers as quickly as we Iranis."—*The Glory of the Shia World*. Translated from a Persian MS. Macmillan. 10s. net.

A Neat Sentence!

"While he almost daily reduced the claims of the moneylender on the one side, his intimacy with the youth who called him a capital fellow now, and stood him drinks and introduced him to his friends, and ended by confiding in him that he was growing tired of Sybil Wray, that she was too 'beastly expensive,' strengthened."—*Friends of Fate*, by Lucas Cleeve. Greening. 6s.

Idealism.

"Idealism, like love, at its highest, is an inspiration, not a science."—*The Idealist and Mary Treherne*, by Edith Mary Moore. Allen. 6s.

Beauty.

"A thing ceases to be beautiful to me when some finger points me out its merits. Beauty is the salt of life, but I take my beauty as a wild beast gets its salt, as a constituent of the meal."—*The New Macchiavelli*, by H. G. Wells. John Lane.

The World—According to Daisy.

"Some men mistake the world for society; all we mistake society for the world."

"Success may impress the world in general, but it dazzles the bully."—*Demetrius and Daisy*, by Evelyn Mountjoy. John Long. 6s.



"Are you friendly with that Jenks chap? Why, he was imprisoned for pocket-picking."
"Oh, I never carry much with me!"

Life's Lessons.

"The simple life takes more thinking about than all the comforts and luxuries I ever had to do with. . . . You have to be so awfully aristocratic to be simple properly."

"You may know a person for a thousand years . . . and never guess in the least bit what he is like until he falls in love."—*The Andersons*, by S. Macnaughtan. Murray. 6s.

"The Wisdom of Folly."

"A thoroughly nice girl laughs at all a man's jokes."

"It is the people who talk a great deal and tell nothing that are the really reserved people."

"The things that we know are never as interesting as the things that we only think; since knowledge has limitations, while imagination has none."—*The Wisdom of Folly*, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

A Startled Mistress.

"In the early days in Tasmania, a Hobart lady had, as cook, a female convict who was very clever, but resented all interference with her duties. One time the mistress, trying to exert authority, was met by a platform with just two planks in it. (1) Cook wouldn't have anybody trapesing into her kitchen. (2) The trouble she had been transported for was killing a man. Audited and found correct; and missis thereafter stayed in the parlour—with the door locked."—*Reminiscences*, by H. Button.

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MESSRS. HEINEMANN'S recent 2s. 6d. editions of well-known works include Tolstoy's *Anna Karenin*, and *The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.'s latest six-shilling novels include *Crown, Coronet, and Clown*, by Caroline Corner; *The Beauty Doctor*, by Florence Warden, and *The Cardinal's Past*, by Michael Kaye.

A Book of Nimble Beasts, by Douglas English, is a recent publication of Eveleigh Nash. It contains over 200 beautiful illustrations from photographs of living animals taken by the author, and would prove a delightful and instructive gift book for a boy or girl.

How Long is it since Your Salary was Raised?

A Question to every Business Man — Clerk, Salesman, Traveller, Book-keeper, or Manager.

JUST think for a moment how long it is since your salary was raised, how long since you received any promotion.

Is it longer than you like? Have you worked hard and earnestly, but found your efforts go unrecognised and unrewarded?

Well, how much have you *learnt* during that time? How much do you know of the work outside your own department? Because to-day it is not mere hard work that brings success, half so much as *general* ability, the power to fill any position that offers. It is the all-round man who succeeds to-day, not the man of one job, who is denied promotion because he must wait to step into the shoes of the only man he can follow, the man directly above him "All-round" knowledge is the knowledge that brings promotion

What is this "all round" knowledge? It is the knowledge that the manager has to possess, that every successful man has had to obtain before he could achieve success.

One way to get it is to spend your whole life experimenting with your problems and finding out your own solutions. That may mean success when you are seventy or eighty years of age. Another way is to benefit by other men's experience. That means success, when you still can enjoy it and not a problematical success when you are too old to care.

How You Can Obtain It

This way lies in the possession of a copy of the "Business Encyclopædia," the most valuable asset that any business man could have. To show the subjects the work covers, it tells all about Book-keeping, about drawing up balance-sheets, studying profit and loss accounts, figuring depreciations, or working time-keeping systems, about income tax claims and abatements, company law, how to form a company or to wind one up, cheques, promissory notes and bills, insurance and assurance, the formation and organisation of a business, selling schemes and advertising, management of salesmen, and thousands of other subjects, everything in fact that could possibly occur in business life to-day.

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With these men many others have co-operated, representing every branch of business, and between them dealing with every possible contingency of modern business life. If you were promoted to another position to-morrow, you would have to solve no problem that you could not find answered in the "Business Encyclopædia."

Can you imagine any difficulty that has not been faced and been overcome by them in achieving the wonderful successes they have? What would it not mean to you to have them continually at your beck and call to advise you out of their experience? Yet that is what the possession of the "Business Encyclopædia" means.

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Two Opinions

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia, the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before"

Mr. L. C. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago It would have saved me hours of work."

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To the Caxton Publishing Co Ltd.,
45 Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name...

(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning LONDON OPINION.)

Address...

....

PLAYS — PLAYERS



By a Playful Stallite.

In a more than usually dull period so far as theatrical happenings are concerned there is one announcement of some interest—namely, that we are, if all goes well in the trial on the dog, presently to see in London a brand new comic opera of which Howard Talbot is the composer. The piece, entitled *Athené*, is to be played in the first instance at King's Lynn, early next month, and the scenes are laid first in modern England and afterwards in ancient Greece. The author, Mr. R. T. Nicholson, thus, oddly enough, reverses the order of things in *The Arcadians*, where, as you may know, you are first in the classic land of Arcady and then in up-to-date England. As I have said, if it makes good with the keenly critical experts of King's Lynn the piece will probably be brought to town to swell the already hot competition in musical plays.

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Leon M. Lion, the dark, clean-shaven, keen little man who is so successfully pushing his way into the front rows of the dramatists, first became associated with the profession as a boy reciter, after which he commenced (if I remember rightly) on the regular stage as the middy in *True Blue, or Afloat and Ashore* at the Olympic in 1895. Never shall I forget the first night of the piece, for the late George Conquest, whom I had met earlier in the day at the Green Room Club, asked me to see the play with him. We sat in the pit and heard the screams of unrestrained delight when a lady—it may have been the heroine—having concealed herself in one of the boilers of a man-o'-war at sea, emerged therefrom in the course of half an hour or so with her white satin dress as pure and spotless as it was before she climbed in. At this, Conquest lay back in a convulsion of laughter from which he did not recover for some minutes, and up to the last time I saw him at the Surrey Theatre we used to extract boundless enjoyment from the memories of that wonderful night at the Olympic.

• • •

The movement towards establishing a theatrical section of the National Service League is one which should commend itself favourably to every member of the profession, no matter what his political views may be. It is, indeed, not a matter of politics, but of patriotism, since the objects of the League are not defiance but defence in the hour of national danger. Sir Herbert Tree, who is a staunch Liberal and an opponent of an aggressive militarist policy, has joined the movement because he believes that the youth of the country should be trained to be of use in the defence of their homes and of those dependent upon them for protection. The point, however, which I want to bring to the sympathetic notice of professional readers of this page, is that at three o'clock on Tuesday, 7th February there will be held at His Majesty's Theatre a mass meeting of theatrical workers of all grades and of both sexes, who will be addressed by Lord Roberts and other distinguished gentlemen, some of whom are prominently connected with the profession of the stage. Among those who are working heartily for the furtherance of the scheme are Sir Herbert Tree (chairman of the provisional committee), George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier, Cyril Maude, Robert Courtneidge, Oscar Asche, F. R. Benson, H. B. Irving, J. A. E. Malone, and others. The ladies of the profession, ever enthusiastic in a good cause, are forming a great committee to spread the gospel of preparedness in time of need.

• • •

It seems to be pretty well settled that Phyllis Dare will not return to her place in the cast of *The Girl in the Train* after her highly successful starring visit to the provinces, but will go on to the Gaiety to play the chief part in the George Grossmith, Jun.-Leslie Stuart piece now in preparation for the house. "Phil's" successor at the Vaudeville had not at the moment of writing been decided upon.

• • •

The question whether members of a company should be paid for rehearsals is so exclusively a matter for discussion between players and their managers that I can hardly believe that it can be of much interest to the general body of theatregoers, whom it in no way concerns. I may, nevertheless, be permitted to say that the suggestion recently put forward by Mr. Moverley Sharp, the honorary secretary of the Theatre Alliance, who suggests that a proportion of the artist's salary should be paid for rehearsals, the amount so paid to be deducted from the salary or returned to the manager after the play was run for a period to be agreed upon, is a small move in the right direction. Not to pay an actor or actress anything during the period of preparation amounts, in my view, to making the employée a party to the speculation without any share in the potential profits of the venture.

• • •

Individual managements have, I happen to know, voluntarily paid not only for rehearsals, but for all holidays during the run of a success. Names? Not for all the money in Lombard Street, because the fact that it had been made public would rob these generous people of every atom of the pleasure experienced in doing it.

• • •

All unknown to Alfred Butt, someone over-eager to make the glad tidings known, caused to be published last week a paragraph to the effect that he, "A. B." (a very able-bodied citizen, believe me), had engaged Evelyn Millard to open at the Palace in the course of a few weeks. Thereupon, the amiable controller of affairs at the Palace spent most of a morning that he had crowded with other matters, firing off the facts to a multitude of inquirers by telephone. What he really had done was to offer the lady in question an engagement to play at the Palace in a condensed version of *Madama Butterfly*—"if the necessary consent of the theatrical managers could be obtained." As to that, no decision yet.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Charley's Aunt."



"You want to marry my daughter? Have you any money?"
"No, but I expect to get some."
"Oh, from whom?"
"From you, when I marry!"

THE BENEDICK'S BATTLE CRY.

["Husbands: all about them, their little ways, things that please and displease them, how to 'get round' them, their besetting sins, and so on—this is a précis of present-day tea-table talk."—*Daily Mirror.*]

BROTHERS, the horrid plot is out!
What time our disrespectful spouses
Hither and thither gad about
Tea drinking at each other's houses,
They do not absent friends deride,
Or prate of milliners' "creations,"
But we, my friends, aye, *we*, provide
The topic of their conversations!

Our faults, our fads, our little ways,
What this one hates, what that one dotes on—
These are the things that nowadays
Our guileful wives exchange their notes on.
Yes, and the shameless creatures boast
Of how they manage to confound us,
And secretly discuss the most
Successful way of "getting round" us!

And shall we thus be tyrannised,
Are we to stand this horrid treason?
Come, comrades, plans must be devised
To bring these erring wives to reason!
To arms, ye married men I say,
Before the foe grows any stronger!
This latest outrage, come what may
Must not be borne an instant longer!

GORDON PHILLIPS.

• • •

MY PROPOSAL.

[Suggested by Miss Katherine Vaughan's recent article in LONDON OPINION on "Male Ugliness."]

DELIA, though I candidly confess
My nose requires a sculptor's tool to trim it,
And this my mouth in wide expansiveness,
Is what the very vulgar term "the limit,"
Of beauty's cards I hold, alas! so few—
And yet I dare to woo.

In loveliness divine you stand alone,
But if you wed me, so your beauty's mine;
None then can at my features cast a stone,
In your reflected glory I shall shine—
For modern man is rarely a narcissus
He leaves it to "the missus."

But, for my merits, I'm no politician,
No anti-anything beneath the sun,
Nor—heaven forbid!—a Johnny with a mission,
And Post-Impressionism duly shun,
And, best of all, I've got five thou. a year—
What say you, Delia dear?

A. P. GARLAND.

• • •

NEWS!

THERE is a mountain—it's Japan's—
Where bombs of horrible design
Are manufactured from tin cans,
And sent to monarchs with their wine.
I'm sure it really must be so:
It's in the *Daily*——— you know.

There is a host of German men
All waiting on the other shore
To fly across the sea—and then
Old England lifts her head no more!
I'm sure it really must be so:
I saw it in The——— you know.

There is a gang of Anarchists
With Prince Kropotkin at their head,
Great guns and daggers in their fists—
And when they move we'll all be dead
I'm sure it really must be so:
I saw it in The——— you know.

There is a gang of busy fools
Who fill the papers full of scares,
Whose fancies are their only tools,
And idle tales their finest wares.
I'm sure it really must be so—
Although the papers never know.

R. H COLWELL.



Curate; "And what do you call your charming sons?"
Mother: "The good-looking one we call Alf, and his brother is Adolphus!"

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD

What Pictures to Buy? By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

I SUPPOSE there are few professed collectors of other things who do not go in for a picture now and then, preferably an old one, in water-colour, in pastels, or in oil. You may swear by porcelain, books, Wedgwood, furniture, lustre-ware, lace, miniatures, brasses, enamels, paste, embroideries, rococo jewels, silhouettes, book plates, cameos, ivories, spoons, snuff-boxes, nutmeg-graters, costumes, glass, stay-busks, pinchbeck, chap-books, watch-cocks, tankards, harness-amulets, coins, armour, medals, bronzes, or what not, but you still have the upper part of the wall-paper in your rooms to adorn.

People who collect mezzotints, colour-prints, etchings, aquatints, Baxters, stipple-prints, copper-plates, glass pictures, and so forth, may hang the walls with their larger treasures, and not need to buy an oil-painting, a water-colour drawing, or a crayon-sketch at all. But for the rest of us the question "What pictures to buy?" is imperative; and by the word "pictures" I here mean not oil-paintings only, but water-colours and pastels, too.

The Possibilities Still.

I think it is good to be catholic in picture buying. I am sure it is good to purchase pictures when you come across them casually, rather than to go hunting for them specially, and buying them all at once. The chances of casually coming upon a treasure of a picture are still numerous, if you possess the seeing eye and the knowing lore. There is a man—not myself, alas!—who, within the last six months, motoring through a *hinterland* village, found in the same little shop a great Del Mazo, a perfectly lovely Carlo Dolci, a Lely, with two late *Sèvres* vases, on sale for less than £25 in all. The vases alone are worth the money.

By the side of that taken chance, other "finds" may well look meagre—and note that the purchaser in this case was not a collector, but a business man who thought, and rightly, that he knew value for cash when he saw it, even in an unfamiliar "line." But when I look around a room I know, I am almost surprised to see what, in the course of only a few years, a wandering collector with alert eyes, some taste, and a fair knowledge of schools of painting and artists' styles, can do with a slender purse. I see on the walls of that room an Etty, an Opie, a likely Morland, a Stark, two Varleys, a Bright, a Kneller, a de Hooch, a Pothoven, a Carlo Maratti, a Nash, a Taverner, a Madox Brown, a Pyne seapiece, a group of boors that may be by Ostade, and a sketch of cattle that Troyon may have done; and only one of them cost more than three pounds. Most of them cost less than two. No doubt some money has since been spent on each on restoring, varnishing, mounting, stretching, and framing, and many of them are smallish or small. But what does that matter? In these days of flats, bungalows, and small villas big pictures cannot well be hung. Some of them, too, are sketches, I know, but what then? A fine painter was often at his best in a sketch.

Buying Sketches.

Out of every artist's studio go numberless unfinished essays, sketches, and "bits," that often are bits of pure delight. They are going out of studios to-day, "unconsidered trifles" by painters who will be famous a generation hence. If you have the *flair* and the patience you may collect such "bits." They will afford an exercise for taste in mounting and framing so as to make the best of them; but, how do you suppose most of the countless water-colours kept at the Print Room, British Museum, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum were first got together? By contemporary collectors who picked up bits by contemporary brushes in the way I describe.

To do the same thing to-day one must know whose "bits" to acquire. If you cannot afford to buy off an exhibition wall a Brangwyn, an Orpen, a John, an East, a Clausen, and so on (not to say a Sargent), you can study them in the exhibitions, and thus learn to recognise a chip from those workshops, so to speak.

You can study the illustrated books and periodicals which tell about the best pictures being painted in England and Scotland to-day—the *Studio*, for example, or books like "Frank Brangwyn and his work," by Mr. Shaw Sparrow (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net), which is a very informative and inspiring book indeed. Could you recognise a Brangwyn etching on zinc when you see one? These etchings will be sold for much gold some day. New or old, there are sketches and bits on mill-board, paper, or canvas to be found by tireless seekers yet; and these, I think, for people with more taste than spare hundreds, are the kind of pictures to buy.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks, but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

G. K. F. (Ilford).—Your two plain engravings after Serres are worth 10s. to 15s. This artist was not of any great repute.

L. J. V. (Yeovil).—"Letters on the Elements of Botany," by Thomas Martin, is worth 10s. to 15s., if well bound.

FACIEBAT (Liverpool).—From description your violin is a copy of a Strad. There are some thousands of these copies in existence, and they usually realise from 25s. to 45s., according to tone, etc. Faciebat means made.

E. G. M. (Forest Hill).—Can find no record of any artist of the name mentioned, and cannot express an opinion on the work without seeing either the pictures or photographs of them. Works of unknown artists, as a rule, realise nominal prices only.

P. H. (Finsbury Park).—Your volume, "The Book of Oaths," is worth 7s. 6d.

T. T. (Liverpool).—Your Baxter print is worth 15s. to 20s. Description of jugs is too vague for correct valuation, but if the lustre ones are old and in good condition, they are worth 12s. 6d. to 15s. each; others no value.

H. A. G. S. (Norfolk).—We have found Mr. Stephens, of Carlisle Street, Soho, W.C., a reliable china restorer, and his charges have been fair and reasonable.

S. H. (Bolton).—See answer to "E. G. M." Forest Hill.

WAXI (Aberdeen).—Hogarth's prints are not in fashion at present, and realise very small prices. Yours are not important ones, and worth only a few shillings each.

A. E. A. (Margate).—From description your engraving does not appear to be of any particular value, the subject is not such as is in demand. You do not state artist's name. If Mayer was an engraver. If you care to send it for inspection, will give definite advice.

T. P. (Charlbury).—Your small silver-handled knife and fork in case appear to be late Georgian, worth about 15s. to 20s., as well as can be judged from sketch, but cannot value definitely unless sent for inspection.

CREX (Southsea).—Your original complete set of *Punch*, from 1841 to 1909, is worth £12 12s.

H. W. P. (East Greenwich).—Your volume is not of any particular interest, but if well bound is worth 10s. to 12s.

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A USEFUL VOLUME.

THE proprietors of *The Fine Art Trade Journal*, of Maxwell House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C., have just issued Vol. III., 1909-10, of *Art Prices Current*, at the usual price of 11s. post free. This very useful volume will be of great interest to most of our curio readers as a work of reference. Every price obtained at Christie's during the past season, for pictures, drawings, engravings, and etchings, sold at their galleries, is to be found here, and its 600 pages form the most complete record obtainable.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

LETITIA'S CHARITY.

By CLEMENT SIDNEY.

LETITIA BRETTON associated herself with the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Gentlemen under protest. It was either that or astronomy, for Uncle Gordon had said so, and Uncle Gordon's word was law. Of the two evils Letitia chose the lesser, though she didn't in the least see why she should assist anybody.

Uncle Gordon of course, was full of fads. He had made a huge fortune out of cheese: he was a dear old thing, but fussy beyond reason. For the past fortnight he had lost no opportunity of lecturing Letitia on how a fascinating young woman should go. And since she loved her uncle very much (even when he was talking rubbish) Letitia listened, her blue eyes opening wider and wider with indignation and surprise in the process.

"I want you," Uncle Gordon said, "to *do* something with your life. You have finished with school and are a young woman at large: with your fortune and ability you ought to be a power for good. The responsibility now rests with you—I have done what I can, and it only remains for me to warn you against frittering away your time in a round of pleasures. Personally, I should advise you to make some special branch of study your own: there are many fascinating subjects of which your education has but touched the fringe: there is, for example, astronomy. Do you know how the earth is poised? Can you explain the Procession of the Equinoxes? Or indicate the position of the Sidereal Galaxy? Of course, you cannot."

Letitia, taking advantage of the fact that Uncle Gordon had been compelled to pause for want of breath gave it as her emphatic opinion that astronomy was simply too absurd for anything.

"Failing that," Uncle Gordon continued, "I would wish you to do something for the betterment of your less fortunate fellow men: the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Gentlemen, for instance, is clamouring for helpers, and such a cause is worthy of your highest endeavour."

After hearing this exhortation on three different occasions in one week, Letitia capitulated, and allowed herself to be interested in charity.

And so, on a certain bright December morning, Letitia found herself in Bayswater, armed with a card on which was written "Frank Tiler, 81, Groom Street." She was a little nervous on this, her first, visit on behalf of the society: however, a hasty glance along the street tended to restore confidence. Certainly the houses were old, but not at all what she understood by the word "slums."

She walked slowly from the spot where the taxicab had set her down, noting as she went the numbers on the doors. When she came to 81, a feeling of panic overtook her, but she pushed open the gate and hammered on the door. It was opened by the lady of the house, who spoke with a strong cockney accent to the effect that Mr. Tiler was at home and might be seen for the trouble of following her, his landlady.

A moment later Letitia found herself in his presence. She had at first some difficulty in concealing her astonishment: the man before her was young and good to look at: moreover, he was clean. The fact that he wore old and peculiarly-cut clothes only made this more striking. Instinctively her sympathy went out to him: this was a kind of poverty she had never anticipated.

"I've been sent" she said, "by the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Gentlemen."

With an obvious effort the man withdrew his eyes from the girl's face, and placed a chair for her invitingly near the fire.

"That's nice of them," he said.

"The lady who used to come has retired," she explained.

"I see." The man had taken the chair opposite Letitia and was examining her face with marked interest.

She found his obvious admiration a little trying, and blushed confusedly. "I'm not really used to this sort of thing—you see, it's my first visit to an——"

"Indigent gentleman?"

"Yes—and I hardly know what to say—it's very stupid of me, of course."

The man smiled sympathetically, and Letitia thought she had never before seen a face so full of animation.

"I'm shy with strangers myself," he said, "but if there's anything I can do——"

"Well, I think there is."

"Yes?"

"You see, I'm supposed to make a report on you for my committee, and I have several questions about you here to be answered." (Letitia produced a small book, bound in red vellum, which she opened and placed upon her lap) "I suppose I ought to get the answers out of you without your knowing about it, but if you don't really mind, I think I'll just get you to answer them yourself. It will simplify matters so much for me."

"Oh certainly, I don't object at all."

Letitia bent over the book on her knees.

"Are you——"

"Yes?"

"It sounds awfully impertinent. These questions are drawn up by the secretary, you know—it's supposed to make it easier for us, but really——"

"Please go on—don't mind me in any way. You see, when one is indigent one hardly minds anything, besides, I think it nice of the secretary to trouble about me at all."

"Well—are you drinking less?"

He rose suddenly from his chair, and stood with his back to her, looking out of the window. After a few moments he turned and answered her quite calmly: "I think I am."

Letitia made a note, and then put a further question.

"What attempt have you made to obtain regular employment since our last visit and with what success?"

"I've not had much success." To Letetia it sounded as though his voice trembled. Out of consideration for his feelings she did not look up,

"To what do you attribute your continued failure to obtain a permanent position?" Letitia was calmly pursuing the secretary's cross-examination.

"Art."

"Art?"

"Yes, permanent positions in that line are hard to find. You see I'm an artist."

"Are you? How very interesting. Now it is to help people like you that our society exists; people, I mean, who just require a little help in order to be able to help themselves. We don't attempt to do more than that; we don't, let us say, try to make every poor man an artist, but we do try to prevent a man who might become a great artist from going into a bank."

Letitia flushed with enthusiasm and triumph—the secretary herself, she thought, could not have explained the position more clearly. It was a fitting end to a successful visit, and she rose to go. "There," she said, "I think that will do for to-day: I hope I haven't bored you."

"Oh no!" The artist's voice carried conviction, and Letitia felt quite pleased. She had yet to convey the practical indication of the society's interest in the indigent, and the task worried her. Realising the impossibility of handing relief to this handsome young man as she might to a beggar, she shyly deposited the money on the mantelpiece.

"Now I've got used to you" she said, making for the door. "I hope I shall be less nervous when I come again."

"One gets used to anything. I'm so glad you will come again—with that to look forward to, it will be easy to remain abstemious." He was smiling down at her, and as she returned his smile, Letitia felt conscious of something in his expression she did not understand—surely he could not be laughing at her? All the same, there was about him a certain air of amusement.

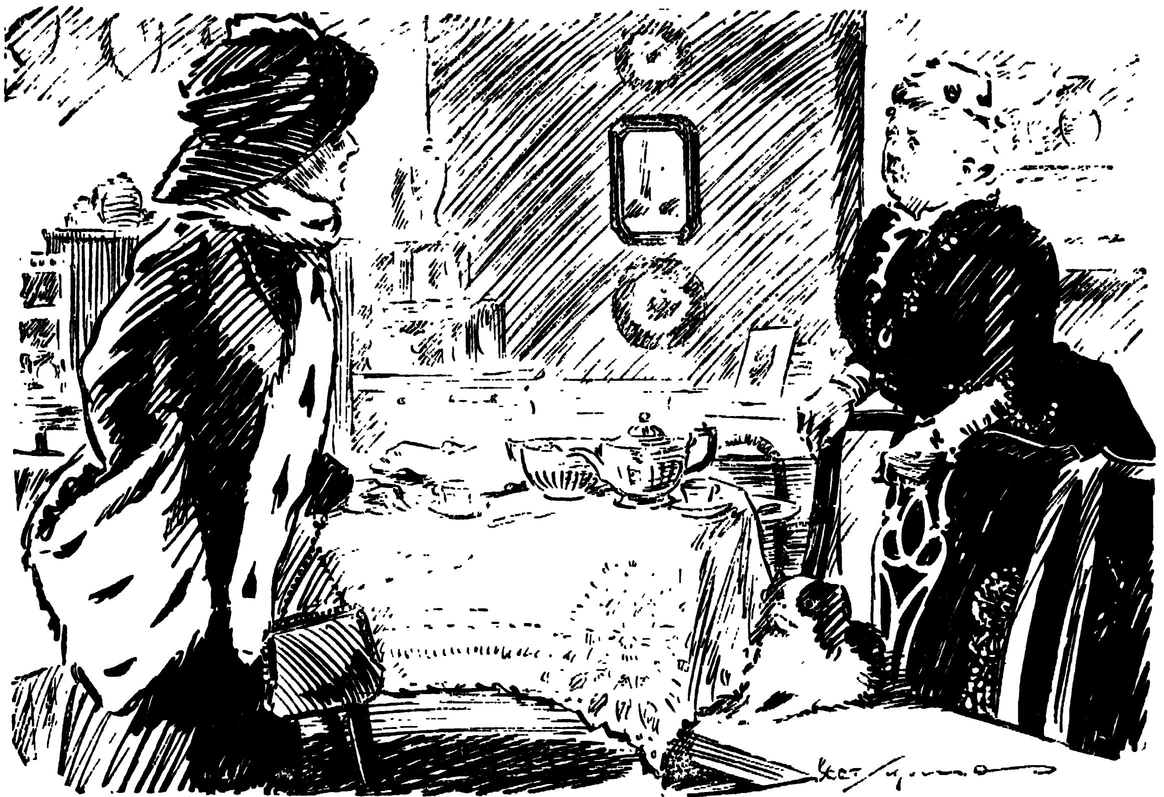
No sooner had his visitor departed than the artist



By H. M. Bateman.] [*To be continued.*

CARICATURES AT THE RINKS.

No. II.—The "I'm letting *you* do all the work" Girl.



"Just a minute, Mrs. M. I want to tell you something about my niece."
"I haven't time. I've got a train to catch. Is it anything bad?"
"Well, it isn't good."
"Oh, well, let's hear it. I can just as well catch the next train!"

strode across to the mantelpiece, and took up the money she had left. Then he summoned his landlady.

"That man upstairs," he asked, "how much does he owe you?"

"Oh lor, sir. Two-pounds-five—and I'm thinking I shall never see the edge of it."

"Here is three pounds; tell him that he is indebted for that amount to the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Gentlemen. I advise you to keep the difference against future debts."

Then, regardless of the volubly expressed gratitude of his landlady, he took out crayon and paper, and, with feverish intensity, began to reproduce the features of Letitia Bretton.

Two months later Letitia stood facing the artist in his little room in Groom Street. She had come straight from the Academy, moved by a desire to hit out whilst the mood was on her.

"I think you owe me some apology," she said.

The artist was paler than usual and his eyes fastened anxiously on the girl before him.

"You have seen it then?"

The girl drew herself up disdainfully. "I've seen a picture of myself, as the wife of an eastern potentate," she said.

"It certainly doesn't do you justice."

"You've made a fool of me."

"Oh no! Surely it isn't as bad as that. Some women would feel flattered—at being 'on the line,' I mean."

"Please don't trifle. Of course, the picture is—splendid. Being an artist, you may have peculiar ideas. It may not have struck you, for instance, that to adopt a lady as your model without her knowledge was, well, an ungentlemanly thing to do."

"Please don't!"

The artist had put up one hand pleadingly, but the girl ignored his distress, and continued.

"Listen! I went to the Academy this morning to find your picture. I sought through the catalogue, but no such name as F. Tiler was to be found. I was sorry, thinking that it meant disappointment for you. Merely to fill in time, I wandered round the galleries until I came to the canvas on which I was depicted. I knew at once the picture must be yours. I looked at the number and then, again, at the catalogue. Well, you know the rest."

"Yes, my name is not Tiler."

"Quite so. I made inquiries, for at first I thought it must be a mistake, a misprint; only to find that instead of being a poor, struggling artist, you are in reality the famous Felix Taylor. Well, by stooping to the meanest forms of deceit, you have had your joke, and, if making me a subject of ridicule was the end in view, it has certainly proved a success." And with a dignified toss of the head, Letitia turned to go.

Felix Taylor followed her with his eyes until she had reached the door, then he broke into chaotic speech.

"Stop, you mustn't go like this. I must have done you an injury, but, at any rate, you shall see that the fault was not all mine. Eight months ago I was longing for a sight of such a face as yours for the subject I wished to paint. Well, you came, I realised at once that it was all a mistake, that my cockney landlady had brought you to Mr. Taylor instead of to Mr. Tiler (having heard her speak, you will appreciate how easily she would fall into such an error), but the temptation was too great—the more so that I knew my fellow lodger, Tiler, to be a drunkard and a charlatan—and I played my part. I meant only to carry the thing on until I had made all the "studies" necessary for the purpose of my picture; but when that time came and I wanted to explain the true position I dare not. I was afraid you might go away even as you came, and I dreaded the thought because—I had learned to love you, Letitia."

The girl made no sign; she stood there motionless with her back towards him. And because the artist could not see her face he feared the expression on it spelt the ruin of all his hopes. When he spoke again it was to break the strain of that nerve-racking silence rather than to add anything to his defence.

"Believe me, I intended to spare you the shock of

this morning's discovery, but I left it too late. Last week you did not come."

Still Letitia did not speak, and in sheer desperation the artist tried again. "I ought to explain about the other man. The money you left in the early days of your visits, I handed over to our landlady on his behalf. But a strange spell of prosperity overtook him, and there were no more debts I could pay. Some unknown philanthropist was in the market buying his wretched daubs recklessly. Faster, indeed, than even he could dash them off. Therefore I had no option but to hold the money until our day of reckoning. You may rest assured that the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Gentlemen shall not lose by its connection with me."

Quite suddenly Letitia turned towards him, and the artist saw that she was consumed with mirth.

"At least," he said "I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that you did not leave me in anger."

Letitia's eyes opened to their utmost extent. "Leave you!" she exclaimed. "Of course, I shan't leave you. You'll have to come and help me to explain things to poor Uncle Gordon—you see, he was the unknown philanthropist. I made him buy them."

For a second Taylor hesitated. Then he crossed the room and gathered her in his arms.

* * *

SHARP PRACTICE!

By T. MARK.

I HAVE heard people say that the officials who preside over the registration of births, marriages, and deaths in this country, are slow, unbusinesslike, cobwebby and general back-numbers.

It may be so. My experience is limited. Others had the joy of registering my arrival, and, judging from the bills received by the last post, I am not yet considered defunct.

But I was recently married at a registry office, and if the gentlemen occupied there in Brampton want to be vindicated from the charge mentioned above, they may apply to me. They are not effete at Brampton. Indeed, I considered their methods of making custom rather swift.

We were just executing a double shuffle on the mat when a door on the right flew open, a glossy young head inspected my tie, drew a natural deduction, remarked, "Marriage, straight upstairs, on left, end of landing" and disappeared. It is this pomp and circumstance that drive so many to the privacy of a church wedding.

The lean registrar sprang up from his desk, presumed we were of age, and started off on the vows. He interrupted me once to explain mysterious sounds which had begun outside the door. "Scrubbing the landing," he said. "Gwon!"

He saw the ring safely on, then delegated a myrmidon who had been acting as witness to conduct the rest of the ceremony, and went downstairs.

The clerk sighed heavily, and began setting some posers in mental arithmetic. Each answer seemed to take chips off his faith in human nature, but he set them all down uncorrected on a blue paper, then he sold me the result for £2 1s. 2½d. He was about to utter some little formula, but my wife so astounded him by asking the price of a divorce that he let us drift through the door ungratulated and unblessed.

He stood in his doorway, clearly on the verge of speech, watching us pick out the shallows on the landing, now decorated with a vivid smell, shiny pools, and a marooned scrubbing-brush. We were at the top of the stairs before he spoke. "All joy and 'appiness, sir." I turned to thank him. Now, if he didn't know that the soap had been left on the top step, why did he wait till then before speaking? "Many thanks," I replied, and stepped down. It was a long step—a whole flight of steps. The soap simply threw my foot up, and I flew downstairs on my back like luggage down a chute. "Woosh!" as Mr. H. G. Wells would say.

I adopted a complicated position on the mat in front of the glossy young man's door. It opened immediately I touched ground. The registrar himself came forth and bent over me.

And this is why I complain of sharp practice. In one hand was a wet pen, ready for action: in the other a blank death certificate.

I shall take my custom elsewhere in future.

MORE MALE UGLINESS.

By L. H. LOVEGROVE.

The loud wail on the subject of Male Ugliness, which found vent in London Opinion recently, has aroused a little resentment and much curiosity.

Is it a genuine yearn from the whole female community, or is it the "sour-grapes" theory of a section of sub-acid club spinsters? From its typically ungenerous and unreasonable ring it is probably fairly representative of the views of modern woman—whom it is high time to slap.

It would be very easy to create such a yearn and bring it to the surface. Let a woman voice the view that modern man is ugly at every hen-party, and she will naturally meet with unanimous assent. Sure thing. Just as unanimous as the purely male view would be of the petty unhumorousness, the nerve-ridden slackness, and the semi-lunatic costume of modern woman. It is a matter of sex-warfare—and sex-warfare bids fair to take the place of international and tribal warfare in the future.

But if the reputed fair sex is seriously and actually disappointed with man's physical beauty, what then? Does woman want a superman to play with? And would a superman respond to her affection—would he go the loving limit towards her even when she was plus tin-haircurlers and minus other appurtenances?

As long as man pays the bills woman should not complain of his war-worn appearance. A man hardly has time to follow up the numerous advertisements of the beauty-fakirs in the feminine Press when there are one or two women at home to support—and the vast majority of women are still men-fed.

I am a male, I am ugly, and I shall not lose any sleep if I am condemned at every gathering of eloquent females in Great Britain. I take it that there are a few more in my position. A man has to skip pretty freely, nowadays, to avoid being roped in by the many disinterested young females who are desirous of the soft job of guiding his destinies. I am glad I am ugly if it will keep me unmarried.

But I cannot dislodge the idea that a female will always prefer a ruffian with the butt-end of a bank-book sticking out of his pocket to the living classic, with a medallion profile, but no other sign of coin about him. An ugly man may be always despised by women, but he will never be safe from female interest if he has money. In America the slang expression for the husband is "the meal-ticket." There is a deadly expressiveness about the phrase that should convey a warning to the unmarried man.

Great Britain is an island of superabundant women with superabundant desires. The good old healthy Chinese custom of drowning the majority of female infants has horse-sense in it, and would be an economic success over here. At present, the female overplus endeavours to support itself by entering the commercial fight. There, woman is limited, by the iron law of supply and demand, to the mechanical tasks her inefficiency fits her for. She is sweated, she is unhappy, and she is generally unhealthy. Her only power lies in her numbers, and this power is at present nullified by a natural lack of cohesion. She has no future, and is very liable to collect a "past."

Man does not complain of modern woman's ugliness It is too difficult to tell what a woman is really like when she is propped up with the usual gauds: it is usually too late to complain when she is finally explored. He does not even touch upon her inability to suckle her young, or her interference with the political end of the commercial enterprises she does not run. Man merely complains that the average woman is not wanted. There are too many of her, and this rabbit tendency to useless, devouring numbers is a very real drawback to both individual and national prosperity. But here's luck to her, all the same!



Cheerful Old Idiot: "I say, you'll excuse me, but d'you know that you are the thinnest policeman I've ever seen."

Robert: "Yes, I'm a new hand, and haven't got to know the cooks yet!"

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

THE BUST

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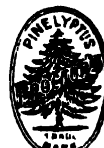
Please write plainly.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

"Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice, and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho Laryngeal.)

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THROAT,		ASTHMA,
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A Boon to Singers, Speakers, Teachers, etc.

Sold by Chemists and Stores only in boxes, 1/-.

Insist on having "PINELYPTUS."

CORNS Hard Skin Warts Bunions, cured by **SPIDER**, the infallible Corn Remover, 1/- per packet, 3 for 2/-, post free. The Alcema Drug Co., Dept. 9, Harrogate. Your money returned if SPIDER will not remove your Corns. If **FREE TRIAL** required, send stamped addressed envelope.

PLEX DUPLICATOR

At last a really practical device for reproducing in quantities handwriting, typewriting, pencil. For letters, circulars, shipping invoices, music, menus, etc. Supersedes gelatines and stencils. Write for List 9, Quadruplex Ltd., 88 Goswell Road, London, E.C.

LE RUGBYMAN COMES.

England against France on Saturday. By E. H. D. Sewell.

On the other side of that often distressing splash of water known as the English Channel they have long become used to *le 5 o'clock*, *le sportsman*, and *le jockey*. Now *le rugbyman* is becoming equally popular.

So much so that the French Government, becoming cognisant of the enormous public interest in the game—at the ground of the Stade Bordelais, for example, crowds of eight to a dozen thousand spectators have become *de rigueur* on a normal Sunday afternoon—has just devoted 10,000 francs to the Rugby section of the Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques, which is the central controlling football body of the Republic. There is always danger of professionalism in "Rugger" in France, and the recent well-deserved victory on the day's play of the chosen national French XV. over the National Scottish XV. will have served to fan the flame among an emotional race as nothing else could.

It is of the leading men in that victory that I would write—men who I hope to see playing against England on the 28th inst. at Twickenham.

Marcel Communeau, of the Stade Français, has captained the French XV. every time he has played in it. His place is always in the third row of the forwards, the French believing greatly in the New Zealand system of an assigned place for each forward. Communeau is thus better able to utilise to the full his excellent abilities "in the loose."

It was he who, with Mounic of the Stade Toulousain, was largely responsible for the first try *v.* Scotland, the pair backing up splendidly to make the most of Lane's cross-kick.

Communeau, who was at the college of Albert le Grand, Paris, is dark and well built, details of a type I am not prone to give, but do so now for identification purposes at Twickenham.

Lane has played for many years for the Racing Club de France, of which team he is now the captain. He plays now as right wing, but can play centre. Short, sturdily built, with dark curly hair, he was very fast, but is now losing pace. He learnt the game at the Collége Chaptal in Paris. It was his accurate interception of a pass and well-judged and timed cross-kick that proved the turning point in the Scottish defeat.

Combes, the full back, saved goodness knows how many tries four Januaries since, at the Parc des Princes against the full strength of the South African team of 1906-7. Age has not withered his infinite variety, for if one man kept Scotland out during the last ten minutes at Colombes, on 2nd January, it was this plucky little Frenchman, who never seems to be going to do very much, but invariably accomplishes a lot. He is the Stade Français full back for many years; not a good kick, but will go down to any rush and tackle anything. So much for the older generation of the French team.

Of the younger men Failliot, the left wing of the Racing Club de France, is at once the most remarkable and attractive personality. Standing over six feet, and scaling over fourteen stone, he is built up to these proportions. He has done the 100 mètres in even time, the quarter in 49 sec., and is, at the moment, the champion French all-round athlete. In 1907-8 he was playing Soccer, and only began the Rugby game in 1908.

Thus, when I state that he is to-day the most dangerous wing three-quarter playing it will be admitted that his advance has been speedy, and probably said that I am romancing. I can only express the wish that he is in form, and all the disbelievers present at Twickenham. If a World's XV. were chosen to-day he would be first choice for the left wing position. I will leave it at that, hoping he is able to do himself fair justice against England.

Burgun, also of the Racing Club, is a most promising left centre in attack. He is not first class at stopping a rush, but has a better notion of true feint and dodge than any three-quarter France has shown us; plays to his wing as every true centre should. Neither dark nor fair some folk would call him dunduketty. He is of medium height.

Laterrade, captain of the Tarbes team from near the Pyrenees, is the right build for a scrum half; about 5 feet 6 inches and scaling probably about 11 stones. His passing is capital in its aim and height, and is of a fair pace. He is a bit of a character, *tutoying* strangers impartially, but he gets on very well with the referee, and plays the game—is not mechanical.

Of the others, Peyroutou, of Périgueux, outside half with a good feint; Mounic, a very fast forward from Toulouse; Décamps, of the Racing, a fairly good place-kicker in a land that does not breed the species, and Mauriat, a heavyweight forward from Lyons, are perhaps the best. But let all men come and see, and should the day prove dry and fine I guarantee few disappointments.



Violinist (with disguised bottle): "Some new music I've just got hold of."
Knowing Friend: "Ah, yes. I can hear its harmonious gurgle!"

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"





Great Coronation Offer.

A CROWN FOR EVERY BRITISH SUBJECT FREE.

Mr. Edwardes' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free supplies of his famous preparation, "Harlene," to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair.

There is presented to every man and woman this great Coronation year the means of obtaining without cost a personal "crown" that will prove a lasting pride. The "crown" offered is that of a luxuriant, free-growing head of hair, and that irrespective of its present condition.

Mr Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame, has decided to mark this auspicious year by presenting to all a triple gift which will enable them to commence a pleasant, common-sense method of eradicating hair troubles and of cultivating strong, healthy, fine-looking hair.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift is :—

1. A seven days' supply of the splendid hair specific and tonic "Harlene."
2. A special supply of "Cremex," which, by cleansing the hair of all dust and dirt, prepares the scalp for the use of "Harlene."
3. An extremely interesting book describing "Hair-Drill" method of growing hair.

This triple gift will be sent you free in order that you may at once commence without expense to yourself a seven days' free trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To secure this "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift please send your name and address on the coupon below, together with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage. Should you need larger supplies of "Harlene" this may be obtained of all chemists in bottles at 1/-, 2/6 and 4/6.

"Cremex" Shampoo Powders may be obtained in a similar manner, price 1/- per box of six.

In addition to the triple gift for those who desire a crown of beautiful hair, the discoverer of "Harlene" has inaugurated



"Hair-Drill" should be commenced at the very earliest age. It strengthens the hair-roots and avoids such troubles as scurf, etc.



Hair that looks well—and is well—gives added smartness to the appearance. "Harlene Hair-Drill" assures this to every man.

A GREAT CORONATION COMPETITION WITH £500 CASH PRIZES.

1st Lady's Prize, £50. 1st Gent's Prize, £50.
Two Children's Prizes (Boy, Girl), £25 each.

The conditions governing the competition are extremely simple, and are as follows —

1.—If you are not a user of Harlene you should at once send for the triple gift, "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. If you have already received a Sample Outfit, or are still using "Harlene," there is no necessity to send for the Outfit again. If, however, you desire to enter the Competition, Rule 3 must be observed.

2. Each person entering must send The Edwards Harlene Co. a photograph in which a good view of the hair is clearly given, and in the photographs an expert committee will judge.

3.—It is necessary that each competitor shall be a user of "Harlene," and therefore shall send a wrapper from any bottle of "Harlene" which has been used, whether it be a 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. bottle.

4.—It is an absolute condition of entry that the judging committee's decision is taken as final, from which there is no appeal.

5.—All photographs must reach The Edwards Harlene Co. not later than June 21st, 1911, the day before the Coronation, and must bear the name and address of the sender, together with any necessary particulars written distinctly and pasted at the back of the photograph. Photographs may be sent in any time from now, but not later than June 21st.

6.—No responsibility will be recognised for the delay or loss of photos sent in, and the return of same cannot be effected.

The announcement of the result will be published in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express*, and *Daily Chronicle* on July 13th, and the distribution of prizes will take place on that day.



Hair in glorious abundant masses should be the possession of all. If you lack this gift, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will enable you to secure it.



In the keen competition of to-day it is necessary for a man of business to keep his youthful clean-cut appearance, and here the matter of hair is of great importance.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE Co., 95 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

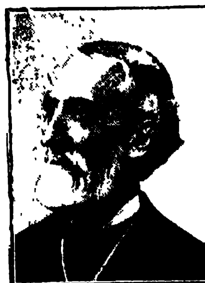
NAME...

ADDRESS...

London Opinion, Jan. 28, 1911. ....



It is in the prime of life that the hair needs most attention, for it is then that it is most liable to fall out if the scalp is neglected.



There is no reason why age should necessitate baldness. Men who adopt the "Harlene" Method in advanced years keep plentiful, healthy heads of hair.

FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

II.—A "Titled" Swindler.

A LAWYER, having chambers in Lincoln's Inn, received a visit from the "Hon. Hubert Hamilton" some years back. The latter had a suite of rooms in the same building as the lawyer, and the name "Hubert Hamilton" was to be seen on a brass plate affixed to the door.

The card announcing the nobleman's visit bore a coronet, and obtained for its owner an immediate audience. The Hon. Herbert had come to discuss business, explained that he was a ward in Chancery, and asked the lawyer to act for him. This the lawyer readily agreed to do.

Then the Hon. Hubert launched forth volubly into a description of his family affairs and worldly possessions. He had, said he, large estates in Northamptonshire, Ireland, and Scotland, besides other kinds of property, which, however, he could not get at until his uncle died. His uncle, he added, was Lord Glencairn. He also stated that the late Marquis of Hastings was his cousin, and that he was related to the Duke of Hamilton. Altogether he created a very favourable impression with the lawyer, who experienced a sense of satisfaction at having an opportunity of representing so interesting and distinguished a client. The interview terminated in the lawyer accepting an invitation to visit the Hon. Hubert at his own chambers, there to go further into the business.

Accordingly, the next day, the lawyer presented himself at the door bearing the brass plate inscribed "Hubert Hamilton," and was ushered in by a liveried servant. The room he found himself in was elegantly furnished, on the walls of which were plans of Lord Glencairn's vast estates.

Further talk with the Hon. Hubert served still more favourably to impress the man of parchment, who regarded his new client as a very pleasant and well-informed young nobleman. Among other things the latter displayed to the lawyer a bundle of deeds, which he took from a tin box, and which he explained were documents relating to his various estates and other property. And the lawyer never for a moment questioned their genuineness.

Thus did the "Hon. Hubert Hamilton" ingratiate himself into the good graces of the lawyer of Lincoln's Inn. The acquaintance lasted for some time, and ripened into cordiality. The lawyer saw a good deal of his aristocratic client, who was constantly in and out of his, the lawyer's, chambers. One morning the Hon. Hubert looked in at the solicitor's office and informed the solicitor that a lady cousin of his was about to be married, and that he would like to make her a handsome present. Could the solicitor recommend him to a diamond merchant? Yes, the solicitor could, and taking out one of his cards he made the following inscription upon it: "This is to introduce to you the Hon. Hubert Hamilton, future Lord Glencairn, a client of mine, who wishes to purchase some diamonds as a wedding present." He then directed him to take the card to a certain diamond merchant in Hatton Garden.

Thanking him cordially, the Hon. Hubert took the card, jumped into a cab, and drove at once to the address of the diamond merchant. The latter received him with open arms, and in the space of a few minutes the eyes of the Hon. Hubert were being gladdened by a lavish display of glistening gems. Of these he had a liberal selection, his purchase amounting in the aggregate to about two thousand pounds. Of course, he did not pay for them, and left the merchant on very cordial terms.

The Hon. Hubert was now thoroughly launched upon London society, and proceeded to "spread out." Finding his chambers not sufficiently commodious for him he took a very nice villa at Kingston-on-Thames, which he furnished on a lavish scale, and where he "received" elaborately and hospitably, the lawyer and the diamond merchant being among the most frequent visitors. The latter did not trouble about his account, nor did the Hon. Hubert deign to refer to it in any way.



A NEW ROAD TO RICHES.

Her Father: "You're coming into money? How?"

Her Suitor: "Well, I've found in several books characters with names like mine, so I reckon on a thou. or two in damages!"

Time went on, and the young nobleman developed still further habits of extravagance, among other things acquiring an estate in Scotland, whither he invited all the friends and acquaintances who had enjoyed his hospitality at Kingston on-Thames, including, of course, the lawyer and the diamond merchant. To these he also added others, including a young clergyman whom he found very useful—useful because the cleric was able to help him in gratifying his inordinate appetite for jewellery. The clergyman was on intimate terms with a Glasgow firm of jewellers, to whom he introduced the young nobleman. The latter was not long ere he laid the firm in question under contribution. He, however, was tactful enough not to do so with any undue haste, and first enlisted the confidence of the firm by exhibiting to them a work of art, a delicately-painted miniature, concerning which he related an elaborate and interesting story. It was supposed, according to his narrative, to have belonged to the mother of the great Napoleon, and it had come into his, the young nobleman's, possession in devious ways. The firm were interested in it, and asked to be allowed to exhibit it in their window, a request which was at once granted by its possessor.

Then the Hon. Hubert deemed it time to make purchases, and, selecting a number of works of art and some jewellery, asked that they might be sent to his residence. But the Glasgow firm, with their native shrewdness and cautiousness, politely asked for some kind of reference, and the Hon. Hubert at once referred them to his bankers. This the jewellers took up, and, it being quite satisfactory, the goods were delivered. The latter were of the value of about £4,000.

Two or three months went by, and the Glasgow firm, having neither heard of nor seen anything more of their aristocratic customer, instituted inquiries. Then the whole truth came out, and a very bright bubble was burst. The "Hon. Hubert Hamilton" was nowhere to be found! He had, in fact, disappeared from all his known haunts, leaving a crowd of creditors to mourn his loss. He was proved to be neither "honourable" nor "noble," but neither more nor less than a skilful, astute, daring, and conscienceless rogue and swindler.

The secret of success in this kind of crime is the good impression created by the delinquent at the very outset. That once accomplished, the rest is comparatively easy. If this, however, fails, then the whole scheme falls through. Had the inquiries which were subsequently made been set on foot at the start, the "Hon. Hubert Hamilton" would never have cast his radiance over London and Scotland, and many credulous and duped persons who were victims would have been richer and happier. There have been many such cases, and they have always succeeded by virtue of confidence having been gained at the outset, and suspicion lulled or never aroused. Although the bankers' reference given to the Glasgow firm was satisfactory when taken up, all the money which had then been lying there had since been withdrawn, which demonstrates how unreliable a banker's reference is.

He scuttled into Canada, and was traced to Manitoba. Here he paused, and made a wrong reckoning. He thought himself safe for the time being. But his presence was known and his sham identity pierced, with the result that the messengers of Justice had soon marked down their quarry. Even as he thought himself safe, he was within the snare. The officers were, indeed, upon the threshold of his hiding-place. They walked into his presence, his "nobleness" fell away from him like a rotten garment, and he stood revealed.

The sands were nearly run out. The ill-begotten creature was at his last gasp. But he had no intention of surrendering to that outraged justice which for so long he had defied. He asked permission of his custodians to go into an adjoining room to fetch his hat, and this was at once accorded him. It mattered little, thought the officers, for there was no way of escape but past them. No way, say you? Scarcely had the culprit disappeared through the doorway than the loud report of a pistol was heard. The officers rushed to the door, but it was too late.

The "Hon. Hubert Hamilton" had "gone out."

NEXT WEEK: "THE DUBLIN CASTLE JEWELS."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Cruft's Great Show.

DURING the early part of February will be held, at the Agricultural Hall, Cruft's great dog show—the second largest in the kingdom. To the general public it is the most popular in the whole world. The entry this year is enormous. Mr. Cruft has built up this mammoth annual entirely "on his own." Years ago he was a little lad in the small shop that old Mr. Spratt had in Holborn. Out of that small beginning grew the great manufacturing dog biscuit business; a house that now has its bakeries all over the world.

The Bloodhound.

At the Empire, or old Grand Theatre, Islington, the other night, was to be seen the bloodhound Pedro in a detective sketch. Pedro is a very good hound, and highly typical. But the bloodhound is little used in England at this date for tracking criminals or other "wanted" persons. I am afraid that he is not worked enough on such cases; and there could be no harm if more "devil" were put in him. The English bloodhound of the moment is, generally speaking, not savage at all. He will run up to his quarry, throw up his head, and never attempt to take hold of his quarry. It is not so in the United States, where bloodhounds are in constant use. But there they are usually hunted on a leash, so that they cannot worry the runaway at the finish.

A Man Hunt.

The writer has been one of a party to run down a miscreant with bloodhounds. He had stilettoed a countryman of his—an Italian. In clearing away he dropped his hat. That meant his undoing, for a few hours afterwards, the bloodhounds being given a sniff of the hat, they soon recognised the line of the murderer, and away they went at top speed, even running over the frosted pavements. We got our man.

Birmingham Show.

The Fifty-second Annual Show at the Midland metropolis, in this year of grace, proved a tremendous success. A notable win was made by the English Setter Rumney Refinement, the property of Mr. Harry Gunn, of Cardiff. Mr. Gunn retains those kindly sentiments towards a good setter which his father, the late Mr. John E. Gunn, always had. Rumney Refinement is all that her name would suggest. She won prize after prize and the thirty-guinea cup for the best setter of all breeds in the show. Mr. Judd's Irish Setter, Champion Riverside Red Guide, was the next best setter in the show—always a particularly important one in the matter of gun or sporting dogs.

A Dog and Fish Net.

During the early hours of a quiet summer morning, your correspondent and a friend were leaning over the bridge at Haverfordwest, South Wales, when there quietly stole down the river sides two men who set a net athwart the arches of the bridge. We remained unseen—unsuspected. There was a flash or two of a lantern, and we could now hear something crossing and recrossing the shoals or streams of the river. It proved to be a dog "beating" or "quartering" the water, just as would a pointer or setter a field he was hunting. Fish feed on the shallows o' nights. Thinking the dog was an otter, they would be scared on their way back to the deep water to be intercepted by the unrelenting net. The poachers then took their toll from the Cleddau.

Borzois and Their Worth.

Major and Mrs. E. L. Borman won the two chief prizes or championships at Birmingham in the Borzoi or Russian wolfhound classes with Champion Ravisdon Rajah and Champion Miss Piastri. This wolfhound of the Muscovite is elegance itself. What is more, he is extremely useful, and no dog living has the strength of jaws combined with such an abnormal turn of speed. If we look at a timber wolf we notice his great strength, while his fangs are as long and strong as those of the hyæna. The Borzoi when slipped in threes at a wolf, bump him until an opportunity occurs when they can take him at the back of the ears, and roll over with him, never losing their grip, and at the same time keeping away from the powerful jaws of the brute, which can easily break an ordinary dog's legs.

Great Danes at Birmingham.

The Great Danes at Birmingham were simply splendid. There was an enormous entry, the chief prizes being secured by Mr. M. B. Kirwan's well-known Champion Conn of Cleveleys, a most beautiful dog, and the extremely promising bitch puppy (eleven months) Genda of Sudbury, the property of Mrs. F. Hatfield. Great Danes are magnificent guards. They are fearless, sensible, and, above all, active.

A Lion-Tamer's Great Danes.

Captain Bonavita, the world's most celebrated lion-tamer, has often told the writer that he didn't have a couple of Great Danes in the arena while working *twenty-seven* full grown lions for ornament alone. Not that a Dane would have much chance in a real "mix up" or "row," as this dare-devil is pleased to style a fight among lions; but they will go for the lion that attacks the tamer, and give the man a chance to escape through the double gate.



Temptation.

OUR WEEKLY COMPETITIONS TO START AGAIN.

Now that Xmas and New Year festivities are well over we are being inundated with requests to resume our weekly Competitions.

We propose next week, therefore, to start them afresh, and believe that we have a novelty—or, rather, an old friend in a new guise - which will be of real interest, and afford genuine amusement to our readers.

Recognising that substantial prizes lend added zest to the trial of skill by which every competitor endeavours to get to the top of the list each week, we contemplate a return to the Sixpenny Postal Order with each coupon, so that as the number of entries grows the prizes will be sufficiently numerous to make trying for them tempting apart from the pleasure of the competition itself.

Let all your friends know, therefore, that LONDON OPINION Coupon Competitions are starting again next week. A word to the wise is sufficient.

PEERAGE COMPETITION.

£500 Offered for Names of Veto Lords.

ARE there 500 Commoners in England fit to be made Peers so as to create a Liberal majority in the House of Lords? We want their names and we offer our readers £1 each for them.

Although many people hold that Mr. Asquith will never submit a list to the King in order to carry the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords, and so curtail the Veto that house can now put on legislation the Conservative leaders, in the Press and on the platform, urge that rather than surrender the actual creation should be insisted on; and with the meeting of Parliament the subject will come within the range of practical discussion.

As an interesting pastime, we invite our readers to write names of those they think likely to appear on the Premier's list, one each on a coupon like that on page 149; and we undertake to pay £1 for the first received of each one that proves correct when the official list comes out.

There is no entrance fee, so if you don't win at least you don't lose; and as the number of Peers required may be anything up to 500 you are "on something to nothing" all the time. All you have to expend is knowledge and judgment—skill in the selection of those fit to make our laws.

So jot down all the names you can think of as likely; write each on a coupon—taking care to make clear which man you mean lest there be others of that name—and post them to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

It is not an easy thing to pick 500 suitable names; though we have already received some thousands of coupons, the entries so far do not yet number five hundred different names; and a large proportion of these are quite certain to be "non-starters," as is



OUR DOGS.

Lady Owner: "Poor dear little Pickles! He scarcely eats anything at all. What must I do?"
Dog Specialist (sympathetically): "You might change his diet from peacock's breast to plover's eggs!"

evident from the selection we have published; while of the remainder many are quite unlikely to get placed, so that the possibilities of winning a good share of the offered £500 have not yet begun to be exhausted.

In the case of any question whatever arising the Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and all competitors, by the act of entering, agree to that condition.

Entries may be sent in now; the date of the closing of the competition will be announced later.

Mark Envelopes **Peerage**, *and post immediately to 3, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.*

I, ...

of ....

enter the following name as one selection for "London Opinion" Peerage Competition, and hereby undertake to accept as final the award to be published in that journal.

....

....

THE POPE AND MIXED MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of London Opinion.

Dear Sir,—

The Pope's decree simply embodies an ecclesiastical regulation, and is an example which good Catholics cheerfully obey.

He has found that these mixed unions almost inevitably lead to a falling away from the Church; in many cases, indeed, to utter neglect of religion in any form. He is wise, therefore, in the interests of parents and children alike, in discouraging such alliances in every way possible.

Please note, however, that he cannot and does not pronounce a mixed marriage void as a legal contract. What he says is, that the essentials for matrimony as a Sacrament (unless dispensation has been obtained) have not been observed, and that consequently the parties are not married in the eyes of the Catholic Church until those essentials are complied with.

Yours faithfully,

Catholic Layman.

P.S.—I may add that this decree applies to England, as well as to Ireland.

• • •

HE GUESSED.

Their love is now a turned-down page,
'Tis finished—close the lid;
She bantered him to guess her age,
And he did, the chump! He did!"

• • •

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE INCOME.

"I'm thinking of getting married."

"Then you will be. Congratulations"

"But how much will it cost us to live?"

"That's simple. Add about £1 a week to what you get."

• • •

WHY HE WAS AT OXFORD.

Tutor: "Why did you come to Oxford, anyway? You are not studying."

Undergrad.: "Well, mother says it is to fit me for the Premiership; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and Pa, to bankrupt the family."

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Evening Clothes.

I HAVE been asked various questions lately regarding the cut of the evening suit, or dress suit as it is commonly called. Many of my readers seem to be exercised in their minds as to whether they ought to take their tailor's hints and have the waistcoat of this suit cut with a V-shaped opening. There is no doubt that a waistcoat cut in that way is fashionable just now, but I think that the man who is going to make his evening suit last two or three years—as is the custom of the average man who does not need to wear the suit every night—should go very slow in deciding on such a big change in the style of his evening waistcoat.

The best plan is to have a couple of white waistcoats made in this way, and a black one with the style considerably modified. The white waistcoats should be made by the tailor who makes the suit. It is possible, of course, to get a fairly good white evening waistcoat ready made, but the price of a good one is practically the same as that of the waistcoat that the tailor would make, and the waistcoat made to measure is in every way preferable to the one which may or may not be quite right, but which will probably be wrong in one important particular. I will explain.

A Question of Angles.

Roughly speaking, the style of the present-day evening suit is a matter of angles. The opening of the waistcoat is brought down to a point, and the waistcoat is cut away below the bottom button, thus bringing the two sides of the waistcoat down to two points. To get a proper symmetrical effect the coat should be cut on the same lines, but this is exactly what many tailors are neglecting to do, and the consequence is that the man who has a waistcoat cut in the new style is at a loss to know why it does not look so well as he anticipated.

The front of the coat is where the trouble lies. The two fronts should be cut in straight lines, sloping downwards, so that the lines of the coat follow those of the waistcoat; all curves are done away with. The fronts of the coat thus come down to two points, corresponding to the two points at the bottom of the waistcoat. Taking a line from the bottom of one of these points the coat should be cut in a line upwards, so that at a point just about over the pocket there is another angle. When the fronts of the coat are held over the waistcoat the bottom part of the waistcoat should be hidden. (This is where the ready-made waistcoat generally gives itself away.) The tails of the coat should also come down to a point—or rather as near to a point as it is possible to get them. The angle there must be slightly blunted off because one side of the coat has to overlap the other, and if the tails were cut to a point it would not be possible to make a neat job of the overlapping. The fronts of the coat are, of course, more important. If these are right, the rest of the coat will appear to be right, even if it is slightly "out" in parts. The lapels should have a silk facing brought right to the edge.

Fancy Evening Waistcoats.

Some men are having the collar of the evening waistcoat made with double-breasted lapels—in a very small size, of course—and a waistcoat cut in this way certainly goes well with the coat I have described. Fancy waistcoats of various kinds—mostly a silver grey—seem to be rather popular now, but to my mind they are not so smart as the plain white waistcoat made of soft piqué. There is only one drawback to this kind of waistcoat; it affords such a great temptation to the average laundress to be extravagant in the matter of starch. No matter how well the waistcoat is cut and made, if it is starched so badly that it is as stiff as a board it will not "set" properly. With regard to the steel-grey waistcoats, these are mostly made of a fine smooth stuff—I believe the technical name for it is mohair—and I am bound to say that on some men a waistcoat of this kind is not at all amiss, especially if it is regarded as a kind of semi-evening waistcoat and is worn with a black tie and a dinner jacket.

Evening Trousers.

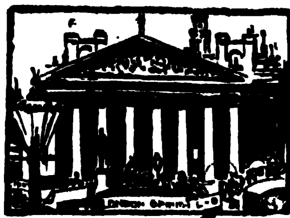
There is very little alteration to be noted in the cut of evening trousers. In the ordinary way, such trousers—in fact, any trousers of a plain dark cloth—appear to be a trifle narrower than they really are, owing, of course, to the absence of pattern. Therefore, although evening trousers always appear to be much narrower than ordinary trousers there is not really very much difference in the cut. This year the difference is really less than it usually is because the evening trousers ought to appear to be a trifle wider than those to which we have been accustomed. There should be a row of silk braid about half an inch wide down the outside seams of the trousers, or two rows of quarter-inch braid with a little space between the rows.

Cloth for Evening Suits.

Luckily for men, there is not a large range of choice in the matter of cloth for evening suits. The cloth should not be perfectly smooth; on the other hand, a very rough cloth looks too clumsy. It is a very good plan to have two suits, a thin one for the summer and a thicker one for this time of the year. In any case the trousers of the suit which is to be worn now, should be a little thicker than those worn in the summer.



"Well, Piggy, this is what you git fer bein' a hog an' havin' no intelligence!"



Stocks and Shares

BY EAGLE.

Likely Kaffirs—Dangers of Japanese stocks—"Bargains" by Post.

THE Stock Exchange will not be sorry when the big loan issues impending are got out of the way. They act as a distinct deterrent to business of a speculative kind, and, moreover, hang like a pall over the investment section of the House. It seems that sound 5 per cent. securities are to become the fashion, and, if this expectation is realised, exchanges out of lower yielding stocks must tend to increase.

Dangerous Japs.

Whilst the enthusiasm for Japanese securities as investments is not so great as it used to be, there are many who have invested largely in them in proportion to their means. Readers would do well to study the position. At the moment the country is having the greatest difficulty to make both ends meet, and it is well-nigh impossible to add to the taxation of the nation. More dangerous, however, than this is the friction with the United States, where it is openly stated that war between the two countries is only a question of time. Further, the policy of raising money from us to build the Manchurian Railway, and yet continuing to raise a tariff against us, destroys one's faith in Japanese statesmen. Holders of Japanese Bonds should seriously consider whether they cannot invest their money to equal advantage and greater safety elsewhere.

Kaffirs.

I frequently receive letters from readers asking for three or more shares in the South African mining market which ought to improve in price when things wake up. Well, first and foremost, Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa Ordinary are likely to join in any general advance, and Randfontein Centrals, Meyer and Charltons, and City Deeps should follow suit. The record of the Transvaal mining industry last year was such as would in normal times have sent quotations considerably higher than they are now; but, as I have pointed out on other occasions, low prices are the patient investor's stepping-stones to success.

Eldorados.

Amongst Rhodesians, Eldorado Bankets are likely to be a good feature on any real outburst of activity. Recent cables tell of very favourable developments at the mine. At No. 7 level the value of the reef is officially given as 56 dwts. over 6 feet widths this for the 30 feet driven so far, after reducing all abnormally high assays to 100 dwts.

"Put Me *off* an Island!"

What kind, generous creatures there are in this world! Unsolicited circulars are being received by the public advising a purchase of Island Para Rubber shares at 2s. 9d., whereas they can be obtained in the market at round about 2s. Even at this figure, however, they are dear. The Press were not admitted to the statutory meeting for some reason or other. That fact in itself is a sufficient reason for giving the shares a wide berth.

Steamship Debentures.

What appears to me to be a cheap security at the moment are the Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company, for at the present price of 92 the yield to a purchaser works out at nearly 5½ per cent. The debentures are well secured, the profits shown by the last report leaving a big margin over the sum necessary to meet the interest service. Redeemable at 2½ per cent. premium by annual drawings, the debentures can be paid [illegible] at 105 at the directors' option, after June next year.

Why Tea Shares Have Risen.

That the recent advance in tea shares was not without justification is proved in part by the enormous expansion in the quantity of the commodity consumed in the United Kingdom during last year. From reliable statistics to hand it is found that we used 3,500,000 lb. more tea in 1910 than we did in 1909, the figures constituting a record. If compared with the average of the period 1901-1909, last year's consumption exhibits an advance of no less than 22,000,000 lb. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the commodity has appreciably advanced in price, thus giving the planting companies a bigger measure of profit. Of course, consumption is expanding the world over, and up to the present there are not many signs of additional areas being brought into cultivation to provide us with increased sources of supply; as a matter of fact, the rubber boom of last year induced some companies to sacrifice tea on the altar of Hard Para. Altogether, therefore, the outlook for existing tea companies is very rosy, and a further advance in share quotations is probable. I mentioned some securities recently as being likely to rise, and, in addition to these, I think British Indian and Moabund Ordinary ought to turn out satisfactory purchases.

Diamond Shares.

Those who went into diamond shares on my advice should now have nice profits accrued. There is a saying in the City that no one ever went "broke" through taking profits.

Prospects of Chartered.

For quick profits at the moment one must look to the Rhodesian Market, not only because of the actual merits of the position, but also the strong financial support which it is receiving both here and on the Continent. Whatever good happens in Rhodesia benefits Chartered shares, and, therefore, one can hardly go wrong in having a few Chartered open at the present moment.

Everyone feels that Chartered will some day reach a big price. The only question is, when? Cecil Rhodes always advised his friends not to sell a Chartered share under fifty pounds; and, although he was an enthusiast, the country is already making such rapid strides that it is obvious that his ideas were not idle dreams.

Bull Points.

We do not say that there is anything to justify an enormous advance in Chartered, but the improvement in the railway position alone should be more adequately reflected in the shares. The company instead of having to find £600,000 a year for interest, is now actually making a profit, and the demand for increased railway accommodation is one of the strongest features in the present strides the country is making. The strong policy which the company is about to adopt with a view to encouraging emigration is also a reason for an advance in the shares, as the lack of colonists has hitherto been the one hindering item in the progress of the Colony. Those readers who want to make something out of the present activity in Rhodesians cannot do better than mix a few Chartered with any other purchases their fancy may dictate.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*T. E. C.*" It will be a very long time before India 3 per Cent. rise to 90 again, although with cheap money, which appears probable, there will be a gradual recovery from the present price. The broker's commission on selling the India Stock would be ⅛ per cent., or £1 5s. on the £1,000 Stock. The commission on buying the industrial shares would depend upon the price of the share you selected, but would be about 3d. in the pound. You would be taking a risk in buying industrial shares to yield 6 per cent. "*J. G.*" You should certainly hold Merlimau Rubber shares for a recovery in price. The market expects this to take place during the next few months. Even at the reduced price of rubber the well-managed plantation companies are making huge profits, the actual cost of production being only about 1s. per pound. "*G. R. R.*" Your broker should not have any difficulty in selling Geduld Props at about 30s. per share, and he is bound

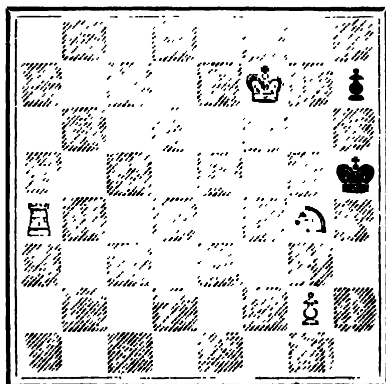
to carry out your instructions if your account is in order. If you sell through another broker you must inform him, and they can make up the shares with each other. This would not involve you in any trouble. I think, however, that by waiting a few weeks longer you might obtain a better price. "*Brisbane.*"—The shares are considered a fair speculative holding. "*Clare, Liverpool.*"—I should strongly advise you not to have anything to do with any legal schemes in connection with the paper you name. I am afraid a great many of the Rubber flotations were doubtful, but when it comes to law, it is very uncertain which way things will go, and expenses are very heavy, and directors are not always men of great wealth. "*B.*"—(1) The name and address of Bonds to Bearer or Debentures to Bearer *is not kept* by the office of issue. (2) The name and address of holders of Exchequer Bonds *is not kept* after changing hands. (3) Coupons can be left for a year before interest is claimed. "*Copper.*"—I regret I cannot find out anything regarding the Australian or the New Zealand leather companies; they must be very small affairs. Can you give me further particulars? I think it will be quite twelve months yet before the Tanganyika production can affect the copper market, and in the meantime it appears probable that copper will be put to a higher figure. This would be your opportunity to sell Arizonas, and I should suggest your watching for it. "*A. P.*"—It is a little difficult to advise on a concern which depends so much on the market price for its produce. It is obviously a speculative investment, as in the past the dividends have been in arrear. As the interest is of vital importance to you, it seems to me that you ought to take your profit and invest elsewhere, where 5 per cent. would be practically certain. I think the price of coffee is likely to be maintained. "*MSM.*"—I think there are considerable possibilities in British Electric Traction 6 per cent. Cum. Pref. as a speculative investment. The company is probably going to have a few years of better times. "*Admiral.*"—I have a poor opinion of the rubber shares you name, and should advise you to cut your loss. Small dividends have been paid, but the outlook for the concern is anything but favourably regarded. "*Capes.*"—I think you would do better to buy Anglo Malay Rubber shares than to put your money into Cape Tramways. I do not think the latter company is making very good progress. "*C. W. B.*" The two mining shares you select, Van Ryns and Great Boulder Props, are both good speculative investments, and will return high dividends for some years. El Oro Mining and Railway is another sound mining share. I have sent you the name of a broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange. "*P. G.*"—The shares are under par, and there is as yet no report as to dividend. You will be able to tell the position of the company better when you receive the balance-sheet. "*E. T.*"—You should hold your South Africans for a better market; there are signs of activity this spring. You might average Exploring Land and Mineral at 8s. 6d. You should realise Avroboo on any favourable opportunity. "*G. G.*"—You would not receive the option money back; the option rate is the amount paid for the privilege of calling a stock at a fixed price for a stated time. If your option was open when the stock was quoted ex-dividend in the market, you would be entitled to be credited with the dividend. The amount of the dividend, however, is always deducted from the market price, so this does not constitute any profit unless the price of the stock advances. "*Widow.*"—You paid a very high price for your Aerated Bread shares, which it is unlikely will be touched again, as there has been tremendous competition in this trade for some years past. I think that the competition is less severe now, and profits should improve. You must hold for the present.

(Other replies next week.)

CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

PROBLEM No. 312.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 311: P-B8 (=Kt) K moves; P to Kt8 (=Kt) mate.

Correct solution to No. 310 received from E B. Wills, R. M. Burr, J. Burnett, C. F. South, C. Thomlinson, W. Mitchell, F. E. Nickols, A. K. and W. Mannell, S. B. Talmage, W. F. Candy, G. Ingledew, S. B. Johnson, E. H. Johnson, F. R. Gittens, R. N. S. Nixon, J. D. Tucker, A. Riggenbach.

No. 305 solved by J. F. Adamson.

H. Wood: How can K x B in 309?

——— on page 131.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

On the sea of matrimony the derelicts don't seem to interfere much with navigation.—*Town Topics*, New York.

The difference between learning golf and motoring is, that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motoring everything.—*Puck*, New York.

• • •

When love goes out on a strike, it's no use to get out an injunction.—*Lippincott's*.

A lot of millionaires and earls
Have wedded been to Gaiety girls,
All separated soon to be
From girl or else from gaiety. .
—*Bulletin*, Sydney.

• • •

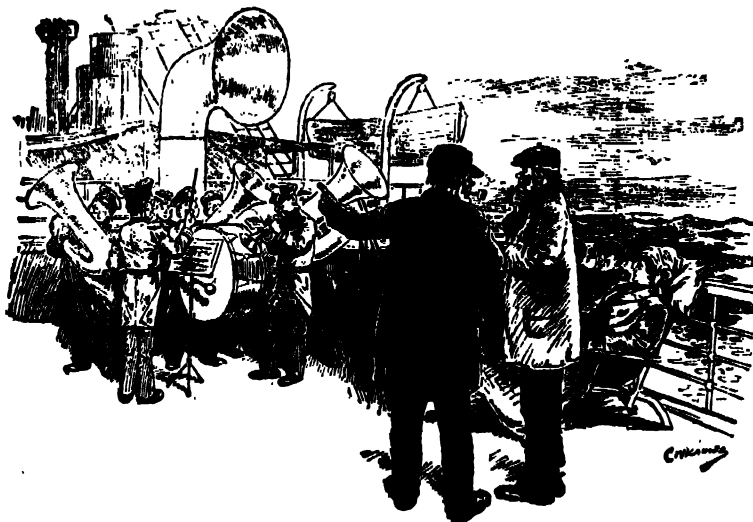
Baronne Koenigswater, of Frankfort, has just set aside a fund of £1,000, the income of which is to provide poor actresses with necessary stage clothes, "*the lack of which*" (so says the *Evening Standard*) "*often hinders their career.*" Not 'arf!—*The Looking Glass*.

• • •

To the list of famous misprints should be added that ascribed to Miss Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, who was made to say in the annual report that the new swimming tank at Radcliffe had a capacity of twenty thousand gals.—*Christian Register*.

• • •

Let Balham rejoice: let Clapham exalt her horn. A prince to whom, for the rest of his days, we shall give the courtesy title of King, having the choice of all Europe, outside Portugal and nervously inhospitable Spain, has made up his mind to live a suburban householder with an address at "Abercorn," Richmond.—*Evening News*.



THE WONDER OF WONDERS.

"Casey!"
"Pwhat?"
"Oi'd loike to see the mon w'at plays thot big wan."
—"Judge," New York.

The sunshine statistics for the past year make melancholy reading. Yet can one really blame the sun for coming out so seldom, seeing what wretched weather we had?—*Punch*.

• • •

The modern mother who would retain her daughter's affection must walk very circumspectly; she must be youthful without being dull, good without being narrow or pietistical. —*Gentlewoman*.

• • •

The fun that a man gets in watching a woman sharpen a pencil is only equalled by the quiet amusement a woman experiences while the man is endeavouring to thread a needle.—*Tatler*.

• • •

Tell me not in mournful mumbles,
Hobble skirts are here to stay;
For the maid, each time she stumbles,
Vows she'll throw the thing away.
—*Judge*, New York.

• • •

If Ulster is going to war over Home Rule in old Ireland, there will be a shindy to make the Russian bout with Japan and the Spanish-American affair look like a pink tea, if the Ulster chap of to-day is what his forebears were in the days of the Stuarts.—*Press*, New York.

A gentleman, be he duke's son or cook's son, recks nothing of class distinctions; he is courteous and considerate to all. It is your snob who tries to set class against class, who tries to prove his superiority by throwing mud at his betters, who, when dressed in a little brief authority, is rude, ill-mannered, and tyrannical.—*Bystander*.

• • •

The bargain sale began when some of the rude forefathers who knew no hamlet other than a cave, found that they had collected—or purloined—more beads and arrow-heads and skins and flint implements than they could immediately use, and when they summoned the neighbours to chaffer for the surplus.—*Express*.



A DEATH OR GLORY BOY.

Phrenologist: "Dear me, your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier?"
Customer: "No, I'm a chauffeur!" —"Sydney Bulletin."

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue you spoke of Sir Edward Clarke's "rugged honesty." This is no new trait of his, for I am reminded of what I saw at the Old Bailey in the early 'seventies.

E. C. was quite a young and struggling man then, though he had his whiskers. On the front bench of the barristers was lying a brief marked £25. E. C. came and picked it up, and stood up and applied for an adjournment on the ground that he had only just received his brief, and required time to study it. The judge refused on the ground that the prisoner's case had been postponed from last session.

Then E. C. slapped the brief down, and said: "Then I decline the brief, as I can't do justice to my client;" and went away. I have seen very different incidents.

Yours truly, T. WOOLDRIDGE.

Fort Louis, Noudweni, Zululand.

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London Opinion, 11th February, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
11th FEBRUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 360.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

THE CALCULATING GIRL. By JAMES DOUGLAS. See page 200.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 230.

RIPPING NEW COMPETITION. See page 229.



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TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

CANADA and U.S.—not Canada and US.

• • •

Miss Maud Allan is to return to the Palace. Luckily for her health the weather has turned milder.

• • •

"Stands England where she did?" Well, not quite—a bit of her has slipped (D)over.

• • •

Sweet peas are to be the flowers for Coronation year; and sweet peace, we hope, its fruit.

• • •

A forthcoming novel is called *The Card.* The author doubtless hopes it will turn up trumps.

• • •

Golf links at an altitude of 1,000 feet have been made in Monte Carlo. Hard to "top it," eh?

• • •

Those becoming "sausage" curls are to be the mode this spring. So there is likely to be a plentiful supply of the mashed.

• • •

Golf balls, filled with soft soap, are on the market. Just the thing for a clean drive. And a sliced ball should result in gentle words.

• • •

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is now advocating a revision of the English alphabet. We presume he will retain the capital "I"

• • •

The all-British shopping area is to include Fleet Street. Does this mean that there will be no German scares on sale for a whole week?

• • •

History repeats itself. A dam is to be made on the Euphrates, close to the site of the Garden of Eden, where A-dam was made once before.

• • •

The Passing of Talma was a headline which caught our eye. It proved to be a critique of a new play, but, for a moment, we really thought a new football player had been discovered.

• • •

Lord Ancaster says that he knits socks to prevent himself from smoking tobacco. We now look for some other original who keeps his hands in his pocket to prevent himself from talking.

• • •

The hobble-skirt has received its death-blow at last. It was proof against ridicule, and throve upon abuse; but a doctor sent to the papers his discovery that it was hygienic. Good-bye, hobble-skirt!

• • •

Herr Harry Plate, a plumber, has been admitted to the German House of Lords. If it is a second chamber's business to prevent things being done with undue haste, a plumber should make an ideal peer.

• • •

A parson advocates that young men who wish to go a-courting should be compelled to take out seven-and-sixpenny licences. But would our rustic swains buy them—when they can get a dog-licence for the same money?

A little cuss-word, now and then, means someone wrote it nineteen-ten.

• • •

A new music-hall sketch is called *Buying a Gun.* Judging by the reports, it went off splendidly.

• • •

"The Chancellor," shouted an orator the other day, "is putting the screw on us." Taking it off us, he meant.

• • •

Tardy, but none the less sincere, congratulations upon her marriage to Miss Marie Hall, the violinist, and her beau.

• • •

According to a recently-issued Blue Book the alarming increase of crime is due to coddling the malefactor. Are you listening, Winston?

• • •

A woman bill-collector has just been heard of. If a woman is as successful in running down a bill as she is in running one up, she should be a wonder.

• • •

The old cry of "tramcars for women only" is being revived. Another novelty would be the railway smoking-compartment not entirely occupied by ladies.

• • •

Local authorities still agitate against the mud-splashing motor-bus. A device to prevent mud-splashing in Parliament would be hailed with unmingled joy.

• • •

A lady guardian has proved by practice that a person can live on six shillings per week. That is the kind of thing that comes easy when done as an object lesson to others.

• • •

Recording the recent banquet to Mr. Nicol Dunn, some of the newspapers headed their accounts, "Dinner to an Editor." What of that? Some editors dine nearly every day.

• • •

In the words of an eminent fashion expert "the smart woman this spring will have a disappearing figure." The figure on the dressmaker's bill, however, will be as plain as ever.

• • •

Bachelors, says a ladies' paper, no longer pretend ignorance as to which end of the needle should be stuck into the cloth. A moderately careless one finds it out with awful suddenness.

• • •

A student of our kinsmen north of the Tweed says "there is in the bosom of every Scotsman a strong homing instinct." Most of them, we know, manage to get home safely in spite of all difficultes, even on a Burns' nicht.

• • •

A suggestion of meanness on the part of a railway company, made in our last issue, grieves a correspondent. "Why, on the tubes," he says, "they provide you free with straps and arm exercises that would cost you guineas at Sandow's."

THE CALCULATING GIRL.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

IF young men were to devote as much time to the study of young women as they devote to the study of cricket averages and football matches there would be less trouble in the world. But every young man imagines that he understands young women. He is willing to work hard in order to master the rules of golf or chess or auction bridge, but he declines to learn the rules of girlhood. He treats all the girls he knows as if they were exactly alike. He assumes that there is no difference between the nature of Maud and the nature of Marjorie. He treats Alice as he treats Alys, and behaves to Gertrude as if she were Gertie. He cherishes the delusion that Phyllis is like Lily. He cannot detect any distinction between Zena and Edna, between Irene and Sarah, between Mary and Violet, between Ethel and Evelyn, between Constance and Christabel. To his innocent gaze all girls seem the same.

• • •

THE poor young man finds out sooner or later that he is a fool. He slowly discovers the great truth that every girl is different from every other girl. It may take him a lifetime to grasp this elementary principle. He may be bald and obese, heartless and toothless, before he knows what every baby girl knows in her cradle. Every man is born innocent about women, and most men preserve their innocence till they die. Trouble does not break up their innocence. In fact, men can march through trouble for fifty years, and keep their childish innocence to the end. It is otherwise with women. They spend their lives in the pursuit of innocence. That is why they are so dangerous. They know the value of innocence, and they are always laying in a fresh stock of it. It is not a matter of education. It does not matter what class or rank of life a woman is in. From the highest to the lowest she is addicted to the practice of acquiring innocence. A man keeps his heart on his sleeve. A woman keeps her heart up her sleeve, if any.

• • •

THERE is one type of girl that is becoming very common. I mean the calculating girl. She used to be a fairly mature young person, but nowadays she is often at her best in her teens. Innocent young men ought to be on their guard against the calculating girl. She is a public peril. She is a cold realist who looks on the world as her oyster. She has absolutely no sentiment. She is proof against dream waltzes and moonshine and all the creaking machinery of romance. She has no illusions about love, and regards it as a useful masculine insanity that can be profitably exploited. The Niagara of love may be a very picturesque and very vehement spectacle, but it is a futile nuisance unless it can be turned into motor-cars, diamonds, pearls, pretty frocks, and other practical blessings. The calculating girl treats love as a business proposition. She is ready to humour the romantic suitor. She is willing to take his sighs with a proper seriousness. She is prepared to help him to work himself up into a state of beatitude. But her eye is on the main chance. For the sake of having a good time she faces the boredom of courtship and the fag of matrimony. The blind young man does not ask for very much. He is so innocent in his egoism that he forgets to demand anything but a dainty acquiescence in his ardours. He takes her passion for granted, and never suspects that she has not the slightest intention of falling in love with him.

• • •

THE calculating girl would be horrified if she were to find herself near the precipice of love. It would spoil all her plans. It would upset all her schemes. She selects a husband who will work hard for her till he dies. She has a very noble admiration for stability of character, strength of will, and business habits in a lover. She steers clear of feather-brained young idiots, and chooses a hard-headed sentimentalist who will worship her like a slave and toil for her like one. She knows that the successful man is, as a rule, the most abject dupe of romantic illusion. The harder the head the softer the heart. The calculating girl never dreams of giving her victim anything in return for his lifelong helotry. He is there to fill her lap with luxuries. The less she gives him the more he gives her. It does not occur to her that his lot is hard, and that now and then he ought to be given a little joy to go on with. He is simply a domestic machine that works because it is its nature to work.

• • •

THE calculating girl is not easily unmasked. She knows how to disguise her predatory calm with a charming air of tremulous bewilderment. Indeed, she often spends an hour before her mirror, trying over and over again, the various aspects of frightened virginity. She conducts experiments with her eyelashes and practises pouts and pursings. She unravels the intricacies of pose and posture. She discovers the precise angle at which she ought to present her profile, or bend her head, or tilt her chin. She unearths the latest pathos in a rehearsed smile, and explores the emotional possibilities of a kind regard. She thinks out the moral value of rouge and the amorous appeal of a pencilled eyebrow. She adjusts her ear-rings with nice felicity to the curve of her cheek, and the length of her nose. She even goes so far as to learn the art of melodious laughter, for she knows that few men can forget the silvery peal rung at the right moment.

• • •

THERE have always been calculating girls, but modern life tends to manufacture them in large numbers. The ridicule poured upon the home and the contempt showered upon the male, together with the perpetual praises of pleasure and the constant panegyrics to wealth, make our girls grow up hard and astute and wary. They are trained to despise men and to befool them. No man is now a hero to his sweetheart. Juliet talks to Romeo with her tongue in her cheek. She encourages his rhapsodies and patronises his raptures. She heaps fuel on the flame of his devotion. But all the while her pulse beats regularly and her blood is cold. She displays all the conventional symptoms of affection and all the time-honoured tremors of passion, but behind her stage smiles and tears her brain is cool and clear. She has ceased to take part in the fatal game of love. She is both a critical spectator and a consummate stage-manager.

• • •

THE calculating girl has come to stay. She takes no risks. She gives no hostages. She pays no ransom. She contracts out of life. It is the green

A TARIFF DIVORCE.



[*After the painting of Napoleon leaving Josephine.*

By Canada's reciprocity arrangement with the United States, our Unionist party loses Imperial Preference as a feature of its policy.—*Daily Press.*

unknowing masculine innocent who beseeches her to call the tune while he pays the piper. And the irony of the comedy is that he seldom abandons hope. The calculating girl has the charm of the unseizable, the fascination of the unknown. She can keep a man guessing till he is grey. She never guesses. She knows. She has solved the problem of how to be happy though heartless and how to be old though young.

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS.

It matters not so much how many our failures, as how much our effort.—*D. McClymont.*

It's all right to have things in apple-pie order, but some of us don't like apple-pie.—*Unidentified.*

A man who is married can do what he likes if his wife doesn't mind; a widower cannot be too careful.—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.


IN THE TRADE.
No. 15.—The Waitress.

Spring, Gentle Spring.

THE din of Parliament commences once again. Flowers are coming to town from Scilly, and the other flowers—those of rhetoric—will bloom in the Spring, tra-la-la, under the benevolent beaming of Big Ben. I fear the public mind is scarcely ready for a further prolonged dose of politics, and if the House of Commons would only pass an Act shutting itself up for twelve months, the Lords would make no attempt to veto it. My barber expresses utter indifference to any Constitutional crisis, existent or impending, but his soul is fired with dark and sinister meanings concerning the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, his demeanour proving him to be the possessor of a "real good thing," whereon he intends to stake the produce of a multitude of shaves, shampoos, and hair-cuts. How is it that nearly all barbers bet, or keep birds? Bless you, they are not the only persons with little weaknesses. The keenest gambler I know is a barrister. He cares nothing about Coke or Blackstone—or whatever the people are. Speak to him of something with Frank Wootton on it, and this shepherd of briefs—well, watteau!

• • •

A Question of Driving.

THE entirely estimable borough of Camberwell—where I resided for many years of my life—has been enjoying a little mild excitement. Perhaps it will not add much to the permanent fame of a district that can claim the honour of Mr. Chamberlain's citizenship, and, perhaps also, it will amuse a smaller area of admirers than did Stirling Coyne's old Adelphi farce, *Did You Ever Send your Wife to Camberwell?*—now nearly seventy years old. It appears that the promoter of a whist drive asked the Borough Council to grant him an option to hire again the Church Street Baths. The application was declined, the agreement being considered by some members as unbusinesslike. I am not concerned much about that, nor for the opinions of Mr. Councillor Scott on the relative merits, or demerits, of boxing and dancing and whist drives. This gentleman condemned the Council for refusing to let the place for boxing competitions, and could not see why the poorer classes were deprived of that amusement when the "swells" had theirs—the whist drives, to wit. I don't know what classes love boxing in Camberwell. In the West-end, boxing is emphatically not the amusement of the poor. I was once presented with a ticket, marked "£5," admitting me to a glove fight at a well-known club. I wouldn't have gone had I been paid £5 for going.

• • •

Whist.

NOR is it safe to assume that whist drives are the monopoly of "swells." I grant you that the definition of "swell" is a little worrying.

> I'd like to be a swell,
> A regular tip-top swell.
> I'd dine, of course,
> Off the leg of a horse,
> As they did at the Langham Hotel.

Thus sang Sir Francis Burnand in the long ago, the reference being to the famous banquet held on the 6th February, 1868. There are other "swells"—those, for instance, of the "Johnny" type, who have evolved from the extinct "masher." I know a few quiet, modest, unswelly people—not of the poorer classes—who belong to whist clubs. They seem to spend most of their time in deploring their bad luck, it being an apparent law of card-playing that the good luck is enjoyed by anybody and everybody except yourself. Mr. Scott says: "A whist drive is a purely money-making concern." For the matter of that, life itself is a purely money-making concern.

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The Stimulus of Prizes.

I DO not think it quite fair to say that a whist drive is a purely money-making concern. For many years I have paid to see horse-racing, and I can see it for a week on end without the slightest desire to make a bet. In fact, I cannot recall any occasion when I have backed my fancy on a racecourse. But undoubtedly, although no one is more impressed with the folly of betting than I am, a wager adds zest to the pursuit. In the same way a money element lends spice to card-playing. If it be true that people are attracted by prizes, I ask, "Why not?" People are attracted by prizes at a Covent Garden ball. Riflemen at Bisley are attracted by prizes. Let the National Rifle Association offer laurel leaves or framed certificates, and then see what sort of meeting they will get. They won't find Territorials pouring in from Scotland and Cornwall—paying their own railway fares—for the abstract glory of high scores.

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Card Playing.

I AM very much upset when whist playing is held up as a "money-making concern," for I am one of those determinedly independent players resenting assistance and patronage from a partner. I want to feel that I have won tricks myself, so if my confederate produces the king I promptly put on the ace. This is not the usual practice, I know, but "Excelsior!" is ever my motto at the card table, and, by a coincidence, language is always at its highest when I play. You know well enough that denunciations of cards by folk who do not care for cards, or don't understand how to play them, is as old as the hills. No doubt cards may be abused, just as hospitality and friendship are abused. Who would care to live in a world

without hospitality and friendship, all the same? Thousands of invalids derive pleasure every day from "the broads," and if Mr. and Mrs. Smith choose to spend their evening at a whist drive, instead of hearing red-nosed vulgarians at a music-hall, why, for goodness sake, shouldn't they? So when "drive" promoters gently warble—

> Come along, whist, whist!
> Go it strong, whist, whist!
> You are always sure to fetch 'em
> With a whist, whist, whist!

they are simply paying homage to a time-honoured attraction.

• • •

Dancing.

NOT only whist but dancing seems to have got upon the carpet, and the astute Editor of the *Camberwell Borough Advertiser* has not failed to publish the views of all parties. I have never been able to appreciate condemnations of dancing. It is a healthy exercise, conducted in the open. If it be a wicked thing to dance with a young woman, is it not more wicked to kiss a young woman? The lust of the eye is no more stimulated by dancing than by riding in an omnibus or seeing a row of women in evening dress at a theatre. The world cannot be run in cotton wool, and this terrible aloofness of the sexes, which some individuals appear to desire, would, if carried to the logical extreme, presently result in the universe coming to a standstill. If no man ever met a nice young woman, where would the marriages come from? And why not meet her at a dance? Is it wrong to fall in love with a good-looking wench, or to foster the hope that you may marry her, and possess her, and make her your very own? Is it wrong for a girl to be fond of a man who pleases her, even if he be branded with the dreadfully criminal disqualification of being an excellent waltzer? How often have I cursed my fate as I acted the wall-flower at an evening party, what time the nice girls—and there are nice girls everywhere—were being snapped up by dashing dogs in patent pumps! Whenever I waltz I generally find myself, at the finish of the movement, falling down the steps of the adjoining conservatory. So I have given it up—as a hobby.

• • •

Parents and Children.

I WISH some young man, when he sits down at tea this evening, with his father—just home from the City—in the chair, and his mother—concluded a day's cleaning or shopping, in the vice—and his brothers and sisters all round the table—I wish some young man would up and ask: "Father, what is the correct thing to do when you are thinking about falling in love, and having a girl to go out with, and getting married?" The old man is prodigal enough of his stale platitudes about your being attentive to business, and treating your master with respect, and keeping honest, and working hard, and coming home by ten o'clock at night, and eschewing theatres, and saving your money. Sometimes he will even unbend to the extent of casting hints anent the policy of young men marrying above them, together with sage addenda about "A woman with a bit of money is as good as a woman without money," and so forth, the general idea being that if the son can "better" himself by matrimony he should keep that notion well before him. But do you ever hear fathers strike the real, sensible, human note? Do you ever hear them say: "Jack, my son, the one great happiness of life is being in love. If you ever meet a girl whom you feel you want to hold in your arms for ever, and kiss her until she melts away like a chocolate in the mouth of a child; if ever you meet a delicious, crisp, curly darling, whom you know is the one object life is worth living for, then make up your mind to marry her. Love is better than a good situation, and rubies—in the shape of lips—better than wisdom?" No, you never hear this! Why? Because it is the foolish custom of this country to ignore the natural instincts of the young. Every parent, with grown-up children, receives the news that his son or daughter is "engaged," just as a besieged resident receives a bombshell. It is a shock to him. He has followed tradition. He has ignored the one supreme thing which matters in the lives of his children. Because parents are not human in this respect their offspring blunder often into terrible matrimonial morasses.

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A Sound Amusement.

THE Rev. C. W. Screech, pastor of the Peckham Rye Tabernacle, condemns whist drives, adding—"Personally, dancing does not appeal to me, and I certainly think public dances are injurious to the morals of the community. If it is wrong for a man to place his arm around the waist of his neighbour's wife, hold her hand, and adopt all the other attitudes towards her that are the characteristic postures of dancing, when they are alone, I cannot see that the presence of fifty more couples doing the same thing makes it right—not even when they are shuffling their feet by way of accompaniment." I should like to remind the reverend gentleman that at State balls the noblest wives in the land have men's arms placed round them! And why not? "If it is wrong" indeed! How many model wives and mothers do we not know, who enjoy a good dance above all things—and splendid judges, too! In my experience married ladies are the best dancers, and more inclined to enter into the spirit of the thing than young girls. And, as patterns of patience, they deserve a rich reward. For a lady who can endure my arm round her waist while I gyrate with the grace of a Lockhart's elephant, can never be inattentive to her husband, or unkind to her family.

• • •

A Matter of Will.

[MR. WILLETT'S Daylight Saving Bill will come before Parliament again during the course of the present session.]

> The Daylight Bill—will foemen slay,
> Somehow contrive to kill it?
> Or will "Le Roi le Veult!" one day
> Be heard by Willett?—will it?

• • •

Superstitions.

POPULAR superstitions die hard. How did some of them ever begin to live? Many persons believe that eating lemons makes them thin. Others consider drinking port keeps them sober. A case of this sort cropped up the other day. Two men were declared to be "staunch teetotalers all their lives; they only drank port." In my green and salad days I was a total abstainer, yet I yearned for a warm and appetising temperance drink. A kind friend recommended cherry brandy. I was charmed with it, little recking the harm I was doing to the feelings of that excellent publication, the *British Workman.* Unfortunately, after I had started on the engaging beverage my humble attic developed symptoms of St. Vitus's dance and my head wobbled about like an infant phenomenon performing a sailor's hornpipe. And next day my language was much ruddier than the cherry brandy

ROUND THE TOWN.

News about Interesting People, and Doings Behind the Social, Literary, Sporting, and Theatrical Scenes.

ROYALTIES, like the rest of us, have their hobbies. An interesting one is that of Queen Maud of Norway, who keeps an album of cuttings referring to herself and her spouse. On the title page she has written: "Things we never did and things we never said." And it is getting bulky since her recent visit to England!

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IT will not have escaped notice that Lord Ronald Gower is realising a great deal of his personal property and works of art. This is to meet an overdraft at his bankers—said to be for £50,000—which sum was drawn out by a trusted friend, who held his power of attorney, and went bankrupt before remitting to Lord Ronald. The Duke of Sutherland has come handsomely to his brother's financial rescue in his cruel misfortune.

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AN action which the Crown advisers in Ireland had commenced against Sir Arthur Vicars, late Ulster King of Arms, has now been dropped. On leaving his office Sir Arthur retained one of the badges of that office, in accordance, as he maintained, with precedents. It was a thing of sentimental rather than intrinsic value, but its return was demanded. Sir Arthur considered this a slur upon him in connection with the theft of the Crown Jewels whilst he was their nominal custodian. However, Sir Arthur eventually decided to send the badge direct to the King; and his Majesty, through Sir A. Bigge, has expressed his personal thanks over this ending of the impasse.

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WAS one of a party of callers on Sunday at the Brighton Metropole to congratulate Sir Joseph Lyons. In conversation, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's name cropped up, and Sir Joseph was asked if he, like A. C., considered it a sin to be rich. "No," he answered; "at the present height of the income-tax I consider it impossible."

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WHENEVER Mr. Carnegie's gift of £2,000,000 for the preservation of peace is discussed, some cynic charges that the money was made out of the manufacture of armour plate. What then? What preserves peace better than adequate war preparations, including good armour-plate? I have no patience with people who call Mr. Carnegie's money tainted—except in the sense that 'taint yours and 'taint mine.

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SOCIETY scandals are getting frequent again in the Law Courts. There is another very painful one menacing. "The Woman in the Case" has been offered £5,000 without prejudice by a West-end detective agency to go abroad and forget her threat of litigation, but so far she has indignantly refused; and the issue of a writ looks imminent.

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THE glamour of Mr. E. T. Hooley's personality is still effective. From the landlord of a popular hotel at Lincoln he recently bought a fine pair of piebald horses, with princely indifference about the price. Then motoring a local celebrity and the L.C.'s wife out to inspect an estate, he noticed the lady was not wearing furs. He begged the husband's permission to present her with some, and down came a hundred guineas' worth for her a few days later. Munificence of this sort got talked about; and when a financial scheme with which he was associated came out about this time—a scheme as to the merits or demerits of which I know nothing—many of the best people of Lincoln scrambled for it.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE man behind Mylius, the libeller of the King, was Edward Holton James, a nephew of Mr. Henry James, the author, and of the late Professor James, of Harvard. He is a well-to do lawyer, something of a scientist, with a dash of unconventional religion, and obsessed by the idea, as "Piccadilly," of the San Francisco *Argonaut* puts it, that the average man really bothers himself about the form of Government under which he lives so long as he gets his meals regularly and plentifully.

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AS for Mylius himself, I wonder the Lord Chief Justice did not extend to this wretched victim the customary services of some junior counsel to watch his interests and to raise the points which needed argument. In fact, various departures from custom occurred in the case; and one is left feeling that an obscure dupe has been sacrificed whilst a responsible principal goes free.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A FRIEND of Miss Violet Vanbrugh tells me that that lady was engaging a new servant a few days ago, and, remembering Miss Harriet Churchill, told her she was to be reticent about anything she heard when waiting at table, and so on. "Certainly, madam," answered the maid. But then her features lit up with hopeful curiosity, as the said, "May I ask, madam, if there will be much to be reticent about?"

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LADY TREE, who was conspicuous in a marvellous dress made exclusively of ermine at Lady Violet Manners' wedding, has been since childhood a friend of the bride's mother, the Duchess of Rutland. When the latter was a girl, the housekeeper of her father, Col. Lindsay, was a Mrs. Mason, who was a relative of the future Lady Tree.

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LORD DECIES has been having a terrible time with the American interviewers, because he is forty-four and his *fiancée*, Miss Vivian Gould, is seventeen. They have frankly, not to say impertinently, asked him if he is aware that George J. Gould, his future father-in-law is only two years his senior, to which his usual reply has been that so long as Miss Gould and her mother are satisfied, he fails to see what it matters to anybody else. All of which they have printed with extensions and scare-heads galore.

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THE visit of Dr. Grenfell to London, and his efforts to interest the public in the breeding of reindeer in Labrador, recalls an incident I heard recently from Alphonse Courlander, the author. Some people at Peckham engaged a girl from Norway as nurse-general. Could she cook? she was asked on arrival. No. She couldn't cook. Could she wait at table? No, she hadn't been taught that. Could she wash, or sew? No. Then what could she do? her mistress demanded. "Well," she replied, "I am good at milking reindeer."

CAPTAIN DE COURCY BOWER has returned to London from the scene of his triumphs at Monte Carlo, where I hear his winnings amounted to something approaching a quarter of a million. Mr. Schwabe, who caused such a sensation in the rooms some time ago, has now deserted the *tapis vert* for the golf links.

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DROPPED into Jack Hassall's studio an evening or two ago, and found him working on what promises to be "the" attraction of one of the big picture shows of the coming season. It is "The Canterbury Pilgrims," and he has been making studies for the thirty characters in it for the last five years. Enormous in size for a water colour—it is 6ft. by 3ft.—Hassall has depicted the inside of the cathedral. He could find no record in Chaucer that they rode, although in all previous paintings on the subject, the Pilgrims were astride. His last year's Academy picture was purchased by the Walker Art Gallery, and I understand that several big publishers are already anxiously awaiting the finish of this.

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MR. HARRY FURNISS has done 500 new plates for the *edition de luxe* of Thackeray that Messrs. Macmillan start this month by the issue of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and the publishers feel bound to admit that these illustrations are the best work Harry Furniss has ever done.

THE modern tendency of publishers to rush after reminiscences of naughty old dowagers and others with vivid memories for the blue and the yellow in life is gently satirised by an author who sends me the following recipe for literary success:

In former days I sought my bread
  By writing verse ecstatic;
Then fiction's fields I tried instead,
  And scores of works dramatic.
My modest income swiftly sped,
  And I climb'd to an attic!

Then suddenly I leapt to fame
  In my august profession
By publishing, quite lost to shame,
  Facts which deserved suppression:
I wrote the life of some dead dame
  Famed for her indiscretion!

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IN "The Gates of the Past," a new author, Mr. T. H. Vaughan, makes his *début* under the auspices of Mr. John Long. But I cannot quite swallow Mr. Long's assurance that because the romance deals with the reincarnation theory, "the author has accomplished a feat of basing a novel upon a new theme." Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mr. E. L. Arnold—with "Phra, the Phœnician"—to exert memory no further, have both cut some ice with that idea.



A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

Paterfamilias: "Well, Mr. Smith, I'm pleased to see you at our humble board for the first time. Now is there any particular cut you fancy?"

Prospective Son-in-law: "Oh—no—thank you. I think——"

Youngest Daughter of the House: "Dad, aren't you going to ask Cissie? You know what a shindy she kicks up if she doesn't get first pick!"



Lady: "I must ask you to take back that parrot I bought some time ago. He shocks all my friends by his dreadful language."
Fancier: "Ah, you've got to be careful 'ow you talk before *'im*. 'E's terrible quick to learn!"

SOMEBODY has been mentioning in the hearing of Henry Arthur Jones that there are playwrights who declare the critic is a man who condemns plays because his own are never put on. "Any playwright who says that," exclaimed Mr. Jones, hotly, "has a soul so small that it would go into a nutshell and then creep out at a wormhole."

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

CHARMINGLY simple are Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's frocks in *All that Matters* at the Haymarket. Like a glimpse of spring is her frock the colour of bluebells, with its dainty white embroidered linen collar and cuffs, and the big hat of white straw, with blue ribbons round the crown securing it under the chin in true rustic fashion. For her flight Miss Terry dons a trimly belted white piqué frock, and over it a big white serge coat and white motoring bonnet with floating pale blue veil. Successful, too, is the fresh little pink zephyr frock she wears cut en kimono with a panel effect outlined with hemstitching. A happy touch is the edging of the low collar and the short sleeves with white lace.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE tube railways all appear to be doing better financially of late.

I love the dear tube-ways,
Their air is so warm;
And if I don't breathe it
'Twill do me no harm.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

I HAVE never noticed less individuality on the part of handicappers in compiling the weights for the Spring handicaps than is the case this year. The handicappers must have been in communication with one another, for one or two horses which strike the eye as being "well in" in one handicap are also equally well treated in another. It is surely a pity that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's remark at the recent Gimcrack Dinner, in favour of individual handicapping, is not more strictly borne in mind.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

AM glad to hear from Danny Maher, who has been laid up with influenza at Davos Platz, that he is now ever so much better. In fact, before these lines appear in print, he hopes to have picked up a Bobsleigh race or two. "The air out here," he writes, "is just like Champagne—only better in that it keeps my weight down instead of sending it up."

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

SIR HAMILTON GOOLD-ADAMS, erstwhile Governor of the Orange River Colony, is shortly to go in for racing over here. His pretty colours, "Scarlet and Eau-de-nil hoops and cap," were very popular in South Africa. They are assured of a very hearty welcome here, for the Turf is badly in need of more sportsmen of Sir Hamilton's type.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

BRIERY is worth backing for any hurdle handicap in which he is seen out in the near future. I notice, by the way, that the little horse is particularly well handicapped in the Imperial Cup at the Grand Military Meeting.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE first fancy dress carnival of the season at Holland Park Rink came off brilliantly on Friday night. The claim of this Rink to have the smoothest and fastest floor of them all is substantiated by the fact that it was here that the present amateur one-mile British record was recently lowered to 3 minutes 3 seconds. To-night (Wednesday) at the Croydon Rink there is a Charity Carnival and mile scratch race under the patronage of Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., and his wife, who, you will remember, is Mrs. Langtry's beautiful daughter.

THE LOOKER-ON.

ALL STARTERS.

By A. P. GARLAND.

HAGGER, the barber, had considerably reduced the crop on the Surrey side of my head before he spoke.

"Saw that gent gone out, sir? Well, he's Meinunkler, the pawnbroker, you've 'eard of him."

"Yes," said I, recalling a visit to one of his establishments, where a scarf-pin, a gift from one of my lost loves, had been rejected as "rolled gold."

"'Eard a yarn about 'im the other day," went on Hagger, providing an obbligato on the scissors.

"Son told me—Mr. Julius Meinunkler. The time he was getting married, about two years back, the old man was going in a lot for curios—old paintings, cut glass, etsett. Kind of a 'obby, you see. He 'ad the droring-room full up o' things worth thousands of quids.

"Any'ow, a few days before the wedding he asks a lot of his pals to a bit of a supper. He was going to make Mr. Julius a partner in the biz., and 'e thought he'd lash out. So 'e sends a invite to fifteen chaps in the same line or thereabouts.

"He give them a rare old blow-out, and the son tells me they might 'ave 'ad a bath in the fizz that was going.

"They drank old Meinunkler's health so often that 'e was as proud as a Boy Scout in a accident.

"Then before they went 'ome, he took them up to the droring-room and showed all the lovely things he'd got together. They didn't seem to take much interest in the china stuff, but Mr. Julius says that their eyes stood out like motor-lamps when they saw the jewellery—heir-looms mostly as 'ad been put up the spout and left there by nobs.

"The next morning the old man was found 'alf-way towards a fit on the stairs. He'd gone to the droring-room, and found a hemerald brooch—best thing in that line he 'ad—gorn.

"They knew it was one of their pals of the night before as 'ad done the trick, but they couldn't tell which. It was a 'orrible blow. To think a chap could come and eat and drink of the best, and then 'alf-inch a thing like that. As the old man said, no gentleman would walk off with a article which was worth seven 'undred quid if it was worth a penny.

"Mr. Julius was for going straight to each 'ouse and blaming them in turn, but the old man thought not. 'E wasn't going to 'urt the feelings of fourteen honest men for the sake of the wretched brooch—and, besides 'e didn't think it 'ud be any good.

"At last he thought of a tip, and 'im and Mr. Julius went and 'ired a typewriter and they made up a letter something like this:

"Sir,

"Last night I saw you take a valuable article from the 'ouse of my friend Mr. Meinunkler. I thought it was a joke, but seeing now that it ain't, I order you to return the article immediately. If it ain't received by the owner to-morrow morning you will be given in charge and go to quod.

"Yours Indignantly,

"A friend of Mr. Meinunkler.

"They typed out fifteen copies and sent one to each of the chaps that 'ad been to the spree."

"Smart chap, Meinunkler," said I. "Did he land the thief?"

"He did, sir," replied Hagger solemnly. "Next morning, postman delivered fifteen registered letters at Meinunkler's. They'd all bin 'elping themselves to souvenirs.

"Have I cut it short enough, sir?"

• • •

A DESCENDANT OF MRS. MALAPROP.

"YOUR daughter looked very beautiful at the opera last night. I heard several people say they thought she was the best-dressed person in any of the boxes."

"Yes," replied her hostess as she hung her £4,000 dog collar over the back of a real Chippendale chair, "both me and Josiah could see that she was the sinecure of all eyes."

UNLUCKY NUMBERS.

[A leading publisher has recently stated that writers of fiction would soon be compelled to resort to the practice of numbering their characters instead of naming them, in order to avoid the danger of actions for libel.]

"If he doesn't choose to fill up a form stating his business, send him going, Herbert. I can't see him. Smitters—never heard the name before in my life."

The youthful dragon who guarded the approach to the editorial stronghold of that popular domestic weekly, *The Fender-stool*, departed in obedience to the command received from his chief. Two minutes later the boy reappeared.

"Please, sir, he says he can't fill up a form 'cause he can't write; but the reason he wants to see you is 'cause he's been libelled in *The Fender-stool.*"

"Libelled!"

Theodore Wendon started up from his proof-strewn desk as if he had been touched with a red-hot iron. "Libelled!" he gasped. "Impossible! However, show him in, Herbert."

"Mornin', guv'nor," remarked Mr. Smitters as he seated himself, and placed a battered hat on the floor beneath his chair.

The blending shades of red and purple in the colour-scheme of his face seemed to reproduce the final glories of a gorgeous June sunset.

"I understand that your name is Smitters, and that you say you have been libelled in a recent number of the *Fender-stool*," began Wendon.

"It's right enough, guv'nor," returned the visitor hoarsely. "It's like this 'ere—you've got a bloke in a story called 'Love's 'Arbour Light,' which my friends says is me."

"Absurd!" replied the editor, confidently. "You know very well—or, at any rate, you should know—that, to avoid the risk of libel actions, all writers of fiction have now adopted the plan of indicating their characters by numbers instead of names. This practice is observed in all stories printed in the *Fender-stool*; therefore, it is impossible for anyone to suppose that you are the villain in 'Love's Harbour Light.'"

"'Tain't the villain, 'tis the bruisey 'ero as I'm taken for," answered Mr. Smitters. "'Arf a mo'. . . . My old gal 'as put a cross agin the bit that's caused the trouble. Perhaps you'll jus' read it aloud."

From the pocket of an overcoat which might have been bestowed upon him by a charitably-disposed scarecrow, the visitor produced a crumpled copy of the *Fender-stool*, flattened it out on his knee, and handed it to the editor.

"But this is a love scene between the hero and the heroine."

"Never mind about that. Jus' read it aloud."

With a look of blank amazement Wendon complied with the request.

> It seemed impossible for Number 7 to believe that Number 4 really loved him, though she made no attempt to withdraw the hand she had taken in his own.
>
> "May I call you Four?" he inquired, in the low accents of a passion which stirred his very soul.
>
> Her silence gave a maiden's shy consent.
>
> "Four—I love you. Will you be my wife?"
>
> "Don't—I ought not to listen to you," ejaculated the girl. "Oh, Seven—I have been told that you drink, that on one occasion you were seen intoxicated."
>
> "Drink!" he cried, "I have been an abstainer all my life. At the age of six I joined the Band of Hope. It is that scoundrel Number 8 who has been attempting to poison your mind with this foul lie. I promise you that I will remain a teetotaler all my life. Four—will you marry me? Think how delighted dear old Fourteen will be to hear the news. Will you?"

"That's enough," interposed Mr. Smitters. "Now, the point is, that all manner of folks is saying that Number 7's me."

"You! But your name's not Seven."

"That's just where you're wrong, guv'nor. Being the seventh child, I was crissened Septimus—Septimus Smitters. Septimus being the same as 'Number Seven,' several of my pals 'as been connecting me with the 'ero of this 'ere tale. ''Ullo, Number Seven!' they says. 'No good asking you to step in and 'ave a glass, you bruisey habstainer!' or ''Ere comes the bloke who swore to his missus, afore they was married, that he'd be a teetotaler all his life!' It makes me out to be a bruisey liar; damages my kerecter, as a man who 'asn't kep' his word."

"But, my dear sir, the Number Seven of this story was a young Nonconformist minister. He is supposed to be living in Cumberland. He is a youth of twenty-two, with fair hair and a cork leg. Now, how on earth——"

"That don't matter a bit. The point is, 'e's Number Seven, and I'm Number Seven, and I've got friends prepared to swear they thought 'im was me."

The editor's blood ran cold. "What possible damages could you expect to receive?" he asked.

"Two thousand of the very best."

"Two thousand pounds," ejaculated Wendon.

His amazement was due to the man's moderation. With their customary generosity in spending other people's money, a jury might have been expected cheerfully to award twice that amount.

"But surely, Mr. Smitters, your grievance is somewhat exaggerated. Now, if your friends had mistaken you for the villain of the story—if they had considered that you were Number Eight——"

"Ah, but it so 'appens there's another man a-going to call and see you about that number. Hoctavius Brown's 'is name."

"Octavius!"

"Yes, Hoctavius, which stands for 'Number Eight.' Wot 'is friends say 'is——"

The speech was interrupted by a piercing shriek of despair. The editor of the *Fender-stool* had fallen senseless to the ground.

• • •

"RUGGER" AND "SOCCER."

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

SIR,—The Rugby game played under Northern Union Rules comes very nearly to Mr. Davis's idea of how the game should be played.

Thirteen players make a team, and the authorities have made the rules to get as much open play as possible.

I am not willing to abolish the scrum. I have seen too many exhilarating scrums to wish them to be done away with.

The question, Why is Rugby not so popular as Association? is: (*a*) the secession of the Northern Union clubs; and (*b*) Soccer has been made into a thorough business concern, well written up by the Press.

If Rugby football throughout the kingdom were played according to Northern Union Rules, and under one governing body with a similar organisation as Soccer, then I venture to say Rugby would be a formidable opponent to Soccer. T. GRIME.

Achill, near Oldham.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

THE chief event of theatrical interest this week is to-night's Haymarket production of Charles McEvoy's new comedy, *All That Matters*, which appears to be a Wessex story of which Phyllis Neilson-Terry will be the central figure. In a fine cast are Carlotta Addison (of whom my earliest recollection is as Kate Hardcastle at, I think, the Royalty), Sydney Fairbrother, Agnes Thomas, Normans Page and Trevor, and Fisher White. That's what in cricket talk we should call a strong side. Next week something about the play.

• • •

Buying a Gun, with which George Huntley is appearing at the Tivoli, is evidently precisely to the liking of audiences at that house, and on the occasion of a recent visit I found the multitude growing limp with laughter over the vacuous "inanities" of G. P.'s dude. Harry Grattan has made a capital vehicle for Huntley's delightful method, and I should think the sketch will win out wherever it goes.

• • •

Concerning his recent stay in America, G. P. was talking the other night of the various points of difference between life in London and on the other side of the Atlantic. He remarked upon the smallness of the hotel elevators (he called 'em hotelevators) here as compared with those in America. His allusion to the subject recalled to me an experience in which G. P. was concerned. One day he, an extremely stout gentleman, and myself were ascending in an abnormally tiny lift in a West End hotel. When we reached our floor, Huntley, who was so tightly packed that he couldn't even cough with safety, said to the portly passenger, "I beg your pardon, but would you be so kind as to take a deep breath while I get out?" It was so nicely and so seriously put that the bulger took a strong in-pull, and as he did we just escaped by an inch.

• • •

They are making a strong bid for a greater measure of popularity at the Hippodrome, where, I should think, Sahara Djeli (pronounced, as written, with one l), a graceful and sinuous *poseuse* in a Salome act, and the highly promising young actress, Lottie Venne, in a woman's rule skit, entitled *Mrs. Justice Drake*, are likely to do the trick with the stalls bookings. Concerning the Salome act (which I, for one, had fondly dreamed was extinct in this town), I desire to say that it was admirably staged and well mimed; and, moreover, that Sahara (so named, doubtless, because much of her is bare) is a beautifully graceful creature who, at the snaky ripple, has got all her rivals toasted to a rusk. As a bender—well, you just catch her at it some evening about 9.30, and see.

• • •

As already intimated, *Mrs. Justice Drake* is a skit upon woman's rule as President of the Divorce Court in 1920, or thereabouts. With some "writing up" as to dialogue, it would be a scream. As it is, it serves to show that poor, wretched, effete man is badly wanted all the time. One day I asked Lottie Venne, who is delightfully amusing as the Judge, how it was I had never seen her name in connection with the Franchise League. "Because," said she, with a merry little twinkle, "I don't believe in it. I am the sort of woman who wants everything done for her. Not that I wouldn't have the vote if it was thought proper to give it, but I am not going to rush into strife to get it. Women are, or should be, by nature reliant. If I could begin all over again, I should start life as a thoroughly helpless woman, a woman designed to lean on somebody else, but"—and here she tapped her forehead with a momentary show of seriousness—"it would be good to know that, should it become necessary, I would be able to look after myself." I might have known there was nothing of the Suffragette about her, and, of course, I did know it, but it occurred to me that her own opinion would be interesting.

• • •

One of the scenes in the forthcoming new piece at the Gaiety will show you the interior of a hairdressing saloon of a smart hotel, with Edmund Payne as the hairdresser, and Phyllis Dare as a manicurist. The latter, who seems to have had a highly successful time in Manchester (where, by the way, she was succeeded by May de Sousa) as the lead in *The Girl In the Train*, is about to get busy with the rehearsals for the Gaiety show.

• • •

Look out for a revival of *The Speckled Band* at the Strand, with Lyn Harding as the murderous medico with the druggy jumps. Just how long Conan Doyle's creepy creation will stay at the Strand I dunno, but when it quits, Lyn Harding will, I believe, pass along to the Palladium with his sketch, *Honour Is Satisfied*.

• • •

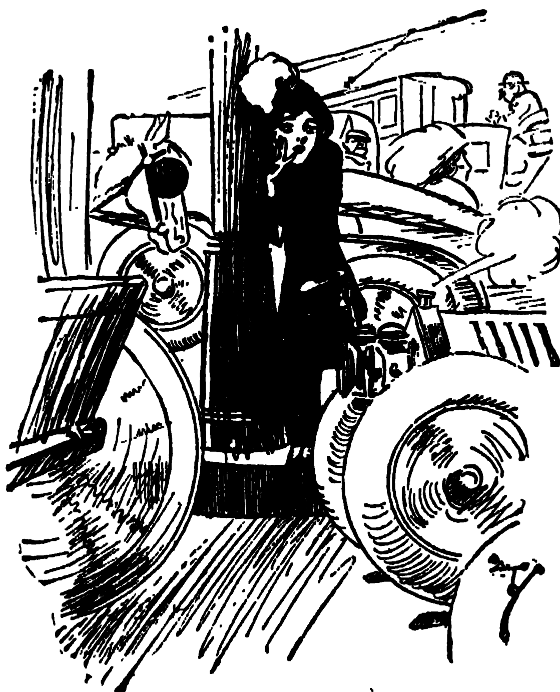
They have at the Théâtre des Arts, Paris, just now a play in which, "amid the shrieks of the Ministers, the entire Cabinet is thrown to wild beasts." It seems that, apart from the ministerial outcry, the incident is received in sympathetic silence.

• • •

The announcement that Lottie Venne has signed to appear with Lewis Waller when the latter commences operations at the Globe with *Bardelys the Magnificent*, means she will cut out the variety game, and get back to the straight line of work. They do tell me that this piece, by Henry Hamilton and R. Sabatini, is a real good 'un. Let us hope so, for it's close up to Waller to weigh in with a winner.

• • •

Just a reminder to those who are interested in the work of the societies which exist for the purpose of revealing genius hitherto submerged, that the English Play Society is at the moment giving a series of performances at the Rehearsal Theatre. The plays being presented are *Under the Rose*, a novelty in three acts, by Minnie Douglas, and *Madame's Holiday*, a one-act first-timer, by Cecil Brough. Of course, I hope the E.P.S. may succeed in bringing to light many an undiscovered treasure.



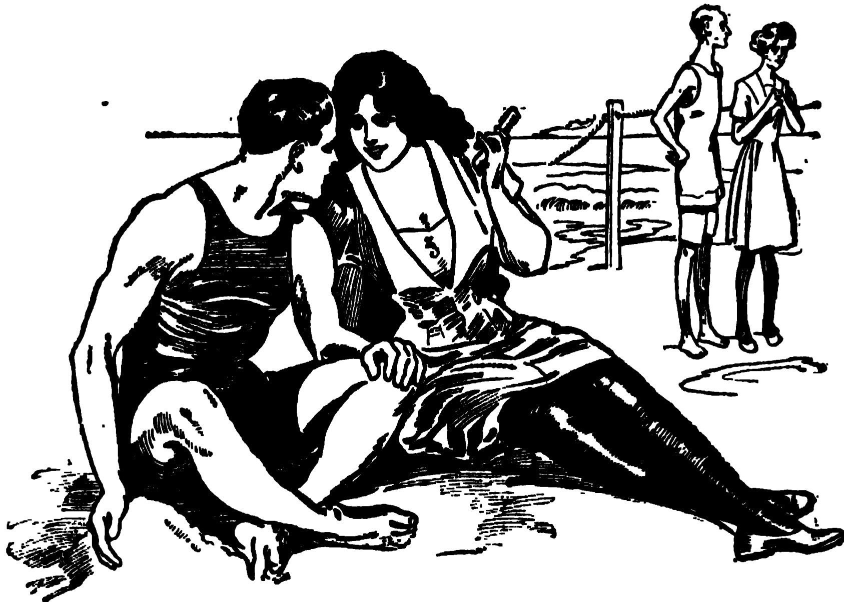
PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"A Girl's Cross Roads."

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2/6 BOX FREE.

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"Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads this announcement. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or you need not pay anything. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good solid permanent flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in your cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of those unhealthy looks, to rejuvenate and revitalise your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture, detention from business, or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 2s. 6d. package of our new discovery to the people who are called "scrags" and "laths," to bony women whose clothes never look well, no matter how expensively dressed, and skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we do not want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves, and puts the digestive tract into such condition that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh, instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Sargol is founded on a thoroughly scientific principle, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. It is far better than cod liver oil, and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 2s. 6d. box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 2s. 6d. package which we will send you free will astonish you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in "LONDON OPINION" if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astonishing results of our new method of treatment that makes such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut out the coupon to-day and post it at once to the Sargol Company (Dept. 74), 124 Holborn, London, E.C., and please send three penny stamps with it to help pay the distribution expenses. Take our word, you will never regret it.

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This Certificate, with three penny stamps to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 2s. 6d. package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder, THE SARGOL COMPANY (Dept. 74), 124 Holborn, London, E.C.

CORNS Hoofy-Skin, Warts, Bunions, cured by **SPIDER**, the infallible Corn Remover, 1/- per packet, 3 for 2/-, post free. The Alcema Drug Co., Dept. 0, Harrogate. Your money returned if SPIDER will not remove your Corns. If **FREE TRIAL** required, send stamped addressed envelope.



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Headache Cured by ZOX

A wonderful remedy. 50,000 Free Trial Powders now being distributed to prove its efficacy.

Life under present conditions, with its bustle and noise and worry and excitement, is undoubtedly responsible for most of the diseases of the nervous system, and of these headache is by far the most common symptom. If *you* are a martyr to headache, or that other equally distressing affliction, neuralgia, your chief concern will be a remedy for it. Doubtless you have already tried numerous remedies without finding one that proved really efficacious, and perhaps you are beginning to think that there is *no* remedy to suit your case. Many others have felt just the same way, until someone persuaded them to try Zox. Zox has proved effective even in long-standing and obstinate cases. It is a tiny white powder, practically tasteless, and you can take it dry, or in milk, tea, or hot water. Some sufferers describe its action as miraculous; others will tell you that it is the one and only remedy they know of. But we want *you* to try Zox for *your* case. For the purpose we will send you Two Powders free of charge, the only condition being that you send us a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose. Remember, Zox is an established remedy—not an untried one. Moreover, a prominent analyst has certified it to contain no injurious substance. Write for the Two Free Powders to-day, and we will post them by return. Do not go on suffering when there is a *real* remedy at hand.

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To the ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Sirs,—I accept your offer of Two Trial packets of "ZOX" and enclose Stamped Addressed Envelope for return postage.

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ADDRESS.....................................

L.O., Feb. 11, 1911.



One of the Suffragettes: "I've lost me best hatpin, Lizzie."
Another: "Where did you leave it last?"
The First: "Oh, I remember, now! I left it sticking in that policeman!"

THE POET'S PALMY DAYS.

["Artistic floppiness" is to be the fashion during the coming season.—*Daily Paper.*]

DEEP rapture! Here's a glorious bit
Of news, a doubly welcome tale
To one whose clothes are only fit
To ornament a rummage sale.
No longer shapeless garb will be
Looked down upon as cheap and "sloppy,"
But rank as Fashion's *dernier cri*,
Artistically floppy.

The general air of bagginess
Apparent at the poet's knees
Will merely show with what success
He follows Fashion's stern decrees,
And if to match those beastly bags
(The beastliest 'twixt Thames and Tummel)
He wears an overcoat that sags,
The folk will whisper "Brummell."

His shoddy tailor's lack of skill
No more can cause his heart to ache;
The fact that he is "seedy" will
Enable him to take the "cake."
By never being span or spick
He'll charm the damosels in batches,
And probably obtain his pick
Of this year's greatest catches.

T. HODGKINSON.

• • •

THE DISGRACE OF ILL-HEALTH.

["The chief hope of peopling Britain with healthy men and women and happy children is by making ill-health socially disgraceful."—Arnold White in LONDON OPINION.]

The only disgrace I henceforward shall fear
Is that of poor bodily health;
So long as my eyes and complexion are clear
What matters the source of my wealth?
The Bankruptcy Court no more terrors will hold
Provided I escape the disgrace of a cold.

Financial sharp practice of every sort
I'll freely commit without shame;
I'll merrily swindle at cards, and in sport
Ignore all the rules of the game.
"His character," people will say, "quite all right is—
He's never yet suffered the pangs of neuritis."

When married, my wife I'll desert if I please,
And with someone else "do a guy";
I'll gaily indulge in wild orgies and sprees,
Quite heedless of who may be by;
Such small peccadilloes no one will dare question
So long as I never contract indigestion.

Rude health will become the sole ground for respect,
And all those who lack it, of course,
Will be cut by their friends and considered suspect
By the clergy as well as the Force;
When we ostracise all who know sickness and pain,
Old England will be Merrie England again! W. M.

• • •

STEVENSON (*Sol.*).

Break, break, break,
O Gray, on thy bed of green,
And I would that my hands could accomplish,
The shots that my eyes have seen.

O well for the in-off-red
That increases thy score by three!
And well for the red that returns
To be smitten again by thee!

And the white goes steadily in
To the pockets again and again;
But O for the touch of that master-hand
Which I know I shall never attain!

Break, break, break,
From the various parts of the D:
But the championship of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

W. H. E.

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISHES

100 SHINES for 4½d.

"NUGGET" is Cheapest in the end.

"I'm feeling so dull and depressed; in fact, I think I'm cracking up!"

"Ah! my poor chap, if you had only had 'NUGGET' for your daily nourishment instead of those cheap and inferior substitutes, you would have looked and felt as I do! 'NUGGET' is the pure food for us! It doubles our lives! 'NUGGET' makes us look brighter and last longer. 'NUGGET' renders us proof against rain, and gives us that smart finish which attracts every eye."

"Cool and Fragrant"

Smoke

St. Julien

Tobacco

4½d. per oz.

GLOBE Metal Polish

In Paste and Liquid.

When you use Globe remember to use just a little.

A little Globe.

That, with a little rub, gives a big shine—the brilliance of which will last.

Paste 1d. 2d. 4d. & larger tins. Liquid, 2d. 6d. & 1/. unique sprinkler-top cans.

Grocers & Stores everywhere.

Raimes & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.

N°27

Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

Let the children use it daily. It will keep their mouths and teeth hygienically clean and avert decay.

It will give them sound, useful and beautiful teeth.

See the signature "Jewsbury & Brown" on each package. No other is genuine.

Tubes: 1/- Pots: 1/6 and 2/6.

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The Ideal Shaving Soap.

SHAVALLO

Supplied in Ivorine Sticks 1/- each, and Cakes 4½d. each.

Pure, Emollient, and Soothing to the Skin. No Stinging or Drying on the Face.

BRITISH MADE AND THE BEST

SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES.

Send 1d. Stamp for Sample to Dept. "L.O."

Sole Makers:

JOHN KNIGHT Ltd.,

Soapmakers by Appointment to H.M. King George V., LONDON.

Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal Brussels International Exhibition, 1910.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The Horses of Soma. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

A NETSUKE, a tsuba, a colour-printed woodcut, and a bowl rest on the writing-table near me, and each represents a horse

Consider the bowl; it is Soma ware; it was made in Soma; Soma was a Principality of the old feudal Japan. The Princes of Soma were great hereditary Daimos; Daimos were the territorial noblemen of the bygone Japan. The Prince of Soma's crest, device, or blazon—one cannot call it a coat of arms—was a horse. And therefore Soma porcelain and pottery displays, in relief or painted, upon its rough, indented, outer surface, a horse as a mark. Sometimes the horse grazes, sometimes it bucks; sometimes, tied to one short post or between two posts, it kicks up its hind legs viciously.

Should you come across a bit of "Oriental" marked with the Soma horse, better purchase it cheaply, while you can. While you can, I say, for good old Japanese ware is being more and more collected.

The Netsuke.

I take up the netsuke; notice the two holes in it; they are short channels or, rather, tunnels, through which a string was passed; in use, the netsuke a little resembled the block upon the cordage of a pulley. This particular netsuke is of wood, and was carved into the shape of a grazing horse by some artistic serf at Soma at least a hundred and fifty years ago. The patina or polish shows that it was long in use; and because of that, the fine carving of it, and the material being hard old wood, it belongs to the class of netsukes most desirable to collect. Pray do not suppose, beginner, that the brand-new elaborate things seen by the dozen in pawnbrokers' windows or "imitation shops" are the proper kind; or even the small, dirty-brown bone things, which seem to have been used by dirty people. Beware, too, of imitation netsukes, neither wood, nor ivory, nor bone, but moulded celluloid; these are too light-weight for ivory, and you may also detect them by the line down the sides which marks a joining, due to the use of the back and front parts of the mould. New Japan is forging counterfeits of old Japanese works of art, so beware!

The Soma man who carved the horse netsuke took a root of boxwood, or wood like box, cut off four thin shoots just above the root or stem, and utilised the four stumps for the legs, just where they joined the bit of root, which he shaped into the head, tail, and body of the horse. A Japanese visitor picked this out as the best of my small collection; yet it cost me only five shillings in the Fulham Road.

The Tsuba.

I picked the sword-guard out of a score, at a shop in the City, price nine-and-sixpence; it is plain iron. But the art in it! The Soma craftsman *cut* it out of hard iron, you can see the marks of the knife in it, so to speak. A horse and its halter-rope, that is the subject; the horse is bucking, much as Buffalo Bill's bronchos used to do at Olympia; the four hoofs are all in the air together, and the rope, curling round and under them, completes the circular shape of the sword-guard.

Note that fine, antique, carved iron tsubas are more sought for by Japanese connoisseurs than the later and more ornate sword-guards, inlaid with gold, silver, or copper. But again beware! Collecting is more than ever becoming a science of skilled detection. In an "art shop" the other day I spied some scores of what purported to be iron tsubas, turned into paper-weights, clips, and so forth, on sale at eighteen-pence each. For eighteen-pence you are offered an iron tsuba, smeared over with gilt or silver bronze-paint, and decorated by a flied-out flower ornament embossed, and riveted on. "And aren't they selling, though!" the shopman said,



"There are a lot of girls here who don't ever intend to get married."
"How do you know?"
"I've proposed to several!"

when I questioned their origin. "Six dozen, at least, I've sold this very day."

I examined what were left; they were not even the common cast-iron tsubas used in the degenerate days of fifty years ago, just before the Japanese ceased to wear side-arms. They were rough imitations, *stamped* out of soft iron by machinery—thin, fragile, and never filed, chiselled, and finished, in the ancient craftsmanlike way. They are worthless and offensive counterfeits; but people are buying them. I don't believe they ever saw Japan. But presently, with the embossed ornament taken off, when the bronze paint has worn dull, they will be selling in curio-shops to the unwary, no manner of doubt about that.

The Print.

And so are modern reprints of Japanese wood-cuts, as foul in colour as photographic copies of Morland and Bartolozzi prints. In the real thing now before me the Soma horse appears. It was drawn by Tsukioka Tange, an artist who lived during 1717-1786; the wood-engraver was Yoshimi Nyeimon, and the print was published in 1762. The Japanese lettering tells that, and the prancing horse—a rare feature in Japanese prints—suggests that the artist belonged to the suzerainty of Soma. What an artist he was! The horse prances, the Prince leans out from the saddle with lifted whip, and the serf shrinks and scuttles away from the blow. It is all in motion, it is all alive.

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CALEDONIAN (Withington).—The artist mentioned is of no repute, and do not think pictures would be of more than nominal value.

F. B. D. (Johannesburg, S.A.).—If the violin is a genuine Guarnerius, it is worth £400 or more. It is, however, extremely doubtful, as all the examples in existence are known. Many hundreds of copies have been made in France and Holland, and are worth varying prices, from 15s. to 75s.

MEDALS (Sheffield).—Your three Crimean War medals are worth 25s. the lot. None of them are rare.

L. O. C. (Dublin).—It is impossible to value water-colour drawing from description, as you do not give name of the artist. Engraving is of no particular value. Books are worth the following: "Gesta Romanorum," 1663, 15s. to £1; "Dutch Gardener," 15s. Mason's ironstone plates are of no particular importance, worth about 5s. each.

H. B. (Bournemouth).—Cannot say if your small "Cries of London" are genuine unless inspected, as they have been extensively reprinted. Send one of the prints for inspection and we will advise.

W. D. S. (Birmingham).—Your violin is a forgery, see answer to "F. B. D." (Johannesburg). The inscription and mark on label do not tally, as the mark is that of Stradivarius.

C. W. (County Down).—Your Sheffield wine strainer is worth 10s. to 15s. Baby's rattle, silver, 5s. to 7s. 6d.

J. C. B. (Hastings).—Your tankard is George III., worth 6s. to 7s. 6d. an ounce.

G. C. (Leytonstone).—Your book of Common Prayer, 1650, in condition stated, is worth from 15s. to £1.

M. A. (Bristol).—Print is of nominal value only, worth about 5s.

H. W. B. (Mortlake). Your volume of the "Miscellaneous Works of Dryden" is worth 12s. 6d. The others are of no particular value.

K. M. G. (Malvern Link).—Cannot value your vases from description; this class of china has been extensively copied both by the Chinese and French. If you will send a good photograph we will advise. From description of the ormolu work it does not appear to be exceptional.

WINDMILL (Yorks).—Your paintings are worth the following: "Adoration," by Francks, £2 2s.; sea piece by Cook, 50s. to £3 10s.; landscape by A. W. Williams, £3 3s. to £5 5s.; landscape by J. Webb, £12 to £15, "Snowden," by J. Syer, jun., £40 to £50. The others are by artists of no particular repute, and the value depends on the quality of the work. Coloured print, "Cock Match," worth 30s. to 35s.

N. J. L. (Belfast).—There is no record of the artist mentioned; could not give the value of work without inspection. Pictures by unknown artists realise only nominal sums at auction.

J. H. (Lichfield).—None of your books are rare or of anything more than nominal value. You might offer them to some second-hand bookseller.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

"LOVE'S LABOUR LOST."

By DERWENT MIALL.

BERTIE WISSELTON sat a little back from his window with a rapt look on his face.

Through an open casement on the opposite side of the street floated the liquid notes of a woman's voice—"La-a, la-a, la-a, la-a, *La*,"—in a slow, zig-zag climb from a deep chest-note to culminating shrillness.

The summer air, baking between the two tall rows of houses, vibrated with the insistent sound. A ribald street boy mocked it, and passed on; a choleric old gentleman, fretted with the tedium of constant iteration, shut down his window with an angry slam. But Bertie sat and listened in a rapturous morning dream (for this happened in his salad days, when he was yet in quest of the Ideal Maiden, the Incomparable Feminine).

Presently he heard a sound of restive footsteps overhead, and he smiled sardonically. It was Merton, the man upstairs—a soulless creature, who seemed to find only cause for vexation in the "native wood-notes wild" of the unseen singer; for he flung his boots about in a noisy way before getting his feet into them, and then descended the stairs with thunderous tread, and fairly bolted from the house.

Bertie looked down from his window, and saw him striding rapidly up the length of Angela Road, till he turned the corner by the print shop—a clod, with a brick-red face, large boots, and a heart that made no responsive beat to the call of the loveliest woman-voice in London. Bertie himself, with an ampler wisdom, sat down again, and listened, and thrilled to the sound in an ecstasy of adoration.

To be sure, neither words nor air were beautiful in themselves. Herr Stellenbosch, as the inhabitants of Angela Road, S.W., could easily testify, kept his beginners pretty relentlessly to scales and exercises. But what mattered words or melody when *She* was the singer? The songs that burning Sappho sung were lifeless numbers compared with Her "La-a, la-a, *la*."

About ten minutes after Mr. Merton's departure, Bertie looked at his watch. Then, with something furtive in his manner, he smoothed his fair hair in front of a mirror, and patted his necktie into place. After that he put on his hat, and descended to the street.

He walked quickly as far as the print shop, and turned the corner into Plympton Gardens. At the further end of that select thoroughfare there was an oil-shop. Merton, the clod, had halted in his flight from the Voice, to look into the oil-shop window. Bertie beheld him from afar with a pitying smile; then he studied his own reflection for a moment in the plate glass front of the print shop, strolled slowly round the corner again, and back—the dog!—along Angela Road, on that side of the way where the singing-master displayed his brass plate.

A door opened and closed. *She* was on the pavement. She came—she came! With a music-case in her hand she walked towards Bertie. The pavement swayed, a rosy mist filled the air, and his pulses drummed madly; and all because the prettiest girl in Kensington was going home from a singing lesson. Not even her bee-hive hat could extinguish the glowing glory of her hair. Her eyes were of Heaven's own blue, and her nose—just the least little bit tip-tilted——

She was gone. It was over. For one dizzy moment he had gazed upon her face, and then there was nothing to live for but the next meeting.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays this had been the usual order of things for several weeks now; and Bertie was still as far as ever from acquaintance with the beautiful singer.

On one or two occasions, to be sure, the routine was varied a little. Once, for example, his agitation was so great that he failed to raise his eyes to his divinity's face in passing, and regretted it tragically afterwards as one of life's lost opportunities. And once, returning home after a meeting, he became suddenly, for her sake, a poet:

"My heart, my heart is beating,
My own, my sweet, my sweeting——"

at which point he thought, unfortunately, of fish-shops bearing the name of Sweeting; and the fount of poesy dried.

But one momentous day he took a practical step.

It happened thus: on a fair Tuesday morning, when the singing lesson was in progress, and Bertie was, as usual, listening to the singer's trilling notes, Mrs. Meakin, the landlady, came unexpectedly into the room upon some errand, and stayed to talk.

"And I'm sure, Mr. Wisselton," she said, "it's very good of you not to complain of the Professor's pupils as most of my gentlemen have done. But there! complaining is of no use, for he's got his living to get just the same as most of us."

"Mr. Merton doesn't seem to like the music," observed Bertie, hearing thumping boots on the staircase, followed by the slamming of the hall door.

"Not but what," continued Mrs. Meakin, ignoring Mr. Merton's dissatisfation, "there's a bright side to it too, for when the Professor gives his evening receptions I'm sure it's as good as Queen's Hall to hear them; and often I've stood at this very window with tears in my eyes, and them singing 'The Bonny Blue Banks of Lake Lomond,' or else——"

"What?" said Bertie abruptly. "Does the Professor give parties?"

"To be sure he does, to his pupils, and their friends, once a term. They all assemble in the big room on the first floor, and Mr. Bapp does the catering, and——"

And then, in a flash, he had made a great resolve.

He put it into execution at three o'clock that afternoon, at which hour he crossed the road, boldly rang the Professor's bell, and was ushered into a large gloomy room furnished with a grand piano, and shelves upon shelves of bound music. To Bertie, the apartment had some of the sacredness of a cathedral; it was here the Ideal Maiden exercised her incomparable voice on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. He speculated as to the exact spot on the well-worn drugget where she stood on those occasions. His speculations were disturbed by the arrival of the Professor—a heavily-built man, with shaggy hair, eyebrows, and moustache, and blue, Teutonic eyes that watched the world shrewdly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed, myopic lenses.

With fitting modesty Bertie explained that he was very ignorant of music, but had a burning desire to learn to sing, and the Professor listened sympathetically—though his gaze was a little disconcerting—nodded several times, and then moved across to the piano, and sat down on the music-stool.

"Kom here," he said in his rich, guttural voice. "We will see if you haf a voice. We must dry him"—as if Bertie's voice had been out bathing.

Then he struck a note.

"So! You sing that," he commanded curtly.

And Bertie sang—or at any rate he emitted a distinctly audible sound.

The Professor looked up, with an air of pained surprise, strumming noisily the while on one note.

"Again, if you blease," he said

Again Bertie opened his mouth and sang.

Ach! Himmel! I give you C, and you give me B flat," said the Professor, in a tone of gentle protest.

At the next attempt the Professor rose from his stool, and laid his ear to Bertie's chest, in the manner of the family doctor.

"Now!" he ordered.

And Bertie let it go for all he was worth—"La-a-a."

The Professor raised his head, and laid his hands on the shoulders of the blushing novice.

"My young friend, you haf a most remarkable voice," he said solemnly; and Bertie gazed wonderingly into



SOMETHING ATTEMPTED



SOMETHING DONE



HAS EARNED A NIGHTS REPOSE.



Wifie: "I want a cap, please, for my husband."
Shopkeeper: "Yes, madam. What size does he wear?"
Wifie: "Well, I really forget. His *collars* are size sixteen, though I expect he'd want about size eighteen or twenty for a cap, wouldn't he?"

his pathetic blue eyes, and did not deny the fact. He was neither pleased nor sorry to be so gifted. He hoped, however, that the singing-master would not insist upon his preparing himself for grand opera. He did not want to have greatness thrust upon him. All he wanted was to be invited to the Professor's next evening party, there to mash the Ideal Maiden—the one, the only, the Incomparable.

However he was committed to an arduous undertaking, and there being a piano in his room, Bertie practised scales and exercises most assiduously for a week or two, and his noisy "Ah-ah-ah" blended mellifluously with the "La-a, la-a la" of pupils across the way, till the dwellers in Angela Road asked themselves seriously whether life was worth living.

One morning his practice was disturbed by unusual sounds on the stairs and in the hall; and presently, looking out of the window, he saw the man Merton's boxes, and bath, and other impedimenta piled high on a four-wheeled cab. He saw Mr. Merton himself finally get in the cab, wave a large red hand to Mrs. Meakin, and drive away. And then he had a sudden qualm of conscience, and descended the stairs to interview Mrs. Meakin.

"I hope my singing hasn't lost you a lodger," he said.

"O! no, sir," said Mrs. Meakin, much to his relief—for she was a necessitous lady—"Mr. Merton is giving up the rooms to be married."

Bertie returned to his piano, pondering over the inscrutable mysteries of life. The man Merton, with his brick-dust complexion and big boots, represented some young girl's Ideal of masculine perfection. Wonderful!

And then at last it came—his invitation to an evening reception, when all the Professor's pupils, with many of their admiring friends and relations, would gather together for harmony and social intercourse. It seemed almost too good to be true; and yet the actuality of it was brought home to him three nights a week when he had to forego dinner in order to practise part-songs with other beginners. The Ideal Maiden was not of this party. She was more advanced, and would not be met with until the night itself.

The Professor had decided that Bertie was a tenor. There was only one other tenor in the novices' class—a young man named Dawkins. Dawkins was not the sort of person Bertie would have invited to lunch with him at his club; but he was worthy, and intelligent, and dependable. By paying strict attention to all that Dawkins did, and striving to keep abreast with him in all the awful intricacies of harmonised singing, Bertie hoped to be able to scrape through without mishap. The great thing, he gathered, was not to be led away by the other fellows, who were classed as basses, and who seemed to produce their voices from behind their foreheads or from their boots. Bertie had a great respect for their resonance and musical knowledge. For his own part he could never understand the difference between a crochet and a quaver. He simply put his trust in Dawkins.

It seemed a long time coming; but it came at last—the great day that was to end his period of silent adoration and to give him an opportunity of putting matters upon an altogether more satisfactory basis.

He was feverish and restless all that day. The hours dragged; a thousand times he asked himself how he would preserve his sanity if, after all, she did not come. Never Maiden before her first ball dressed with more care than did the infatuated young man that evening. He was half inclined, when finally he had tied his bow to his satisfaction, to call up Mrs. Meakin, and ask if he would "do," after the manner of half-timorous, half-exultant debutantes.

Then the hour struck, and Bertie Wisselton crossed the street to meet what Fate might ordain.

The Professor's pupils had mustered in large numbers, with their relations. Some had a good many relations, and the large room, which had a dais at one end, was speedily crowded. Bertie was happy in expectancy—though, to be sure, a little out of his *milieu*. Several of the younger women wore waistless frocks, and Bertie

ascribed to them the possession of great talent, and feared them exceedingly. One guest, a man, wore morning dress and lemon kid gloves! Bertie, encountering him in the throng, experienced a sudden shock, and felt he had descended into a strange social underworld, and was glad his poor mother could not see him.

A sudden stir, and the music began. Bertie found a seat near the platform upon which he was presently to appear, while the Professor, did brave things at the piano, and the room grew warm. A burst of applause followed the pianoforte solo; then came a part-song, and Bertie followed his fellow-novices quite eagerly on to the platform; for from that position of vantage he could scan the faces in the room, and so, perchance, find the face that had worked such havoc in his heart.

There was a hurried shuffling into places, and he found himself in the middle of the dais, with a bevy of maidens on one side of him, and, on the other, the young men who kept their voices in their heads or in their boots. But where was Dawkins? Bertie looked, with sudden misgiving, for his right rank man; while the Professor, seated at the piano, took a telegram from an attendant, tore it open, and then tossed it aside. After that he struck a noisy chord; and the part-song began.

First the sopranos sang it, sweetly enough:

"O! listen to my roundelay, as I wander in the woodlands green"—and then went on to sing of other matters, while a second bevy of ladies repeated the original invitation, but more throatily:

"O! listen to my roundelay. O! listen to my roundelay—my round-dee-lay."

Bertie could see Her now, at the back of the room. Heavens! If she looked radiantly lovely under a disfiguring beehive, she now seemed a creature of more than mortal beauty, with her glorious hair uncovered, and her eyes shining lustrous in the subdued lamplight.

"As I wander in the woodlands green," sang the ladies immediately to Bertie's right. Then came a dull silence. The Professor played a bar alone, and looked up ferociously. A young lady with a red nose, and a dress that seemed meant for a compromise between morning and evening wear, stood next to Bertie. She thrust a sharp elbow in his side.

"Go on," she whispered.

Bertie came down from the clouds.

"O! by Jove—my turn?" he said very audibly, in flustered accents. And then, to a tune entirely original and weird, he piped quaveringly:

"O! listen to my roundelay, as I trip along the meadows pied. O! listen to my roundelay, O! listen to my row——"

And then came merciful deliverance; for the young men who kept their voices in their heads or their boots "chipped in" as Bertie would have phrased it, stern, sonorous, and yet with a certain decorous joviality—like the dashing woodlanders they were supposed to represent—and made their contribution to the ordered confusion of sound.

"As I wander, wander, wander, as I wander, wander, wander——" so they sang.

But *She* was laughing. All was at an end. Bertie could see her snowy shoulders shaking, though her face was hidden behind her fan. She was laughing at him! He was a thing of scorn and despite to her, a bungler, a sham, an absurdity, a worm! And—most horrific and devastating fact of all—beside her, whispering to her behind his white-gloved hand, sat Merton!

* * * * *

Bertie never knew how it happened; but there must have been an interval in the programme, for people were eating cakes and drinking claret cup; and Merton—good Heavens!—with an amused, good-natured look on his brick-red face, was speaking to *him*.

"I say, you made rather a bloomer with your blessed roundelay—what?" he said. "Never mind—come and be introduced to Miss Parkins. You've often met her—in a sense—between here and the paint shop. I know all about it: but you see, old boy, I went one better than you there. I used to go *as far as the oil-shop.*"

Bertie never waited for that introduction to take place. He burst like a thunderbolt into the cloak-room, frightening a slumberous attendant into the belief that the house was on fire, claimed his hat fiercely, and rushed forth, craving Night, and Chaos, and Nepenthe.

THE CRAZE FOR "NOTORIOUS" BRIDES.

A Protest on Behalf of the Really Nice Girl.

THERE has lately appeared an article in a woman's paper deploring the fact that it is becoming more and more the custom among ladies of good social position, and unblemished character, to assume, as much as may be, the guise and semblance of those beings of the half-world of whose existence their very mothers frequently feign to be ignorant.

The writer of that article proceeds to complain that, having brought up her own daughters to be and to look like simple and good girls, she finds that there is absolutely no demand for such a type of womanhood, and that consequently the really "nice" results of her careful training are an absolute drug in the market of the day.

Can this really be true?

Is it possible that the ideals of the modern man have so far deteriorated that they prefer the women they marry to look slightly improper?

It is only a very short step from looking a thing to becoming it; and this leads us to wonder whether the fact that the maiden bloom has been rubbed off the peach does in reality detract from its value in the eyes of him who would pluck it. Apparently not!

Certainly there has never been a time when delicacy and diffidence in girls have been at such a discount, and brazen effrontery and "rapidity" so much in demand as now. The days when a man required "spotless innocence" both of thought and of act in the bride he led to the altar have entirely gone by. The fact that a girl has been engaged half a dozen times; that her name has been coupled with that of a scoundrel; that she has been plaintiff in an action for breach of promise, or that she has been badly compromised with a married man, appears to add to, rather than to discount, her value in the matrimonial arena. A divorced woman, should the co-respondent fail to marry her, can have the pick of half a dozen ardent suitors. Her chosen bridegroom does not scruple to lead her to the altar with the diamonds of her shame gleaming upon her breast!

Time was when men "amused" themselves with such women—but marry them, "no, thanks!" Nowadays notoriety is the short cut to marriage—and not to marriage with a penniless nobody, but to assumption either of a name centuries old, or the sharing of wealth of perhaps less ancient origin.

In the Law Courts, and even in the police courts, we read of would-be suicides, suspected husband-murderers, and women of proved bad character of every kind, and each one appears to have in the background some man waiting to wed her as soon as she is free.

Why is this? Can it be that the jaded appetite of the up-to-date man is only capable of being roused by caviare and cayenne? That the natural and the beautiful are too "tame" and uninspiring for his perverted palate? If such be the case, and the average suitor has really reached this effete state, perhaps it is as well for the happiness of the "really nice" girl that she is completely ignored by him. But she can't be expected to be pleased by this unflattering fact. She can hardly be supposed to feel elated when she sees the eligibles of her own circle being carried off one by one by ladies of whom her own brothers have always said previously that they were persons she couldn't possibly "know."

Is it any wonder that she is tempted to paint her face and tire her hair so that she may resemble Jezebel, at least in appearance, since Jezebel alone seems to her capable of satisfying the demands of her masculine acquaintance? For this reason our streets are freely sprinkled with ladies of whom we think "I wonder who she is? She doesn't look quite right; and yet she doesn't look quite wrong."

They do not recognise, poor things, the fact that conversation and conduct must match appearance in order to make the attraction complete. It's no good to look what young Bond Street calls a "little ripper" unless you *are* one. Such a term as that has a wide reading nowadays, but its owner is tolerably certain to gain an additional name with a handle to it, an ancestral hall or two in the country, and an exceedingly smart house in town, if only she "rips" enough.

It is no manner of use for a girl nowadays to stay at home "in maiden meditation" making and embroidering articles for her bottom drawer. She must be out and about. She must wear preposterous clothes, and cut daring figures at the rink. She must get her ankles talked about, her petticoats (or the lack of them) discussed—otherwise she doesn't exist. She must not fear to compromise herself. Indeed, she must rather seek to do so.

The craze for scantily-clad posturing has died out for the moment; but feminine brains are busily concocting the next "sensation." For the strawberry leaves await her who is able to provide something to make the stalls gasp for breath. She runs a good chance of reaching the peerage who can set the clubs wondering "how she has the nerve." K. V. KAYE.



Mistress: "Now, mind, if this occurs again I shall have to get another servant."

Mary Ann: "I wish you would, ma'am—there's quite enough work here for two of us!"

THE SPORTING BISHOP.

AN Irish prelate, fond of a day's shooting, was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any member of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the Church, indulging in such pursuits.

"I have never read in the Bible that any of the apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed, severely.

"Well, you see," returned his lordship cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing."

AFFINITIES.

IN the hereafter the man encountered a singular group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter, and some seals, all shivering, though the climate, to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs," they explained civilly, upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I," quoth he, and joined them; and thenceforth they wandered on together.

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

This Week's Great Show.

TO-DAY (Wednesday) one of the greatest shows opens in London that the world has ever beheld. There will be 1,750 actual dogs, or 250 more than last year. The best of the dogs of these our islands will grace the rings and benches of Cruft's International Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall until Friday night. There is an exhibition of sporting appliances as well, and railway excursions are due from many parts.

Prominent Personalities.

Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, Bart., is president of the big show. Sir Lindsay is a keen dog lover, and prides himself on the excellence of the fox-terriers and other dogs he has had in his possession. Time and again has the president given to Queen Alexandra the names of the dogs while her Majesty has been inspecting them. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, a member of the Council, has owned as good an all-round kennel as any man in England. The Duchess of Newcastle, who now possesses the best lot of wire-haired fox-terriers in the world, is also on the Council. Not only has the Duchess had the best of borzois, but she has hunted her own pack of harriers, and sent out to Western Australia beagles, which, being entered to brush-tail kangaroo, produced a new sport for the Sandgropers.

Some of the Older Judges.

Gentlemen and ladies of the greatest experience judge at the show this week. Mr. Fred Gresham is the *doyen* of all experts of his profession. Nigh on a generation ago he possessed the best St. Bernard dogs in the universe. He is a keen, all-round judge of nearly everything with legs and wings. He is cognisant of the true points of horses, dogs, poultry, pigeons, and cats. He is among the regular critics of the *Field*, and conducts the kennel department of the *Shooting Times*. Mr. Harding Cox, hunting-man, angler, courser, shot, artist, actor, playwright, author, and what-not, judges black and tan terriers, French bulldogs, greyhounds, Maltese and Yorkshire terriers. Mr. Walter Evans, J.P., and Mr. E. H. Bowers are old judges of their favourite breeds—bloodhounds and bulldogs. Mr. E. B. Joachim, the astute editor of the *Illustrated Kennel News*, makes the awards in foreign dogs and Brussels griffons. Mr. Theo. Marples, F.Z.S., editor of *Our Dogs* since its fortunate inception, will have a busy time among the Labradors, retrievers, and Irish wolfhounds.

Good Sportsmen All.

One of Devonshire's most representative country gentlemen will judge the pointers. Mr. E. C. Norrish, of Crediton, not only has produced some of the best of this breed that England ever had, but "the Squire" supplied the Americans with Champion Graphic and others. On that dog's name was founded the famous Graphic Kennel on the other side. Mr. G. Uthwatt, M.O.H., will judge otter hounds, and Mr. James Farrow of Ispwich, who has been associated with show and field spaniels for over forty years, will adjudicate on all the sporting spaniels, with the exception of cockers and Welsh springers. Mr. Farrow founded the Obo strain of cockers, of which there are thousands in the United States and Canada alone. Mr. W. Moram is an old hand among the English sheepdogs wh.ch he judges.

Hunting, Army, Church, and Medicine Represented.

Mr. J. H. Howell, M.F.H. (the Pembrokeshire), comes to London for the first time to look over the Sealyham terriers, the extremely popular working dogs with hounds. Mr. Howell comes from a sporting stock. Dr. Howell, of Solva, was one of the greatest supporters of coursing in West Wales almost in the time of our grandfathers. Colonel Heseltine judges cockers, and the Rev. R. V. O. Graves, poodles. Dr. Tulk judges pugs. Mr. Hubert M, Wilson of Manchester is, of course, one of the best supporters of Irish setters living. Mr. Edwin Powell, of Shrewsbury, will naturally be among his favourites the fox-terriers: Among the lady judges will be found Lady Lacon (Chow Chows), Miss F. Le Doux (Japanese spaniels), Miss Goodall (Newfoundlands).

THE MAN WITH THE RED BEARD.

How Mr. Burlingham, Accused of the Steinheil Murder, has Become a Paris Figure.

It is not everyone who can boast of having been accused of the most sensational crime of a century, and of having profited by it. Usually such an accusation leaves a storm of indefinable suspicion, and the unfortunate victim is glad to bury himself from the public view, and hope that the incident may be forgotten.

Living in a studio in the Latin Quarter in Paris, however, is a newspaper man, Frederick Burlingham, who for a time was accused of having been the murderer of the painter Steinheil, and who was even identified by Madame Steinheil (afterwards tried for the murder herself, and acquitted) as the man who killed her husband and her mother. Mr. Burlingham was under suspicion for months, but cleared himself triumphantly, and since then has turned the incident to his advantage.

Mr. Burlingham's misfortune—or good fortune—is that he has a magnificent red beard. Mme. Steinheil in her first story of the murder said that she saw a man with a red beard bending over her bed on the night of the murder. Added to that, Mr. Burlingham is a simple life enthusiast, wears sandals, a velvet coat and no hat, so that he attracts attention. The French police wanted a man with a red beard, and as Mr. Burlingham answered this description they shadowed him for months, caused the newspapers to accuse him, and although they never arrested him, made him quite as much trouble as if they had.

Now, although a couple of years have elapsed, he is one of the best known figures in Paris. Whenever he passes by, people nudge each other and whisper, "*L'homme à la barbe rouge.*" The newspapers which were eager to send him to the guillotine are now eager for his contributions, and official persons whose acquaintance he made when under suspicion smooth the way for him as if he were a person of great influence. Here is his own story of the incident:

"My first intimation that I was wanted for the murder of the painter Steinheil came like a bomb-shell one morning while I was in my lodgings in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. I opened to find a bearded man staring at me strangely.

"'Monsieur Burlingham, I believe?' he asked.

"'I cannot deny it.'

"'Well, in the *Libre Parole*, you are designated as the man wanted by the police for the murder. Here is the clipping.'

"Then for the first time I became aware that there was an *Affaire Steinheil*, that a well-known painter and his mother-in-law had been assassinated, and that I had committed the murder. It was all down in black and white, my name, my nationality, my occupation, and my address.

"Interviewing in turn my interviewer, he told me that, while I was away in Switzerland on the now famous walking tour, the French police had broken into my lodgings, stolen photographs by which Madame Steinheil had identified me as the assassin, opened my letters, followed me for six months through France and Switzerland, intercepted my luggage, and had cooperated with the Swiss police in shadowing me while the police in Paris were trying to find direct incriminating evidence on which to order my arrest.

"'But there is no advantage in this?' one might say. I think there is. I have crossed the Atlantic in the kitchen of a transatlantic liner for an experience. I have been half drowned, and have had the sensation of climbing dizzy Alpine precipices, all of which cost money; but being called publicly an assassin, and seeing the shadow of the guillotine flit momentarily across the brain are, quite gratis, sensations extremely rare and incomparably thrilling. And are not sensations what we are all looking for in these days?

"As the newspapers accused me of hiding, I determined to appear in public, and went down to the office of the *Matin* to refute these false statements. I intended to demand all the light possible on the affair. Unless the mystery was cleared up I might rest all my life under suspicion. They kept me waiting so long in the ante-chamber that I knew something was being concocted. When I threatened to leave I was asked if I were willing to meet Madame Steinheil face to face.

"'Why, I am willing to meet anybody,' I replied. I had a vision of Madame Steinheil coming in, declaring it was all a blunder, and, with the *Matin* as witness,



AT THE RINK.

Jackson: "D'ye see the two Miss Neverweds? Rather elderly to take to rinking. What?"
Blobd (sentimental, as usual): "Ah, how the years do roll on to be sure!"

seeing the whole affair end there. There was a shuffling of feet in the corridor, and I heard muffled voices behind the closed door. Then it opened, and one of the directors of the *Matin* came in to say that Madame Steinheil could not bring herself to face the possible murderer of her husband, and the encounter was impossible, except on the condition that I was willing to stand in a lighted corridor and allow madame to see me from a darkened room looking through the almost closed door.

"Stepping into the glare I walked past the half-open door, at the same time attempting with my eyes to pierce the gloom on the other side. I could see nothing, but that stare of mine did its work. I heard gasping and agitated whispers as I was hurried along the corridor. Madame Steinheil was overcome by an attack of nerves, and when they could calm her down, she cried:

"'Oh, those eyes! That beard! It is he! It is surely he!'

"Instead of ending the affair, therefore, this visit to the *Matin* intensified the situation, for the newspaper itself opened fire on me.

"To stop the sensation I determined to go direct to the police. Some weeks before my name was mentioned in the *Affaire Steinheil* it should be stated that Monsieur Hamard, chief of the French detective force, asked me to visit him under the pretext that he was looking for a witness to an automobile accident which was supposed to have taken place about the time of the crime in the Impasse Ronsin. Of course, I knew nothing about the accident, but he asked me to tell him where I was at the time—which was at Montbard—and I promptly forgot the incident. Recalling this, I felt sure M. Hamard would publish the fact that I was not in Paris at the time of the crime, and he promised to ask M. Leydet, the *juge d'instruction*, to do so.

"Judge Leydet, however, with true legal logic, said that as he had not officially accused me of being the assassin he could not officially state I was not the assassin.

"I was therefore left to fry in printer's ink, while millions of readers enjoyed the spectacle. Abandoned by the police and the administrators of justice, who were responsible for my predicament, I was forced again to turn to the newspapers. I then gave out publicly my alibi—on the night of the crime the Comte de Kerstrat and I were at Montbard—and, owing to the enormous momentum my affair had taken, the newspapers were forced to send out and verify my statements. This they did, and I was tried out of court for a crime I knew nothing about, and acquitted triumphantly.

"If anyone was libelled by newspapers it was I during the Steinheil affair, but as I only wanted vindication and not damages, the newspapers treated me generously when they found they were on the wrong tack.

"But the administrators of justice did just the contrary. Although it was proved that I was absent from Paris, and had never heard of the Steinheils, I was charged officially in the *act d'accusation* against Mme. Steinheil of being an adventurer, of frequenting suspect places, and of knowing a red-haired woman—as if that were a crime. It seems the newspapers forced the Government to drop me, its prey, as a fowler forces a hawk to drop a chicken, and this justice, which thought it had the murderer, was chagrined to find that, after all, I had nothing to do with the affair.

"During this time my mail came promptly, addressed simply 'Burlingham, Paris.' It having been stated that I was a follower of Abe Kneipp, I had invitations to join Nature colonies, eat nuts, and live in trees like squirrels. I had some charming letters from Paris midinettes, who said they would never forget me; so that on the whole I have gained as much as I suffered from the experience.

FREDERICK BURLINGHAM."

• • •

FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

THE article "A Haul in Hatton Garden" is crowded out until next issue. Apologies.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Gourmands.

"The American idea of pleasure—highly-priced food and plenty of it!"—*America Through English Eyes,* by "Rita." S. Paul & Co. 6s.

Life's Riddles.

"No one knows anything about a woman's heart—not even the woman herself."

"Life is a game of questions and answers, and the wise ones ask few questions, and give brief answers to those put to them."—*Creatures of Clay,* by V. Teignmouth Shaw. John Long. 6s.

Irony over Ireland.

"Ireland is a small but insuppressible island half an hour nearer the sunset than Great Britain. From Great Britain it is separated by the Irish Sea, the Act of Union, and the perorations of the Tory party. The political philosophy of the last of these is even shallower than the physical basin of the first. Ireland is admitted to be unprogressive—as, witness, when it is half-past twelve in London, it is only five minutes past twelve in Dublin."—*The Day's Burden,* by T. M. Kettle, M.P. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

A Land of Liberties.

"My chambermaid at the hotel was an example of national effrontery. She hailed from Ireland, of course, and fifteen years of the States had lifted her to a glorious independence of speech and manner. When I ventured to ask her to fasten my dress, she coolly walked across the room, and seated herself in the armchair. 'You come right along here,' she said, 'I guess I can do it better sittin' down.' And meekly and silently I 'came along there,' and wondered what my English maid would have said had she heard me addressed in so unceremonious a fashion. . . . America is a land of liberty —and liberties."—*America Through English Eyes,* by "Rita." Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.

The Charm of Mystery.

"When curiosity baffles us, we take a refuge—rejoicing in mystery. And very often mystery satisfies us much more than if we knew."—*Off the Main Road,* by Victor L. Whitechurch. John Long. 6s.

Actors, Artists, and Critics.

"Every woman should have a baby—it makes a man of her."

"The road to—socialism is paved with good intentions."

"Naturally actors are sensitive about critics. It's amazing how huge a small dog can appear when it shows a desire to bite you."

"Loneliness is a greater force in the world even than love, for from it almost all love springs."

"The people who want to know everybody are the people whom nobody wants to know."

"Artists are not conceited; they're merely interested in themselves."

"If a bachelor is never lonely and never sentimental it's highly probable that he'll never be a husband."—*When Woman Loves,* by Rathmell Wilson. Greening & Co. 6s.

• • •

The Mating of Anthea, by Arabella Kenealy, and *Theo,* by "A Peer," are two six shilling novels among Messrs. John Long's latest publications. Both are entertaining.

A Marriage Test.

"Fulani boys at the age of sixteen to eighteen have to undergo 'sheria.' They are stripped to the waist, and all the men flog them with sticks on back, chest, and stomach for an hour or so. If they can stand it, they are considered fit to marry; if not, they have to go away."—*Letters and Sketches from Northern Nigeria,* by Martin S. Kisch. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

Permissible Medical Advertising.

"No matter how fine a doctor a lady's husband is she is never permitted to mention it to her friends, for this is called 'unethical.' But if she's expecting company of an afternoon she can happen to have a bottle with a queer thing inside setting on the mantelpiece, and when the company asks what on earth the thing is she can say, 'for goodness' sake! My husband must have forgotten that. Why that's Senator Himuck's appendix!'"—*The Annals of Ann,* by Kate Sharber.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK—"THE SOCIAL CLIMBER."

Mix a season of snubs with some cuts at the last,
And sprinkle with sackfuls of "dust,"
Remove undesirable friends of the past,
Add the motto "Court Circles or Bust."

Lord Kitchener as Play Producer.

"Of the many rehearsals witnessed at Drury Lane, one especially comes to mind. The play was *Human Nature.* I was one of the very few in the stalls when Harris introduced me to my next neighbour, Colonel Kitchener. As the battle-scene opened it was arranged in the form of a square, surrounded by a low wall of Oriental pattern. The soldiers came at the wall with a springing leap and tumbled over on to the stage. Kitchener jumped up and cried, 'No, no; that won't do.' Harris told the players and troops to do exactly as the colonel bade them. The scene thus revised became far more effective."—*My Life's Pilgrimage,* by T. Catling. Murray, 10s. 6d.

A Village Beauty.

"Ethel Mary Parker is commonly regarded as the 'belle' of this village, an opinion which I do not share. I hold that there is far too much of Ethel Mary; too much figure, too much eyelash, too much complexion, too much smile, and above all, too much affability.

"At the same time I will admit that her hair, which is the colour of red ale, is beautiful hair; I will admit that she is a beautiful person, if you can persuade your eye to comprehend her all at once, just as an election poster is beautiful —if you can persuade your eye to comprehend it all at once— and she certainly has an irresistible way with pigs."—*Cottage Pie,* by A. Neil Lyons. John Lane.

Conversational Wants.

"Certain things which are perfectly clear to many people, such as politics, business, housekeeping, bridge, what to say when somebody says 'Pleased to meet you,' the difference between Chippendale and Sheraton, why you tap cigarettes before lighting them, how much to give the waiter, what is the Engadine, where is Liverpool Street, and the meaning of words like 'debentures,' 'artistic,' and 'referendum'—to name a few offhand—were by no means clear to us. People who know all about these things can't imagine the abject humbug and coward a person who doesn't is compelled to feel in the most ordinary conversation, or the comfort and gratitude he or she feels on discovering that somebody else is in the same boat. There is no bond like it."—*Now,* by Charles Marriott.

HEALTH BY POST.

MR. SANDOW'S PLAN FOR CONVEYING TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN HIS ADVICE ON THE CURE OF ILLNESS WITHOUT MEDICINE AND THE SECURING OF PERFECT HEALTH.

A Description of the Wonderful Postal Organisation which Mr. Sandow Uses to Place his Famous Health Knowledge within Everyone's Reach without Charge.

EVERY READER SHOULD ACCEPT THE GENEROUS AND VALUABLE OFFER MADE BY MR. SANDOW TO-DAY IN THIS INTERESTING HEALTH SUPPLEMENT.

A Book and a Personal Letter of Advice Free.

There is probably no man living who has made wider use, to the direct benefit of thousands upon thousands of people of both sexes, of Great Britain's wonderful postal organisation throughout the world, than Mr Eugen Sandow.

It will, therefore, not only be of the greatest interest, but undoubtedly of the highest importance to a very large number of LONDON OPINION readers, to learn something of the remarkably thorough way in which Mr. Sandow utilises the means our unique postal system has placed in his hands to put people in all parts of the United Kingdom and the Colonies, as well as in foreign countries, in possession of the invaluable health knowledge which has made him famous throughout the world as the Pioneer and Exponent of Natural Health by Physical Culture, and the cure of illness without medicine or irritating dietary restrictions.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN EQUALLY BENEFITED.

Mr. Sandow is not a man who, having made a grand discovery, is content to limit its benefits to the wealthy few who are only too ready to richly repay the service it is in his power to render. On the contrary, he has elected to rest his reputation and remuneration for his labours upon the verdict of the million. To this end he has based his great Health by Post offer upon the most generous scale, so as to enable every man and woman, no matter where they may reside, to learn how they may cure their illnesses and secure health in their own homes by the famous Sandow Treatment.

SPECIAL BOOKS ON EACH DIFFERENT CONDITION.

By means of twenty-four little books he has covered separately the whole range of illnesses and conditions in which his famous Treatment is so successful.

The titles of these booklets — twenty-four in all — are given on the following pages, and the invitation is extended to all readers to apply for whichever of the little volumes is of interest to them.

No sooner had Mr. Sandow prepared and had printed large editions of each of these twenty-four booklets in his Health Library, than he set to work to make the G.P.O. his Health Messenger, to carry the good news he had to send not only into the tiniest hamlet, the smallest village, equally with the important towns and cities in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but also to the Colonies and abroad.

Wherever you live, any one of Mr. Sandow's books, explaining how, by means of his system, through the post, you can regain and maintain perfect health, is freely sent to you. And he does not merely send you a book; you receive, in addition to the book, a personal opinion upon how the method can best be applied in your own case.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this opinion, founded as it is upon the knowledge gained during years of experience in dealing with complaints similar to your own.

MR. SANDOW'S OFFER INVOLVES NO COST OR OBLIGATION.

It is the great advantage of the treatment which Mr. Sandow tells you about in his books that, if your condition is amenable to it, and it is in but very few cases that it cannot be applied, you can cure yourself in your own home, no matter wherever you may live. There are no drugs to swallow, no irksome dietary. It takes only a few minutes of your time daily, and in no way interferes with the usual round of business or professional duties or social calls; and, moreover, the cost, thanks to the assistance received from the postal system, is so small as to be within everyone's means.

Isn't it well worth while to call or write for the book, which costs you nothing and explains how to make a new man or woman of yourself?

A PERSONAL INVITATION TO "LONDON OPINION" READERS.

The means by which this great beneficial change can be made, how you can bring it about yourself, it is unnecessary to explain here. The book upon your illness will tell you all about it, and that book is yours for the asking. You are not asked to inclose a penny stamp to secure the advantages and benefits of this offer. You merely fill in one of the application forms on the next pages of this supplement, and write a letter explaining your condition and symptoms, then place it in an envelope, and address it to Eugen Sandow, 32 St. James's Street, London, S.W.





The Plans of Mr. Eugen Sandow (whose portrait appears above), the Pioneer of Scientific Exercise Treatment for the Cure of Illness entirely by Natural Means, without a Single Dose of Medicine, for affording Sufferers the Means of Curing Themselves of their Illnesses, are so thoroughly organised that whether they reside in London or the Provinces, anywhere in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies or Abroad, inquirers can not only learn Free of Cost how they may Cure their Complaint and Improve their Health, but can Take the Treatment in their Own Homes wherever they live.

FURTHER PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

Mr. SANDOW'S Great Offer for 1911 to



Loading the ... Vans at the ... Office London with Mr Sandow's Book on Health and Advice Letters for ... all parts of the United Kingdom ...



... where in the United Kingdom ... the Postman will bring, free of charge, the knowledge of how to cure yourself by the Sandow Treatment.



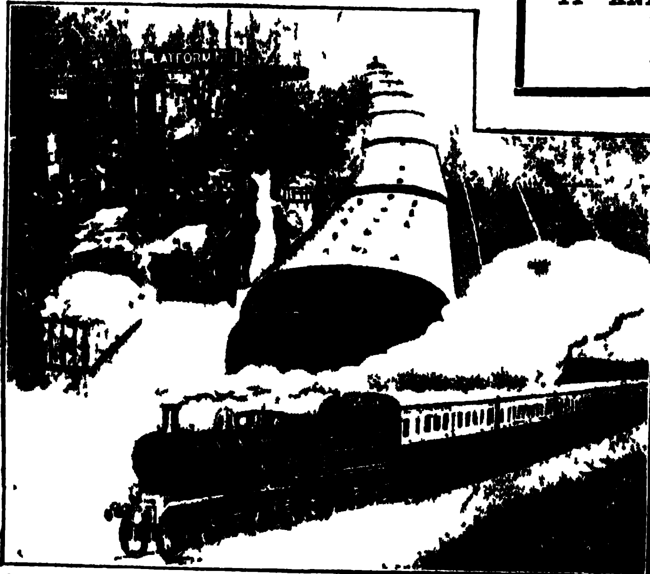
From Riga a patient writes after a course of Home Treatment "Am certainly very much better and healthier."



Throughout India and the East ... thousands ... upon the good health ... Mr Sandow's advice.



... from distant parts of the American continent ... Sufferers ... having taken the Sandow Treatment report in ... such words as the following from an American patient ... I have learned from you ...



Despatching Mr Sandow's Book ... Advice ... to correspondents who write for free Book and Opinions and who desire to learn how they can take the Sandow treatment in their own homes.

To secure Perfect Health choose which— The Book and a Personal letter of Advice You are under no

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'London Opinion' Application Form for Men

FOR SECURING, WITHOUT OBLIGATION ADVICE AND LITERATURE CONCERNING THE SUITABILITY OF THE SANDOW TREATMENT IN YOUR OWN CASE

Please send me, without charge or obligation, ... Mr Sandow's ... with an opinion upon my case.

NAME ____
(Please say whether Mr, Rev, or other Title)

ADDRESS ____

____

AGE ____ OCCUPATION ____

NATURE OF ILLNESS or Condition from which relief is required ____

Please give further detailed particulars in a letter

"London Opinion," 11 2 11

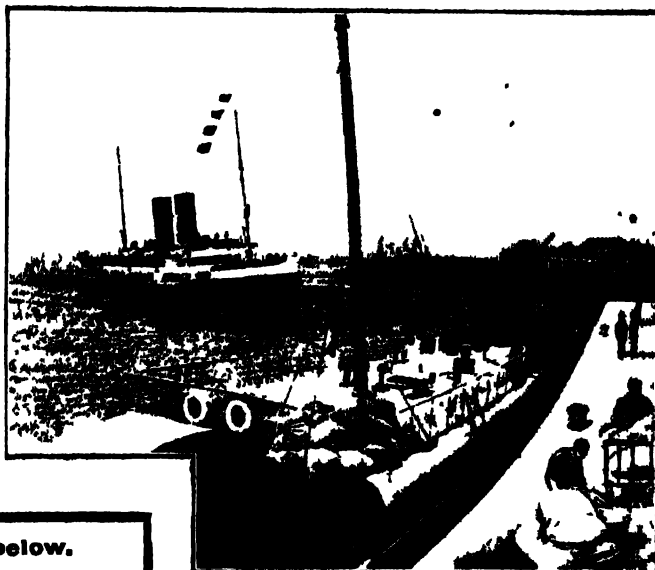
Place Health Within the Reach of All.



Mr. Sandow numbers many men and women in France who are healthier and brighter to-day for having followed his advice.



There is no spot too remote for Mr. Sandow's Health Advice to reach, even in the Frozen Regions where the postman delivers his mail on skates.



Hardly a mail steamer leaves England but carries a large supply of Mr. Sandow's Health Literature and Home ... to ... in every part of the world.

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12. **KIDNEY DISORDERS.** ... that many medical men recommend patients suffering ... to follow Mr. Sandow's advice speaks for itself.
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20. **EVERYDAY HEALTH.** Men and women who ... they are "run down" can learn from this book how to keep themselves always in splendid health.
21. **BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS.** This is a book which all parents will be well advised to write for.
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Arrival of the Mail at the General Post Office Jamaica. There are many Sandow Patients in the West Indies who testify to the great health benefits they have received from the Sandow Treatment.



In parts of Persia the Mails can only be sent across country under the escort of fully armed Postal Guards. Above is shown a typical specimen.

AND FOLLOWED BY KINGS AND QUEENS.
IS YOURS FREELY BY FILLING IN AND
FORM BELOW.

Cut out and Forward to Eugen Sandow, 32 St. James's Street, London, S.W.

'London Opinion' Application Form for Women

FOR SECURING, WITHOUT OBLIGATION, ADVICE AND LITERATURE CONCERNING THE SUITABILITY OF THE SANDOW TREATMENT IN YOUR OWN CASE.

Please send me without charge or obligation, Vol. N ... in Sandow's Health Library together with an opinion upon my case.

NAME

(Please say whether Mrs., Miss or other Title)

ADDRESS

AGE ________ OCCUPATION ________

NATURE OF ILLNESS or Condition from which relief is required ________

Please give further detailed particulars in a letter

"London Opinion," 11/2/'11.



One of the many Reports received from Mr. Sandow's patients in the Far West of Canada, reached in winter time only by means of sleigh, says "Much improved in health by Sandow's Scientific Curative Home Treatment."



MR SANDOW'S HEALTH-MESSAGE FOR 1911

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If you live near enough I shall be pleased for you to call at my Institute, 32 St James's Street London, S W, but in any case you can write me there from wherever you live There is no charge for a personal consultation or an opinion upon your case by post together with my Illustrated Booklet upon the cure of your condition

PEOPLE TO WHOM MY HEALTH MESSAGE IS DIRECTED & WHO ARE INVITED TO ACCEPT THE OFFER IT CONTAINS.

To the men and women who are suffering ill health no matter where they may live I direct this message and promise of health It is for those who live in any city, town hamlet or village in the United Kingdom It is also for those who have left the old country to take up their residence in the Colonies or abroad

There are none too many or far who will not feel all the better for the knowledge I have to impart the knowledge of how they may rid themselves of their illness and physical imperfections without moving a step from their own homes

So to this end, I have prepared and produced twenty four small volumes Each of these books deals with one or another of the illnesses and conditions from which thousands upon thousands of men women and children are suffering to day

Their titles are given on this page and short particulars of each in the accompanying columns

Write to me for the book which deals with your illness or condition I will send it to you at once

FREE OF CHARGE AND POST PAID

How valuable is knowledge I have to convey you must yourself be fully aware but if you are not let me convince you

Few, indeed are the fortunate ones who do not experience the pains of

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA (VOL 1)

at some period of their lives Sufferers upon whom this ailment has fastened its grip can obtain a gratis and post paid copy of the First Volume which will show them how they may rid themselves of their complaint

Almost as numerous as the martyrs to digestive troubles are those whose sufferings arise from

CONSTIPATION (VOL 2)

The peril of this ailment lies in the possibility of a poisoning of the entire system I will send without charge to any sufferer a copy of this volume

LIVER TROUBLES (VOL. 3)

is a book I want every person whose liver is causing trouble to write for and learn how they can be cured and restored to health

NERVOUS DISORDERS IN MEN (VOL 4).

Of nerve troubled men and women there are thousands upon thousands Daily, men and women break down in their hundreds leaving their work unfinished

If you are a Man and suffer thus write for the 4th Vol, or if a Woman for

NERVOUS DISORDERS IN WOMEN (VOL 5.)

You will learn how your trouble may be cured by perfectly natural means

OBESITY IN MEN (VOL 6)

Every man by writing for Vol No 6 can learn how he may naturally and without trouble put off his superfluous fat and regain his lost energy while

OBESITY IN WOMEN (VOL. 7)

will point women to the safest and surest road to figure reduction

It has been my greatest pleasure to be able to afford relief to thousands of men and women who are suffering from valvular trouble palpitation dilatation spasms etc They first wrote to me for my book on

HEART AFFECTIONS (VOL. 8),

and by taking the advice contained therein succeeded in ridding themselves of these dangerous troubles

Particularly at this season of the year sufferers from the numerous

LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS (VOL 9)

will I am certain find my book on these trying ailments of the greatest value

Victims to

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT (VOL 10)

will find it to their immediate advantage to write for a copy of this volume

ANÆMIA (VOL 11)

is one of those types of illness of which it may be said that familiarity has bred contempt How health may be recovered without resorting to dangerous drugs, is made clear

If any reader has the least suspicion that he or she is suffering from

KIDNEY DISORDERS (VOL. 12),

let them make it their immediate business to obtain this book

To all who suffer from

LACK OF VIGOUR (VOL. 13)

I shall be pleased to send this Volume which tells how they can be made healthy and strong

Members of the male sex who suffer from any skeletal defects can learn by securing a copy of

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN (VOL. 14)

how their troubles may be overcome

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN (VOL. 15)

is specially devoted to the fair sex and every woman thus afflicted should write for it

There is often an infinite amount of pathos in the lives of sufferers from

FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH (VOL 16).

It has given me great satisfaction to be able to alleviate a good deal of the suffering of victims of

CIRCULATORY DISORDERS (VOL 17)

which shows how the blood may be stimulated to proper action which will strengthen the tissues of the veins rendering them less prone to distention or rupture

Certainly one of the most distressing series of complaints is

SKIN DISORDERS (VOL 18),

and all sufferers will be well advised to secure this book

In my book, entitled

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT FOR MEN (VOL 19),

I explain how it is within the power of most to achieve the results desired

There are thousands to-day who never know what real full health is To all I say write to me for my book on

EVERYDAY HEALTH (VOL. 20),

and it will show how they may soon learn to look upon life in a new way

In my book on

BOYS AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS (VOL. 21),

it is clearly pointed out how parents may secure health to their children

To all women the question of the figure is of importance, and I have prepared a book entitled

FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN (VOL. 22).

I ask all who are too thin or are inclined to be awkward in their gait or who have too much adipose tissue, to allow me to send them my book

INSOMNIA (VOL. 23),

Serious as this complaint is I am glad to be able, with perfect confidence to hold out a helping hand to all of those who suffer

There are thousands of people suffering from

NEURASTHENIA (VOL. 24),

the many symptoms of which are detailed in this book Sufferers should write and learn how they can become healthy in body and mind.

APPLICATION FORMS FOR THE BOOK AND LETTER OF ADVICE GRATIS ON PAGES 2 & 3.

PERSONAL DOUBLES.

A Competition About Celebrities with Five Pound Notes for the Winners.



Lloyd George.

ACCEDING to the many requests made by our readers, we are re-starting our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

Personal Doubles is the name of the new competition. It is interesting and entertaining; and if all our readers will tell their acquaintances about it there will soon be plenty of prize-money.

Meanwhile we offer **Four Five Pound Notes** to those who send in the four best Personal Doubles for this week (to reach us at latest by next Tuesday morning, 14th February.

Personal Doubles are made thus. You select a name from the names indicated, or from the pages given to choose from; then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

For example: if among names available were

Becky Sharp, Miss Gibbs, Sairey Gamp,

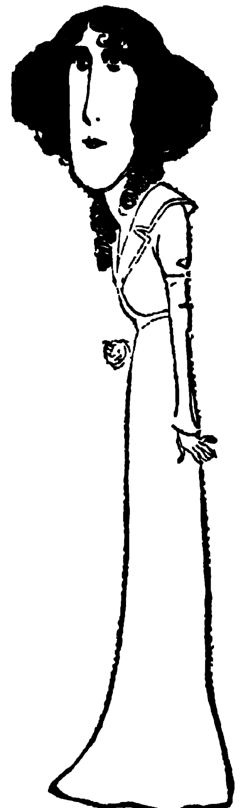
then doubles on them might be

Brilliant Schemer, Musical Gold-mine, Soaking Gossip;

or, of course, as much better doubles on these celebrities as your wit might suggest.

For this week we give *all the names of people* mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L O." (pages 202 to 206), and also

Lloyd George.	Julia Neilson.	Rudyard Kipling.
L	J	R
G	N	K



Julia Neilson.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, use only the first Thus for Mr T. P. O'Connor you would make a Double beginning with T. O.

The four Five Pound Notes offered this week will be paid to the senders of the four cleverest entries. They may be all four on the same name, they may be all four on different names. They may all four be won by the same competitor, they may each be won by a different competitor. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The selection will be made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Put the number of the Competition, 360, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36, Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, **14th February.**

P.O. No. .... Personal Doubles Coupon. 360.

I .... Signature

of .... Address

....

enter the "Personal Double" to which this coupon is attached for Competition No. 360, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... From page ....

Double ....



Rudyard Kipling.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Coronation Ties.

I HAVE not yet come across the real, genuine Coronation ties, with portraits of their Majesties woven on red, white, and blue silk, but I anticipate meeting with them before the season is far advanced. Meanwhile, another kind of Coronation tie—one that the smartest of well dressed men would not object to wearing—is to be bought by any man who desires it. It is not called a Coronation tie and I have no doubt that some hosiers will carefully avoid mentioning the word "Coronation" when showing the ties to some of their most particular customers. On the other hand, when the customer is the kind of man to be influenced by the suggestion, the hosier will just murmur: "The very latest shade in ties—royal blue—specially woven for Coronation year." The ties are of a very bright blue shade, but are hardly as bright as the real "royal blue." The ties are made of the best English silk—I believe Macclesfield is the place they come from—and the patterns are merely various arrangements of white spots on the blue ground.

And Lounge Suits.

I fancy I hear some my London readers saying: "That's all very well, but how is a man going to wear a tie of that kind with town clothes?" To this I reply that the tie is not intended to be worn with a black coat; it would look just a little bit too conspicuous. But then nowadays black coats and silk hats are not so fashionable in London as they were—except on certain occasions—and in any case there are the week-ends in the country to be considered. So, my friends, even if you do not happen to be feeling particularly merry, you can at least be bright—in the matter of ties.

Ties for Town.

The above paragraph may lead some men to ask what kind of ties they ought to wear with town clothes in town. Well, now that coloured shirts are so fashionable (which is not quite the same thing as being popular) a man has not a very large choice in the matter of ties. He is always safe in keeping to a black tie with a coloured shirt or, if he thinks that looks a little too funereal, he can have a black tie with a white pattern or he can have one with a small, neat pattern in a very dark shade, a purple pattern on a black ground looks very well. In this case, of course, the man takes care that the colour of his shirt does not clash with that of his tie. When the warm weather comes I have no doubt that the black and white bow ties—worn with wing collars—will be fashionable. A tie of this kind looks a little gayer than a tie of precisely the same pattern—white spots on a black ground—but of the shape that is tied in a knot. Ties of plain colours to match the colours of shirts will be worn with lounge suits in and out of town this season.

Collars for the Season.

I am inclined to think that no one particular shape of collar will be very fashionable this season, but that two or three shapes will be in the running. Wing collars are sure to be worn. They may be either with the corners of the wings rounded off or cut down to a point. In either case the description does not tell one enough, but I doubt if photographs of the collars would help one any better to convey the idea of the right kinds of collar. The rounded wings should be rather large and set fairly closely together, but should not touch. The cut of the rest of the collar is as important as the shape of the wings, because if the collar is not cut properly the wings will not set well. Many men are under the impression that this particular shape of collar does not suit them, but that I think is mainly because so many men are accustomed to double collars. The double collar hides the sides of the tie and the wing collar allows the sides of the tie to be seen, that is why I think the wing collar is not liked the first time it is worn. A man who has been used to a double collar should wear a waistcoat with rather a narrow opening when he is going to try a wing collar for the first time. The waistcoat covers the sides of the tie nearly as far as the knot; of course there is no reason why the opening of the waistcoat should not be as deep as any other waistcoat.



THE "HARRIET" SCARE REACHES THE SUBURBS.

"Sh! Emma may be one of that scandal-writer's scouts. We don't want to be put into the Society papers!"

Out of the rain into a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

When in Doubt,

Don't throw your suit away but send it to us to be dry cleaned in the Achille Serre way

No matter how stained and out of shape it may be we can make it wearable and if it is worn we can re-work the buttonholes—supply new linings and in fact do any repairs that are necessary

It will only cost you 3 9 for cleaning and pressing or a little more if repairs are ordered and by this small expenditure you may save the cost of a new suit

Write now for a copy of our booklet and the address of the nearest branch or agency

Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage à Sec),

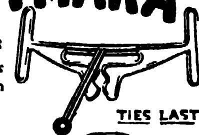
Hackney Wick, London.

[illegible] Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct

FOR DOUBLE COLLARS **"TYMAKA"** PATENT **TIE FRAME** POST 6D FREE

DISCARD OLD METHODS

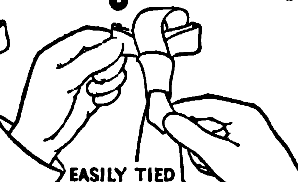
With a TYMAKA a knot needs only tying once and is then Always ready for wear



TIES LAST FOUR TIMES AS LONG

FRONT — BACK

SHOWING HOW THE TIE COMPLETELY COVERS THE FRAME



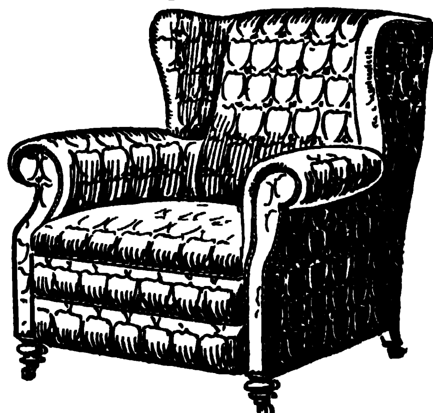
EASILY TIED

SHOWING POWERFUL GRIP FOR STEM OF COLLAR STUD

Instructions for tying with each. If unable to obtain TYMAKA from your hosier send for sample (post free) 6d or complete with tie 1/- to

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It is only the constant care and attention given even to the smallest details which have gained for the Midland Furnishing Company Ltd. the position they hold to-day.



Extra large and extremely comfortable Easy Chair upholstered all hair, spring edges, and covered in any shade of ArtTapestry **£4 4 0**

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STOCKS & SHARES

By EAGLE.

Five Per Cent. Investments—The "Met." Outlook—Kaffirs With Prospects.

MY correspondence bag this week contains such a number of requests for Transvaal mine shares with possibilities that I do not think I can do better than answer the question here. In the first place I will give a dividend payer—namely East Rand Proprietary. The £1 shares stand over 5, but the company is earning 50 per cent. dividends and paying 40 per cent. to its shareholders. The plant at the mine is being extended, and additional profits should be forthcoming when it is operative. At all events there is every prospect of higher distributions and a consequent hardening in the quotation. Now for a non-dividend payer with good prospects. For this I name Simmer Deeps, the £1 shares being now purchasable under $\frac{3}{4}$. The monthly profits have doubled in the last six months and the outlook is favourable. Not so very long ago the shares stood at $1\frac{1}{4}$. They ought to go to par at least in any market revival.

Rubber Shipment Disparities.

The amateur directors of some rubber companies have had their eyes opened lately in regard to a matter which at one time caused them some anxiety. It was found that the quantities of the commodity coming to hand from the estates were considerably less than those advised by cable from the estates. What had become of the deficiency? was the question. The truth was that the rubber was shipped in an imperfectly dried condition, and had given off a lot of moisture on the voyage. Of course, those experienced in the rubber business could have put their finger on the spot in a second; but—well, all rubber directors are not all experienced.

Consols for the Multitude.

Mr. Lloyd George will now, no doubt, find time to consider whether any of the suggestions put forward for the popularisation of Consols can be put into operation. The proposed re-conversion into 3 per cents. meets with much opposition in banking and financial circles, but the Chancellor will find the City ready to co-operate in the other schemes—namely, to make the dividends payable free from income-tax and to issue bearer bonds in small amounts. Of course, small sums can now be invested in Consols through the Post Office, but the amount bought in this way is comparatively trifling. Some enterprising Yankees, a few years ago, sold shares in a problematical gold mine over the counter in a shop within the sound of Bow Bells, just like a tradesman selling so many rolls of wall paper. Consols should be obtainable just as easily by the multitude. Our premier security is not held by the small investor to anything like the same extent as Rentes are in France.

His Belief.

"I used to believe there was a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow."

"Well," his wife replied, "you don't seem to have thoroughly outgrown the belief. At least you seem to believe there's a pot of gold at the end of any highly coloured story that a promoter cares to tell you."

"Mets."

The outlook for Metropolitan Railway Ordinary is such as to make the stock attractive at the present low price. Electrification and improved management generally is working wonders in the affairs of the company. For the second half of 1910 a dividend at the rate of $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. could have been paid, but the board only distributed $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum or $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum more than for the corresponding period of 1909. This brings the dividend for the whole year up to $1\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. (actual), and the yield on the stock on this basis works out at about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. True, that is not much, but the line is sure to go on improving its net revenue position, and further increases in the dividend and a rise to fifty in the stock are highly probable.

A Prosperous Industrial.

John Knight Ltd., the well-known soap manufacturers, enjoyed successful trading in the past year, the available profits totalling £54,000 on an issued capital of £420,000. The ordinary shares receive a dividend of 8 per cent. for the twelve months, the deferred shareholders get 10 per cent., and the reserve is made up to £25,000. Had the board wished, higher distributions could have been made, but the conservative policy of strengthening the financial resources of the business has been wisely adopted.

Land Values in Rhodesia.

In the attention which is being paid to the progress of mining in Rhodesia in its bearing on the Chartered Company, its effect on land values has not yet been fully appreciated. The opening up of so many mines means towns to provide the supplies, and agriculture to provide the towns with those supplies. As illustrative of the enormous increment in land values which can occur even in a few years, the Standard Bank of Africa has just paid £8,000 for two stands in Manica Road, Salisbury. Stands in this road three years ago could have been bought for £200 to £300 each, and now £4,000 each has been paid. This must mean much to such companies as the Salisbury Estates, which holds the largest number of stands in Salisbury among its assets.

Other Benefiting Concerns.

It is of great importance also to the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia and Exploring Land and Minerals, as both these companies are largely interested in town sites and other lands on which towns must rapidly spring up as mining develops. Lord Strathcona's dictum, "Invest in land in the new country, and never sell," is one that should be taken to heart by those who want to benefit fully in Rhodesia's future, which some shrewd judges believe will equal if not eclipse that of Canada for rapid and lightning-like progress.

Are Argentine Rails Too High?

There is no doubt that the equanimity of investors in Argentine securities has been disturbed by the recent reports of unsatisfactory crops. Every effort is being made to gloss over the deficiency; but even if the crops were better than they had ever been before that would hardly bring the railways sufficient traffic to recoup them for the enormous outlays on extensions, at present unremunerative, for which such enormous capital issues have been made. The interest on these issues has to be paid, and this will for the time being have to come out of the profits of the other portions of the lines.

Argentine Railways have had some wonderful years, and rapid prosperity, and those who hold them cheap have nothing to fear. Those who have bought on the crest might buy back later on at a lower level if they realised now; and we should strongly advise those who are contemplating Argentine investments to wait, in the likelihood that they will obtain their securities on a better basis later on.

Arauco Recovery.

The £10 ordinary shares of the Arauco Company, now purchasing at approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$, might prove to be a good speculative investment before very long. No dividend was paid in respect of 1909, but a turn in the tide came to the undertaking last year, and when the accounts are made up it is not at all unlikely that the directors will see their way to making a distribution on the shares. There ought to be a rise of a couple of points or so in the 6 per cent. Debentures, which now stand just below par.

A Good Investment Yield.

Quoted at 93, the 5 per cent. first mortgage fifty-year gold bonds of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company give a yield of about $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The bonds were issued in May last at 95, and the price of redemption is 105. The company has been operating for a decade, and the preferred shares are receiving dividends of 8 per cent. The undertaking is from all accounts a prosperous one, and the assets on which the bonds are secured of a valuable character.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*F G C, Bulwell*"—A certain amount depends upon the activity of the Oil market, but I think you might reasonably hold for 35s per share "*P McD*"—I am not very much impressed with the Saw Mills Debentures, they are not Debentures in the ordinary sense of the term, as if the business does not go profitably the property would be practically unsaleable There is also a very limited market in the stock I think a good investment is Anglo "A," which yields about 5¼ per cent, and the dividend is guaranteed, the stock is easily bought and sold at a small market turn '*F B K I*' I do not know anything particular about the lottery in question, but I know that practically all lotteries which are circularised on this side are very much better left alone I should advise you to keep your money *Civis* —Your inquiry regarding F I A T Motor Cabs has been answered by post I cannot get any particulars of the Anglo Brazilian Transport Company, and am therefore unable to give an opinion There is no market for the shares, and unless you know the people personally who are connected with it I should advise you to leave it alone Why not invest your money in recognised ventures which can be realised if necessary? '*Prism*' The mine shares named are quite a speculation but the price is low Good people are interested, and money will be found to continue developments and those connected have great belief that something rich will be struck Good reports are being received regarding Newfoundland Oil, and the company is under good management The shares are a fair holding as a speculative investment Have sent you name of Stock Exchange broker by post *Hudd* Kwaloe Rubber Estates are quite a good holding, a 6 per cent dividend being guaranteed until 1914 The company is under good management and the price of the shares will improve with any general rise in the Rubber market '*C I*' I cannot say I have much faith in the issues of the firm mentioned most of which when once bought are very difficult to sell again You can get 5 per cent —in fact £5 4s 9d on the Preference shares of the Charing Cross West End and City Electric Light, and I regard these as well secured and likely to increase in value, or the City of London Electric Light Preference would yield you 5 per cent Anglo American Telegraph Deferred Stock yields over 5 per cent and is safe now that the interest is guaranteed and is an investment likely to improve in value "*Lotts*" The lotteries in connection with Foreign Premium Bonds are, as far as can be ascertained carried out in a straightforward and fair manner The prizes however, compared with the Bonds issued are obviously infinitesimal, and the chance of a big prize is very remote indeed If you want to buy you can do so through the Societe Generale Winchester House Old Broad Street E C The rates of interest are very small and in some cases nil It is very difficult to watch the drawings on this side If you buy through the above you will obtain a genuine Bond You cannot put money into an investment to yield 1 per cent (although it would be quite safe as regards interest) where there is not the risk of having to lose a pound or two if you want to realise at any given moment On the other hand it may have appreciated a pound or two, so that you might gain on realising Even if you bought Premium Bonds when you wanted to realise you would find that on a £100 invested there would be a few pounds depreciation If you are likely to want the money quickly at any moment it is best left on deposit "*Voda*"—The last dividend paid by the London Venture Corporation was 12 per cent The shares are 4s each fully paid Have sent the name of Stock Exchange broker by post "*A R*"—Antelope shares were quoted a few weeks since at £2, but at that time they were shares of 20s each They have since been divided into shares of 5s each, so that four at the present price represent one old The property is a good one, and the shares should rise with any general improvement or any good discovery at the mine '*I E P*' The Brakpan is a good company and if your friend will sell to you under the market price they are worth buying You are of course aware that the price fluctuates from day to day *J B W*' -Do not advise a purchase of Bonds as per circular If you buy them they will be very difficult to realise Anglo 'A' would yield you 5¼ per cent, and the dividend is guaranteed Have you a broker through whom to purchase? *G I B* Unless you have any special knowledge of Chota Estates I should prefer to purchase Merliman or Chersonese of the cheap Rubber shares to hold Kinta Kellas are also good "*A H M*" I should advise you to sell Japanese Bonds and to put the money into Anglo "A" which yield you over 5 per cent and dividend guaranteed "*B Robert*" Do not on any account put money into Picture Theatres Many have already failed, and others will have but brief and transient prosperity I shall be happy to advise you as regards investment if you let me know the amount at your disposal and the return you wish to obtain on your money "*K F*" There is no market in these shares at the present time I understand the shares are for settlement on the 1st proximo Should advise your writing the secretary of the company "*M M C*" You would only be throwing your money away Have nothing to do with it on any account "*J B W*" I think you would be well advised to hold Krians for a recovery The company is under good management and reasonably capitalised The company should be producing some rubber this year There were 900 acres planted in 1906 to 1909 but the number of trees is not stated I have not a good opinion of Petroleum Options, and should advise you to sell '*B T*' —I think it would be better at the present moment to leave Wassaus alone New Heriots are a good investment and I think good South Africans are likely to appreciate in value from now onwards

(Other replies next week.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CUBA.

Important Interests at Work.

The opinion is growing that great activity is likely to develop in the oil group. Many important new enterprises are about to come before the public, and it is believed that Cuba is coming in for a very large share of attention on the part of English capitalists. American capitalists have already placed a vast amount of money into the Cuban oil industry, but up to the present few English companies have taken much interest in the Cuban oilfields During the past few weeks, however, a considerable change has taken place in the situation, and to-day several strong influential groups in England are negotiating for the acquisition of Cuban oil properties The mineral wealth of Cuba is important, and the completion of the Panama Canal would no doubt greatly benefit the island Influential enterprises brought out under good auspices have splendid prospects One of the first in the field will be the Anglo-Cuban Oil, Bitumen, and Asphalt Company This company, which is backed by very influential London financiers, has a share capital of £200,000, which is divided into 395,000 preferred ordinary shares of 10s each, and 50,000 deferred shares of 1s each, the forthcoming issue being for 210,000 of these preferred ordinary shares These shares are to be entitled to a dividend of 20 per cent, and, after provision has been made for reserve fund, will also take one third of the remaining profits

From the Company's prospectus it appears that the properties which have been acquired comprise no less than six bitumen and petroliferous estates of a total area of approximately 1 400 acres, and are located about twenty miles east of the port of Cardenas, on the north-east coast of the island. Throughout the whole area experts state that the surface indications of petroleum are apparent on every hand In one portion of the property a shallow excavation was made, and into this heavy, crude oil oozed in large quantities, it being eventually drawn out in buckets and sold to the sugar mills for fuel purposes, and also for the manufacture of illuminating gas The surface indications point to large quantities of oil, while in some places are springs of petroleum

Inasmuch as the Cardenas and Jucaro Railroad passes through the property, it is anticipated that the area will lend itself to speedy development, but while drilling machinery, etc, is being erected the various bitumen deposits which in places extend for a mile over the properties—are being worked; considerable quantities of this article are already at hand for shipment

As is known, the bitumen industry of Cuba has been established upon a commercial scale for many years, and some of the producing shafts have been working in the district for over twenty years They are still producing large quantities of bitumen, indicating that the supply is apparently almost inexhaustible It is proposed to sink seven more shafts for bitumen and a conservative estimate is that these will yield about 80 tons per day

The company has a very strong directorate, and is fortunate in having such a well-known petroleum expert as Dr Paul Dvorkovitz as technical adviser

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

The German woman can have no sense of humour, or so many German men would not be married.—*Lokalanzeiger*



A NICE POINT IN LAW

No I.

Prominent Lawyer (at home): "Where was I the night before last? How do I know? Do you expect me to remember every little thing I do?"

A poultry expert says that any hen worth its salt will lay freely if given a diet of mustard. But we do not always want devilled eggs.—*Weekly Times*

• • •

Tombs of women warriors with war chariots and all complete have been discovered in Italy. There is nothing new under the sun—not even a Suffragist.—*Sketch*

• • •

It is likely enough that Socrates, if he lived now, would engage eagerly in the discussions of the silly season, and would write long letters to the papers proving the most unexpected things.—*Times*

• • •

The one agonised wail that gets no sympathy in this world is the bitter cry of the stout, influential City man as he tots up the amount of his annual subscriptions to "charities."—*Sydney Bulletin*

• • •

Eldest daughter of big Speculator: "Isn't it lovely? I see Brighton A's have just touched par!" Youngest daughter (more in the know): "Yes, but Pa hasn't touched *them*, unfortunately."—*Financial Times*

• • •

All energy is sooner or later transformed into heat, and a great part of the energy put forth by man finds its final manifestation in the hot water which is harder and harder for him to keep out of.—*Puck* (New York)

• • •

It is only necessary to read the history of the growth of any of our staple trades to trace in every one of them the contribution of some alien, driven from his country by some religious or political persecution.—*Nation*

• • •

What is the most valuable asset a boy can possess to enable him to make the best of life? A strong will undoubtedly. Lacking this, the most brilliant intellect the most spiritual nature fails to achieve the highest of which it is capable.—*Gentlewoman*

• • •

As a protection against thefts from slot gas meters, an attachment has been devised in the form of a clock. It gives an alarm immediately the lock is tampered with. If it were a striking clock, it might not merely catch the thief, but administer summary punishment.—*Star.*

In love, men lie wholesale, women in detail.—*The Beau.*

• • •

Life is a mixture of good and evil, a riband striped with blacks and whites.—*Book Monthly*

• • •

How would it be possible for the average man to get a wife if he didn't deceive her?—*Irish Society*

• • •

Some men make the mistake of trying to do to-morrow those who have been done to-day.—*Town Topics*, New York

• • •

The love that is blind is not of great value, but the love that understands and forgives is the quality which raises men and women nearest the angels.—*Black and White*

• • •

It is necessary, says a Report on Physical Deterioration, that the effects of alcohol should be brought home. As a first step, the alcohol shouldn't.—*Globe*

• • •

The Tsar can call for a concert by the Balalaika Orchestra whenever he takes the fancy, or have Pavlova and Mordkin dance. In spite of bombs there must be something in it after all.—*Collier's Weekly*, New York

• • •

"It costs a lot to live these days—
More than it did of yore;
But when you stop to think of it,
It's worth a whole lot more."
—*Judge*, New York

• • •

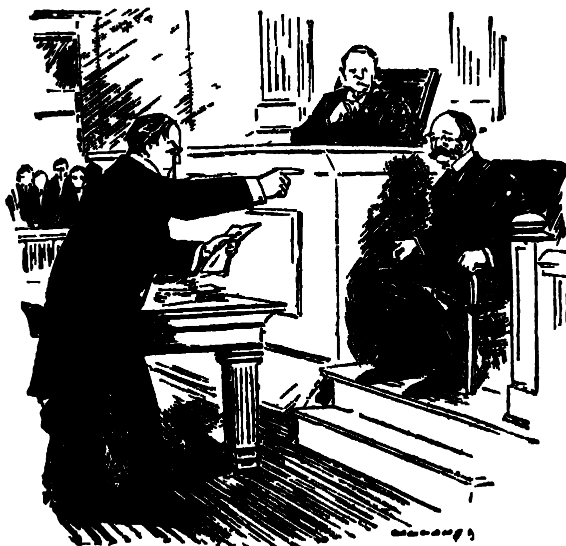
Any youth at a salary of £1 per week can manage the felt hat business under modern conditions, but it requires a trained handicraftsman so to handle a silk hat that has been run over that all signs of the accident have been obliterated.—*Outfitter*

• • •

A well-known advocate of woman's rights has been sentenced at Nuremberg to four and a half years' imprisonment for shooting her husband dead. It is just as well that women should learn that even in the present day this sort of thing cannot be done with impunity.—*Evening News*

• • •

Beauty in women holds a unique place in the world's history. It has plunged nations into war, has cut the map of the world into jig-saw puzzles, has given us some of the greatest masterpieces in every art, and yet it is as changeable as any fashion, as uncertain as an English June.—*Truth*



No II.

Same Lawyer (in Court): "The testimony of the witness is plainly unreliable. As you see, he cannot recollect where he was on the 16th day of October, 1897, between 11.50 a.m. and 12.1 p.m."

—"Puck," New York.

A BEAUTIFUL WILL.

The following beautiful will—a genuine prose poem—was written by the late Charles Lounsberry, once a noted lawyer, but who died in an asylum for the insane, without assets admissible to probate

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men

"That part of my interests which is known as law, and recognised in the sheep bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposal of it in this my will My right to life, being but a life estate is not at my disposal but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath

"Item 1 I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item 2 I leave to children inclusively but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the field and the blossoms of the woods with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns And I devise to said children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odours of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float over the giant trees, and I leave to the said children the long long days to be merry in in a thousand ways and the nights, and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers

"Item 3 I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played all pleasant waters where one may swim all snow clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes, one may skate to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood, and all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels, and birds and echoes, and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found And I give to said boys, each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of care

"Item 4 To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and ought else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love

"Item 5. To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength Though they are rude I leave to them the power of making lasting friendship, and of possessing companions, and to them, exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices

"Item 6 And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers I leave memory and I bequeath to the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live their old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item 7 To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, and the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep'

• • •

UNNECESSARY.

"Do you tell your wife everything you do while she is away?"

"No, the neighbours attend to that"

• • •

COMFORTING.

"Oh that my son should wish to marry an actress!" shrieked the proud, patrician mother

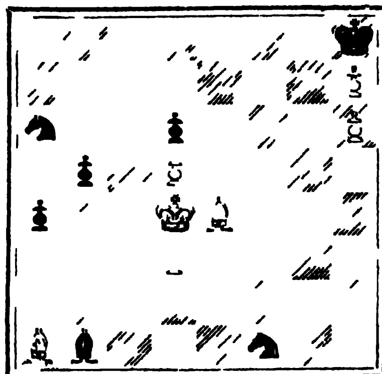
"Now, ma, don't take on so!" besought the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress, she only thinks she is"

• • •

CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

PROBLEM No. 313.

Black



White

White to play and mate in three moves

Solution to No 312 Kt R2 if P R3 P K3 K K4 R R5 mate.

Correct solution received from J McCluskey R M Burr, A H Spencer Palmer, T Brett W H Powons, A J Lridgell, C T South P G Maunsell (Surbiton) H V Lattersall, "Malmesbury" C R Noble hcitman R F Sawyer S B Tilmage J D Tucker F J Nickols W I Candy G Ingled W, J J McAdam, L J Fusch Sillern C T de Wilt W C S R Johnson, H G Hughes J J Lackerstein, M H. Thomlinson Jessie M R S Nixon

Solutions to No 306 and 307, J F Adamson. No 310, H. Smith

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£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any public omnibus in which the holder is travelling as a ticket bearing or fare paying passenger, or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any four wheeled or hansom cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare paying passenger, or

£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury, caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal, but cause the loss of both arms or both legs, or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such non fatal injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided [illegible] the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract viz—(a) That such death or [illegible] result [illegible] days after the accident (b) That the holder shall prior to the accident have written his (or her) usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath (c) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its [illegible] Offices in London within fourteen days after its occurrence—(d) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request for the same by the Company and (e) That this insurance applies only to persons over [illegible] and under 70 years of age is limited to one coupon insurance ticket for any one holder and held good for the current week of issue only—(f) That in the event of more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amount of insurance granted as above set forth shall be equally divided among such claimants whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with foregoing conditions—(g) The decision of the publisher of this journal regarding any claim made in respect of this coupon shall be final, and binding on all parties [illegible] insurance [illegible] in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass [illegible] passenger compartment

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Signature of holder . .. .

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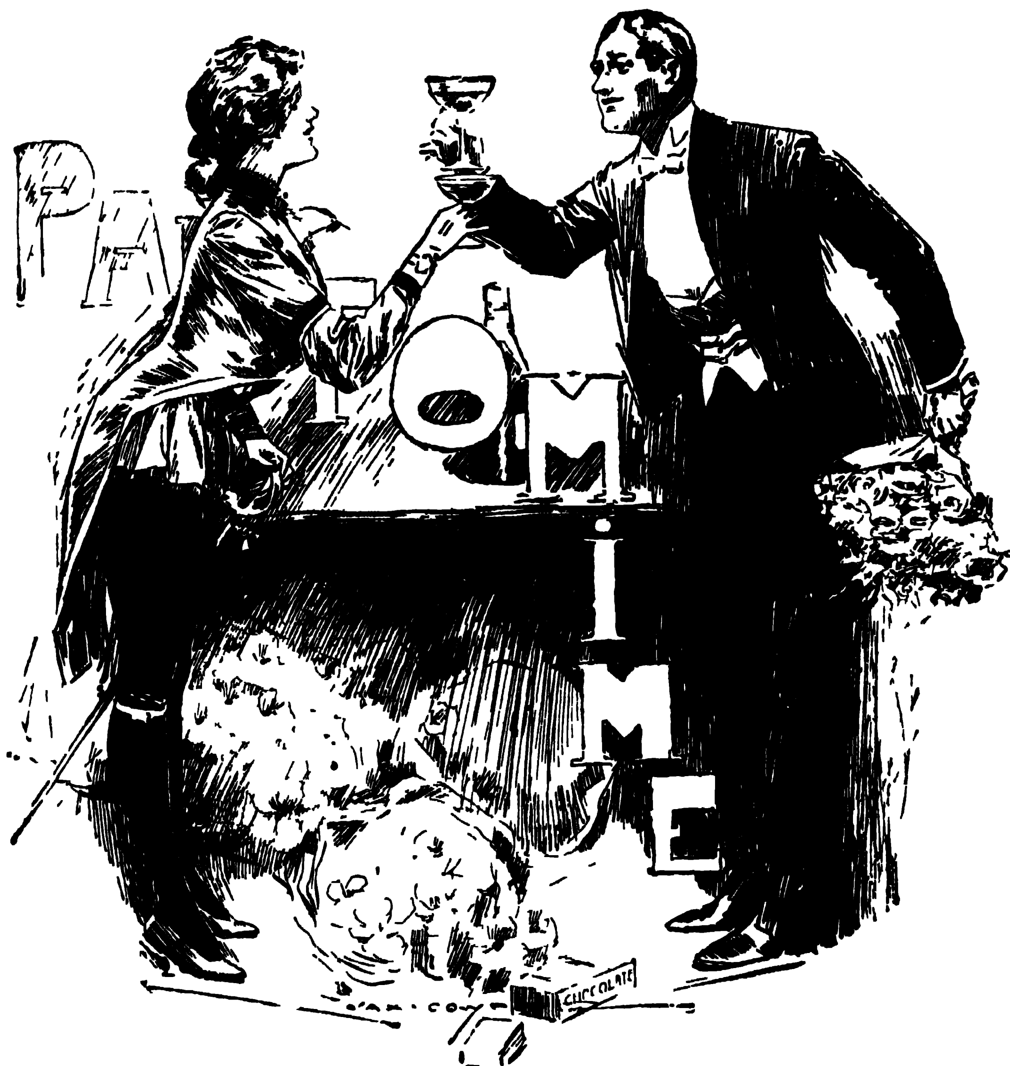
ONE PENNY.

18th FEBRUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 361.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN See page 11	£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page ?	CONFESSIONS OF A MODERN GIRL See page 28



PANTOMIME SEASON ENDS: "TO OUR NEXT!"

London Opinion.

Proprietors: The L. O. Co., Ltd. Sole Directors. { Bertram B Van Praagh (Chairman). Lincoln Springfield (Editor) } Managing Directors. Louis Meyer (Art Editor)

No. 361. Vol. XXVIII. 18th FEBRUARY, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

Since he married an American heiress, some of his friends call him Lord L. S. Deeus.

• • •

A Woman on the Threshold is the name of a new book which should have a "good look in."

• • •

Will the harem skirt be popular? asks a contemporary. Well, the query suggests divided views any way.

• • •

The arms of Wales, it appears, consist of a Red Dragon. In allusion to the mystic effects of Welsh rarebit, doubtless.

• • •

The colour for the Coronation season is to be blue. That is generally our colour in the chilly month of June.

• • •

"Provincial printers," says a contemporary, "have arranged to come into line." After that they'll probably form a column.

• • •

A hostess complains in a daily paper of mean bachelors. Mothers of daughters usually complain of the bachelors who don't mean- business.

• • •

One of Mr. Winston Churchill's prison reform schemes comes into operation on April 1. Let us hope that the coincidence is not significant of results.

• • •

"We are now engaged in overtures to Germany," says a member of the Government. Let us hope that, like other overtures, this one comes before the play.

• • •

The Berlin police having refused to sanction the building of an opera house, the shareholders in the concern intend to erect instead a restaurant "Feast" *versus* "Faust."

• • •

Mr Drexel, the wealthy aviator, has now joined an American firm and is beginning in a subordinate position. Doubtless he aspires to higher flights, and will rise in time.

• • •

Colour-blind persons are generally above the average in intelligence, says a prominent physician. So the man who swears that black is white may not be such a fool as he looks.

• • •

A new musical instrument now being played for the first time in London resembles, they say, several pianos, a harp, and a double bass. And yet they want to suppress the muffin bell.

• • •

From Celtic sources comes the suggestion that postcard headings should be printed in English, Welsh, and Gaelic. Why English? Wouldn't the languages of the governing nations be sufficient?

• • •

The Nation has lectured the Primate rather sourly for witnessing the shocking spectacle of the launch of a British battleship. But to overlook slips that have been for ever left behind sounds uncommonly like a clergyman's duty.

• • •

Quotation to be used as greeting to the new baby — "My Gallant Crew(e), good morning." (H.M.S. *Pinafore*, Act I.)

• • •

Petrol in the form of jelly is now announced for sale. It isn't usually called that on the menu, but the flavour is quite familiar.

• • •

A clergyman objects to women who cluster round the beds of the dying and chatter. After all, though, it serves to make death welcome.

• • •

Mr. Marcus Stone to an interviewer on fashions: "The little shopgirl is really much better dressed than the duchess." Which duchess?

• • •

As a protest against something or other, Suffragettes will, it is announced, refuse to supply census returns. Census and nonsense us.

• • •

The busy man home from his day's work should rest his brain, and become a "mental mollusc," according to an authority. As the poet sings: "Sweet after toil is a whelk come home," only the domestic circle might not think so.

• • •

A lady was recently *quietly* robbed of a £7,000 necklace in an Edinburgh street. It's that hatred of a fuss which is so delightfully characteristic of the Scots.

• • •

French strike rioters have wrecked the house of an employer named Vinkenshoek. It is thought that someone shouted the name in the hall, and the roof at once fell in.

• • •

A traveller reminds us that Berlin's immense skating rink is known as the Kurfurstendamm. You don't need to say all of that when you sit down ostentatiously on the floor.

• • •

Another London antiquity is threatened. The famous old Island Site in the Strand, which dates right back into the picturesque Victorian era, seems likely to be built over at last.

• • •

The penguin which escaped from the Zoo has, according to latest reports, "gone astray in St John's Wood." Of such a severely respectable neighbourhood we refuse to believe anything of the sort.

• • •

The fashionable colours for women this year are to be red, gold, and blue. Presumably husbands will follow this fashion by getting red in obtaining the gold to pay for them, and then feeling blue at the bills.

• • •

"A collector of postage stamps, possessing 12,511 specimens, desires to contract a marriage with a young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius stamp of 1847. No other need apply."—Advertisement in the *Figaro*, Paris.

Stamp-collecting will become a craze with this young man if he doesn't control it.

GINNELLING.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

LAUGHTER is rare. Laughter of the right sort is nearly as rare as radium. It cannot be bought even at the rate of fifteen thousand pounds a grain. Take the case of Mr. Ginnell. He is an Irish member. The other day he achieved the sublime feat of being in a minority of one. The whole House of Commons rose up and stamped on him. And nobody laughed. Not one man had the sense to laugh. The joke was magnificent. Mr. Ginnell had a grievance. He had been gagged for a whole session. For a year he had tried in vain to catch the Speaker's eye. So he stood up and scolded the Speaker. The humour of Mr. Ginnell did not tickle anybody. Not one member saw the fun of the man. Instead of rejoicing in Mr. Ginnell the members squelched and squashed him.

• • •

LET me explain the joke. Mr. Ginnell positively and actually suffered from the hallucination that a member has a right to speak. I dare say that the imbeciles who voted for him cherished the same delusion Some of them may even have been so demented as to imagine that one member is equal to any other member. Could anything be funnier than that? I suppose there are idiots who are able to believe anything. But surely in the eleventh year of the twentieth century no sane human being can find an excuse for a notion so grotesque as that. It strikes me that Mr. Ginnell's name ought to be turned into a verb like Mr. Birrell's or Captain Boycott's. Birrelling is a useful word for a pleasant pastime. Boycotting is a handy word for an agreeable practice. Ginnelling ought to be adopted as a perfect expression for the act of kicking against the pricks of destiny.

• • •

THERE are always found in the best regulated communities misguided beings who mutiny against the nature of things, who run their thick heads against stone walls, who ignore the law of gravitation, and who defy authority. We need a word to describe the pestilent activity of these miscreants. What better verb could we invent than the verb to Ginnell? It has the right sound. It is so sharp, bitter, acrid, and contemptuous. It breathes irreverence for every venerable and hoary tradition. It suggests the lean and hideous spirit of impudence and impertinence. It calls up a vision of an urchin who puts his thumb up to his nose and spreads his fingers out. It conveys derision. It has sneers in its syllables. It grins and grimaces on the printed page Let us say of every beastly rebel and every wretched reformer that he ginnells.

• • •

GINNELLING ought to be encouraged for the sake of gaiety Life would be very dull and drab if nobody were to ginnell. Mr. Bernard Shaw used to ginnell beautifully. Indeed, he made his reputation by ginnelling. Ibsen, of course, was an arch-master in the art of ginnelling. Tolstoy ginnelled gloriously all his life, and he died ginnelling. Martin Luther was fond of ginnelling. So was Oliver Cromwell. Napoleon ginnelled Europe. "Billy" Russell ginnelled splendidly during the Crimean War, much to Lord Raglan's disgust. Lord Randolph Churchill ginnelled with rich and robustious energy. So did Mr. Joseph Chamberlain All great men won fame by ginnelling. Nowadays very few of us have the courage to ginnell. Perhaps that is why we have no great men.

THE militant Suffragists have developed the art of ginnelling to a very high pitch. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence boasts in the *New Age* that "in the last two years one militant society alone has raised £60,000 and established on a paying basis a paper with a 30,000 circulation." It was all done by ginnelling. It would be well if we paid more attention to the psychology of ginnelling. It is quite simple. If you wish to ginnell you must resolve to make yourself a horrid nuisance. Argument is useless. Talk is futile. Politeness is sterile. "Patient expectancy" is infructuous. What you have got to do is to make yourself ingeniously and continuously disagreeable. You select somebody as your victim and proceed to make his life miserable. You ginnell him out of his wits. He must not be a nonentity. He must be a big, solemn, portentous creature A gnat that knows its business and can use its business end can drive an elephant mad.

• • •

AS a rule, the human gnat does not suspect its own power. It is easily bullied and bluffed. It collapses under rebuke. It yields to noble appeals to its finer feelings and nobler instincts. It is really comic to see how easily it can be calmed and soothed by a few vague platitudes that it knows to be lies. Solomon was a crafty and cunning monarch. He knew human nature. A soft answer turns away wrath, and if you talk nicely to the most ferocious gnat you can crack him at your leisure. But soft answers are wasted on those who go in for ginnelling in politics or in business. They ginnell till the goods are delivered. They do not ask for love or respect. They rub on comfortably with a load of hate on their backs. In fact, to hate them is to help them.

• • •

ALL men who get on know how to ginnell. Show me a successful man and I shall show you a ginnelling expert. John D. Rockefeller did not caress his competitors. He ginnelled them. That is why his enemies said that he was a Baptist at one end and explosive at the other Take any eminent politician you please, and you will find that he ginnelled his way into the Cabinet. How did Mr. Balfour force himself to the front? By ginnelling the Irish members. How did Mr. John Burns get into the Cabinet? By ginnelling the Labour party. Ask Mr. Will Crooks how he was ginnelled. How did Mr. Winston Churchill pass all his rivals? By ginnelling the Conservatives. How did Mr. Lloyd George make himself the most powerful politician in England? By ginnelling the dukes. How did Mr Walkley become the dramatic critic of the *Times*? By ginnelling everybody and everything.

• • •

THE "careerist" (to use the word coined by Mr. Wells, who knows all about the art of ginnelling) must ginnell or go under. Honest work is all very well. So is solid merit. Brains are not always a handicap. Even genius is not invariably fatal. But unless you can ginnell you will stick in your aboriginal mud. You must know how to plant your heel on the face in front. You must have the gift of inspiring terror-stricken hate. And you must not be afraid of outraging every convention. There are

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



Just as the splendid Coronation season is arriving, the Veto Bill is to be introduced in the course of a day or two.

no rules in the game of fame. At least there is only one rule, namely, to break every rule made by the people on top for the people at the bottom. Mr. Ginnell invented cattle driving. If you mean to ginnell you must learn to use a big stick on bigwigs. Mr. Ginnell overdid it. He ought not to have hit the Speaker's head before it was in his wig. But he got his wigging and I am afraid he laughed last.

• • •

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

"When an important step is to be taken a man asks, 'What shall I say?'—a woman, 'What shall I put on?'"—*Sarah Bernhardt.*

"A speculator is always worrying about the money market, while his wife is always worrying about the market money."—*John Barker.*

"A woman [illegible] thing when she sees it [illegible] in the mirror."—*Greenwood [illegible]*

"It was not the absence of clothes but the presence of [illegible] that gave its charm to the Garden of Eden."—*[illegible]*

"Home Rule is at last assured to Ireland. The Irish, with their native love of the shamrock, are now up to their necks in clover."—*[illegible]*

"A young man thinks he is going to reform the world, but an old man would be glad if he were able to reform himself."—*Speaker Joe Cannon.*

"Avoid alcohol like the devil, but better get drunk once a year like Washington's gardener than be a moderate drinker.—Since man must have a vice, cultivate a mild one, say skittles or golf."—*Dr. Arthur Lynch.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 16.—The Matrimonial Agent.

A Big Drum Year.

"MINDS innocent and quiet" may "take that for a hermitage" during the ensuing twelve months. It is to be a year of big drum and outdoor pageant—a round of festivity for some people, and of crowds and noise and uproar—with a few free processions thrown in—for others. Whether Coronations be worth their public money as mere shows is a matter of opinion. I do not think they are; but you will never convince the London tradesman of that. Moreover, the young folk of the country like an excuse for excitements, and putting their pulses in motion. Our capital is to be on a throb, and several of the hotels could already put out the boards: "House Full for Coronation Week"! The King will have his first big holiday engagement on Epsom Downs upon the last day of May. A few months later he will be discussing his Christmas dinner at Delhi. The "Regents" we have known in this country during the past ninety years have been potatoes—and no more amiable root than a Regent potato exists. To find a real live Regent in office will be a distinct novelty. Well, good luck to everything and everybody, and may nothing happen to mar the pleasures of an eventful year! But when Coronation Day comes, may I be numbered with those loyal subjects enjoying the summer hours far from the madding crowd, where woven shades shut out the eye of day. I am none the less a respectable citizen because I wish to avoid the tumult of the great City. Any place more worthy of avoidance than an overcrowded London I cannot conceive. What I pity the King for most is the ghastly amount of National Anthem that will be dinned into him in the course of the next twelve months. Poor man! Why doesn't somebody write a second, or alternative, anthem, so that the terror of the thing may be to some extent alleviated? Life would be tolerable except for its amusements. Kingship might be tolerable except for its National Anthem.

• • •

A Comedian's Terms.

IT was a pushing theatrical agent who wired to a low comedian: "What are your terms?" The answer came back: "One hundred guineas." Whereupon the agent wired again: "Do you mean one hundred guineas per week, or perhaps?" Up to the time of going to press no reply had been received.

• • •

English as She is Wrote.

EVER and anon a discussion takes place among learned societies—or societies passing as learned—upon the desirability of "reforming" the spelling of the English language. No one in his senses supposes for an instant that any material change will occur in our day and generation. To learn how to spell, however imperfectly, is a nuisance to the earlier years of every child. Having acquired the trick—for it is nothing else—they are not idiots enough to wish to unlearn it in order to oblige a few uneasy persons with a desire for phonographic alterations. If we were beginning the world to-morrow, phonetic spelling, the decimal system, and even a scheme of Socialism would deserve consideration.

• • •

Drawbacks.

THE sound of a language is not everything. The construction and the appearance go for something. English words are often ungainly in print. Still, to pepper them with a host of "u's" and "z's" would be very unsightly, and as tens of thousands of people, especially those with etymological veneration, would decline to adopt the new form, there would be a nice state of pickle for pupils and teachers. One of the privileges of the Briton is to spell as he likes. Some journals even talk of "program," and in America they spell "theater" in the way most Englishmen pronounce it. I knew a lady of title who wrote, always, "Yours very oblidged." Her spelling stamped her at once as belonging to the caste of Vere de Vere. One serious disadvantage of the "reform" desired would be to rob the aristocracy of a cherished distinctiveness.

• • •

"Harriet and the Butler."

A GOOD deal of ink has been shed over the case of a lady who invited, or was supposed to invite, a butler to supply her with gossip which would prove palatable to the American public. Before throwing stones at the Press of the United States we had better see how we stand at home. Most of us are aware of the fact that the same kind of hash is served up for British consumption—aware of it to the extent that we at least notice the headings in the daily journals. Mr. Samuel Gerridge, that pleasant creation of the late T. W. Robertson, understood that, though the Borough Road did not reek with "nobility, clergy, and gentry," it pleased the inhabitants of that locality to pretend you thought so. In the same way poor, starving nobodies in the most wretched districts of London—and in provincial towns likewise—gloat over the recorded movements of the Duchess of This and the Marchioness of That. It seems to keep them in touch with a world wherewith they have no connection—and never will have. Whether Lady Binkleton or her Grace the Duchess of Boomshire walks in the park or drives to Sandown races doesn't appeal to me in the least. I haven't the intellectual force to appreciate it.

"Fashionable Intelligence."

I RESPECT the men and women of the world who do something—even the three card trick man who does simpletons like myself. But the fact that the Honourable Miss Fitz Boodle "looked charming at a morning concert or that an elderly countess displayed the whole of the family diamonds in her Opera box seems to me quite unexciting. Honourable misses should look charming and if countesses can't show off the family heirlooms now and then they might as well exchange them with the rag and bone man for some useful kitchen utensils. It no more concerns me than does the fact of our servant girl last week purchasing an admirable imitation pearl necklace for ninepence halfpenny. The gawd has created a vast impression on the young man she is keeping company with but up to now this most stimulating item has not crept into the fashionable intelligence. Will Harriet—or anybody else make a bid for the full name address and particulars enterprising journals British or American wire "Coddem London" without delay.

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Rush in Urbe

THE Tubes of London are ceaseless in their enterprise. Even their advertisements and posters are works of art. At the same time the great lines of the country have bucked up. Look for instance at the Great Western and compare it with the somnolent days of Sir Daniel Gooch. But with all their good intentions some of the Tube stations provide more walking for passengers than is pleasant. This is to be altered by the introduction of a startling apparatus called colloquially I presume—the glider whose mission is to translate you from the entrance to the platform in a twinkling. Whenever I have to speak of travelling experiences—say from Hammersmith to Finsbury Park I can readily see that this term will worry me considerably. You hear folk talk about beseeched instead of besought and thousands of educated persons could not tell you the singular of dice. I am a similar ignoramus.

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The Glider

In busy times I rush to gain
The dim, subterranean train—
Lo every car a crammer!
And as it dashes round the curve
The dreadful strain upon my nerves
Extendeth to my grammar.

But when in Tube—now cold now warm—
They seize upon my humble form
And hustle me with hurry
I feel that on that shaky trip
Some solecism on the lip
Will shock my Lindley Murray.

I am convinced I shall neglect
To make my language circumspect
As by each sound rule bidden
And 'twill my family disturb
When, in convulsions of the verb,
I murmur, "I have glidden!"

If on the platform, all aquake,
One morning I a journey take—
To home, sweet home, repairing;
On reaching that select abode,
To whisper "Mother, I have glode!"
May set the household swearing.

I note the blank and awful gloom,
I hear the sniggers round the room
Should I have glid just pop out,
And maiden aunts in stately hall
Who meant to put me in their will,
Resolve my name shall top it.

Woe woe the dullard's sore distress,
With participles in a mess
And "tenses past" presented
So be it glid or glid or glod,"
A curse on the contrivance odd
By whomsoever invented!

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A Bad Look Out

I FEAR that existence has become a Hard for me—a disgustin' dreary desart. If therefore your readers discover some week that I am no longer in evidence they will know I have fled the country. A terrible thing has happened. *The Gambolier* the Edinburgh University students' magazine among its biographies of eminent ———hold on tightly to something while you pronounce it! Regius professors and other whom the great institution has produced publishes an article through contemporary spectacles with an avowed parody of the manner and idioms of my landlady. It is all very well to submit this with apologies to Mr MacDonald Mendle and to state the views of a Scotch Mrs Harris on medical student but what about my peace of mind when my old terror gets to hear about it? Mrs Wiggs the lady referred to alludes to me as a person as got drink wi a lot of graceless ussies as shows their ankles halmost naked in a shameless way which as ow it would break their mothers earts if they ad any which is doubtful. In dealing with Edinburgh students Mrs Wiggs proves herself not to be she of the cabbage patch. For the sucklings of learning adore and while they are oft in hot stuff are never green. I rejoice in Edinburgh. I have addressed audiences in its University buildings. The best memorial I can have for self and my old Dutch —is for the conductors of *The Gambolier* to induce my friend Fred Wyndham to put Mrs Wiggs into the next pantomime at the Royal.

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A Question of Faces.

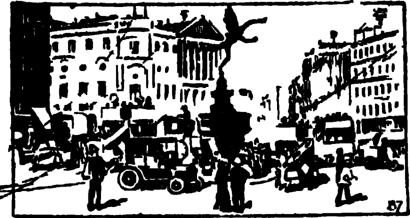
A JOCKEY with a facile aptitude for changing his facial expression was recently committed to gaol. This reminds me that in the long ago I was wont to derive much interest and amusement from the performances of Herr Schultze who called himself the man with a hundred faces. Out of professional hours this gentleman ever hungered to break a lance with the late Charles Bradlaugh who had not then obtained a seat in Parliament and was well known as a lecturer up and down the country. From time to time facial imitators may be found on the halls but most of them rely a great deal upon dresses wigs and props. Schultze if I recollect aright dispensed with these.

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Disadvantages

THAT genial humourist and orator Mr Ben Nathan, recently returned from America was expatiating to a friend upon the glories of California. After listening patiently the friend said: "But there must be some disadvantages in living there?" "No," said Mr Nathan, "it is a perfectly ideal place for any man who will work—" "Ah" broke in the friend, "I knew there were some disadvantages!"





Peer's Daughter Stage-struck : a Case for Sherlock Holmes : What is a Lady in Society? : British Peers and American Heiresses.

WHILE the stage is entering the peerage there is a growing tendency on the part of some young members of the peerage to go on the stage. For instance, the Hon. Helen Montagu, daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, has applied to Mr. George Edwardes for a small part. Lord Montagu, very much averse from a stage career for his daughter, sent a friend to beg Mr. Edwardes to refuse the young lady an engagement.

WITH this request Mr. Edwardes felt bound to comply, although he might well have pointed out that if the young lady is, as seems to be the case, set upon going through the musical comedy mill there are worse companies than that of Daly's or the Gaiety for a beginner gaining footlight experience. She appeared with Sir Herbert Tree for a time, but found that too dull. More anon.

THERE is no truth in the story that the Lord Chancellor is going to retire. As he is entitled to a pension of £5,000 a year, nothing save a breakdown in health or old age would justify his resignation. Nobody could or does suggest that Lord Loreburn is either senile or decrepit. So Mr. Haldane must wait and see.

I HINTED the other day that Mr. McKenna's position in the Ministry is rather insecure. The latest story is that Mr. McKenna is going to buy off his assailants by offering them a Standing Committee on Estimates. The first trace of this move was found in the speech of Mr. Baker, who moved the Address. He hoped that something might be done towards subjecting the Estimates to a more careful and business-like investigation.

THE point is that the mover of the Address is chosen by the Whip and officially coached as to the line he is to take. Mr. Baker was undoubtedly not left without guidance. He would hardly have paved the way for an Estimates Committee if the Cabinet were not prepared to set it up. But who will be put on the Committee? It is a clever way of dishing the economists.

YESTERDAY a memorial signed by a long list of eminent men and women was presented to the London County Council asking them to grant an option on most favourable terms on the site of their present offices (to be vacated when the new County Hall is ready) for the erection of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. With a site such as this secured, the National Theatre scheme would, of course, instantly obtain more of the nation's financial assistance.

CAPT. ILES, R.E., and others write to chaff me for saying that Mr. Hassall, while working on his forthcoming Canterbury Pilgrims picture, could find no record in Chaucer that they rode, although they ride on nearly every page in the Prologue. But I am not to be cornered so easily as that. My meaning was "rode in the cathedral," the interior of which Hassall is depicting. When Capt. Iles goes on to point out that there is no record in Chaucer that the Pilgrims ever reached the cathedral at all, I must pass him over to Hassall. That's *his* funeral.

THE EMPIRE will have gloomy associations for many of us for a long time to come now that Harry Hitchens has made his final exit. He was the simplest, most unpretentious, most generous Roman of them all. People not only got him to pass them into the show, but bit his ear, as he dubbed it, and paid him back with the strangest kind of worthless cheques and other *objets de vertu*. He must have had the finest collection of stumer cheques in the world. "Nearly £1000 worth there, my boy," he said to me one night, indicating a drawer. He was known as a connoisseur of Japanese prints and bric-a-brac. But many of his best bits were taken by him in settlement of otherwise unliquidated loans.

THE Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland is under the impression that Irish doctors are boycotted by certain English hospitals. If so, a most improper state of things is revealed, for the poor, for whose benefit alone hospitals should exist, must thereby be deprived of the services of many capable members of the profession. Public opinion should be brought to bear to prevent so unpardonable a boycott.

AS M.P. for the Strand, Mr. Walter Long is interesting himself in the cause of a large number of holders of Crown leases in the Regent Street vicinity. Some eighty leases are falling in, and the holders claim the right of an option for renewal or rebuilding, or purchase by tender. The Woods and Forests Department thinks otherwise, but there will be questions in the House about it.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE states that a swindler is going about professing to be his representative. This naughty man has some story of a school of literature and extracts money by a promise of epistolatory lessons. Sir Arthur should get Sherlock Holmes to track the miscreant down.

SOME of the bequests in Lady Meux's will may cause trouble in interpretation. That, for instance, of £3,000 to Lord George Cholmondeley on condition that he marries a lady in Society. What is Society? Take a musical-comedy young woman, who, like Mrs. Sterling, married into Society, and was then parted

from her husband in the divorce court. Would she come under the category of "in Society," supposing—only for the sake of argument—that Lord George wanted to marry her, and to remain eligible for the bequest?

VERY bitter grow the Americans over the frequency of matches like that of Lord Decies and Miss Gould. Here is one of their typical japes, from the Washington *Herald*:—

"I am to meet the Duke at the dock."

"But he has never seen you!"

"For means of identification he is to wear a red carnation and I am to carry one million dollars in my left hand."

THE prevalence of this kind of sentiment is a little rough on young Lord Exmouth, who is over in Philadelphia visiting relations. Things have got so that his aunt, Mrs. Norman Jackson, has issued a *communiqué* scouting as ridiculous the report that the Viscount, who is only in his twenty-first year, has any matrimonial inclinations at all at present.

NO New Movement having been started for several weeks, one was clearly due. It has arrived. It is sponsored by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and Lady Salisbury, and is called the Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women, with offices at 13 Bryanston Street, W. It appears that the Colonies, having been fed up with British servant girls, find they also want some of our better born damsels—to play tennis with in the afternoons and to grace their dances in the evenings after the day's work. So this Committee is to tabulate information of Colonial openings for the genteel feminine unemployed.

SUFFRAGETTES are telling of a score made by Mrs. Snowden after one of her lectures. A man in the audience thought he had trapped her with the question, "Why are the Suffragettes split up into so many factions?" "It must be," said Mrs. Snowden, with perfect composure, "because the women are no wiser than the men."

HERE is a little calculation by a Melbourne scribe of the money that will be spent here at Coronation time by Australians alone. There are a good thousand people leaving Victoria for the ceremonies, and Sydney is sending more. The whole Commonwealth will probably have 4,000 representatives in London. Most of them will be away six months, many of them a year. Averaging the voyagers of moderate means with the travellers with long purses, the expenditure will run out at about £1,000 a head. That is to say £4,000,000. "Sensation in Court," as Arthur Prince's sailor-boy says.

ONE of the music hall magnates in control of a famous tour is also a magistrate, and a colleague of his says he recently occupied the chair on the bench and had to sentence a man for cruelty to a horse. "You will," he said with rising indignation, "be sentenced to hard labour for six weeks, and I only wish I could *make it the entire tour*."

AN alleged blackmailer had a trap laid for her a few days ago at St. Martin's-le-Grand. She had threatened to make some exposure about a lady (whose forthcoming marriage had been announced in all the Society columns. Inquiry agents were engaged to catch her, and by their advice, a letter in a conspicuous envelope containing a good sum in notes was left for her at the Poste Restante. She was to be caught in the act of receiving the hush money



THE RIVIERA SEASON.

"Jack, what shall I do about Mrs. Goodhead's bridge tea? I simply can't go, you know."
"Oh—send her a cheque!"



Parson: "Regarding the milk you deliver here."
Milkman (uneasily): "Yessir"
Parson: "I only wanted to say that I use the milk for drinking, not for christening!"

But she happened to call while the sleuth hound on guard was not sleuthing worth 2d.-worth of cold gin, and she got clean away with the goods!

ANOTHER of the series of sporting and dramatic balls at Prince's—this time in connection with the "Waltz Dream" company—was held yesterday morning. The date on the cards was 13th February, but Mr. Joyce by arrangement would not permit his orchestra even to tune up until the early hours of the 14th had arrived, so that the superstitious would be comforted by the knowledge that they would not actually take the floor until St. Valentine's morning had arrived.

YESTERDAY'S meeting at the Mansion House in support of the Invalid Kitchens of London disclosed that a great work is being done, 36,000 dinners to the sick poor having been given last year. The cost of each dinner to the recipient is one penny, and it may consist of chicken, mutton, rabbit, boiled fish, beef tea, custard and jelly. Naturally this means public help, and the Hon. Sec., Lady Muriel Paget, will be glad to have, at 31 Dover Street, read as autographs at the foot of cheques.

THE young prima donna, Madame Lea Perelli, who made so successful a debut in opera as Carmen with the Beecham Opera Company at the Palladium last week, is Sir Rufus Isaacs' sister-in-law. She is a pupil of Mr. Ernest Cameron, and has great dramatic abilities as well as a fine voice.

LORD CHARLES CONYNGHAM, who has twice narrowly missed giving us a big double event, writes me from Cornwall, where he is hibernating, that he thinks the best double for the Lincoln and National are Dalnacraig and Jerry M.

TO commemorate Mr. Lewis Waller's achievement as Mark Antony in *Julius Cæsar* at the Palladium, a unique medal has been cast. This medal, the head of which is a copy from Mr. Hedley's portrait plaque of the distinguished actor, is so modelled as to represent an exact imitation of an old Roman coin. The price of replicas in solid Bronze green patina is fixed at two guineas each. This issue is strictly limited to one hundred numbered copies only. A chance for the Keen On Waller' girls.

AMONG the obituary notices which have appeared about poor Arthur Birch I have not seen any mention of a pathetic hobby the plucky fellow used to indulge in on days when his health was slightly better than usual during his four long years as a helpless invalid. During one of the many visits I paid to him after his terrible accident, I noticed on the head rail of his bed, just within his reach, was hanging a riding whip with a crooked handle.

"WHAT does Father use that whip for?" I asked his little girl. "Well," she said sadly, "sometimes when he feels better than usual, and when he is quite alone, he likes to think that he is riding some of his races all over again. He didn't like anyone to see him doing it, but I once came into the room just when he was winning the Grand National again on Moifaa." It would be impossible to conjure up a more pathetic picture than that suggested by the bed-ridden jockey with back absolutely broken and spine overlapping, trying to cheer himself up by riding winners—on a water bed.

THE LOOKER-ON.

EVENING DRESS AT THEATRES.

Opinions as to Whether it Should Continue Obligatory.

HEARING a whisper that some of our West-end theatre managers deprecate the unwritten law of obligatory evening dress in stalls and dress circle, we have collected a few important opinions

Mr George Alexander says

"I should like playgoing to be made as easy and as inexpensive as possible. I do not say that the price of seats need be lower, but, of course, if ladies and gentlemen feel it to be a necessity to attend the theatre in evening dress, it means an extra expense in cabs, etc

In Germany, the United States of America, and other countries the theatre—the legitimate theatre—is much more part of the citizen's ordinary day than in this country

Mr Arthur Bourchier says

"I think this is entirely a matter of London opinion Why not slip voting papers in the programmes of all the theatres for a month?"

Mr G Bernard Shaw has this to say

Mr George Alexander is, of course perfectly right But if a man goes into the stalls of a London theatre in morning dress as if he were in church or some other unfashionable place he is looked askance at by his neighbours because they know he must have paid for his seat and the feeling against this among our deadheads is naturally very strong The invited guest is bound to come in evening dress the man who pays wears what he likes Stop papering and there will be no further trouble

From Miss Gertrude Kingston comes this statement

Although the Little Theatre consists entirely of stalls there is no question of evening dress in his pensible printed on my tickets or programme I should not venture to dictate to my patrons in what form of dress they care to come any more than I should exclude a Cabinet Minister because he came in a frock coat from the house, or the soldier or sailor or sick nurse because they came in the uniform of their calling

Mr Fred Terry has little to add to Mr Alexander's opinion as it is so essentially a matter of choice now as to whether evening dress is worn or no It certainly feasts the eye of the actor to see a well dressed house and personally he thinks it far more comfortable

Although Mr Weedon Grossmith deprecates the idea of playgoers being debarred from going to any part of a theatre on account of their style of dress he would much regret to see any change in the fashion of Evening Dress in the West-end theatres

Mr Cyril Maude does not think that admission is refused nowadays at any London Theatre on account of evening dress and is always pleased to welcome his audience, whatever their costume may be

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US.

OF the popularity of LONDON OPINION in the United Kingdom we need say nothing as we are not addressing the blind But the pleasure this paper seems to give abroad is constantly striking us

Somebody has just sent us a copy of the New Zealand *Weekly Graphic* for 7th December last, which says

> "For smart, clever, political and topical sketch and caricature, LONDON OPINION has no peer . This magazine, which is easily the brightest and most wholesome of penny journals "

But when our contemporary goes on to suggest that we are worth sixpence a copy, we decline to quote further.

HOW KINGS MAINTAIN THEIR HEALTH.

To be attended by the king's physicians!

Who would not be, for the king's physicians are the most eminent doctors and no better means exist of cure and of maintaining the health than those they employ for their sovereigns

What it may be asked are those means The world has often wondered for instance as to what the great longevity and vitality of the Austrian Emperor and the exceptional mental and physical vigour of the Kaiser are due

Certain facts have recently been made public which go far towards solving the problem No fewer than eleven royal physicians have stated over their own signatures the means they employ in treating certain conditions to which kings, like their subjects are liable

The commonest cause of being run down is due to disorders of the nervous system for which most physicians prescribe tonics Often however tonics fail or produce bad after effects The reason is that nervous sufferers need something which not only stimulates the nerves but also supplies them with a vital food for nerves must be well nourished to act healthily

The remedy prescribed by royal physicians for such conditions is described by Dr Kerzl the Emperor of Austria's Private Physician who says

I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years with splendid results and I commend it continually and everywhere because I am thoroughly convinced that it is an excellent tonic food

The Czar's Physician's Statement

Anæmia is another common complaint Dr Fetchmann the Czar's Physician writes My daughter who was very nervous and anæmic has been greatly benefited by the prolonged use of Sanatogen Her appetite improved her weight increased and the colour of her skin became healthier

Both royal physicians thus use the same remedy although anæmia and nervous disorders seem so different In reality an exact link exists between many disordered conditions of nerves and blood and one leads to the other Several other conditions yield to Sanatogen which likewise shortens the period of convalescence

Of these last Dr Ott his late Majesty's Physician Extraordinary writes I have used Sanatogen for a number of years with excellent results These results have been notably good in cases of convalescence after severe illness when it was desirable to build up the strength to stimulate the bodily functions and to improve the circulation of the blood

The other eight royal physicians writing with a full sense of their responsibility make equally strong statements These statements must convince everyone that whenever he needs a tonic he cannot do better than take the preparation which these physicians state they prescribe for their patients It is certain that everyone who uses Sanatogen finds his health greatly benefited

Try the Royal Remedy Yourself Free

TRIALS OF HOUSEHOLDERS.

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

I HAD been exercised in my mind for some time as to the number of unauthorised callers at my suburban home.

Generally speaking, just as I was sitting down to work in the morning there would be a ring and a double knock at the street door, and while I was wondering if my caller were the Lord Mayor of London or only the Prime Minister, I should be informed that it was just another of those men who wanted to exchange a fern or palm for eighteenpence and an old coat that was not too far gone in the elbows.

There is a popular delusion abroad that an Englishman's house is his castle but, of course, it isn't so, really. Anybody may come and ring my doorbell, and tread all over the newly hearthstoned step in the morning while waiting to know whether I wish to buy any daffodils or hyacinths, or whether I have any old rags and bottles to sell.

I have given up trying to keep a latch on my garden gate, as my unauthorised callers would never stop to inquire what it was that kept the gate so flush with the gatepost. Perhaps they thought it was glued. They would just give the whole concern a vigorous shove, and look quite pained to see pieces of metal plate and rusty screws flying through the air. I have put a strong spring on the gate instead, and sometimes, as, having done no business, my caller is going out, he will wrench the gate open fiercely, and only be half-way through the aperture, as it were, before the gate is back again on the return journey, thus, as Shakespeare says, shaping our ends, rough-hew them as we will.

In these small suburban villas the occupant can hear everything going on outside. You hear the garden gate slam as a caller is admitted, you hear the sound of footsteps up the garden path to the front door, and then you wait for the ring or knock, as the case may be, and wonder if it is anybody who will want to see you personally. Sometimes the visitor is merely someone who has called to push a circular into your letter-box, this sort of thing being allowed by the law of the land. Sometimes when I go to my letter box it seems to me for the moment that I have got a record post, but on investigating the matter more closely, I find only two returned manuscripts among a heap of circulars offering me false teeth and cheap sherry, and other things for which I have no use whatever. I should be sorry to feel that I was interfering with the chances of hawkers and circular-deliverers in their efforts to work for a living, but the brutal truth of the matter is that until the Government pensions me off, I have to work for a living myself, and with so many interruptions my painful task is not made more easy.

On the advice of a friend I have recently had nailed to the outer gatepost of my house a little enamelled iron notice: "No Hawkers. No Circulars." My friend assured me that in this way I should be left in peace, and I took him at his word, and I know that he is a man who will not tell untruths except under great provocation and at election times.

As soon as the notice was fairly in its place I stood at the window in the front room to watch its effect on my unauthorised visitors. The first arrival was a stout old lady with a large basket of tulips and daffodils on her arm. She looked at the notice as if it were undeniably a matter of interest, and then strolled up the gravel path towards the front door. In a moment I had flung the window open.

"Want to buy any nice flowers, my dear?" she inquired, as she turned towards the window, leaving two large and devastating footmarks on the bed of mould that surrounded the front lawn.

"No," I said rather curtly, "I don't. Did you see that plate on the doorpost about no hawkers?"

"Bless your soul, my dear," she said in a motherly way, "I never takes no notice of them things. 'Ave a nice bunch o' cowslips for tuppence?"

I shut the window, and went and sat in a far corner of the room to conceal my righteous indignation. After waiting a little longer, and finding there was no business in prospect, the old lady retired cheerily, and I resumed my post at the watch-tower.

My next caller was a gentleman with a pony-cart full of wooden logs for burning. He looked at the notice, and smiled at me as if I might be glad to know that it had his distinct approval all the time. Before he was well inside the garden, however, I flung up the window:

"Hang it all, man!" I said. "Didn't you see that notice on the gate—'No Hawkers'? What's the good of my——"

"'Orkers?" he echoed indignantly. "I ain't a 'orker! I'm a timber merchant!"

I wasted the best part of a morning putting my notice to the test, and found that it was respected by about fifty per cent. of the circular men and by none per cent. of the hawking traders. One man assured me that the notice was not worth the tin it was written on, because, if once you had taken out a hawker's licence, even the police themselves couldn't say nothing to you.

Another very talkative man came into my garden that morning and wanted to sell me a dog. He also denied, with a fine show of indignation, that he was a hawker, and I afterwards learned from the policeman that he was right. He was a thief.

Perhaps the greatest attention paid to the notice was in the case of a sturdy young man who was hawking sacks of potatoes up and down the road. He read the notice as he passed the house, and went into the next door garden instead. Then he passed the house again, and offered his wares at my neighbours' on the other side. Then, without further hesitation, he pushed my gate open and walked in. I was at the window in a second.

"Now, you saw what it says on the gate-post," I said rather angrily, "I saw you looking at it."

The potato man touched his cap respectfully, and looked back to the gate-post as if he had become aware of its existence for the first time. Then he walked to the gate and looked over it at the notice.

"It says 'No Hawkers'!" I shouted.

"Does it, sir?" replied the potato man calmly. "I'm sorry, but I can't read. Can I sell you a sack o' taters just fresh——"

I shut the window with a bang and waved him off the premises. He went with a good deal of reluctance, and spent some time outside the gate studying the notice. A little further down the street he sold some of his potatoes to a reckless neighbour, and I watched the interesting spectacle of a man who cannot read signing his name to a receipt for cash paid.

I had a little entertainment during my vigil at the window in noting the extremely ingenious excuses the various hawkers had for ignoring the notice that had been put up for their guidance. They did not all, however, take the trouble to find an excuse which was generally untruthful at that. I think, on the whole, I prefer the attitude of a girl of about twelve, who was selling pots of ferns which she carried in a perambulator. She came up to the gate and read the notice very carefully as if she were spelling it over to herself, and did not want to miss any of it. She then pushed open the gate and walked into the garden.

I opened the window softly, and without any sign of irritation. "My good girl," I said in my suavest accents, "you read the notice on the gate, didn't you? What is the use of my going to the trouble of putting up a plate like that if nobody takes any notice of it?"

The girl stared at me with large, wonder-stricken eyes until I had quite finished. Then she curled her lip:

"Oh, rats to you!" she said as she flung herself out of the gate and pursued her way.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

THIS week's interesting revival of *The Belle of New York* at the Savoy with Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Miss Edna May) in her original part of Violet Gray, serves to remind me of an account given to me by an eye-witness of the circumstances surrounding the managerial choice of the charming lady in question. When the piece was in preparation for its initial production at the Casino Theatre, New York, they hadn't got a Violet Gray. All sorts of impossible people—including Lilian Russell—were suggested, but just the kind of girl pictured by the author, Hugh Morton, was not to be had. Things looked pretty desperate, when, during one rehearsal, the watchful eye of Gus Kerker, the composer, fell upon the demure features of Edna May, who was then filling a humble part in the show.

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Asked if she could sing, she thought she could; so, in a quiet corner of the theatre, Kerker at a piano tried her with several songs, and finally suggested her to George Lederer, the producer. After some discussion, Lederer consented to let her study the song, "Follow On," and a day later the sweet faced girl from Syracuse came on in the Pell Street scene to let the judges decide. Being, naturally, nervous and shy of the ordeal, she advanced with bowed head, and hands clasped before her, walking with hesitating steps, her eyes cast down. Someone, with more zeal than judgment, jumped up to tell her to display more animation, but Dan Daly, sitting in the stalls, knew better. "Leave her alone," he cried, "she's IT." So they came to see it Daly's way, and those very characteristics of diffidence and shyness which were natural at the moment of trial were in their studied form one of the most telling features of a wonderful performance.

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Only a day or so ago Mrs. Lewisohn was telling me how nervous she was over this reappearance after so long a period of retirement. "To suggest that I am coming back to the stage for good," she said, "is too utterly absurd. I'm through with a profession in which I was quite happy, and now I'm ever so much happier than ever I've been in my life. Nowadays, I'm devoted to country life and to travel. You haven't seen me golf? Fourteen handicap, if you please, and still progressing. After these performances at the Savoy, we—my husband and I—are off to Cannes for golf and sunshine, then back to dear old London for the Coronation, because there'll be lots doing around about that time. Later in the year we go to Scotland for the salmon fishing and shooting and then to India, China, Japan, and ever so many other places for about two years. But England is always home to us."

• • •

The title chosen for the play which Mr Hemmerde K.C., is writing for early production in the West End is *A Butterfly on the Wheel*.

• • •

A manager with whom Florence Lloyd was dickering for an engagement asked her the other day if she would take a certain amount per week and a percentage. After getting the mental half Nelson on the problem, Florence replied: "Do you know, that's awfully nice of you to offer to divide up that way, but if I accepted it I know that I should be always counting the house during my best scenes and it would simply ruin them. Much as I hate to, I really do believe I'll take a little more per week on a certainty. I shall act *so* much better." Then they wonder that managers grow the hard face early in life.

• • •

The sketch which Marie Corelli has so kindly consented to write for the Hippodrome upon condition that she be permitted to produce it, is entitled *The Sedan Chair*. One of the W.S P.U. on hearing of this, said to another scrapper of the same corps "Just the very title for a suffrage play, dear, because, like the Bill itself, it will be carried." I understand, however, in the sketch in question, Marie hands the sisterhood an awful swipe.

• • •

Anything milder in the way of entertainment than the Anatol dialogues which are being given by Granville Barker and Company at the Palace I cannot imagine. They resemble a glass of tepid milk and water. All the same, Alfred Butt did well to give them room. Last Friday he experimentally revived Maud Allan in some new capers. She is there for a week sure, whether the boom is repeated or not.

• • •

When a lover and his lass part in the first act of a play, we know that it is done to provide the author with a plot. Most dramatists conceal this real reason by putting up a more or less convincing story for the separation. Not so Mr. Charles McEvoy in his four-act comedy, *All That Matters*, at the Haymarket. Endeavouring to avoid melodrama in his motive, and to attain poetry, psychology, and spirituality, he misses adequacy of cause for that quarrel which germinates the action of his drama, and the play suffers accordingly.

• • •

But having mentioned this demerit, let me hasten to add that there are many merits as well. There is much character drawing of a strikingly good quality, and the creation of a wonderful sense of atmosphere all through the play, together with some notable scenic effects, and fine acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Mr. Norman Trevor, Mr. Fisher White, and the rest of a brilliant company. Certainly a play to be seen.

• • •

Miss Horniman is again doing a three weeks' season at the Coronet. The *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is this week's bill.

• • •

The sinuous Sahary Djeli at the Hippodrome, and *Sumurun* at the Coliseum, are drawing the town, both real booms. The run of *Sumurun* has accordingly been extended from four to six weeks, and the Coliseum also promises shortly James Welch in a new playlet by Sir W. S. Gilbert.



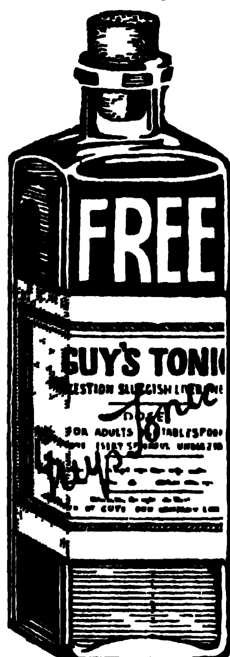
PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"Just to get Married."

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Flatulence	Giddiness	Anæmia
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Poor Appetite	Sick Headache	Nerve Weakness
Pain after Food	Want of Energy	Depression
Neuralgia	Backache	Debility

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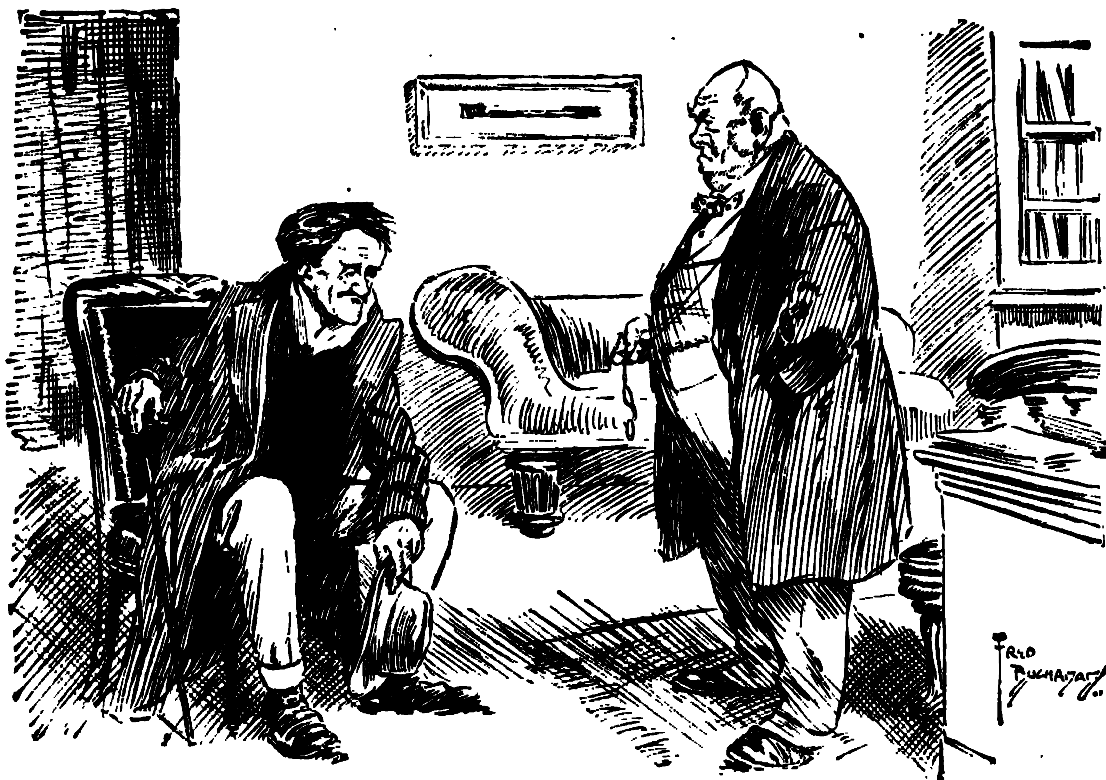
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Patient: "An anarchist."
Doctor: "Well, you mustn't er—er throw any bombs for a long time."

TOPICAL VERSES.

BAD FOR THE SKIRTS.

[A rifle club has been formed by the staff of the Leeds G.P.O The lady members are very enthusiastic, but complain that "lying down to fire" is detrimental to their skirts.]

WE are nothing if not patriotic.
We've the "Islander" badge, one and all;
We scorn female sports idiotic
Concerned with a stick and a ball;
We laugh at the girl, folly-laden.
Who crochets and dances and flirts;
The range is the thing for a maiden—
But it makes such a mess of one's skirts.

Our grandmas sat knitting a stocking.
Nor dreamt they of anything more,
And *they* would have thought it most shocking
To lie at full length on the floor.
But present-day notions are bolder,
And, though the "kick" certainly hurts,
We don't mind the bruise on our shoulder—
But we do mind the dust on our skirts. W. H. H.

• • •

A REPRIEVE FOR EUROPE.

["Our vinegar is more bitter than the gall of the most diabolical of mothers-in-law."—A current Japanese advertisement.]

THE Japanese, I've often said,
Were absolutely earth's *élite*;
The nation that would go ahead
As we grew more and more effete.
I've even called them now and then
The Little Yellow Supermen.

Unhampered by Tradition's pull,
They'd quickly collar all the jam;
The Dragon soon would oust the Bull,
Samaurai cut out Uncle Sam—
In fact, I was inclined to "yap"
About the gallant little Jap.

But now I realise my views
Were not entirely void of flaw,
For I perceive that still they use
The jest about the ma-in-law,
A thing that in our English clime
Dates from the pre-historic time.
T. HODGKINSON.

• • •

TO DELIA.

(Who uses slang, on seeing the notices of the new "Pasha" skirt.)

IT'S not so very long since, Delia, dear,
Your intimate and private conversation
(Seldom exactly classical, I fear)
Shone with one very charming coruscation.
(I wouldn't like to say
How many times one heard it in a day.)

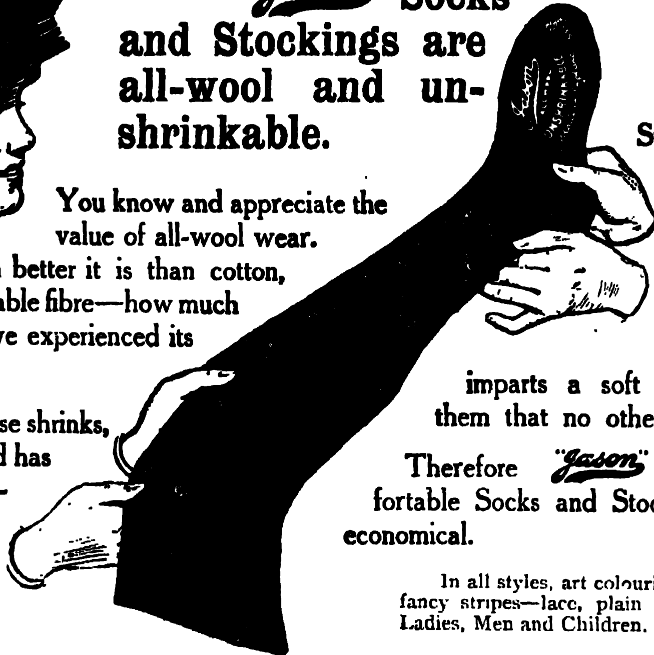
When if you wished to show you disagreed
With any course of action I suggested,
Or found yourself unable to accede
To any little favour I requested,
As resolute as Fate,
"Not in *these* trousers!" you would blandly state.

In which remark I must confess I ne'er
A vast amount of relevance detected:
For as an article of female wear
Trousers were not at that time much affected;
It seemed in those old days
An ugly and extremely pointless phrase.

But if you bow to Fashion's latest yoke,
(And there be any truth in recent rumours)
If a divided skirt must henceforth cloak
A pair of gorgeous Oriental bloomers—
When thus attired you go
Your ancient gag comes in quite *àpropos!*
GORDON PHILLIPS.



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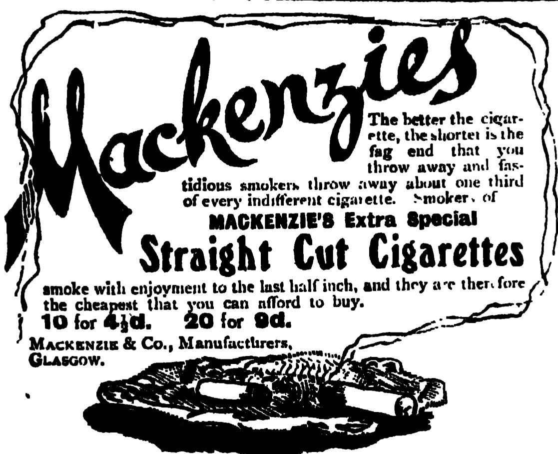
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NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Mahogany and Chippendale. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

"THEY don't grow mahogany like that these days," a cabinet maker said regretfully. "Not for love nor money you can't get it, sir."

We stood admiring the size, grain, and sheen of the panels in a book cupboard used for generations by a firm of family lawyers in their Georgian offices, Bedford Row. "I wonder why they can't grow wood like that nowadays?" the cabinet maker said. The answer is simple: the centuries old trees were cut down long ago, and there hasn't been time for others to grow.

It was Raleigh who brought mahogany over here first, but the real extensive importation did not begin until the year 1720 or so. Spanish walnut was ceasing to be the fashionable timber for furniture then, and the rage for the red wood had set in. By the hundred British mercantile ships went off to the Spanish Main to buccaneer for mahogany; the crews landed on the coasts of Spanish America, cut down the huge trees, sawed them into great logs, and carried the spoil away without leave or licence, not even paying for them except in local battles and blood. By the end of the Eighteenth century the great old trees had all been cut down, and the commoner, more meagre Honduras stuff had to come into use.

A Rough Rule.

Fine furniture under William and Mary and Anne was walnut; under the Georges and Victoria it was mahogany. By a broad generalisation we may dub fine old mahogany furniture that is decorated by carving "Chippendale," and fine old mahogany furniture that is decorated by inlaying "Sheraton." But these names must only be used descriptively; a collector or dealer who calls a bookcase "Chippendale" cannot imply thereby that it was made by Thomas Chippendale or by one of his workmen, in St. Martin's Lane. "Chippendale" indicates a period and its style, because Thomas Chippendale's examples and designs affected his competitors and the subsequent cabinet makers in their work profoundly. That too was the case with the designs of Thomas Sheraton. You will be lucky indeed if you come upon a piece of Chippendale's own work; if you do you will know it by the reticent decoration and fine balance of its design. But you will easily come upon pieces of "Chippendale period," and Chippendale worked and designed in rose wood and soft woods lacquered, as well as in mahogany, mind.

Chippendale's Styles and Examples.

A recent classification assigns to Thomas Chippendale three differing styles, but there were more than three, and we can adopt a more precise classification.

He modified Queen Anne style furniture into what we may conveniently call *Queen Anne Chippendale*—the cabriole legs (something like a goat's, with carving above the knee in place of the shaggy hair), the claw and ball foot, the clubbed foot, and the curving solid splat.

Then came the *open work splat* and *the rubble decoration*—adapted from the French.

Then there was the *Chippendale Chinese* style: hanging bookshelves, cabinets, and mirrors crowned with pagoda-like ornaments, Oriental birds and dragons copied from porcelain, all carved in wood, and often gilded.

There was also the *Chippendale Roman*: broken arch pediments with small urns in between or places for busts, mahogany adaptations from stone pedestals and Roman altars (with hollow urns to contain knives and forks) standing upon them.



SLOW PROGRESS

Caddie: "Hi, Billy! Call in an' tell muvver that I don't think I shall be 'ome for dinner nor tea, but ask her to keep me some supper!"

Fifthly, we must recognise the *Chippendale Gothic*, due, no doubt, to the influence of Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill—chair-backs badly imitating in mahogany the mullions and tracery of Gothic windows.

Happily, Chippendale's designs for his Chinese and Gothic monstrosities in furniture can seldom have been executed, at least, you seldom see any of them now. They must have been particularly costly to carry out at the time and nobody has ever found it worth while to forge them.

The Interplay.

And yet the 'Chinese' influence applied to details only resulted in some of the pleasantest features of 'Chippendale.' A table for instance with a fret work rail edging it, and with open fret-worked legs, the fret is a Chinese fret often. At the place where the front legs of a chair join the frame of the seat the angles are broken by open work and it is Chinese open work. The ornament of fret work along the top of a bookcase or *secretaire*, it is Chinese open work.

And as for the Gothic, the raised lines something like inlay inverted, which adorn an oblong cupboard door were meant to resemble the tracery of a severe Gothic window, while the mullions or 'tracery' which contain the panes of a Chippendale bookcase were meant to resemble both Gothic windows and Chinese lattices. When the panes were plain in form, the rich blue dip of mahogany from them, sometimes seen, was Chinese in origin.

It is, of course the ribbon back chairs which are the most sought after kind of Chippendale.

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Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received and the consequent call upon the time of our experts a charge of 1s for each inquiry is made and stamps or P O must be inclosed. All letters, etc relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, London Opinion, 36 Southampton Street Strand W C.
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Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

F A H (Wexford).—Cannot give definite opinion on your china unless you send one of the cups for inspection. From description of the decoration it appears to be either Derby or Spode, but several other factories decorated their services in similar style.

C G P (Helmsley). None of your stamps are of any importance, of nominal value only.

H L (Wimbledon).—Your painting by W H Haines is worth £7 7s to £8 8s. There is no particular demand for this artist's work. You might send it to a good auction rooms. Sampson and Co Air Street are big dealers in modern paintings and might make you an offer.

H A C (Cork). The vases are modern Derby ware costing about 35s to 40s the pair. Centrepiece is not Dresden but an old French copy worth £3 10s to £4.

C D M (Uttoxeter).—Your two Le Blond prints are of very little value, worth 3s to 4s each.

W J F (Newport). Your picture is a German oleograph of nominal value only.

A C (Dursley).—The urn shaped vase is modern Wedgwood worth 10s to 15s. Description of the two smaller pieces is insufficient for valuation, though they are not Sevres, no such mark was used by that factory.

A G (Kensington).—If you will send the etching, will advise as requested.

ARIA (Dundee).—The title of the print is "Thoughts on Matrimony" and it is engraved by Ward, after J R Smith. In good condition and with fair margins is worth about £30 but yours has unfortunately been hardly treated, and in present condition is worth about £4 to £5.

M C M (Chiswick).—The jug is old but not of particular importance; it is the make of Sadler and Green, of Liverpool, about 1760, worth 18s to 20s.

P S (Carlisle).—The four sporting pictures by Ludovici which you state are water colours are apparently the set of prints which are sold at about 10s the four. These are reproductions from the original water colours.

P P A (Worcester).—The box is tortoiseshell, and the inlaid stars are gold, the hinges and band are only metal, however, and it is not a fine one; worth £2 to 50s.

E W (Torquay).—Water colour drawing described, by W. Collingwood, R W S, is worth £4 to £4 10s. This artist's work is not in particular demand, and do not advise putting a reserve on it.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

GOLD-SEEKERS agree that the best ore and the richest "dirt" are always just out of reach. The thing we cannot see is better than the thing we have and know. A critical period in our national history has begun, and public opinion is sharply divided between those who think the Good Time is coming and those who aver that the country is about to be ruined by a set of men who combine the incongruous mental qualities of diabolical astuteness and bovine stupidity.

Mutually destructive epithets happily embellish the vocabulary of controversy and gladden the lives of us lookers on. Whatever may be the issue of the eighteen political problems which are nominally in dispute between the Ins and Outs, there can be no question as to things having enormously improved in the lifetime of living men, that they are improving, that there is every prospect of better things to come whatever may be the decisions of politicians in Parliament.

At sea one is sometimes told, when far from land, that a current has carried the ship miles nearer her destination than the expenditure of horse-power on the screw shafts can explain. The Gulf Stream is inaudible on board ship; its movement invisible except at one spot, and its effects imperceptible to navigators otherwise than through the sextant and the compass. Nations, like ships, are subject to strong currents which govern destiny as the Gulf Stream affects sailing vessels in a calm entering or leaving the Caribbean Sea.

Observation shows that we are now swept along by a powerful current whose force is moving the nation in a direction which is not fixed by the wire-pullers or by anybody on the salary list. Were there no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the human family, I should hail, with Huxley, the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away as a desirable consummation. Men struggling in the hurly-burly at Westminster may not perceive the current which drives us into doing things which a few years ago would have been deemed unthinkable. I have been reading, with appreciation, a little book: "The Party System," by Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton (S. Swift, 10 John Street, W.C.; 3s. 6d. net). The book is a slashing attack on the party system; but it is something more than this. It is evidence of an ocean current that is changing the British outlook. The late Lord Salisbury, with his ponderous Tudor mind, said very much the same thing as Mr. Hilaire Belloc, with his Gallic vivacity and sprightliness of mood and expression.

Lord Salisbury's one defence of the stupidities, swindling, incapacity, waste and bulldog courage which marked his conduct of the Boer War was that the British Constitution was "not a good flying-machine." Lord Salisbury also anticipated Mr. Belloc by saying that power had left Parliament, but that he did not know what had become of it. Power is concentrated in a confederacy consisting of the two front benches. The front benches were responsible for the Lloyd George Budget, but it is admitted that the Budget was the product of Mr. Snowden's mind, not of the warm-hearted liberator of the oppressed on the "mist-sodden uplands of Dartmoor."

The simple fact is that the centre of gravity in British affairs is shifting, and that the time is passing when "swank" will ever again play so preponderant a part as it did from the Battle of Hastings to the Battle of Stepney. We have been governed by "swank"—with small intervals—since the Conquest.

Democracy is impossible except in very small communities. People numbering between forty and fifty millions cannot govern themselves, because the art of Government takes nearly as long to learn as the art of shoemaking; and I am told by an opulent and expensive shoemaker that seven years' practice is necessary to enable an intelligent practitioner to turn out a presentable pair of shoes.

Since the British and American democracies do not govern themselves and never have done so, they are now discovering that they are not governed by the men they send to Parliament to control the Executive and to spend or save the country's money. These men are ciphers. Members of Parliament only get on if they are "good"; and being "good" means servile obedience to mandarins whose power of rewarding and punishing their serfs is greater than anything that existed in the time of Ethelred the Unready, when serfs wore their master's metal collars round their necks instead of on the left lapel of their dress-coats as is now the case.

There is a good deal of spending in a hundred and seventy millions a year, and where there is much spending of money there is much human nature about. As the nation lost its initiative the House of Commons lost its control. Omnipotent Ministers originate policy, control expenditure, and reward their supporters in three currencies - honours, cash, and security of tenure. There is no longer any pretence that the fountain of honour flows chiefly for the refreshment of those who serve their country. Party has smilingly eaten the State. The Good Time coming will begin when the State takes the parties by the scruff of their necks and bangs them together. The despotism of Asquith-cum-Balfour is no better for us than the despotism of Charles-cum-Strafford, or of Cromwell-cum-Cant.

The new current has set in. It is flowing, as the seamen say, "at a rate of knots." We are on the eve of great change that will not be the changes expected by the professional politicians. Mr. H. G. Wells has struck a clear note in his "New Machiavelli." Mr. Charles Turnor has also exhibited the new spirit of a nation renewing its youth in his "Land Problems and National Welfare." Mr. Belloc has done his share. The Good Times are coming, when two and two will once more make four.

At a famous trial, Whistler declared that his picture must be reckoned as the outcome not of so many day's labour, but of the education of a lifetime. The party system has failed, and is not aromatic in its decay. The instinct of the people begins to penetrate the hypocrisy on which the party system rests. They are in jeopardy. The administrative class, especially the officers of the Navy and Army, the Police, and the Indian and Home Civil Service, feel unbounded contempt for the House of Commons. The working class is becoming conscious of being the governing class. Rupture between our administrative class and Government is inevitable since the Parliamentary system broke down. The masses know in their private affairs that two and two will not make five in a ledger. When two and two make four in politics, as in business, the golden dawn is upon us.



By H. M. Bateman.] [*To be continued.*

CARICATURES AT THE RINKS.

No. 4.—The "Introduce me to your lady friend" fiend!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE MODERN GIRL

Confesses her Attitude Towards the Flesh-pots of Egypt.

VIOLET KANE let down her masses of chestnut hair preparatory to brushing it.

"Yes, mother, I have met my fate, and you are going to lose your daughter at last."

Mrs. Kane fluttered across the room and caught her daughter in a motherly embrace—"My child,—my Violet," she murmured.

"There, don't let us have a scene. I told you I should pull it off with the millionaire, and I have done it, that is all."

Mrs. Kane wiped away a surreptitious tear. "Is it that Mr. Ironsides whom I heard was to be amongst the house party? he is old enough to be your father."

Violet, busy examining her profile in a hand glass, answered with mild reproof: "As if anyone was ever old with £80,000 a year; and remember, *I* am twenty-seven, though only you and I know it."

Her mother folded her hands meditatively. "Yes, when *I* was a girl that was considered quite old. Times are changing, but you, Violet, still look nineteen." She gazed fondly at her daughter, who, in a pale blue dressing gown and her hair in a cloud around her, seemed very much the little child of old. The illusion was somewhat broken as she lit a cigarette.—

"Mother dear, I don't; but I have learnt the lesson that for every year a woman loses in youthful freshness she must gain in smartness and *chic*. Men haven't learnt to see through *that* yet, thank goodness."

Her mother, busy tidying the room littered with unpacking, paused—"What a strange idea, Violet!"

"Not at all, you will find many valuable adjuncts to this end in the box you are holding."

Mrs. Kane curiously examined the article in question and put it down hastily—"Violet!—you don't mean to tell me that you *rouge*!" Horror rang in her tone. Her daughter laughed outright.

"Darling mother, I do—artistically. No girl can keep her complexion in London. Why, face creams alone cost me a fortune."

Mrs. Kane pursed up her lips. "I have always found a little cold water and good soap——" she began.

Her daughter yawned. "Yes—yes, but, you did not capture a millionaire, did you? Like to see his photo?"

Mrs. Kane put on her spectacles and prepared to examine her future son-in-law. There was a silence. "I am sure, dear, he must be a—good man——" she said faintly at length.

Her daughter hid a smile. "Goodness always does go with ill-fitting clothes and glasses, doesn't it? He is going to settle two thousand a year on me. I wanted five, but had to go slowly at first."

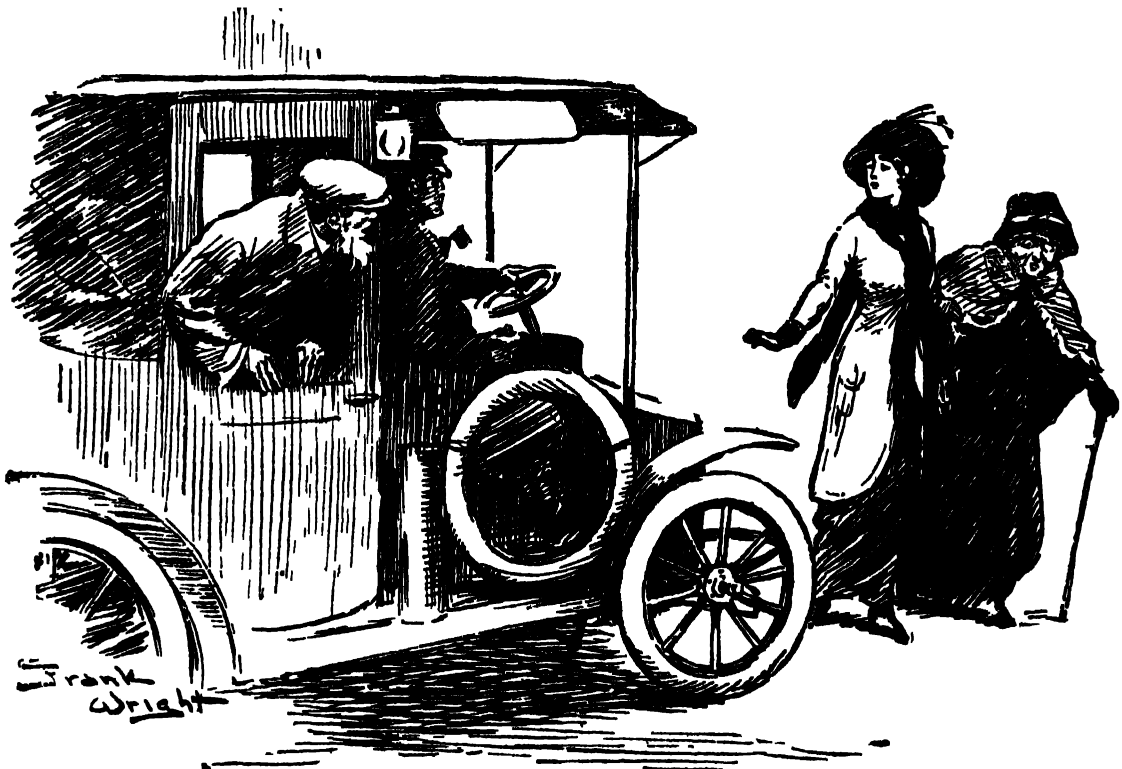
Her mother, whose yearly income did not reach five-hundred, gasped. "He must indeed be kind and generous."

The girl put her chin in her hand and became lost in thought.

"Yes, I think perhaps he is a good sort, kind in his own way and when it suits him, fond of flattery, inclined to be pompous, and quite aware of his own value. In that I should be honoured that he chose me." She yawned again. "I had a Duchess's daughter to contend against, and a married woman, the latter are the ruination of the market for us girls, but on this occasion I came out top. I saw how the land lay the first night I arrived. The married woman was of the soft and fluffy type who always flatters, a time-worn and excellent method with men. On this occasion she overdid it, and he began to think himself such a fine fellow, that he was wasted on her. Then—there was the girl. She was a Society beauty, dignified and stately; she tried to arouse his interest by taking no notice of him, also a plan that meets with much success—she was doing very well when *I* came upon the scene."

Mrs. Kane, who had listened to this speech in dumb-founded silence, now came nearer to sarcasm than ever in her gentle life:—

"And might I ask—what *rôle* my daughter adopted?" she queried.



"Canna ye hurry your stumps, wumman? This fandangled contraption's costing me another tuppence!"

Violet threw up her eyes meekly ' I was a—simple—child,' she said I wore my plainest frocks I loved the country Society was more or less a closed book to me, and his giant intellect made plain to me many things that I did not understand, in fact mother—I was you at seventeen He caught on at once, and a little muslin gown of Paquin's (which he will have to pay for) and music and moonlight finished it Before I slept that night somehow I had managed to betray the secret to my hostess so that there should be no mistake the next morning Now Mumsie darling congratulate me

Mrs Kane took off her spectacles and rubbed them

I don t think I quite understand she began nervously and your tone towards the man you are about to marry seems a strange one Am I to understand that you do not love him and that it is entirely a question of money ? I should be sorry and sad to think that '

Her daughter started to brush her hair once again—and her words seemed to keep time with the swish of the brush

I am marrying him for all the things that his money can give me, the luxuries and comforts that are more to me than anything in the world and I think I am exceedingly lucky to get him

Mrs Kane cleared her throat I should not feel that I had done my duty towards you Violet if I did not ask you to listen to me—I am distressed genuinely distressed about you You smoke you make use of expressions I have never even heard of Your hair is quite three shades lighter and as for these curling pins you are putting in now they are to say the least of it unladylike—and that is your whole attitude Mrs Kane dabbed her eyes with a piece of cambric

Violet came over and threw her arms round her neck—' Darling mother you are still in the sixties while I am Nineteen hundred and ten that explains it all

But have you no feelings on the responsibilities of marriage ? Do you quite realise the seriousness of the step you are taking ? The constant companionship which if one loves can be Heaven but which under other circumstances is impossible for me to picture You seem to have no idea of what a husband and I ... de ... tremble I tremble to think how your children will be brought up

Her daughter watched her silently a quizzical expression in her eyes Your view ... generation ... employ a capable housekeeper ... would be ... with ...

Mrs Kane seemed to quiver all through with shocked surprise

Might I ask have you no desire for any love in your life ? her voice trembled

Violet came over and knelt at her mother's side—Mother dear I am not really sad I am not the *modern girl* and whatever ... I started my first season with ... I have been through seven and I have not one illusion left There is nothing in a love match that could appeal to me now in any case it seldom survives the prose of the breakfast table, so I have not lost much As it is my husband and I will meet quite seldom enough to be ... I have no doubt excellent friends and ... our lives might be based on a worse foundation

Mrs Kane shed a few tears You frighten me It seems so strange to hear these things from you who have eyes like a little child I fear—I fear that love may come to you—too late

Her daughter shook her head Don't worry about that mother because it has come and gone Once I too was ready to give up everything for a man He was poor and idle He met me and loved me and, for one week I had visions of sharing a crust with him, and of helping him on in life I soon found that it was not in him to do for me what he had never done for himself, so we parted and I am more grateful to him now than I can say We modern girls still love in the same old fashioned way but, when it fails us we have learnt to make the best of what is left—but it is not everyone is lucky enough to marry a millionaire Now mother darling, say ' Good-night ' "

MORE CORONATION CLAIMS.

Some Curious Additions to the Official List.

EVEN from the brief reports published in the papers it is clear that the proceedings at the Court of Claims, which recently sat for the purpose of hearing and determining claims of services to be performed at the Coronation, were of exceptional interest.



To provide a button for his Majesty's breeches.

What echoes from the misty past, for instance, are awakened by the bald statement that the Duke of Newcastle asserted his title "to provide a glove for the King's right hand, and to support his Majesty's right arm while he is holding the sceptre"! The Bishop of Durham and his brother of Bath and Wells went further, and successfully demanded the extensive privilege of "supporting" his Majesty, without qualification or specification. But not all the proceedings at the Court's sittings have been made public.

Some of the quaintest and most interesting claims put forward have, for some reason, been withheld from the papers, and it remains for the present writer (who is not in a position to divulge the source of his information) to supply the deficiency.

A Georgian Hitch.

Among the many curious petitions was that of Eustace Snyppe, Esquire, who claimed "to provide a button for his Majesty's breeches." Mr. Snyppe's evidence was to the effect that while George III. was in the robing-room at Westminster, attiring himself for the Coronation ceremony, a button became detached from the Royal nether-garments and rolled out of sight. All was confusion while the neighbourhood was being scoured for someone to repair the damage. In the crowd outside the Abbey was one Thomas Snyppe, a journeyman tailor, and great-great-great-grandfather of the claimant. Hearing of the accident, and having the implements of his trade about him, he at once volunteered his services, cut off a button from his own breeches, and sewed it firmly on to those of the distressed monarch. For this loyal and timely action Snyppe was appointed Presser, Cleaner, and Repairer to the Royal Household, with the right, said to have been, hereditary in his family made of attending at all Coronations in that capacity.

Charles II.'s "Restoration."

Sir Meryon Bright, Bart., demanded "to restore and support the King" before and during the ceremony. The origin of his claim is to be found in a certain incident connected with the crowning of Charles II. The previous night, it would appear, had been spent by the Merry Monarch in characteristic style, with the result that he did not go to bed at all.

When the time came for proceeding to the Abbey, it was evident that the King was not quite himself—or, rather, was a little too much himself. The Physician-in-Ordinary, who was hastily summoned, could only suggest putting his Majesty's head under the pump; but to this operation Charles firmly refused his assent. The Court was in despair until Sir Meryon Bright, the first baronet, and one of the King's boon companions, appeared on the scene. This gentleman had helped his sovereign to make a night of it, but turned up himself in the morning as fresh as a daisy. He at once undertook to put matters right, and, going down to the kitchens, brewed a strange mixture of his own invention, the basic ingredient, it is believed, being red pepper. Charles drank this off, after which, as he himself expressed it, he felt "ready for all the Archbishops in Christendom." Sir Meryon remained at his side during the subsequent proceedings, and, with his occasional assistance, the King played his part without any serious lapse.

The grateful monarch, according to the claim, afterwards ordained that the Bright baronetcy should carry with it the office of Hereditary Chief Picker-up to the Crown, and in the present baronet's possession is a singular document setting forth the duties of the post on all occasions of State.

A Trump Card.

When George IV. was crowned, his discarded Queen (whether discarded from weakness, strength, or fright is a moot point) turned up at the Abbey and sought admission to the ceremony, and it became a delicate question how to get rid of her. After someone had suggested calling out the Guards and the Home Secretary, a gentleman by the name of Chutneigh offered to go into the ante-room where Caroline was waiting and keep her engaged until the conclusion of the function. His offer being graciously accepted, he joined the Queen, and, after a few minutes' preliminary conversation about the weather, produced three cards from his pocket and invited her to "spot the lady." Time after time Caroline backed her fancy for a trifle, and, meeting with no success, proceeded to play for higher stakes in the hope of winning her money back.

Her last guinea had gone before she remembered the purpose for which she had entered the Abbey, but then it was too late, the Coronation being all over, and her spouse well on his way back to the Palace. For his services on this occasion Mr. Chutneigh (who is credited with having introduced the three-card trick into this country) was granted a pension, but his sole surviving descendant has also claimed the privilege of being present at the Coronation, and keeping all undesirable females away from his Majesty's vicinity. He points to the possibility of a Suffragette invasion as a special reason for reviving this year the office performed by his astute ancestor.

On the grounds of picturesqueness, it seems a thousand pities that all these claims, having fallen into desuetude, have been disallowed by the Court.

STANLEY J. FAY.



A strange mixture of his own invention.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

A Pretty Quibble.

"David said in his wrath 'All men are liars.'"

"Therefore David was a liar."

"Therefore, what David said was not true."

"Therefore, David was not a liar."

"But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars."—*Logic for the Million*, by Sharpe Knowles.

Romance at the Railway Station.

"The various railway terminals are our gates to the glorious and unknown. Through them we pass out into adventure and sunshine, to them, alas, we return. In Paddington all Cornwall is latent and the remoter west; down the inclines of Liverpool Street lie fenlands and the illimitable Broads; Scotland is through the pylons of Euston; Wessex behind the fire-dial of Waterloo."—*Howard's End*, by E. M. Forster. Arnold. 6s.

The Shop Girl in the States.

"It is a matter of absolute indifference to an American shop-girl whether you purchase anything or not. It is not her affair. She likes to feel it the last trial in cultivating the best phases of thought development. Her chief wish is to occupy her time, but she does not like to serve you or be dragged from her gossip and confidences with the young ladies of the counter.

"There is a sort of social insanity in the United States that sets the rest of the world agape, but also it brings down the ridicule and condemnation of calm and sensible minds; yet the individual American is so thin-skinned that the very fact of unfavourable criticism makes him your hidden enemy. Give him praise, flattery, admiration, wonder, and he will perhaps lend you a greenback. Tell him straight that his nation is vulgar, ostentatious, and blind to its own best interests, and he will advise you to 'git.'"—*America Through English Eyes*, by Rita. Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.

The Typist's Reply.

"A girl was once doing some typewriting. The woman she was working for said, 'I rather object to ladies working for me. They always overcharge, and want to talk about their pedigree. Of course, my own family dates back to before the Conquest.'

"'Before the Normans brought manners into England?' came the answer."—*The Romance of a Woman of Thirty*, by Louise Mack. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Trial Marriage.

"The trial marriage is an ineradicable custom among the Eskimos. If a young man and woman are not suited with each other they try again and sometimes several times, but when they find mates to whom they are adapted, the arrangement is generally permanent. If two men want to marry the same woman they settle the question by a trial of strength and the better man has his way."—*The North Pole*, by Robert E. Peary. Hodder & Stoughton. 25s. net.

Mr. Wells on our Rule in India.

"The English rule in India is surely one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in history. We are there like a man who has fallen off a ladder on to the neck of an elephant and doesn't know what to do or how to get down. Until something happens he remains. Our functions in India are absurd. We English do not own that country, do not even rule it. We make nothing happen; at the most we prevent things happening."—*The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. Wells. Lane. 6s.

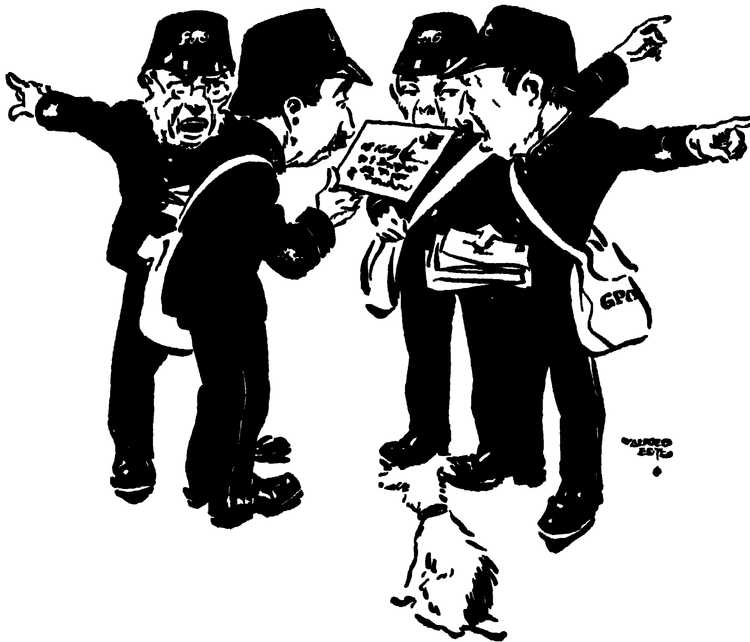
Sayings by Curtis Yorke.

"She thinks that if people can't dress their own hair they should have it cut off until they can. Upon the same principle, I suppose, as the parents who send their little son to have his meals in the kitchen until he has learned to eat like a gentleman."

"It would be better if people thought less of Heaven and the reward they hope to get for doing their duty, and more of the world they've got to live in, and the work they've got to do in it. It doesn't do to work for nothing but wages—unless one has the love of one's work besides."—*Patricia of Pall Mall*, by Curtis Yorke. John Long. 6s. net.

Catching Tartars.

"At Tel-el-Kebir the first Highland regiment that had been seen in Egypt was encamped apart from the rest of the English Army. The natives took it into their heads that these were the wives of the English soldiers left unguarded. The Oriental imagination determined that the chance was too good to be missed, and hastily arranged an expedition to carry off the women. I have heard that they were very much astonished at the reception that they met and that they changed their minds, and told each other that among these incomprehensible English the skirt petticoat was a robe of honour, and only given to those who had proved their bravery in fighting."—*Egypt as We Knew It*, by E. L. Butcher. Mills & Boon. 5s. net.



PARLIAMENTARY NOTES
The Debate on the Address.

The Englishman of Fiction.

"A certain type of British elector says, 'I am an Englishman—I like to see a prize fight, I like to read in books that I am a bold rider, that I love the sea, and that I indulge in fisticuffs'—though, of course, I know very well that I can't ride, that the sea knocks me out, that I do not use my fists in quarrels, and that if I had to it would be extremely distasteful to me: it is fiction, but the fiction is good for me. Every nation and every society of men has its ritual, and its convention, and ritual and convention of their nature involve make-believe."—*The Party System*, by Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton. Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.

• • •

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FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

IV.—A Haul from Hatton Garden.

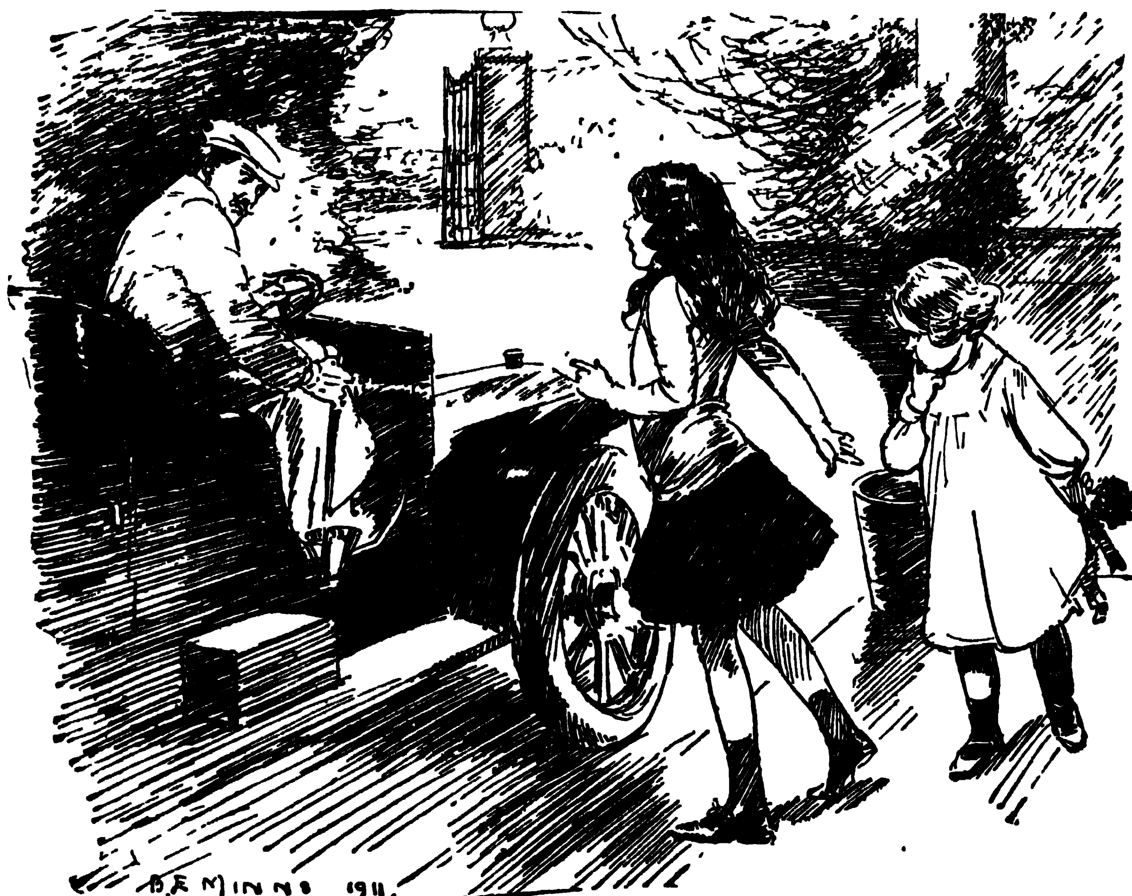
ONE Saturday, a few years ago, a man assuming the name of "Frank Morris" rented an office on the first floor of No. 70 Hatton Garden. He was well dressed and about forty-five years of age. The building, like most others in that thoroughfare was occupied almost entirely by diamond merchants and wholesale jewellers. The office taken by Morris was a room measuring about fifteen feet square, and it had two windows. The room immediately above it was occupied by a jeweller.

What was Morris? He was presumed to be a diamond dealer; his office bore that appearance. Very soon his name appeared on the doorpost at the entrance to the building and also upon the panelling of the wall of the staircase. Anybody seeking Mr Frank Morris would have no difficulty in readily discovering him. The impression that Morris was a dealer in diamonds was further emphasised during the ensuing week by the fact that men with small paper parcels in their hands were often seen passing in and out of his office. Samples of rough stones are notoriously so carried about.

On the Saturday subsequent to that on which Morris took possession of the office, a middle aged man, of foreign appearance, was seated at a table in a neighbouring cafe much used by diamond merchants. This was Mr Ruben Spyzer, a diamond merchant and dealer in precious stones, whose place of business was in Amsterdam. He had come to England for the purpose of effecting sales, and had brought with him a consignment of rough stones, some of which he carried on his person in a leather hand case. Dealers in precious stones do not seem to exercise that vigilance in protecting their costly wares that one would expect to be necessary. They carry loose stones, worth large sums of money, in their pockets as an ordinary citizen would carry a lead pencil or a pocket knife and these they produce and display openly in public places.

Seated near Mr Spyzer was a gentlemanly-looking man, well dressed, dark, and about forty-five years. Many a good stroke of business had been transacted in this cafe, and it was partly for the purpose of looking out for possible purchasers of his wares that Mr Spyzer had come there. Over coffee and cigarettes after lunch they fell languidly into a post prandial chat. It was natural that conversation should drift on to the subject of precious stones, which the dark man discussed with the air of a connoisseur. Quite casually he let it be inferred that he was open to purchase really first class diamonds. This opened the heart of the Amsterdam merchant, who proceeded to acquaint the stranger that he had come to England to dispose of some very fine stones and would be delighted to do business. The upshot of the conversation was that an appointment was made, Mr Spyzer undertaking to bring his stones for inspection with the view to a purchase being effected. The stranger handed Mr Spyzer his card, upon which was inscribed 'Frank Morris.' With that the two men parted.

Accordingly, on the following Thursday afternoon about four o'clock Mr Spyzer walked up to No 70 Hatton Garden and guided by the inscriptions on the doorpost and wall, made his way up the stairs. On a door with glass panels was again the name 'Frank Morris,' and at this door Mr Spyzer knocked. It was quickly opened by a gentleman whom he at once recognised as Frank Morris. The latter smiled affably, and invited him to enter. He did so, and the door closed behind him. He saw nothing whatever to



THE MASCOT.

"I know why it won't go, father—Freddy's got its Gollywog!"

arouse his suspicions. It was just an ordinary diamond dealer's office. At the table sat a man whom he regarded as a clerk, busy writing letters; he took no sort of notice of Mr. Spyzer. The latter saw a screen by the fireplace, but it conveyed nothing unusual to his mind; many such screens were to be seen in City offices. In short, he experienced no apprehension for the safety of the wallet of precious stones which he carried in his inside pocket.

Morris requested him to be seated, indicating the easy-chair by the table. Into this Mr Spyzer subsided, placed his hand in his inside coat-pocket, drew forth his wallet, and deposited it upon the table. Unnoticed by Spyzer a man crept from behind the screen silently, cautiously carrying a heavy blunt weapon, and approached the unsuspecting diamond merchant. The latter was busy undoing the fastening of his wallet when the weapon was brought down with terrific force upon his head. With a half-smothered cry Spyzer rose to his feet, only to receive another violent blow, while at the same time a hand bearing a chloroformed pad was clapped tightly over his mouth and nose. He lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

When Mr. Spyzer regained his senses he found himself alone in the office. He made for the door, which he found locked. He smashed the glass panel, at the same time shouting for help. He was badly injured about the head, and blood was oozing from several contused wounds. In addition to having taken his wallet of diamonds the thieves had ransacked all his pockets of his purse, his watch and chain, and everything of value they found upon him. A doctor was summoned, and his injuries attended to. And that is the end of the story. The robbers were never caught—the diamonds were never recovered.

This ranks as one of the most skilfully contrived and adroitly carried out robberies ever perpetrated. That Mr Spyzer's movements must have been well known to those who put up the theft is obvious. They had carefully marked him down, and astutely planned and carried out the whole affair. From first to last there was not a flaw in it. There must at least have been four in the gang. The head of whom was possibly the man Morris. Having silenced and robbed Mr. Spyzer, they must have quietly and unconcernedly left the office one at a time, the last to leave locking the door after him and carrying away the key. It was not until Mr. Spyzer regained consciousness that the alarm was given. By that time the gang had obtained a good start, and were soon lost in the labyrinth of London to be seen no more. Such criminals as these "come like shadows, so depart."

News of the robbery was immediately despatched to the King's Cross Police-station, who in turn 'phoned to the officials of the "Yard," and Inspector Leech, with a number of detectives from the C.I.D., at once proceeded to 70 Hatton Garden. But there were no clues to be found—none whatever. A tolerably good description of Frank Morris was forthcoming, and this was soon circulating throughout the metropolis and the provinces. Special instructions were also given to watch the various seaports, for it was believed that the thieves would make for the Continent. All outgoing boats were overhauled, and a keen look-out kept upon all departing foreigners. Having obtained a minute description of the missing stones from Mr. Spyzer, the police published this in their official organ the *Hue and Cry*. But it is not by any means any easy task to identify rough stones. Cut stones could, of course, be more readily identified, on account of the arrangement of the facets.

Altogether he lost three thousand pounds' worth. It was fortunate he had not acceded to the request of Morris to bring all he had, and had only taken a portion of what he brought from Amsterdam, the others remaining where he had placed them in safety. The stolen ones, however, were not insured, so that they constituted a complete loss to him. From that day to this not a single member of the gang has been identified.

NEXT WEEK: "THE SECRET OF THE HOTEL SAFE."

"SOCCER" SCANDALS.

By E. ARTHUR ROBERTS.

ASK the man in the street if the conditions under which Association football is played to-day are better than they were years ago, and he would unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. But are they?

I recall the time when mounted police had to keep the crowd off the field of play at Perry Barr, the old sward upon which the famous Aston Villa Club used to disport themselves; I remember a period in the history of Association football when unpopular referees had to pass through a double line of infuriated partisans, who did not hesitate to jostle, and even kick the unfortunate official whose decisions had incurred their wrath. Scenes like this are not common to-day.

Naturally, the stern repressive measures adopted, particularly in recent years have had a beneficent effect upon the game, but much of the improvement is due quite as much to natural evolution as to anything. I am deeply sensible of the fact that those who have been appointed to control the pastime have honestly endeavoured to rid the game of hooliganism. Some of their methods have been open to criticism, many of us think that football legislators have not been as strict as they ought to have been on all occasions. Association football has not been an easy sport to control. Even the term "sport" is perhaps a misnomer to-day. Association football is a huge business, and because it is a business rather than a sport, it presents difficulties to the legislator which do not occur in some of our national games.

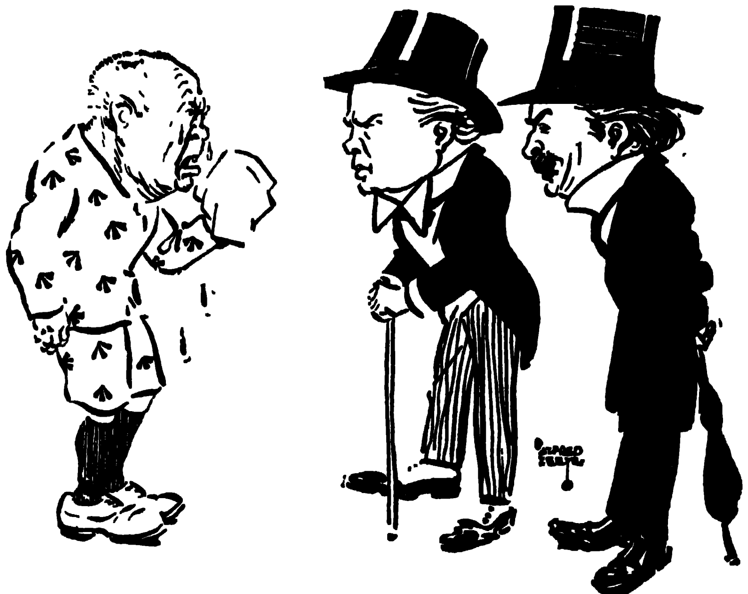
Years ago, without exception, the touch-line was within a few inches of the spectator. The barracking of players and the baiting of referees began to be less obvious the moment club managements saw the wisdom of setting back the railings a yard or two from the playing space, and the organisation which to-day has a cycle or running track between the spectators and the touch-line possesses the most orderly and circumspect "crowd." Barracking and baiting is not a thing of the past. The tendency still exists, but that intervening space does have a good effect.

Then again, there has been a revolution in the quartering of the players and officials on modern grounds. The legislature has done good work in this direction, but "natural evolution" has done quite as much. It was both inconvenient and inexpedient to have the dressing-rooms apart from the grounds, and by providing accommodation for the players and officials in rooms attached to the stands, clubs were able to afford that protection which was not possible when spectators used to swarm on to the field the moment play had ceased and intercept the participants on their way to the dressing-rooms. Where the legislature has done good is in trying to demonstrate to players, officials, and spectators that wilfully unfair play and rowdyism will not be tolerated.

But have the Football Association and the League Management Committee succeeded in stamping out hooliganism, and are present methods sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case? Now, can anyone honestly say that Association football is a "clean" game? If it is, how does it happen that week after week we hear of players being ordered off? How is it that every now and then we hear of grounds being closed or clubs fined heavy sums because of the misconduct of their spectators? How is it that scarcely a season passes without the papers being full of "scandals" and "sensations"? How often do you read "the game was not handled well by the referee, and a good deal of unnecessary vigour was infused into the play." For good honest charging I have every respect, and I have the utmost contempt for that referee who penalises a player for a perfectly fair shoulder to shoulder charge, and passes unnoticed little tricks like ankle-rapping, neatly-executed but unscrupulous trips, and wild lunges which may mean the instant cessation of a player's career. The simple fact is that many referees cannot distinguish between a fair charge and a deliberate foul. And yet I make bold to say that every deliberately unfair player in football is perfectly well known.

Of course, sooner or later many of these men are brought to book, but a great many of them go on year after year without coming under the ban of either the League or the Association. And the pity of it is that club officials who, better than anyone else, are aware of the "idiosyncrasies" of these men, not only regard them with "the blind eye," but frequently applaud their tactics. I remember an incident in an English Cup-tie a few years ago where one of our most prominent amateur forwards was tripped in the most bare-faced manner by an opposing defender. Immediately there was a howl of execration from the crowd, but the offending player was not only permitted to continue, he actually received the tacit approval of many of his club's supporters. "At any rate, he saved a goal," one prominent supporter said at the close of the game.

Can you wonder that hooliganism is still prevalent on the field of play when such a feeling as this is known to exist among some of those who employ unfair players? Far be it from me to tar all club officials with the same brush, but I do say that it is the clear duty of club officials to do their part towards stamping out tricks of this kind. For the referee who condones shady tactics there can be no excuse. His duty is clear. Of what is he afraid? Does he expect to be blamed by the governing bodies for promptly sending the man off the field, or is he fearful of losing the support of the club which is prejudiced by the loss of the player? We want men with the courage of their convictions to handle our games, and it is up to the clubs and the legislature to see to it that such men are not penalised for endeavouring to make "Soccer" football above reproach.



MR. CHURCHILL'S SHEPHERD.

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.—*Shakespeare.*

PERSONAL DOUBLES COMPETITION.

Five Pound Notes for Comments on Celebrities.

The three "fivers" offered for **Competition 359** are awarded to

Edward [illegible]	C. Walter	Miss B. Knight
1 Woodbine Villas, Caterham, Surrey	25 Sedgemere Avenue, East Finchley, N.	10 Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.
Mr. Bernard Shaw (p. 165)	*Mr. H. G. Wells (p. 161)*	*Sir Herbert Tree (p. 161)*
[illegible]	*[illegible]*	*Highest [illegible]*

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

PERSONAL DOUBLES is the name of the new competition with which, acceding to the many requests made by our readers, we are re-starting our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition, and most people can find some use for five pounds.

We offer **Four Five Pound Notes** to those who send in the four best Personal Doubles for this week (to reach us at latest by next Tuesday morning, 21st February).

Select one of these three names:

Augustine Birrell.	**Lord Kitchener.**	**Hall Caine.**
A	**L**	**H**
B	**K**	**C**

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 242 to 246); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, use only the first. Thus, for Mr. G. L. Jessop your Double should begin with G. J. You may reverse the initials if you like.



Augustine Birrell.

The four Five Pound Notes offered this week will be paid to the senders of the four cleverest entries. They may all happen to be on the same name, they may be all four on different names. It may happen possibly that all four will be won by the same competitor; they may each be won by a different competitor. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

Each Personal Double sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The selection will be made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and by the act of entering each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.



Lord Kitchener

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Put the number of the Competition, 361, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, **21st February.**

P.O. No. ....

Personal Doubles Coupon 361

Signature ....

Address ....

enter the "Personal Double" below for Competition No. 361, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... Town ....

Double ....



Hall Caine.

HOW TO ADVERTISE PLAYS.

(*Note — In advertisements use only the words in large type.*)

THE poorest attempt of the season WAS A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH compared to the inane and silly concoction produced last night called *Zu Zu's Uncle.*—*Evening News.*

When the full extent of the insult to the intelligence of playgoers was realised THE AUDIENCE SIMPLY ROARED with derision and left the theatre *en masse* during the second act.—*The Times.*

This awful thing called *Zu Zu's Uncle* is not WORTH SEEING.—*Morning Post.*

Before the curtain rose for the second act an announcement was made that Mr. Bluenose, the comedian, would not be able to continue on account of having dislocated his jaw. THE WHOLE HOUSE SCREAMED WITH DELIGHT.—LONDON OPINION.

We would advise those who are about to witness this wretched thing called *Zu Zu's Uncle* to go armed with assorted vegetables, and when Mr. Bluenose in Act I. sticks his head out from under the bed in *Zu Zu's* flat, take good aim and DON'T MISS IT.—*Daily Chronicle.*

• • •

THE KIND WE ALL HAVE.

"HAVE you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?"

"The price is no object if I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will arouse the girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

THE STOLEN CROWN JEWELS.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

SIR,—With regard to your article on the "Theft of the Dublin Castle Jewels," the safe from which they vanished was not in the strong room.

It should have been there, but when the safe arrived it was found that the door of the strong room was too narrow to admit it. It was therefore left in the room known as the "General Office" on the ground floor, and it was there when the jewels were stolen.

I believe the identity of the thief will remain a secret for some time, not because he could not be discovered, but because—well, because—

Yours truly, CUCAN.

• • •

CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

S[illegible] N [illegible] K B?

[illegible] G. Inglel w [illegible] A. J. Iredgill, J. L. S[illegible] Pretty [illegible] Stanley [illegible] oth [illegible]

[illegible] Oxl mate.

• • •

A SOPORIFIC MEASURE.

"Doctor, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep," complained the voice at the other end of the telephone. "Can't you do something for me?"

"Yes," said the doctor kindly. "Just hold the line and I'll sing you a lullaby."

• • •

Our Children's Matinée at the Playhouse has gone into the evening bill much to everyone's satisfaction, as all cannot attend *matinées*, while to miss seeing Miss Margery Maude as Cinderella would be a blunder to regret ever afterwards.

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

New Spring Millinery

On all sides one hears that the day of the big hat is over yet both in Paris and in London hats of gigantic proportions are to be seen on every side. Certainly one of the great characteristics of the new Spring millinery is the meeting of extremes where size is concerned. For hats of to-day are either of enormous proportions trimmed with huge plumes made of uncurled ostrich feathers mounted very high on one side and drooping gracefully over the brim, or else they are of the smallest size made in ridiculous shapes and trimmed with one single crazy looking feather or flower. A welcome change from such absurdities of fashion is a hat for Riviera wear now on view at a well known London milliner's. This is of pale blue straw made in a becoming mushroom shape and trimmed with a big flat bow of black velvet and a single blue pigeon wing.

Beautiful Flowers

Another characteristic of millinery this spring promises to be the new hand made flowers fashioned of soft silk or satin which appear on so many of the smartest hats. Black velvet hats are trimmed with these hand made gardenias or arum lilies fashioned of white satin while wreaths and clusters of satin violets tiny rosebuds or large La France roses are to be seen trimming all kinds of hats that will be worn on the Riviera during the next few weeks. One particularly smart toque on view in Paris at present is made with cluster masses of these small satin rosebuds that range in colour from softest pink to the deepest crimson while all round the edge is a brim of rose leaves made of shades of different coloured brown and green satin.

Evening Frocks

On all sides one hears rumours of rich English brocades and heavily patterned silks returning to favour for evening wear. Still clinging toilettes made on Grecian lines and soft draperies remain steadily in vogue for evening gowns. Several dressmakers are overcoming the difficulty of combining these two extremes of fashion by covering soft clinging satins and crêpe de Chine with heavily patterned chiffon of the same colouring so achieving the effect of brocade without using so stiff and cumbersome a material.

Model Gowns.

One beautiful orange coloured satin frock of this description has an entire over dress of flame coloured chiffon painted with an all over design of pomegranates, while a peacock green satin toilette is covered with a brocade chiffon ornamented with a handsome design of peacocks feathers outlined in gold tinsel. In Paris these brocade chiffons are very much admired and several of the best dressmakers have lately been mounting them over bright hued chiffon velvet for evening cloaks and theatre wraps.

Tailor-made Costumes

The chief charm of the newest tailor made costumes lies in the lavish introduction of satin and velvet which is used as a trimming for both coats and skirts alike. This is seen in broad bands in wide lappets in deep hems in cuffs and collars many an otherwise plain navy or coloured cheviot being made very smart and up to date by such trimming. Velvet is likewise trimmed with bands of braid or fancy trimming so that the quiet tailor-made is a far more elaborate toilette this spring than it has ever been before. Skirts for such costumes remain very short and serviceable a long skirt for street wear being almost unheard of nowadays. Another characteristic of the new tailor made costume is that all coats are made to fasten very much over on one side—large velvet or satin buttons and tabs to match being the most popular mode of fastening.

Etceteras of Dress

Coats are if anything shorter than they have been for some months past, and nearly all of the smartest finish with a deep band of trimming round the hips. Sleeves are very small and reach right down to the wrist where they terminate in wide cuffs that match the trimming used on the coat. To match such trimming one often notices large wallet reticules that are slung from one shoulder like race glasses carried by fashionable women. These reticules are made of soft hued velvet, lavishly trimmed with dull silver or gold braid and galon and supported by a long gold cord which terminates in a couple of tassels. Such pockets are very big and very flat, lined with satin, and they seldom hold anything more than a small purse and a handkerchief for fear of making them bulge, and so destroying the flat wallet like shape which is considered so smart and up to date.

• • •



COURTSHIP À LA MODE

"I cannot marry you. I love another. Take back the presents you gave me."

"Very well; but what can *I* do with them?"

"Oh, perhaps my new boy will take them off your hands at a discount!"



Stocks and Shares

By EAGLE.

Steel Common An Oil Factor—The Broker and the Rector

The common shares of the United States Steel Trust stand now about five dollars lower than they did a year ago, although actually the shares are at the present time on a higher dividend basis, the rate having been raised to 5 per cent in March last. The yield is about 6 per cent at the current quotation. Ever since the Board brought the distribution up to 5 per cent the worst of luck has attended the operations of the Trust, for the steel trade in the States has exhibited extreme dulness, and prices for the products have shaded off. Still the higher dividend has been easily earned despite bad times and at last it looks as if the Corporation was about to embark upon a period of more active trading, not the least important feature of the outlook being the scheme of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Companies for double tracking their systems to the Pacific coast.

Tin Shares

Some weeks ago I mentioned that insiders were determined to work up the price of tin to £200 per ton. Actually the quotation overshot that mark, but the sharp reaction which followed show that the rise was manipulated. West African tin shares benefited to an appreciable extent by the advance in the metal, but I advise my readers now to take profits. The shares of some of the English companies operating in the Far East have scarcely moved—a fact which, I think, indicates that the rise in West African descriptions has not altogether been disconnected with professional operations. And that is why I tell you to come out.

An Oil Item

Shareholders in English Oil Companies operating in the Baku district will find satisfaction in the fact that the price of crude oil has risen there about 6 per cent recently. Such an advance means the difference between profitable and unprofitable working to some of them, and moreover in the opinion of experts still better prices will be reached in the next couple of months or so. Incidents of this kind are calculated to put genuine heart into the Oil share market again. By the way, I congratulate those readers who bought Mexican Eagles when they stood at about par.

"Leeds"

I have always had a liking for the Ordinary stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and if any further justification for my prejudice were necessary it is surely to be found in the report of the directors for the past six months. Of an increase of £80,000 in gross revenue no less than £70,000 odd is returned as net, with the result that the Board are able to bring the dividend up to 5 per cent for the half year, making with the payment in July last a distribution of 4 per cent for the whole of 1910, and this in a period when the cotton industry, on which it depends so much, was working short time.

Water and—Gas.

I would seriously warn my readers against buying shares in any of the multitude of small gas and water companies to be found up and down the country. Some of these concerns are absolutely comic opera like in character, possessing occasionally, no statutory powers at all, and nearly always over burdened with capital, issued generally to the promoters. Certain outside brokers seem to be quietly trying to unload the shares on the unsuspecting public, and the point I want to drive home is that if you are foolish enough to buy you will have to find someone even more innocent than yourself before you will be able to sell.

Did He Need It?

A broker friend of mine has had for many years past a tight fisted old clerical gentleman residing in the country as a client, and the reverend gentleman has a positive mania for quick in and out speculative transactions. It must be explained that the rector—for such he is—is no child in these matters, and most years he has on balance, finished up about even. Last year however he was about £1,000 up, thanks to some lucky deal in Rubbers. This fact seems to have aroused the spirit of generosity within him, for he sent his broker a Christmas present in the shape of a Prayer book. The broker, however, is a matter-of-fact person, and believes that his reverend client was only passing on to him a "sample" copy sent to the rectory by publishers.

New Prospectuses

I want to make this page of LONDON OPINION of substantial benefit to readers, and one of the best ways of carrying out my wishes would be to prevent you subscribing for shares in new companies of doubtful origin and prospects. Now that the promoter is becoming active again let me warn you to be very cautious in parting with your money. If you have any doubt a prepaid wire form will elicit a reply as promptly as is possible. Letters are generally too slow for this particular purpose.

A Hint

It will save the time of both readers and myself if you will bear in mind that unsolicited invitations from outside brokers to join in Three Months Trusts, Marginal Operations, or Special Deals should be consigned to the waste paper basket at sight. Their advice to you that a certain share is bound to rise is found, if followed, to result in you losing your money. Would you accept a bookmaker's hint to back a certain horse with him? Well it's exactly the same thing.

British Electric Traction.

The gross revenue of the British Electric Traction Company gives every sign of expansion, and altogether the undertaking appears to have entered upon an era of prosperous ... The Five per Cent Perpetual Debentures now stand at 94 and look cheap since interest is regularly paid on the £...,000 of Second Debenture stock behind them and also on the Preference shares. The securities held by the company are of a total value of £1,...,000. The company is on the eve, I believe, of considerably extending its operations.

Warning

We find that a great many of our readers buy shares in "wild cat" companies and afterwards write to us for advice. It is however very difficult to be of assistance after the purchases are made. If our reader would consult us before buying shares or before sending money to people from whom they receive glowing circulars we might sometimes prevent them from losing their money.

Dover "A."

The Home Railway market has not for many years offered any inducements or attraction to the speculator. During 1910 there was certainly some improvement in prices, but it was so slow and gradual that anyone who had been carrying over stock in the market would hardly have recouped his contangos." Events are however pursuing a course which must bring more life and movement into the market, and the question is, where is the best opportunity likely to occur. To our mind the expansiveness of the South Eastern line is particularly apparent, the traffic for January showing an increase of £11,000, and the first week in February an increase of £3,300.

A Good Year Probable.

There are many reasons why this year should be a good one for this line, and we expect to see these traffic increases not only maintained but improved upon. The Kent Coalfields are also vigorously exploited by strong financial groups, who will be big buyers of the various Railway stocks directly they see their efforts are likely to prove successful. This possibility adds a speculative prospect which is absent in regard to other Home Railway stocks, and makes a purchase of Dover "A" particularly attractive.

Trunks and Canadas

Whilst we should be sorry to say anything that would seem to depreciate Canadas, we think that the enthusiasm

for the stock is apt to cause Trunks to be overlooked The reciprocity agreement with America will do much to help the Trunk line where it will certainly not help the Canadian Pacific Although the latter may have so much fresh traffic developing that it may not feel the loss of the old, the Grand Trunk must certainly receive a fillip from its direct connection with the States The trend of the future will be for machinery, etc., to come from the United States *via* the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern into Western Canada, instead of arriving from Europe in Eastern Canada and being hauled *via* the Canadian Pacific to Western Canada

The Pacific Line.

The Grand Trunk is also nearing the stage when it will benefit from its Pacific line which it has financed In any case Grand Trunk stock has during the past few years been steadily absorbed by astute American and Canadian financiers, and it is to this future they have had their eyes fixed From the point of view of increment in capital value we are inclined to think that Grand Trunk stocks now offer the more tempting opportunity

• • •

The Anglo-Cuban Oil Bitumen, and Asphalt Co Ltd is offering to the public 210,000 Preferred Ordinary Shares of 10s each to acquire six Bitumen and Petroleum properties in the Island of Cuba, West Indies Full prospectus can be obtained from the Secretary at the offices, 201 Salisbury House London, E C

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor, 'London Opinion,' Southampton Street, Strand W C and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form No charge is made

I I M Should advise you to write to either Clark's College, Chancery Lane, W C or Pitman's Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, W C *Admiral* I should hardly advise the purchase of the shares you mention in the expectation that they will have a big rise in value as you seem to suggest They are however all good industrials and if you hold them I should continue to do so for the present believing that trade this year will show a considerable revival, and that companies of this character will benefit, and the shares consequently appreciate *I I Co Ltd* Of the shares you name the best is National Discount, the present price of which is about £8 5s per share, and the lowest number of shares you could buy would be ten, which cost about £8 They would yield you £5 1s 6d per cent I should not for safety advise you to buy the Ordinary shares you mention but you might buy Bovril Prefs, which can be obtained at £1 2s 6d and would yield you £5 5s per cent at the price I should not advise you to speculate in any cheap Rubber shares You would do much better to buy a few of the good ones when they are cheap such as Anglo Malay or Vallambrosa *'Inquirer'* I consider the prospects of Bukit Jalang Rubber quite good, although the turn on buying and selling is a disadvantage compared with the more marketable shares *R I B* —Do not have anything to do with the shares in the paper named If you will let me know the amount you wish to invest I will endeavour to advise you *'Nolan* Great Boulder Perseverance are quite a fair speculative mining investment for dividends, but I do not know of anything likely to cause an advance in the price of the shares Have nothing whatever to do with the firm you name, who will try to get you to buy shares they want to sell Go to a member of the Stock Exchange who will watch your interests I shall be pleased to give you an introduction if you wish *I B* I think you need have no uneasiness regarding the Birkbeck Bank I think you could obtain the rate you name from the Canadian Bank of Commerce or the Chartered Bank of India, or the Union Discount Company, of Cornhill *"I M* It is difficult to obtain any reliable information of the mine you mention as it is a local Colonial concern My experience of these local mines dealt in in London is that after paying a few good dividends they drop out, and you not only get no dividends but cannot sell your shares I should certainly not advise a purchase *'B I B* —I suggest that you should sell Malling Rubber and Hainaults and Oil Trusts at best The British Cotton and Wool Dyers are quite a speculation, but may do better this year with a revival in trade New Rhodesian Mines should be held for the moment, but sell when they reach 8s Amalgamated Props should be held for 15s Chartered should go to 37s 6d, I should hold for the present *Cten* Yes I consider Knight Centrals quite a good investment for say, £100 I also consider Van Ryns a good investment It & L Rubbers have possibilities, I believe the price is about 1s 9d to 2s 3d and I should hold You could make a better selection than the bank you name Raphael Tucks are a good industrial holding The price is low, as enormous competition has arisen in this class of business *"Pat'* —I regard your money as lost, and regret you did not write me before taking up the shares *"B M R'* As regards the Rubber shares you hold Molesworth should be sold on the first opportunity The others are fair holdings but I should not advise averaging If you wish to increase your interest in Rubber shares you cannot do better than buy Vallambrosas, Linggi, or Anglo Malay

(Other replies next week.)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

"THE automobile is a tool of civilisation" says a motor journal. Or weapon?—*Louisville Courier-Journal*



The Old Husband: "My poor Nini, who will you lean on when I am no longer here?"
—"Le Rire," Paris.

Marrying for love is about the only foolish thing we that turns out all right in the end —*Puck*, New York

The hobble skirt has made quite a stir, considering the entire absence of bustle —*New York Telegraph*

• • •

You may bust you may batter the Trust if you will, the a cent of its prices will go right on still —*Philadelphia Inquirer*

Civilisation would be a poor thing without the smile to disguise the savage that for ever simmers within us —*The World*

Marriage may be a failure, but it has saved a lot of European noblemen from that very thing —*Charleston News and Courier*

• • •

Smith has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter
Smith named her Oleomargerine,
For he hadn't any but her —*Judge*

• • •

There is no thing to equal the plying of needle and thread as a sedative for overwrought nerves, and there is every reason for rejoicing that once more fashionable dames have succumbed to its fascinations —*Gentlewoman*

Deputy Judge Lush has decided that a railway company is not obliged to provide a seat for a passenger to whom a ticket has been issued. Are we—with all humbleness we ask it—legally entitled to a strap to hang on to?—*Star*

Water is a vastly superior road bed to any ever constructed by man —*Century Magazine*

• • •

To be tranquil and devoid of conceit is a sound foundation to the Art of Happiness —*The Bea*

• • •

At Portland there is a convict who writes poetry But we understand that that is not what he was convicted for —*The Looking Glass*

• • •

There are twenty six licensed aviators in America but the trouble is that not one of them is sure how long the licence is good for —*Washington Herald*

• • •

"It is expected that the wedding of Lord Chelsea and Miss Marie Coxon will take place before the Coronation" This will be a relief to the Coronation Committee, who had feared that the events might clash —*Punch*

• • •

We read that Russia will build a battle fleet costing $100,000,000 and put it in the Black Sea That's sense, Russia If you're going to build an expensive fleet put it in a safe place this time —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

• • •

An application has been made by motorists that the old toll gate in Dulwich should be removed as it is apt to be in their way London lamp-post and the plate glass windows in shops are often a great nuisance too —*Eyst ander*

• • •

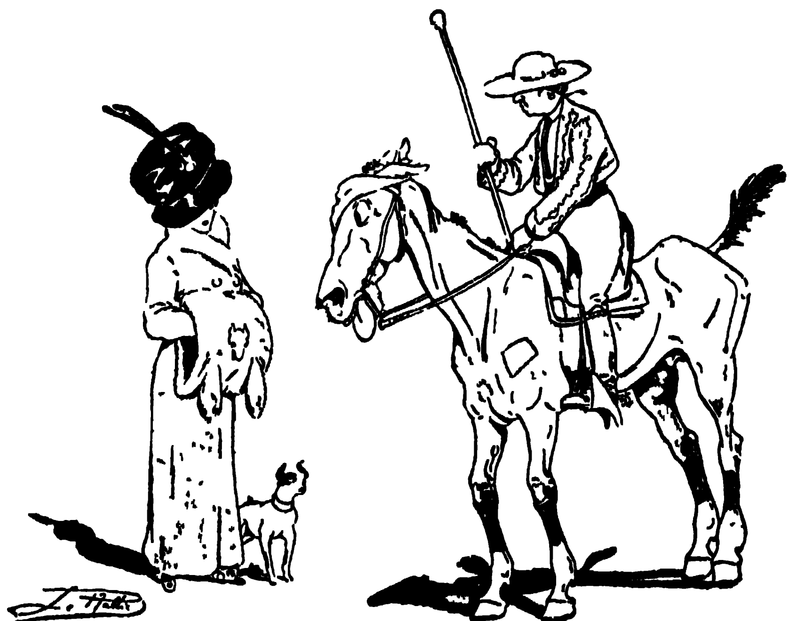
Among the art subject taught at the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts is lead work the endeavour being to revive among plumbers the art of beating up lead into ornamental articles Hitherto the plumber's ornamental genius has been lavished on his bill, always a work of art also of craft —*Black and White*

• • •

It is now plain why the earliest paragraphs about the much discussed *Le Coucher* gave the name as *The Oil of Lothena*. One of the principal characters is named Baron Ochs and no doubt that some relative of 'Hunters' drew hasty conclusions from the similarity of sound —*Observer*

• • •

It is a curious perversity in human nature—especially in the masculine—that it doth energetically seek to view that which is hidden and doth disregard the things obvious to all So that the same instep which was formerly ignored becometh an object of great and mysterious allurement that it doth peep, as it were, from ambush shyly and tantalisingly To say nothing of naughtily —*Book of To day*



The Horse: "So she's had a knock in the eye also."
—"L'Indiscret," Paris.

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London Opinion, 25th February, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

25th FEBRUARY, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 362.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 284

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 318.

PELR'S STAGE-STRUCK DAUGHTER—INTERVIEW. See page 288



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By using Hall's Distemper your home can be made brighter, healthier, and more picturesque, at a cheaper cost than wall-paper, and without the objectionable smell of paint.

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Please see . . . SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT by GEM SUPPLIES COMPANY on Page 291.

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London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

WEARERS of the harem skirt—Pantaloonatics.

• • •

Motorists are asking for safer roads. So are pedestrians.

• • •

Germany's new bank notes are called Dreadnoughts. Hardly necessary to say that they bear a watermark.

• • •

Mr. William le Queux's new book is called "The Money Spider." It should spin an extremely fine yarn.

• • •

It doesn't follow that, because the new Dreadnought is called Ajax, the next will be called Bjax.

• • •

"Music without melody," says a composer, "is like marriage without love." Harmony is an absolute stranger to both.

• • •

Coventry means to be in the fashion, with something blue for the Coronation. A Lady Godiva procession is contemplated.

• • •

Why the rose rose. Because the National Sweet Pea Society suggested that their flower should become the emblem of the British Empire.

• • •

The War Office contemplates an Air Reserve. This is better than a reserved air—which has long characterised its attitude towards aviators.

• • •

"Mother," said the bright little girl reading from a newspaper, "it says here that standard bread has swept the country. Is that why it looks so dark?"

• • •

There seems to be some sort of agitation about an age limit for judges; we would suggest as a more humanitarian measure, an age limit for judicial jokes.

• • •

The country at large refuses to be worked up about the necessity of limiting the Lords' veto. The only recognised knead of the hour is the wholemeal loaf.

• • •

On Mr. Harold Cox's defeat at Cambridge University:

Who gives his party-boat rude shocks
So oft, is scarce a trusty Cox.

• • •

The *Daily Despatch* (Manchester) publishes the following about the Rugby Union Inter-Collegiate Cup:

	Pts.		Pts.
Queen's (Belfast)	6	Galway	0

This it heads "Results at a Glance." But what position must you be in at the time you make your glance?

• • •

Altering the initials "E" and "A" on the Westminster City Council's illumination device to "G" and "M," consequent on the death of King Edward, will cost £10 per letter.—*Evening News.*

We expect that Westminster will nevertheless decide to go to this expense.

• • •

An organist has qualified as an aviator. Let us hope he will maintain his mastery over the "stops."

• • •

The Oriental wordless play, *Sumurun*, has had its season extended. It looks as if it may even achieve a summer run.

• • •

An evening paper heads a political forecast "Possible Peers." It's the impossible ones that all the bother's about.

• • •

Soon, it is announced, we shall be able to speak by telephone to Astrakhan. Epicures will ring up and say, "Caviare you there?"

• • •

Peter the Painter is, according to a witness in the case, fond of a game of draughts. Now he is huffing the police for not taking him.

• • •

Now that street rinking is viewed with Ministerial favour, what about a nine-hole golf course from Trafalgar Square to Aldgate Pump?

• • •

"Some men cannot allow their wives to go anywhere," said a judge recently, "without asking where they are going." Well, there's no harm in asking, is there?

• • •

"The Passing of the Silk Hat" was a headline to an article we did not read. But we would suggest a tambourine as really more suitable for the purpose next time.

• • •

A hunted stag recently ran into a railway booking-office. We understand that the animal asked for a ticket which would take it as far away as possible from Berks.

• • •

There is a dispute between two famous French dressmaking establishments as to which originated the harem skirt. It is not yet certain what will be done to the guilty firm.

• • •

The latest criticism of poor old England is that she produces no great dancers. And if she did they would have to assume foreign names to enable their greatness to be fully recognised.

• • •

"Do not refuse to marry a man merely because he is a millionaire"—is Mr. Carnegie's advice to working girls. Since most of the poor wretches are born to it the girls shouldn't be too hard.

• • •

A "Garden of Eden Zoo" is to be established. As it is intended to start the show on an island in the Adriatic, the names of those who will figure as Adam and Eve will not be of interest in this country.

• • •

"Are Schoolboys Pampered?" is a question that has been ventilated in the Press. We think not always; there are still some old-fashioned schools where work is thrust upon them during the short time they can spare from games

THE HAREM GOWN.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE other evening I was sitting in a stall at the Adelphi Theatre listening to Miss Gertie Millar and Mr Joseph Coyne "theeing" and "thouing" each other. Between the acts I heard a lady at my elbow putting this question to another lady. "Have you got a harem gown?" I could hardly believe my ears I had heard and read vague rumours about the advent of the harem gown, but I could not believe that it had crossed the Channel A day or two afterwards I saw a harem gown in a shop window. The thing ended in veritable trousers and I vow it looked quite bewitching It really made me wonder whether the British nation had in sober earnest rounded Cape Turk and Seraglio Point In Paris the other day two mannequins wearing harem gowns were mobbed in the street and were forced to take refuge in a shop It looks uncommonly like the beginning of the end

• • •

YES, it is the thin end of the wedge Male egoists may snigger, but I warn them that the harem gown is fraught with significance They may try to laugh it off, but women are proof against persiflage They do not fear to be ridiculous if it pleases them That is one of the advantages they have over man Mr Augustine Birrell once declared that this is an age of thin skins, swollen heads, and mealy mouths He forgot to add that it is men, and men only, who have thin skins swollen heads, and mealy mouths Women are free from these natural frailties It has taken us several centuries to discover that women are impervious to shafts of derision that would turn the average man into a St Sebastian You can't chaff a woman out of a fashion In fact, a woman does not care a straw for the badinage of man She stands or falls by the opinion of her own sex Man does not count His mirth has no more effect upon her than water upon a duck's back If all the men in the world were to stand in a row and guffaw at all the women in the world, the women would remain contemptuously serene A woman dreads the smile of one woman more than the hilarity of all men

• • •

WHEN the sheath gowns first provoked male laughter, what man foresaw that they were destined to make him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth? Well do I recollect the polite riot that took place one Sunday morning at Church Parade in Hyde Park, when two ladies arrived in scabbard skirts were jostled and hustled by a well dressed mob, and at last were fain to escape from their tormentors under police escort to Hyde Park Corner where they climbed with difficulty into a hansom cab The world has moved since then The hobble skirt has been acclimatised Even our grandmothers have capitulated, and I have lived to see octogenarians with uneasy step and mincing gait in Bond Street What would the late Mrs Lynn Lynton have said if she had lived to behold an ancient dame stumbling painfully along like a competitor in a sack race? But the ladies have educated us We no longer grin at the girdled knees We no longer giggle at the instep waist. Use and wont have indurated our souls Habitude has cured our amazement. Custom has vanquished our derision Even in Dublin, that haughty City, woman has surrendered to the edict of taste, although it is almost impossible to reconcile the hobble skirt with the physical agility demanded by the jaunting car The step of the Irish car is two or three feet from the ground, and then another spring is necessary to mount to the seat I am told that there were heartrending, or rather, skirt-rending, scenes at the Horse Show last August. In fact, most of the Irish girls were compelled to resort to the most heroic measures in order to overcome the fetters of fashion. And all Dublin laughed

• • •

THE harem gown will perhaps solve the problem before the King and Queen go to Dublin after the Coronation It is a serious matter, for in Dublin there are no taxis, and the Irish ladies are forced to ride on the national vehicle It would be easy to mount on a jaunting car if the harem gown were to supplant the hobble skirt Let us hope, for the sake of poor old Ireland, that the harem gown will take root in London this season Otherwise, the strain might be intolerable, and in sheer self-defence the Irish colleens might rebel against Saxon tyranny and revert to the old fashioned skirt that never staggered femininity Of two things, one, either the hobble skirt or the jaunting car must go As the jaunting car is an Irish institution as permanent as John Jameson, I advise you to put your money on it

• • •

IT is odd that the harem gown should be the oriflamme of emancipated woman, for the harem is the citadel of the Sultanic tyranny of men The Oriental odalisque wears trousers, not as a sign of revolt but as a sign of subjection In the East it is the despotic male who stalks in petticoats, while in the twilight of the harem the timorous slave woman munches "Turkish Delight" in trousered bondage Why, then, does Dame Fashion call upon our revolting women to don the garb of servitude? I suspect that she wishes to outflank the serried ranks of masculinity She offers the breeches of predominance disguised as the livery of the seraglio. Her motto is, "Divide and Conquer"

• • •

IN the Victorian age the cult of the Divided Skirt withered away because it was a frontal attack upon masculine prerogatives The rational dress was too rational to disarm the prejudices of man, or to allay the æsthetic scruples of woman Adam looked at Eve and muttered sullenly, 'Not in these trousers.' Eve might have been tempted by the prospect of irrational dress reform, but the Divided Skirt lacked seductive qualities. It was too tweedy. Not so the harem gown It comes with centuries of mystery and romance clinging to its silken folds It has a Byronic grace in its billowy undulations Its very name awakens echoes of "Don Juan" In a word, it has a wicked sound. There was nothing wicked about rational dress The Divided Skirt was lamentably void of devilry. The harem gown positively gurgles with voluptuous innuendo.

• • •

BUT for the moment Eve hesitates shivering on the brink She prefers to "wait and see." She wants a friendly lead. What bold spirit will step into the breach—or the breeches—and lead the womanhood of England into the Promised Land? I submit with great respect that it is the duty of Miss Christabel Pankhurst to take up the running. Let her adopt the harem gown as the uniform of the

A GIRL TO BE TRUSTED.



[There has been some silly talk about annexation of Canada by the United States as a possible result of the recent reciprocity agreement.—*See Daily Papers*]

Mrs. Britannia: "I think my daughter can serve in the shop and be nice to the customers without losing her heart, even to Cousin Jonathan!"

militant suffragettes. They could be dyed in the warlike colours of the first-class fighting women. Imagine the moral effect that would be produced by a great London Demonstration of girls in harem gowns. It would draw the whole town to Hyde Park. It would strike terror into the contumacious heart of Mr. Asquith. It would paralyse the Cabinet with panic. Moreover, it would shame the "Antis." They would be instantly unmasked. Finally, it would rob man of his last privilege and hunt him out of his last refuge. A nation in arms would be a poor thing compared with womanhood in trousers. Come, Christabel. *Divide et impera!*

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

"HEAVEN gave man humour and woman patience."—*Leo Leipziger.*

"Charity is a good deal cheaper than justice."—*Dr. H. M. Hughes.*

"It is sometimes sadder to go to a wedding than to a funeral."—*Dr. Geo. Wilson.*

"If we go on as we have been, in fifty years' time there will be one elongated slum from Lancashire to Rugby."—*John Burns.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE
No 17—The Mannequin

Time and Change.

THE season of Lent is close upon us and the first quarter day of the year will be here almost before we know where we are. How time gallops withal, passing in its course several landmarks once considered as of great importance and quality but now of as little consequence as lovers' vows. Who bothers about St Valentine's Day? Who cares whether it has come or gone? Where are the unrobed Cupids with bows and arrows soaring like aeroplanes over bowers of bliss where young men and maidens were represented with twined hands breathing words of love and affection with the ardour of a six foot hero in a penny novelette. In my green and salad youth the height of giddiness on St Valentine's Day was to buy a pair of garters for a fair one. The sauciness of this lay in the implied presumption of ignorance that the female sex is endowed with legs. Oh yes, you were a rattling blade if you could go into a hosier's and purchase these luxuries without stammering. On a recent occasion when out at tea a young lady suddenly startled me with "I suppose you know that garters are not worn now?" No, I was not aware of it and the information gave me such a nervous shock that you might have knocked me down with a pair of sugar tongs. But then *tempora mutantur*, which being literally translated means that the *Times* may be subscribed for under certain conditions, at the cost of twopence per day.

• • •

Numbering People

AMONG the coming events of the season is the numbering of the people—an operation to which many persons entertain conscientious objections. For my own part I have never been able to enthuse over the performance. I feel no thrill of joy when I am informed that so many millions of individuals inhabit these islands—that so many thousands slept in their own beds, so many more in workhouses and prisons, so many more in trains and steamers, and so many more wandered about the streets. This sort of information seems to me very much on a par with the kind of stuff we read in *Slyshots* and publications of that nature. When I am told that it takes two hundred and forty millions of orange pips placed end on end to cover the road between Westminster Bridge and Brighton clock I receive the intelligence with apathy. Other folk go mad about it. The "numbering of the people" need not annoy or distress anybody. Nothing comes of it. So do not lend an ear to the birds of dismal omen who would frighten us out of our census.

• • •

Pantomime and Puffery

A FRIEND of mine lamenting the sad condition into which the harlequinade has fallen calls attention to the fact that in certain theatres the vehicle seems to be exploited for advertising purposes. Characters come on and make reference to somebody's boots or hats or pills. Of course the management is paid for these puffs but I would rather see clown and pantaloon and their colleagues banished entirely than find a time-unhonoured institution brought to such a level. The comic scene used to be adorned with a pawnbroker's shop and "quiet lodgings." Mr Merryman was, however, not reduced to the position of a town crier, and when trade puffery is permitted in a harlequinade no wonder the "grown-ups" rise from their seats and go home. And what amusement can the children, for whom the harlequinade is supposed to exist, find in cackle about soap or oyster bars? The game yields a big amount of money to managers, you may be certain. But there is such a thing as disgusting your own public, and there is no profit on that in the long run.

• • •

Romance and Reality

COMEDIANS themselves—not all comedians, I am happy to say—are not innocent in this matter. I knew in country towns at the end of a pantomime run certain actors would make a round of the shops they had mentioned in the dialogue and collect presents for the services thus rendered. The theatre should endeavour to preserve as far as possible the spirit of idealism. Unfortunately, the average manager runs his house as he would run a drug store. He has no respect for the traditions, or the sentiment or the romance of the stage. He is simply a huckster—on the make—and the theatre is to him just what a tripe and trotter stall is to a merchant in the Mile End Road. We come across scholarly and interesting articles about Art in the public journals. But the man who has to ring up his curtain every evening to so much money does not worry concerning that. I do not blame him. The theatre is a business, and, unless it is a good business, it will not for long be a good theatre. There are limits nevertheless. After the act drop has fallen on a passionate love passage between Romeo and Juliet, the emotional fancies are faintly stimulated by the display of an advertisement drop, carrying such signs as "Don't forget to buy your

pork sausages at Hoggensteiner's—two doors from this theatre!" or "Are your corns hurting you? If so, try Nobbler's patent three-quarters of a minute cure, never known to fail."

No Objection to It.

QUITE lately a meeting under the auspices of the National Service League was held at His Majesty's Theatre, and several speeches were made by actors and others. The proceedings read quite pleasantly, but I apprehend, when all our male players become Territorials, the hours of performing behind the footlights will have to be altered to suit the necessities of the military mummers. Otherwise we shall be faced with an alternative difficulty and shall expect to be greeted with some such announcement as "Notice. In consequence of squad F of this theatre being engaged on company drill tomorrow afternoon, the usual *matinée* will not take place." Actors lead anxious and precarious lives as a class. They have their own welfare and that of their wives and children to study. So I do not anticipate a great demonstration of enthusiasm for the movement of compulsory service against which the vast labour organisations of the kingdom have pronounced with unshakeable force. Actors do not like "the bird." Therefore it is quite easy to see they do not hunger to become "rookies."

• • •

A Different Pair of Shoes.

[THE Dean of Norwich, speaking at the meeting at His Majesty's, said he might be described as one of the "also rans."]

A fancy sweet, this worthy man's,
 Of "also rans" to prattle,
But valour bans the "also rans"
 Upon the field of battle.

Lloyd George.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is a fighter—a man with the courage of his convictions and the capacity to express them. Some of the Tory papers think they have made a marvellous discovery in lighting on the fact that Lloyd George is not a hyphened name. They might have known that all along. A man is not necessarily a knave or an ass because his name is not hyphened. I am glad the little Welshman's health is much improved. No true politician wants to gain victory, or political capital, from the physical illness of an opponent.

A Great Strike.

[GREENWICH time has been universally adopted by the nations.]

The clocks strike in harmonic chime,
 To one set figure point—
You err, great William most sublime,
 The time's *not* out of joint.

A Postman Poet.

MR. GIBSON, the postman poet, has walked close upon 150,000 miles during his period of long and faithful service. He has a notable ancestry, for his grandfather was with Nelson at Trafalgar. Apart from that, Mr. Gibson's wooing of the muse is a remarkable accomplishment for a postman. Were I a servant of St. Martin's-le-Grand, engaged in the delivery of parcels, postcards, income-tax notices, prospectuses of public companies—oh, what fortunes these fling at our feet!—I am afraid the spirit of imagination would be dead within me from the sheer weight of the drearily prosaic. Not so with Mr. Gibson. Here is a verse from his poem on the Burns' anniversary:

A peasant bard, tho' lowly born,
 And nurtured in a humble cot,
Yet king among ten thousand men,
 A scion, worthy, named a Scot.
Thy works have stood the test of time,
 They speak to us in grave and gay,
And people will thy name revere
 On this, thy anniversary day.

It is quite pathetic to observe how all the Scotch love Burns. The English, as a race, are unmoved by Shakespeare. In fact, I believe a large proportion of our neighbours regard him as a nuisance. I know several people who prefer a picture palace show to the best representation of *Hamlet* you could offer them.

• • •

"Devon, Glorious Devon."

THE best of the "postman poets" was Edward Capern, the Devonshire man, and he, too, paid a tribute to Burns. Did you ever read the lines on that delightful product of the Western county, which everybody loves to receive a parcel of?

Sweeter than the odours borne on Southern gales
Comes the clotted nectar of my native vales—
Crimp'd and golden crusted, rich beyond compare,
Food on which a goddess evermore would fare.
Burns may praise his haggis, Horace sing of wine,
Hunt his Hybla honey, which he deem'd divine,
But in the Elysiums of the poet's dream,
Where is the delicious without Devon's cream?

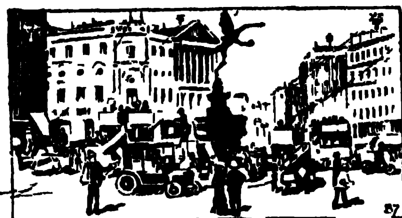
In my time I have known many goddesses with a disposition "evermore" to fare on this dainty. Many of our readers are probably aware that Devonshire is the worst possible place to go for a holiday. The minute it is known you are there the demands for cream from all your friends becomes so insistent that you feel you want to be the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

• • •

Merry England.

A REAL flavour of the good old times when England was "merrie" has been furnished by the great proceedings at Wentworth Woodhouse to celebrate the christening of Viscount Milton, the Earl of Fitzwilliam's son and heir. They take our thoughts back to the splendid and spacious times of the Eglinton tournament—only they were far more serious, far more practical, and far more enjoyable. The number of persons now living who can recollect anything of the great Scottish "to do" must be very small, and I question whether many of your readers have any active recollection of the somewhat tawdry revival given at the long defunct Cremorne Gardens nearly forty years ago. A man in armour is like the porcupine, for, though he is heavily mounted, he is not to be lightly touched. The good man and true whom Mr. Smith placed on a dashing charger at the Chelsea resort appeared to be cold of nose and deficient in enthusiasm. They did not "catch on" with the multitude, which had more solicitude for their welfare—as evinced by the frequent inquiry, "How's your poor feet?"—than admiration for knightly dignity. A man in mail should, in cold truth, be always admired from afar. He is more likely to rivet attention when distance hides the rivets in his armour plating.





Is Peter the Painter a Spy?: To-night's Artists' Ball: and Other News Behind the Social Scenes.

THE Mylius prosecution has quite failed to silence the libellous James. His latest *Liberator* issue is more poisonous than ever, and insults her Majesty the Queen. James declares that he has had to change his printers because the British Chamber of Commerce at Paris threatened to boycott Ponroy & Co. if they continued to do his work. If so, I never heard of a more justifiable intimation.

IF one of these days you hear something of a man calling himself John de Guelph, claiming to be the son of the late King Edward by a morganatic marriage with a titled Irishwoman, just smile, and let it go at that. There is such a claimant in existence, and he is endeavouring to issue a book about it. I only mention it in case some paper of the *Liberator* class gets hold of John, and turns him into sensational head lines. He will not stop the Coronation, believe me.

THE present is the second attack of measles with which the Prince of Wales has been visited. On the former occasion Miss Georgina Haines, of the London Hospital, was called in to take charge of him, and remained to nurse the late King Edward over appendicitis. King Edward sent Miss Haines to attend on the Bishop of London, and on a poor cotter laid on the Balmoral estate, and when Osborne House was opened as an Officers' Convalescent Home, Miss Haines was appointed lady superintendent, a position she now holds with distinction.

COACHING between London and Brighton is expected to be very popular this season, with all the Coronation visitors here, and Lord Leconfield intends to start a daily service, fixing his schedule so as not to interfere with Mr. Vanderbilt's times.

SOME amazing information has been given me about the Houndsditch burglary plot by a retired English police official, who is now the head secret service agent in London for a foreign power. He tells me that there would have been a ninth arrest, but for the discovery that this ninth man, although in the anarchist movement, was in as a spy, and is in the pay of a foreign government. Indeed, there is no knowing how many of the international spy brigade were not privy to the plot.

MY informant also blandly described how he personally knew "Peter the Painter" from his boyhood, which was spent in this country. What Peter had done abroad he had no cognisance of, but it was quite possible he was acting in the interests of a foreign power in mixing himself up in the Houndsditch affair.

LAST week I promised "more anon" about Lord Montagu's daughter and her musical comedy ambitions. Upon another page will be found a little interview with her.

ALTHOUGH Lord Verulam, the owner of the site, assures me he knows of no reason for the abandonment of the exploration of the site of Verulamium, and trusts the rumour is unfounded, yet the Society of Antiquaries inform me definitely that this project has entirely fallen through, and that instead, it is about to commence excavations on a large scale at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury. The ancient Roman city there measures 180 acres within the walls. The work will begin at once, and Shrewsbury instead of St. Albans will have the thousands of visitors which researches of this kind always attract.

TO-NIGHT the spectacle of Salome talking to Peter the Painter, while Li Hung Chang and Cardinal Wolsey press upon her an ice and a glass of claret cup, will be observable. It will be at the Albert Hall, where the Chelsea Art Club holds its famous annual ball. Mr. John Hassall, in a striking Viking character, and Mr. E. T. Reed, with a party garbed in the style of his "prehistoric peeps," should be conspicuous even in this huge and motley throng. A Pharaoh will be present, but is not likely to carry on the old feud against the children of Israel, for these will include some of the prettiest girls on the floor.

AFTER his brilliant illustration of *The Arabian Nights*, it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Edmond Dulac is going in a character from one of those stories. Mr. Hazelwood, the costume designer, will blossom forth as Charles II, with "The Jabberwock" (Mr. Roland) as one of his courtiers, Rochester; and Frank Hart's costume of Elizabethan times will, to those seeking to rival him in gorgeousness, be a frank heartbreaker. George Belcher will be in Georgian array, and his wife goes as Fatima.

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND drops me a kindly line from Ramsgate congratulating LONDON OPINION on its St. Valentine's day cover—"Neglected." Praise from *Punch's* famous ex-Editor is praise indeed.

A RATHER pathetic search has been placed in the hands of Kimptons, the Strand private detectives. An elderly gentleman lies probably on his death-bed in the West of England, and is anxious to be reconciled with his son before the end comes. The son, who was a surgeon in London, became estranged from his father over his (the son's) marriage; and when he vacated London, he left no traces which can now be found.

THE *Book News Monthly* of Philadelphia contains an interesting biography of Mr. W. J. Locke, the popular novelist and dramatist. He was born in 1863 at Georgetown, British Guiana, was educated at

Trinidad, London University, and King's College, Cambridge. At Cambridge he "studiously neglected his studies," attending only one lecture during his entire three years' course.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

HE took a degree however in 1881, having spent his vacations mostly in the Latin Quarter. Until 1897 he was a tutor and teacher. In 1897 he became Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects, and it was not until 1908 that he abandoned architecture for literature. His best hours for work are still from five to seven and from nine to eleven in the evening. Such is the power of habit. The long years of teaching and office hours fixed his working hours. Even in the country at his pleasant riverside house, "La H...," near Cholsey, Berks, he still adheres to his ancient custom of working two hours before dinner and two hours after.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THERE is at least one important manager who is dead against Mr. George Alexander's desire to render playgoing easier and less expensive by making less obligatory the custom of evening dress for the stalls with its consequential outlay in cabs. I refer to Mr. George Edwardes. "The London theatres," he says, "have a cachet of their own and we don't want to bring them down to the level of the music hall by allowing people in ordinary dress into the stalls and expensive parts of the theatre."

❀ ❀

A CYNICAL male critic of the other sex's fashions sends me the following:

> Mary had a hobble skirt
>   So tight, 'twas bound to tear.
> She sewed it up and then she had
>   A "harem skirt" to wear.

"I WAS amused," says Lord Decies, "by a New York cabman, who, after a drive that would cost a shilling in London said:

"'You're an Englishman, sir, and so I'll only charge you two dollars.'

"He made me think of a lawyer who, having won a case involving a hundred pounds sterling, kept eighty pounds for his fee, and said as he handed over the balance of twenty pounds to his client:

"'I am your friend, sir. I can't charge you my full fee. I knew your father.'

"'Thank goodness,' said the client warmly, 'that you didn't know my grandfather.'"

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THE origins of notable and historic houses—the Sidneys, Talbots, Cecils, Cavendishes, Seymours, Howards, Bentincks, Russells, and the like—will be explored in a series of "Great Families" which Messrs. Constable & Co. are about to publish, and their romance, their acquisitions, eccentricities and exploits will in these volumes be illustrated and narrated.

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"D. H. DENNIS," is the pen name of Mr. Denis Cox, younger son of Mr. Harding Cox, the well-known newspaper proprietor. He has recently entered the ranks of fiction writers and his first novel, *Moths and the Maid*, published by Mr. John Long, was well received. His latest novel, entitled *S... of the Sa...s*, has also been issued by Mr. Long.

❀

IN his new work on Heliogabalus, which the Macmillans will shortly publish, Mr. Stuart Hay maintains that this maligned Emperor made, according to his lights, a sincere attempt to benefit mankind. Then too, somebody else is bringing out a book whitewashing



"I know he's a darling, but I'm afraid it's no use—my husband doesn't like dogs."
"You buy 'im, lydy. You can easy git another 'usband, but you won't git another dorg like 'im!"



CARNIVOROUS.

Stout Party: "And not so much lip, neither, young feller-me-lad, else I shall weigh in an' bahnce yer one."
The Other: "Wot! *you!* W'y, streuth, I'd blooming' well eat you—if it wasn't pork orways gi' me the bile!"

Judas Iscariot. Can it be that recent libel damages have made the authors decide upon the exclusive use of butter as a literary medium?

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IN *Loaves and Fishes* at the Duke of York's Theatre, Miss Ellis Jeffreys looks delightful and wears some exceedingly smart gowns. An afternoon gown of ivory *cachemire de soie*, with its short tunic of black net heavily embroidered in cream, and knot of crimson and purple anemones tucked into the black velvet ceinture, is altogether admirable. Quite a clever colour scheme is displayed in her frock of Nattier blue veiled with mole, and embroidered in blue and gold with a medallion of embroidery in Indian red, blue and gold posed half-way down the corsage and in the centre of the waistband.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MISS NINA SEVENING in this play has a picturesque frock of grey marquisette ornamented with narrow bands of grey satin and lace, with a little coat *en suite*, built on Russian lines, and trimly belted with Chinese embroidery piped with orange. Her frock of pastel green cloth also has charm, with its long tight-fitting sleeves and decorations of plaques of braided cloth and quaint dangling buttons shaded pale blue and green.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

NEXT Monday's and Tuesday's *Salome matinées* by the New Players at the Court Theatre are to be quite imposing functions. Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady St. Helier, the Countess of Clonmel, Lady Carl Meyer, Miss Lily Brayton, Lady Green Price, and Sir William and Lady Clayton are among those who have intimated that they will attend.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS is preparing to have another fling at Sir Herbert Tree over the question of the time limit in music-hall sketches. He has written a little piece called *Cuts While You Wait*, in which one Sir Sherbert Tea turns his back upon the regular theatre, joins the vaudeville stage, proceeds to break the time limit, and ends in becoming the finest comic singer of the day.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

SOLIMAN'S-WAY must be marked down as a very likely winner of a nice handicap hurdle race in the near future. Sir Henry Randall's horse at Manchester was altogether off form.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A PARTICULARLY busy rumour has been widely circulated within the last few days to the effect that Mr. Assheton-Smith may not after all start Cackler and Jerry M. for the National. There is, however, no foundation for this report. I have the owner's authority for saying that, so long as his cracks keep well, they will both run. Mr. Harry Beasley has already gone into training to ride Cackler, while Driscoll has been engaged for the mount on Jerry M.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

I HEAR that it is extremely unlikely that Wolfe Land will be seen out at Lincoln. According to present intentions this smart four-year-old will be reserved for the Great Jubilee Handicap, in which, as a previous winner over the Kempton course, he appears to have a distinctly flattering chance.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

I HEAR a whisper from a usually-inspired source that Cinderello is likely to prove very dangerous on the Carholme. After winning the Lincoln last year, Mr. Schiff's horse went altogether wrong, but is now going great guns at home. The

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ANOTHER LAPSE OF THE TONGUE.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

DEAR SIR,—Apropos your amusing story of the music-hall magnate magistrate, I will parallel it with one of the play writing Vicar of Gorleston, the Rev Forbes Phillips

A few years ago he spent an anxious week rehearsing one of his plays in London with Mrs Brown Potter. On the following Sunday—having returned to his parish—at the end of Lent when he has the Litany sung every Wednesday and Friday morning he announced from the pulpit 'Next week being Holy Week, there will be daily Evensong in this church with *matinees* on Wednesday and Friday" Of course it was entirely absentmindedness

As he himself expressed it, 'the church rocked '

Yours faithfully,

Sports Club, S W SI JAMES'S SQUARE

• • •

DANCING OR BOXING?

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

SIR, I opposed the letting of the Camberwell Baths for dancing and whist merely on the score of consistency seeing that a narrow minded majority on our Council had previously refused a proffered contract of hire for the Baths when exhibitions of the noble art of self defence were to be given

Personally I am in favour of encouraging sports and pastimes of every description, but I object to unfair and prejudicial discriminations between those who desire to take part in card games and dancing and those who find pleasure in witnessing the display of a couple of sportsmen in a friendly bout with the gloves

Yours faithfully

GEORGE SCOTT

"Adam and Eve, High Street Peckham

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND'S BURLESQUE.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

SIR,—You kindly refer to an old burlesque of mine entitled *Paris or Vive Lemprière*, produced with an excellent cast, at the old Strand Theatre in Swanborough's days of Miles Raynham, Holt and Messrs James and Thorne. Your paragraphist quotes but incorrectly the verse of a quartette sung by the principals to the then popular air of 'I'd like to be a Swell' in which he says there was a reference to "the famous banquet held on the 6th February 1868,' at the Langham Hotel But this burlesque *Paris* was produced in 1866 and, though an undoubted success it certainly did not run on until 1868 The topic then 'up' was the Casual Ward and this is evidenced by this subject being alluded to in a verse of this same quintette It is in the published book Castor expresses his fancy for 'being a swell when he would be able not only to 'drive about Pall Mall as the others proposed doing but to do other things—

> 'And a night afford
> For the Casual Ward,
> But quite as a tip top swell"

Yours truly

Ramsgate F. C BURNAND.

• • •

THE UNKINDEST CUT

FATHER (to his son a doctor) 'If this isn't the limit I pay all that money for you to study medicine, and the first thing you do is to cut me off my drink

• • •

HOSIERY SHIRT HOSIERY.—The fashion of wearing the walking skirt short and consequent prominence of the hose necessitates careful selection of hosiery One of the best brands is 'Jason' in all forms of plain and fancy textures for men and children. The firm's booklet is worth getting from the Jason Hosiery Co Leicester or from most drapers

PEER'S STAGE-STRUCK DAUGHTER.

Interview with the Hon. Helen Douglas-Scott-Montagu, of the Vaudeville.



The Hon. Helen Douglas Scott-Montagu.

IT was mentioned in last week's LONDON OPINION that the Hon. Helen Douglas-Scott-Montagu, daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, had applied to Mr. George Edwardes for a small part in one of his companies.

It may now be added that this young lady is at the Vaudeville Theatre, where, in the name of Miss Ellaine Cecil, she has a one-line part in *The Girl in the Train*, in which also she is one of the six dancers in the latest number just introduced.

"I called upon her there the other night after the show," writes our "Looker-On," "and had an interesting talk with her. She is not yet twenty-one, is fair, extremely pretty, of a fine figure, and on the tall side, in which respect she does not take after her father. She is vivacious, and keen and enthusiastic over her new profession. But she misses her hunting, for she used to be a fine horsewoman—she rides astride—and sometimes longs for a day with the hounds again.

"I think," she said, "that it was my father's meeting with Miss Zena Dare, who came to spend a week at Bournemouth, that first gave me the idea of actually going on the stage. I had had inclinations in that direction, but my father's opposition was too pronounced until he saw in Miss Dare how extremely nice a musical-comedy actress could remain.

"His opposition appreciably weakened after that, while my inclinations grew. I knew various people on the stage—Miss Marie Studholme and others—and they practically all attempted to dissuade me from the stage-door; but I wanted to get away from living an aimless life. I wanted to do something; to have a career and an ambition. I had tried three months in my father's office—he edits a motor-car paper, you know—but had got very tired of that. It seemed to lead nowhere.

"Well, I could not get my father's consent to go on the stage, although my mother did not object so much. I cut the knot by coming to Town to look for an engagement, staying at a little hotel off the Strand, at first. Seeing that I was in dead earnest, my father agreed that I should attend Sir Herbert Tree's dramatic school, and paid my fees there, and my living expenses.

"My father saw Sir Herbert Tree about me, and I went on tour in one of his Shakespearean companies, in walking-on parts. But this proved deadly dull. I am musical. I could do songs at the piano in the Margaret-Cooper style—although I do not say with anything approaching that lady's ability. What I mean is that my ambitions were less in the direction of the dramatic than of the gaiety and brightness of the musical play. So after a brief interlude in a sketch on the music-halls, in *The Syren's Call* at the Empress at Brixton, and so on, I joined the chorus of *The Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and from there went to *The Girl in the Train* at the Vaudeville.

"That is all my stage history at present, but I am determined to get on, in which respect I think I differ from the majority of chorus-girls. They all seem without ambition, and quite content to remain in the chorus. Soon I shall be twenty one, and in charge of my own future; and then—

"I must tell you that to endeavour to restrain my stage ambitions my father had me made a ward in Chancery until I am twenty-one, and that at present I have to go to Mr. Justice Eve to obtain his consent when I am moving from one engagement to another, and so on. But he is very nice about it, and never causes me any bother at all. It's rather a lark, in fact, although I suppose all wards in Chancery are not so fortunate as to be under such gentle restraint as I. But everybody has been most kind to me. Mr. George Edwardes, in particular, is the kindest man I ever met."

• • •

A FLEET-STREET STORY.

MR. HITCHCOCK, the news editor of the great daily, had only the junior reporter at hand, and news of a shooting-case had come in.

A man had married a girl at four o'clock the afternoon before, and at eight the same evening had shot at her five times.

"What shall I do?" asked the reporter.

"Get an interview from the girl," said Hitchcock.

"But I don't know what to ask her," objected the reporter.

Hitchcock got up from his chair, walked over to the wall, and beat his head against the plaster three times. "I don't think you understand," he told the youth with as much patience as he could muster. "Married at four and shot at five times at eight. Go and get the story."

"Well, what shall I ask her?" queried the reporter.

Hitchcock, looking pained and grieved, said, "Ask her whether she considers the conduct of her husband an insult or merely studied indifference."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

It is highly gratifying to learn that as the result of last week's revival of *The Belle of New York* the Prince Francis of Teck fund will benefit to the extent of about £2,000 which, considering that the expenses of such a production must necessarily be heavy, is to be regarded as extremely satisfactory and my humble congratulations are offered to all concerned in the good work.

• • •

Miss Eveline Lepper who figured as Maudie Marsh, one of the bridesmaids in the above mentioned revival has been engaged by Robert Courtneidge of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Lepper is, I hear, an accomplished dancer.

• • •

In the making of the *revue* we English lack the light touch and sparkling satire of the French but we are getting along by degrees and *By George* the new topical skit at the Empire is certainly the best yet. Politics the drama and gossip generally form the ingredients of a pleasantly irresponsible mixture in which there are several plums notably the Irish scene and that in which *Inconstant George*, *The Chocolate Soldier* and the Coliseum *Richard III* are deftly and most humorously blended in burlesque. By this time perhaps some lines in bad taste concerning the broken off engagement of a certain brace of popular players have been dropped. I hope so. When John McArdle and Lionel Mackinder really get going they will doubtless score even more consistently than they did at the outset. Vernon Watson's imitations of George Robey and Wilkie Bird are among the best features of the show.

• • •

This new *revue* has an added charm in its recall of the dear old burlesques in which Arthur Roberts, Violet Cameron and Phyllis Broughton used to allure us all to the Avenue Theatre a painful number of years ago. It is marvellous that this particular brand of entertainment has ever been allowed to remain peri... for so long. Now that George Grossmith has shown he can do it so well London should never again be without its burlesque, even if it must be called a *revue* in future.

I am much obliged to my friend Henry W. Savage of the United States, for sending me a nicely bound copy of Walter Browne's modern morality play *Everywoman* which he (H. W. S.) is about to present on an elaborate scale in America and possibly later in this country. The play is written in rhyming couplet form and is divided into five canticles. Far be it from me to be irreverent but somehow Everywoman and Canticle seem so beautifully appropriate in association. The characters of this remarkable work comprise Nobody, Youth, Beauty and Modesty (who are Everywoman's Companions), Everywoman, Flattery, Truth, King Love the First, Time, Wealth, Conscience to say nothing of Bluff and Stuff (theatre managers) a lot of chorus girls one of whom is known as Shape, and Puff, a Press Agent. In addition to all this, the play is fitted with twenty-six musical numbers and several dances. From a first reading I am inclined to class the work as a symbolic musical comedy, and since according to the author's foreword, it is 'intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers,' I should like to take a peek at it as soon as possible.

• • •

In consequence of complaints made to the County Council that the players in *Sumurun* at the Coliseum were under clothed,' Mr Greenwood L C C, visited the Coliseum. 'Perfectly delightful' was his verdict, 'tell Mr Stoll I am charmed with its artistic beauty.'

• • •

At the Broadway New Cross this week the attraction is the four act thrill, *The Woman in the Case* which is here playing its first engagement of the Spring tour under the direction of Louis Meyer. For this expedition an exceptionally fine cast has been brought together. Claire Forster, the "awful person" is again played—and finely played too—by Florence Lloyd while Margaret Rolfe and Thomson the kindly lawyer are represented respectively by Gwendoline Hay and Leonard Pigden. Next week the playgoers of Belfast will see this singularly strong piece.

• • •

The *Chocolate Soldier* touring company at Kennington Theatre this week, is excellent. Mr C. W. Glenn is fine in the name part and Miss Evelyn Vernham as Nadina is a great find. For I understand that Miss Vernham who is well known on the concert platform is a comparative newcomer to the light opera stage. You would never suspect it for to her brilliant voice she adds dramatic qualities which suggest the experienced player.

• • •

I wonder which new actor manager will be the first to get hold of a theatre. Mr Dennis Eadie with him Mr Vedrenne, or Mr Robert Loraine?

• • •

What must be regarded as a singularly interesting experiment is about to be undertaken by Charles Urban who announces that he has secured a lease of the long neglected Scala Theatre within whose noble walls he will establish entertainment consisting of Kinemacolor, new and original one act plays and music of a high grade. The gentle art of moving pictures photographed in natural colours by the Urban Smith process is not only beautiful to contemplate but is capable of the most interesting developments and this feature of the new Scala programme should serve to give the venture a fine push off.

• • •

My surmise is to the date of H. B. Irving's departure for Australia turns out to have been a correct one. According to present arrangements he and the members of his company will sail by the *Orsova* on 12th May. This would give them the winter opening in Australia as I imagined. Among those who join their chief in the pilgrimage are Jack Tyars and Henry Vibart, both of whom should be extremely popular down south.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"The Pessimist."

If I Were Carnegie.

BY THE HOME TURKISH BATH MAN.



If I were Carnegie, rather than spend thousands of pounds in stocking libraries, I would engage lecturers who should go throughout the length and breadth of the land teaching the value of hygiene in the home and hygiene in the human body. I would have them demonstrate the value of cleanliness of the skin, teach people how and when to bathe to obtain health; show how disease is at the bottom of all unhappiness; and how it might be prevented, or, if contracted how it might be relieved by due attention to feeding, breathing and cleanliness. Above all things I would erect Turkish bath establishments in every town and village so that the poorest might enjoy free and at any time the advantages of thermal bathing. It would be a mission worthy of the best intellect and of the biggest fortune, and it would arouse intense enthusiasm, and give a rich reward in the happiness resulting from the disappearance of disease. I am, however, only a hard-working business man of limited means, but it is a source of great pleasure to me that in earning a living I am spreading the cause of hygiene and winning the gratitude of many, as my unsolicited testimonials show.

If you have not read my previous "talks," let me explain that I have a Home Turkish Bath Cabinet, costing 30s., a simple contrivance by means of which you can obtain in the privacy of your own home perfect Hot-Air, Steam, Medicated, or Perfumed Baths. It is made of waterproof material on a folding galvanised frame, which can be erected in a few seconds, forming a compact little room; when closed it will occupy an inch space against the wall. The special, patented stove which is supplied with each Cabinet burns methylated spirit, and is the best device of the kind ever invented, being at once simple, reliable, and perfect for the purpose of heating the Cabinet. I have Cabinets from 30s. to £11 11s., but the Cabinet I have built a business upon, the one to which nearly all my testimonials refer and the one I and my family use is the 30s. Gem Cabinet.

When worried with business or wearied with work, a hot-air bath has raised my spirits and given me fresh strength to battle anew. When aches or pains have come upon me suddenly like a thief in the night, a vapour bath has dispersed them. I have used a Cabinet now for more than eight years, and during that time I have never needed a doctor. In liver and kidney trouble, eczema, rheumatism, embonpoint, I have known of marvellous good done. I have treated my family on the same lines, and so insistently advised this treatment to my friends that I have been dubbed a "crank" and a "faddist," but I have splendid results to show for my belief, and I have always converted the scoffers if they have given me the opportunity.

What my Cabinet has done for me, my family, and my friends, it will do for you. So great is my conviction as to the value of the thermal bath that I have an ever-strengthening desire to make its merits known, and an all-powerful ambition to see a Cabinet in every home in the land. Already I have sold more than 20,000 Cabinets; but the army of the sick is a mighty one, every year filled with new recruits, wearied almost to death with quackery and shams they have been induced to try from time to time, and it is in the hands of these recruits that I want to put the blessings of thermal bathing. I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-day post-dated money order, and if from any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer, I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings, and your word that you will pay five instalments monthly of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for sureties or references. I will take your word for it and trust you. I have great faith in the honesty of my fellow creatures. I don't imagine I am the only honest man in the world. I know if you accept my offer I shall have your everlasting gratitude. You will note that in accepting payments in this way I cannot offer a free trial, and I charge you 32s. 6d. for the Cabinet, but it is worth every penny of it, and it only repays me for any extra cost of book-keeping, use of capital, etc.

Just think what it means. You can immediately enjoy the benefits of home Turkish bathing for a trifling sum equal to 1s. 3d. a week for six months—just about half the amount you would pay for a single visit to an ordinary Turkish Bath establishment. You will have the Cabinet ready at hand for any emergency, and there isn't a man, woman, or child who may not be suddenly striken with some trouble which, taken at its birth may be as quickly relieved by this wonderful thermal treatment.

If you are well you want one of my 30s. Cabinets to keep you so, if you are ill you need it still more. A Cabinet would be the best investment you ever made. If you cannot make up your mind at once to buy a Cabinet, don't shelve the matter, it is of vital importance to you and your family. At least drop me a post card with your name and address, mentioning LONDON OPINION, and let me send you a 100-page book giving valuable information about thermal bathing.

Postal orders and cheques should be made payable to my Company, The Gem L Supplies Company Ltd., 22 Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Company's offices), London, E.C.

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22 Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Enclosed please find M.O. value 30/-, for which send me a No. 1 Bath Cabinet complete on the understanding that if not satisfied I can return the Cabinet within ten days, and you will refund my money.

Name ....

Address ....

....



The Vicar: "Glad to see you in church, Colonel. I suppose it was to set a good example to the young people staying with you."
The Colonel: "No, sir! It's the confounded cold weather. Couldn't hold my dashed clubs, sir!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

THE WAY OF A MAN.

["Many men distinctly recollect being married, but few, if any, have any remembrance of the proposal."—*Daily Paper.*]

DELIA, though but six short months have flown
Since my proposal daringly I made,
Yet I confess to you alone is known
Whate'er it was I did and what I said
Oh! tell me, since your charms did me inveigle,
Did I propose *en règle*.

Did I like hero of a great romance
Sink on my knees upon your soft Axminster
(Thus "bagging" badly my best Sunday "pants"),
And say, "Oh! Delia, be no more a spinster?"
And did you hang your head down, softly blushing
Whilst I was thuswise gushing?

Or else the dashing method I adopted·
One arm around your sylph-like waist I threw
(If any pin there lurked of course I "copped" it),
And on your lips my kisses fell, not few,
And then I clutched you to my manly chest—
Yes, that, I think, sounds best. A. P. GARLAND.

• • •

WOOL OR WEED?

[Lord Ampthill says that he knits socks to prevent himself from smoking tobacco.—LONDON OPINION.]

IF your darling hubby smokes
Break him gently of the habit,
Don't denounce the peaceful pipe
Or, impetuous, try to grab it
Something soothing he *must* have
To lead his mind from shares and stocks,
Let him darn the household hose—
Give him socks!

When you have to buy for him
Christmas gift or birthday present,
What think you will please him best,
Soothe his nerves and keep him pleasant?
Not cigars—time-honoured gift!)—
(Priced at twelve and six a box),
He would much prefer to have
Wool for socks.

Railway comp'nies should provide—
· Though the change might cause some titters—
In the place of smoking cars
Carriages reserved "for knitters."
Papers would be laid aside—
All absorbed, designing "clocks"—
Solemn-visaged City men
Knitting socks.

But, alas! we couldn't knit
While we're playing bridge or solo,
Pushing cue or driving quill,
Playing tennis, chess, or polo
So I still prefer my pipe,
Let them knit who wear the frocks—
Faith, already they, I think,
Give us socks. J. G.

• • •

LOVE SONG.

[Poem found in a padded cell at Hanwell.]

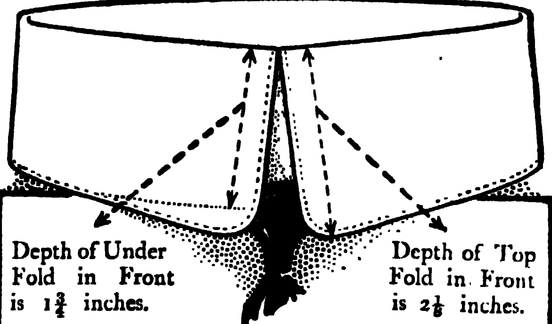
WHEN the sun is in the north, my dear,
And the cow is on his nest,
When the ring is in the pawnshop, dear,
And the wheels in my head need rest,
Oh, then I think of you, my dear!
Oh, *then* I think of you!
Yes, then I *think* of you, my dear!
Ah, then I think of *you!*

• • •

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

"WERE you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton, "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."


Depth of Both Folds at Back is 1¾ inches.
Depth of Under Fold in Front is 1⅝ inches.
Depth of Top Fold in Front is 2⅛ inches.




THE NUGGET
BLACK POLISH

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The Key to Delft. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

"THIS is modern," the connoisseur said. Asked the owner, "How do you *know* it is modern?"

"It is a copy of a bit of old Dutch delft," the connoisseur said, fingering the blue-and-white platter.

"How do you *know*?" the possessor said testily. So testy are possessors sometimes that you had better keep silence than tell them the truth.

Now what is the chief characteristic of this kind of old pottery *Delft* is the Dutch name, and *delf* the English name for it; earthenware was still called delf by old people in the Midlands, even less than fifty years ago. Delft and delf were earthenware, but all earthenware is not delft or delf How does one know this old class of pottery from all others, when one sees it? Many a visitor to Holland brings back pieces which he supposes to be "old Dutch delft." How shall you know the real old stuff from the pleasant blue-and-white earthenware made at the quaint old city of Delft yesterday? And how know, for certain, a bit of old English delf, too?

The key to the wards of these questions is simple—old delft and old delf were surfaced with tin-enamel.

Enamel *versus* Glaze.

The body or substance of the ware was varnished, so to speak, not glazed; even "varnished" is not the accurate word, for varnish is translucent; a better word would be "japanned" or "lacquered." Tin-enamel gave a white opaque surface to the ware; it is a tinny metallic surface, quite different from the clear glaze seen upon porcelain and modern pottery. It is *opaque*, and that definitely distinguishes it from ware that is glazed, a glaze would show the brown clay through, because a glaze is *transparent* or *translucent*, and you can see through a glaze to the baked clay underneath.

Now the delft being made at Delft to-day is glazed, the old Dutch delft and English delf was not glazed, but tin-enamelled. Its surface, therefore, somewhat resembles the surface of Bilston enamel or coarse German enamels upon metal. But delft and delf consisted of enamel upon clay; and you cannot "see through" its enamel surface down to the substance beneath, as you can with modern delft.

Now this white paint-like, metallic surface, not transparent or translucent, is the chief characteristic, and the key of delf and delft.

Exceptions.

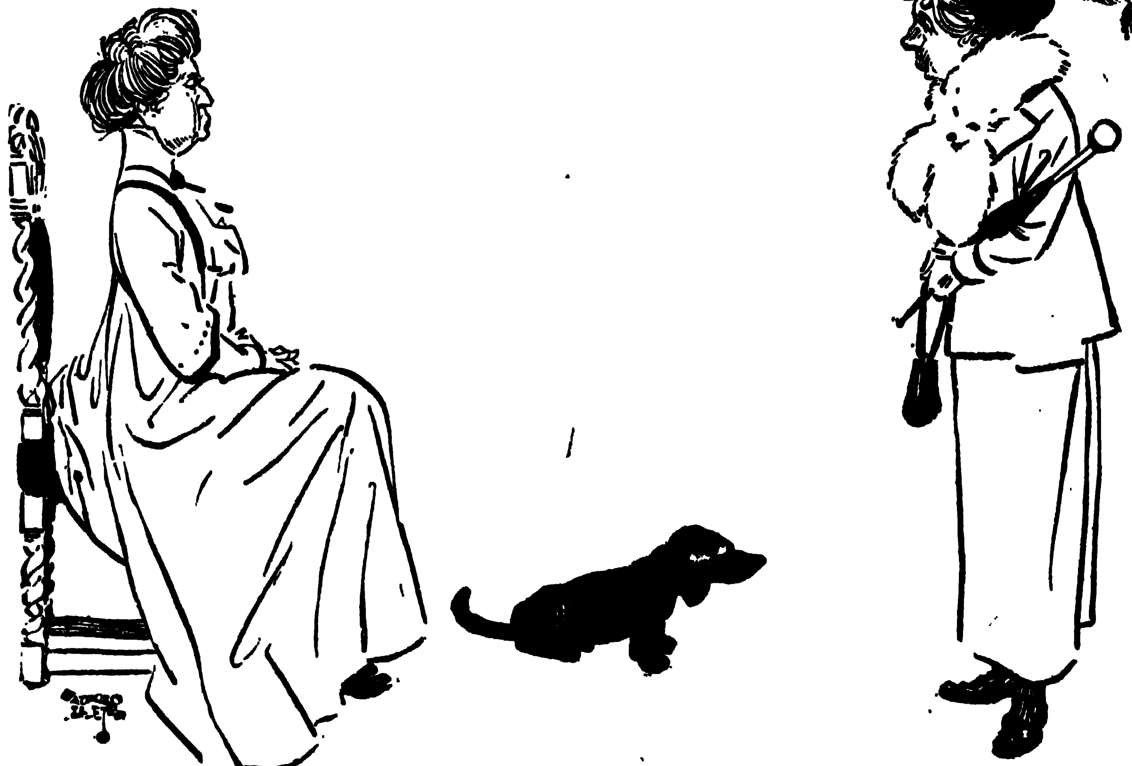
It is true that a thin coat of glaze was added, over the enamel, to some of the latest old delft, and that English-made delf was slightly glazed, by a wash above the enamel. But in these cases you "see through" the glaze to the enamel. The "key"—the enamel—is always there.

The Enamel Surface.

In old Dutch delft the enamel lies close to the clay, and is seldom crazed; the enamel entirely covers the ware, lying on the undersides as well as the upper; this had to be so, because the clay was so soft and friable. Flashing a bit of delft in the light, the eye perceives the tinny, metallic-looking sheen of the surface. You can also *feel* the enamel; it may feel smooth, but not with the glassy feel of a glaze. Sometimes the enamel is pitted, sometimes it is blistered, often it has been worn away, usually it has been chipped away at the edges, and then you can see the body or substance of the ware.

Under the Enamel.

The body or substance of the very oldest Dutch delft consisted of a red earth; the substance of seventeenth



Mistress (engaging servant): "I hope you know your place?"
Servant: "Oh, yes, mum! The last four girls you had told me all about it!"

and eighteenth century Dutch delft consisted of a yellowish or pale brown earth. In both cases the substance is so soft that a knife can cut or triturate it. There is carbonate of lime in it, and under a drop of strong acid it will effervesce.

Now the body of English delf was denser and more glassy than that; it was less porous, and, therefore, the enamel did not unite with it so well in the kiln. Consequently the enamel does not lie upon it so closely or evenly, and you oftener see the clay showing through or nearly through. The body of Lambeth delf was buff-colour, and when it shows nearly through it gives the enamel a rosy tinge, which is one of the characteristics of Lambeth and Bristol delf. English delf enamel often crazed in the kiln, and that, I think, is why a subsequent thin glaze was washed over it.

On, and then in, the Enamel.

The decoration painted upon old Dutch delft was crude; the well-known hearth tiles painted blue upon white are typical of the earliest style, for at first blue was the only colour used. Tiles painted in purple came later, when purple, green, yellow, brown, and red were added to the delft-painter's palette.

The decoration of old Dutch delft was done neither *under* the enamel nor *over* it. The tin-enamel was laid on the body, and while the enamel was still wet the decoration was added. For the moment the decoration was *upon* the enamel, but the heat of the kiln then liquefied both, and then fixed both, so that the decoration then lay *in* among the enamel. This is why old Dutch delft decoration is often seen to have "run."

In English delf, however, though you see "running," the colours have run *upon* the enamel, not with it; because the decoration was done after the enamel had been fired, and before the final glaze was added.

Thus spoke the connoisseur; but the owner was unconvinced.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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J. J. S. (Worcester).—Your Geo. II. teapot is worth 15s. to 16s. an ounce, as it is exceptionally light for a piece of this kind, 10oz. 4. The round waiter is Sheffield plate, and in very good condition, worth £5 to £6. If you cannot get this price yourself, we can most probably find a purchaser for them.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAN WHO BROKE INTO PRISON.

By A. G. GREENWOOD.

A THICK black fog had penetrated even the recesses of the Tube railways. Houses, offices, and shops reeked with its heavy breath, while in the streets it was hard to see one's hand while it touched one's nose.

Jim Goole was not a professional burglar. He was a bungling novice. Had he been of any promise at the game, he would not have attempted to burgle a police-station.

But he did make the attempt, acting under the impression that he was working in the rear of the jeweller's next door.

A narrow court, a low wall, a small back-yard, but each enveloped, changed out of all recognition, by the cloak of the fog, accounted for this extremely unwise procedure. Jim found a barred window; chipped the mortar silently from the bed of a bar and, naturally not dismayed at a jeweller's precautions, lowered himself into a narrow, gloomy room.

The fog filled this too. Over the door through a grimy fanlight, and between more bars, glimmered a sickly, flickering gaslight, which only partially illumined the chamber he found himself in.

Screwing up his eyes, he took stock of his surroundings. A very narrow truckle couch, a stone floor, and stone walls were all he surveyed.

A scrimmage outside the door made him slink so that its opening should hide him. He heard gruff voices, hiccoughing protestations, and then the door burst open.

Through the chink of it Jim saw a sight which made him shiver.

Three policemen were grappling with a young man in evening dress who had evidently been dining too well.

The struggle came to an end on the threshold of the cell—for cell Jim now perceived it to be.

The young man was shot headlong in, the door was banged to, and a bolt shot. Then a grille in it opened, and a policeman growled, "Now jest you keep quiet."

Jim quaked. The young man staggered to the couch, sank on it in an attitude of dejection, his wrists between his knees and his eyes half closed.

The grille was shut. Heavy footsteps echoed down the passage. Then the prisoner looked up at Jim with lack-lustre eyes.

"What're-you-in-for?" he asked, running the words together.

"By mistake," growled Jim. "Don't give me away. I'll just be off——"

"How can you—how can you, I say?" demanded the prisoner. "You're in the same hole as I am. How can you?"

"Through the window," whispered Jim. "I broke in——"

"Broke in!" The young man began to guffaw. "D'you mean to say you're burgling here? Oh, I say——"

"That's what I do mean," grunted Jim, "and it ain't nothing to larf at—not 'alf. Look 'ere, I ain't done you no 'arm——"

"My dear Johnny," promised the prisoner, "I don't want to give you away. My aunt, what a head I've got! I suppose you don't know what I've done?"

"Don't you?" asked Jim, wondering.

"Not since I left the club about half an hour ago. I think I've been drinking——"

"A good guess," said Jim very solemnly. "Well, good-night."

"Don'-go, don'-go," pleaded the other. "My dear fellow, this is a frightful business. D'you know who I am?"

Jim shook his head.

"Well, I won't tell you," went on the young man, standing up and swaying. "But I'll tell you this, I'm getting married to-morrow."

"Are you?" said Jim, not impressed. "Well, good-night."

"Don't leave me. D'you see how important it is? Police Court—drunkenness—frightful scandal. My giddy aunt, it wouldn't do!"

Jim jumped for the high sill of the little window, but felt a pair of arms round his waist.

"Hard and low—that's what we used to say—collar him hard and low. Look here, my good chap, if I'm in for this, so're you. I'm not selfish——"

"I don't want to turn nasty," began Jim scowling.

"No—and you'd better not. Let go that sill and sit down."

The young man strode up and down the narrow cell on shaky legs. Then suddenly:

"I've got it," he murmured confidentially, "What a fool I was not to think of it before! You stay here, and I go the way you came——"

"I was going to suggest your coming as well," said Jim, accepting the situation with a sigh. "But as fur me stoppin, not if I knows it."

"You've got to stay; you've got to take my place. Don't you see, there'd be a warrant out for me if I escaped? Look pretty, wouldn't it, to be arrested in church? The night's like pitch, the bobbies won't know the difference between us——"

"Where do I come in?" growled Jim furiously.

"If you save me—take my place as I suggest, and come round to me to-morrow—I'll give you the money to pay your fine—I'll—I'll give you enough to set you up as a burglar all your days."

"I'm not a burglar," grumbled Jim. "Else I 'adn't played this fool's trick on myself. 'Ow much are you offerin'?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Lummy!" ejaculated Jim. "Rather than be pinched for a mere nuffin like a drunk and disorderly!"

"D'you agree?"

The young prisoner was sobering fast.

"A sovereign now for your fine to-morrow morning. Fifty when you come to me. Doesn't that tempt you?"

"Even a copper wouldn't mix us two!"

"The night's like ink: of course they would!"

"You was seen in the station when you was charged. They must have seen you then——"

"Not to recognise me again——"

"To recognise your clothes," scoffed Jim. "D'you think coppers 'as no eyes?"

"Clothes—my hat, I'd forgotten them! Well, we must change. Quick, off with your coat! Shut up, man! Just obey and buck up! Put on these trousers, this coat, shirt, collar, tie. Hurry, I tell you! Off with your boots. Now, refuse your name to-morrow. Buck up, can't you? Let 'em fine you—and then come to me—Lord Balham, 1006 Grosvenor Square. Don't forget—and I say, tell me what do I do when I get out of the window?"

Jim Goole pulled on an excruciating pair of patent boots and surrendered his own airy ones. While he gave swift information as to the way of escape, his lips kept framing the two words "fifty pounds!"

Two minutes after, he hoisted the shabby Lord Balham up to the window, saw him scramble through, heard faint sounds of his passage, and then sat down, trembling a little with excitement, staring at the shining toe-caps of the painful boots.

The policemen found their prisoner quite reticent in the morning, but not as thirsty as they expected to find him.

The only word he was heard to utter was "Guilty," before he paid the modest sum of ten shillings in lieu of seven days.

His wife's comment when he handed her thirty pounds in gold (the other twenty he considered in the light of pocket money) showed him that she held a certain opinion of the methods by which he must have acquired it.



By H. M. Bateman.] [*To be continued.*

CARICATURES AT THE RINKS.

No 5.—The "Ever-backward" Merchant.

A SCIENTIFIC PEEPING TOM.

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

THE scientific marvels of the present generation are flinging themselves at us in such rapid succession that I really think something in the way of a speed-limit ought to be imposed in order to give us a chance of sitting still for a while and getting our breath back.

Only the other day, for instance, Dr. Hall Edwards, the famous X-ray expert, informed an audience that by means of X-ray photographs you could tell what people had got in their pockets, or what they had had for dinner. And he looked forward to the time when by the same means you could ascertain what a man was thinking about.

If this new science is not developed with the utmost care, it will get into irresponsible hands and there will be trouble. Gentle ladies coming away from the bargain sales will stop for a moment in front of a large white screen. There will be a blinding flash of light, as they say in the fairy tales, and then the polite manager will come up and say he will be glad if the lady will be so good as to pay for that little bundle of lace handkerchiefs that she has tucked inside her boot, or those silver-backed hair brushes which she appears to be carrying in her petticoat pocket. With the X-ray apparatus developed to such a pitch as this, which of us will be safe from slander?

The trouble with the X-ray kind of slander is that it supplies its own irrefutable evidence in every case. The X-ray shadow may throw a black spot on the blameless record of a lifetime. It looks as if some of our most reputable citizens are going to be found out very soon.

I have heard it said that sometimes at dinner parties, at even the best houses, the more portable articles of gold and silver plate have a way of falling over the edge of the dinner table into the lap of a distinguished guest, where they have, so to speak, been lapped up accordingly. It would not be possible, of course, for a hostess of high social rank to submit her departing guests to the ordeal of the X-ray, but probably not much harm would be done by just hinting at the possibilities of the new photography.

Somebody might suggest that at the far end of the room there is a complete outfit of apparatus of the kind, for those who are interested, and then the electric light might be playfully switched off for a minute. From what I have been told I gather that the clatter of spoons and forks being hurriedly replaced on the table during that minute would be absolutely deafening.

If the X-ray apparatus is to be introduced into suburban dinner parties, the fact must be clearly explained to guests before their arrival. A young man who flatters himself on his stylish appearance does not want to be stood in front of this tell-tale apparatus and have it proclaimed to all the world that he has nothing on underneath but a shirt-front, and that his essential garment is supported by only a single suspender. Up to the present we have always been taught that appearances deceive, but they won't be able to bluff the X-ray machine.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about the demand for bits of biography collected on the spot by butlers and footmen among the nobility and gentry. It appears that in America there is a large market for scandal overheard by the servants at the dinner table; but all the details they can give will be trifling compared to what the X-ray machine can put upon the market. When the next broken-down peer goes to America to find a wife, the papers will not only have his intimate record gathered from the servants'-hall, but they will be able to publish a complete diagram of his very British constitution in numbered sections for reference.

The attention of the gentle reader of Sunday sensations will be invited to the fact that his lordship's left lung appears to be a trifle shop-worn; while the dark shadow representing his liver is so heavy as to suggest that that organ is hardening up as the result



Enthusiastic Fisherman (to novice—dragged into it): "Of course, you mustn't expect to do much now. What you want is a properly bleak morning!"

of heavy drinking. Furthermore, his lordship's smart and military-looking appearance must obviously be due to his tailor's ingenuity, since his skiagraph clearly shows that one of his noble shoulders is higher than the other; and that the ribs on one side appear to have been punched in—the effect, no doubt, of a street fight after closing time.

Finally it will be noted that his lordship's skull is two millimetres thicker than the average, and that he has water on the brain.

American journalism is famous for its sensational head-lines, but I can see that it is about to surpass itself. With the X-ray apparatus in improved and portable form, so that it can be placed in the hands of every inquisitive reporter, personal journalism will reach a dazzling height to which in this country we are never likely to aspire. The headline of the future will put posers like this: What Has Senator Brown Done With His Gold Watch? Why Does He Wear A Champagne Cork On One End Of His Watch Chain And A Latch-Key On The Other? Why Does Brother Smith The Temperance Orator Carry A Whiskey Flask In His Hip Pocket? And so on.

A writer on Japanese manners attributes the native politeness in the smaller towns to the fact that the inhabitants have practically no privacy. The walls of their paper houses are thrown back, and their lives are lived in public. Therefore the average citizen has no use for "swank." His neighbours know as much of him as he knows of himself, and consequently he has no false dignity to keep up.

It may be that some such effect will be produced among us when the X-ray apparatus has come into everyday use. People will recognise the absurdity of living on appearances which deceive no longer. Mrs de Hightone, for instance, will probably lose some of the haughtiness of her manner when the reporter of the future points out that the bulgy purse which this lady is in the habit of carrying to emphasise her great wealth proves on being submitted to a flash from an X-ray camera to contain only sixpennyworth of coppers, half a dozen apparently unpaid bills, and a couple of reserve hairpins.

Dr. Hall Edwards' most appalling prophecy, however, is that which relates to the possibility of one man being able to read another's thoughts. I suppose they will put a small hand camera on the market which will enable you to take a snap shot of the brain of the man who is coming towards you with a beaming smile and before he has had time to say a word you will be already reading the developed photograph. You can imagine Jones running up to Smith in the street with his hand cordially extended, while Smith simply observes "I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but the fact is I'm short myself just now—I want every half-crown I've got."

The thought-reading hand-camera will revolutionise the daily affairs of the world. When you go hopefully into your employer's room and ask for a day's leave to bury your grandmother he will look up with a pleasant smile and say. "I think you had better go back to your desk, Mr Porelyer. I observe that the thought just now running through your mind was to the effect that you hoped the old idiot would not remember that it is Derby Day. I am much obliged to you for having mentally reminded me of the fact."

It may be that the thought-reading camera will influence the world for good. I can see our prison system already becoming superfluous under the omnipotent hand of modern science. Instead of waiting till the gentle burglar has begun his burgling job, the policeman on the beat will refer to his thought-reading camera, and as a bull-necked person saunters past him he will say:

"My friend, I observe from your thoughts that you are waiting till it is dark, when you propose to enter an adjacent house and bolt with the cash-box and the teaspoons. Pass along please!"

I think the poet has observed that the future is fraught with tremendous issues; and I daresay he is right. When old Brown takes his wife to the pantomime, and she thoughtlessly takes a snap-shot of his cogitations in the middle of the ballet, the only question in my mind is—will she hit him there and then, or wait till she gets him outside?

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE STATUE IN THE GARDEN.

By L. N. BARKER.



WHEN Louis Dinant looked through the high window into the tree-bordered garden, and saw for himself the empty pedestal, he felt indeed the last bitterness of defeat.

Upon that pedestal had stood an exquisite life-size figure of Diana, with white marble arms upraised in everlasting invocation to the sky. The cold beauty of the face, the delicate modelling of the limbs, set in that garden of flowers and shadows, had been one of his choicest memories of the past. And now the statue had gone for ever.

All the tragic incidents of the long disastrous war seemed to fade to insignificance by the side of this wanton. personal injury to those he loved. Anger had burned in his heart at the sight of the blackened ruins of the old familiar village street; fury had been awakened at some story of the ruthlessness of the invaders; but it needed this vision of a beautiful thing destroyed to reduce him to helpless despair, and to make him realise for the first time how completely he and his countrymen were beaten.

He let fall the heavy curtain over the high moonlit window, and turned away. As he did so the old doctor touched him on the arm.

"Hush," he whispered, "Monsieur Clarens is sleeping for the moment. Ah, Captain Dinant, you who fight are the fortunate ones. There is no glory for those who are left behind, but only to suffer."

"There has been little glory for any of us in this war. But tell me, doctor, is there no hope for Monsieur Clarens?"

"I fear there is none. He thinks of nothing save the statue. In a little while he will awake. He will arise and walk to the window; it would be fatal to stay him. Then he will draw back the curtain and look out into the moonlight. For a moment he will stand so, making no sound. Then he will go back to his bed and lie there trembling. He has done it already many times. And each time I know that a little of his life goes from him. Soon it will all be gone. He has said so often that unless he could see the statue once again he could never be happy more."

"All he knew of life and love he put into the modelling of that statue," said Dinant hoarsely. "The face was the face of his dead wife. Doctor, why were they permitted to destroy it?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "How could we stay them? We are a beaten, subject race. One of their generals expressed disapproval of the statue; the nude figure of a woman was unseemly, he said; and his men destroyed it. War puts men in a mood for wanton destruction. They did not know what they were doing."

"If her father dies, it will kill Yvonne."

"No. Death does not come so mercifully. She will live and suffer. But perhaps when you are married, love will help her to forget. But now she grieves bitterly. She has hidden herself away. She cannot bear the look on her father's face when he returns from gazing upon the empty pedestal."

Dinant sank upon a chair and buried his face in his hands. The old doctor moved away silently towards the curtained bed at the far end of the long room. There were no sounds, save only the monotonous ticking of a clock and the uneasy breathing of the old sculptor. Half an hour passed thus; then suddenly there was a movement at the sick bed. Looking up, Dinant discovered that the sculptor had risen to a sitting position, and was gazing wildly before him. His white hair hung in masses about his forehead, half hiding his features, over the rugged beauty of which had passed the shadow of mortal illness. The doctor was by his side, and presently was assisting him to rise.

And then, even as the doctor had described, the old man tottered across the room towards the window. The pity of it all was almost more than Dinant could bear, and he turned away his head as the sculptor with trembling fingers drew back the curtain.

A moment later a cry rang out. Dinant started to his feet. The sculptor stood gazing out of the window, his figure drawn to its full height, and both arms outstretched to hold back the curtains on either side. Upon his face there was a look of perfect ecstasy.

For a moment he stood thus, rigid; then suddenly his body seemed to collapse and fall back, and Dinant sprang forward just in time to catch him as he fell. And the curtains swung together and closed over the moonlit window.

Between them they carried back the inanimate figure, and with dread in his heart Dinant watched the doctor making a hurried examination. He felt that the end had come more rapidly than either had expected, and waited only to hear his fears confirmed.

A puzzled frown gathered on the doctor's face and again he went through his tests. At last he spoke.

"It is strange," he said, "Monsieur Clarens has but fainted after all. And the faint is passing off into sleep. Into the normal, healthy sleep that I have hoped for, but felt sure would never come. It is a miracle—it will save his life. What can it be that has set his mind at rest?"

Dinant moved away wonderingly. He made his way to the window and drew aside the curtain.

Out in the garden nothing had changed. The moonlight still fell upon the pedestal set in a dark circle of overhanging trees. He turned to the doctor. "Nothing is different there," he said. "It must have been illusion. He has longed so for the statue, that at last he dreamt he saw it there."

"It matters not how," returned the doctor. "He will recover now, and presently he will be strong enough to bear the truth. Go to his daughter and tell her what has happened."

Dinant went quietly from the room into the passage beyond. Outside the door he paused. Through a tall window a flood of silver moonlight fell on the oaken staircase and lit up the figure of a girl who leaned upon the balustrade. She was clad in a loose gown that was open a little at the throat and showed the ivory-whiteness of her neck. Over the dark coils of her hair white muslin was bound, giving them the look of sculptured marble.

"Yvonne," called Dinant softly.

At the sound of his voice, she came towards him. In her face a deep colour burned.

"A miracle has happened," he said. "Your father will recover. He has seen a vision of the statue in the garden and his mind is now at rest."

She turned her face away into the shadow. "I knew he could be saved so," she said. "Will you ever forgive me? It was the only way."

"Of course, I forgive you anything. But I do not understand. What is there to forgive?"

She stood in silence for a while before answering. At length she spoke.

"It was not a vision that my father saw," she said in a voice so low that he had to bend close to hear. "It was I. I was the statue in the garden."

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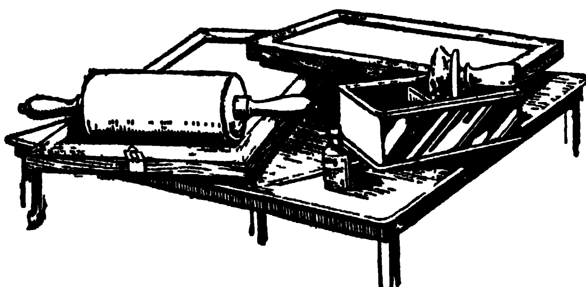
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Giles H Van Vleck (from photo).

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A Large Order.

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Sayings 'Down Our Street.'

"In spite of statistics there are people of thirty who never were really twenty they were fifteen then suddenly jumped to twenty nine, and missed all the folly and joy and wonder in between."

"All you want to do if you get in a tight corner is to give your blouse a pull down at the back, and carry things off"—*Down Our Street* by J E Buckrose Mills & Boon 6s

Understanding.

"Dislike, with intelligent people, is evanescent dislike is merely misunderstanding

"Very few understand beauty, most of us remain content to enjoy it" *The Lass With the Delicate Air*, by A R Goring Thomas Lane. 6s

Nature's Business.

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The Peace Symbol.

"The olive branch is the regular recognised symbol of peace The reason of that is that oil is got out of olives, and oil is one of the most soothing things there is. Of course, you get oil from other sources too—from whales, for instance, but the olive branch is chosen as a symbol because it's such a much more convenient thing to carry about than a whale is" *The Simpkins Plot*, by G A. Birmingham Nelson 2s net

A Hunting Parson's Rejoinder.

"There was a hunting parson near us who was called to account by the bishop 'Mr Blank, I have not a word to say against your ministrations But this is a tattling world, and they tell me that you hunt' 'It is indeed, a tattling world, my lord They say your lordship goes to the Queen's balls' 'It is true that, when I am invited by Her Majesty I do not think it proper to decline But I am never in the room in which the dancing is going on' 'That is just my case my lord I have only one old mare, and I am never in the field in which the hounds are'"—*Reminiscences* by Goldwin Smith Macmillan, 10s net

Hugo, the Superb.

"Once,' Turgenev says, while I was at Hugo's house, we talked about German poetry Victor Hugo, who does not like anybody to speak in his presence, interrupted me and undertook a portrait of Goethe 'His best work" said he in an Olympian tone, 'is "Wallenstein"' 'Pardon, dear master, "Wallenstein" is not by Goethe It is by Schiller' 'It is all the same, I have read neither one nor the other, but I know them much better than those who have learnt them by heart'"—*Two Russian Reformers, Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy*, by J A T. Lloyd Stanley Paul 10s 6d net



SEATS OF LEARNING: A FORECAST

[Among the growing educational facilities offered to inmates of His Majesty's prisons is now numbered the chance of taking courses in scientific or other subjects by post

First B.A · "And are you an Oxford man?"
Second Ditto "No old chap—Dartmoor!"

Politics from the Inside.

"It is those thousand private conferences between opposing leaders behind the Speaker's chair, and at dinner parties and social clubs, which give real direction to the politics and to the destinies of modern England"

"Everyone acquainted in the smallest degree with the inside of politics knows that there is a market for peerages in Downing Street as he knows that there is a market for cabbages in Covent Garden he could put his finger upon the very names of the men who have bought their 'honours'"—*The Party System*, by Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton Stephen Swift 3s. 6d net

• • •

MESSRS JOHN LONG'S latest six shilling publications include *The Inevitable Marriage*, by Dorothea Gerard; *The Diary of My Honeymoon*, by Lady X; and *Midsummer Morn*, by R H. Forster; all are very entertaining novels.

FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

V.—The Secret of the Hotel Safe.

IN the summer of 1882 the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Seabourne was crowded. The hotel was a well known resort of moneyed folk who came from all parts for the season at Seabourne. It was a palatial building, and was run by a syndicate whose headquarters were situated in London. The hotel was under the management of Major Brooke. There was also an assistant manager, a foreigner.

Wherever wealthy folk foregather there may also be found members of the predatory classes. It is in such places as the Cosmopolitan Hotel that the *élite* of the criminal fraternity find the most remunerative occupation for their intellectual energies, but had you walked into the central hall of the Cosmopolitan on a certain day in the year above mentioned and cast your eye over the well-dressed throng of visitors chatting gaily with one another, you would probably have entertained no suspicion as to the *bona fides* of any person you there beheld.

But Major Brooke sat in his private office, much perturbed in mind. Something had happened which had cast a slur over his good name. It was the custom for any visitor possessing portable valuables to deposit them with the manager, who then became responsible for it. A few days previously Major Brooke had so received from the hands of one of the visitors, a lady known as Mrs. Van Adam, supposed to be a wealthy American, some diamond ornaments, for which he had duly given a receipt. He then deposited them in the safe in his own private room. The safe was fitted with what is known as a "number lock," and could only be opened by a certain arrangement of numerals. The "key" was in the possession of the manager, who, for still further security, occasionally altered the numerical sequence.

Well, a few days after Major Brooke had, with his own hands, deposited Mrs. Van Adam's diamonds in the safe, that lady made an application for the return of them to wear at a local function, when upon going to the safe, the manager discovered, to his utter bewilderment, that they had disappeared! How had they been removed? The lady became very angry, charged the manager with gross carelessness, and made a claim upon the proprietors for the value of the missing gems, which she stated were worth £3,000.

The situation which presented itself was one eminently uncomfortable for Major Brooke. How could anybody have obtained access to the safe? It did not appear to have been tampered with.

The firm took counsel with their solicitor, and the services of a female detective were enlisted, who was installed at the Cosmopolitan as a bookkeeper. In this capacity she was able to keep an eye on all and sundry, and quickly recognised Mrs. Van Adam as one whom she had known as Mrs. Jackson, connected with several jewel robberies.

This was one good step towards the elucidation of the mystery, although it still left the actual removal of the jewels from the safe as inexplicable as ever. As to the manager, Miss Charlton, the new bookkeeper, was soon confident of his innocence. Was he in any way an unconscious dupe? Had he fallen into the clutches of Mrs. Jackson?

Well, Miss Charlton felt confident that to clear up the mystery of this robbery meant the unmasking of "Mrs. Van Adam." Major Brooke, she felt, was a



OUR CLIMATE.

First Office Boy: "Well, Ethelbert, wot's it going to be to-day—'ot or cold lunch?"

victim in one way or another. She was however unfavourably impressed with the assistant manager, Mr. Roos, who was, to employ an expressive Americanism, "considerable snaky."

Miss Charlton at length determined to take Major Brooke into her confidence and learn as much as possible concerning his method of dealing with the number lock of the safe. The position occupied by Major Brooke was one of considerable delicacy and he was compelled to act with much circumspection. So far as he knew Mrs. Van Adam was a lady beyond reproach and her word was not to be questioned, nor was it in the power of Miss Charlton with all her knowledge, to take any practical steps against the woman she knew to be a fraud without first obtaining some tangible evidence against her. They would have to proceed cautiously, meet cunning with cunning. It appeared that Major Brooke had been in the habit of jotting down on a slip of paper the different numeral combinations he had made use of, and shortly before the loss of the jewellery in question this slip had disappeared from his desk. He had since altered the combination but too late to prevent the opening of the safe. Who had stolen the paper? Suspicion at once, in the mind of Miss Charlton, fell upon the assistant manager Roos, and for that gentleman she determined to lay a trap.

In the meantime she advised Major Brooke to "tackle" Mrs. Van Adam, whose account was considerably in arrears, to press for payment thereof, also to get from her particulars concerning herself and the jewellery she was claiming for. The manager was in short urged to treat her somewhat at arm's length, as one who was viewed with suspicion.

The trap laid for Mr. Roos was as follows. Major Brooke was to write a number upon a piece of paper and with this in his hand he was to go ostentatiously to the safe. In the middle of his task of opening the safe a friend was to come into the room, engage the manager in conversation and withdraw from the apartment, the Major to leave the slip of paper openly upon the table.

During this Miss Charlton was to be in hiding in the room itself so that she could command a view of the glass partition which separated the private office from the outer office. The other clerks were to be sent out on one pretext or another in order that the coast might be clear.

This was accordingly carried out and proved quite successful. While the manager was busy at his safe, when his attention was distracted by his friend, Miss Charlton had the satisfaction of seeing the face of Roos peering through the glass partition, and after the manager and his friend had quitted the room Roos came swiftly into it, read the number on the slip of paper and as swiftly departed.

The truth was out at last. Roos was a confederate of "Mrs. Van Adam." So far, so good. But they must be caught red handed. A plan for trapping the two was arranged.

Major Brooke was to let it be known that he had need of a considerable sum of money, which was to be drawn from the local bank and deposited in the safe. He was to go to the bank himself, bring away a couple of bags of money, and deposit them in the safe. This was done. The police were summoned and hidden upon the premises. That same night the private office was closely watched, and about two in the morning sure enough, Roos was seen to go to the safe, open it, extract two bags of money, and leave the hotel with them.

Being followed he was seen to make his way to a vehicle in waiting into which he threw the bags of money. The arrest was then made. In the vehicle was found Mrs. Jackson alias Mrs. Van Adam. The bags in question contained only copper coins! Both were sent to gaol, and among the effects of "Mrs. Van Adam" were found the missing jewels which, as might be supposed, were skilful imitations.

NEXT WEEK: "THE DISAPPEARING DIAMOND."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Champion Royal Stone.

THIS dog, a famous bulldog, is dead. He was the property of Mr. J. A. Stephenson of Ingledene, Horsforth, nr. Leeds. It is said, that this dog was insured for £700 at Lloyd's. Royal Stone was not only an exceptionally good-looking dog, but a sire of about forty winners, including Ch. Rollicking Stone. Meadstead Molly, Sly Jim, now in Cape Colony, and Ch. Hector of Wearmouth, a well-known bulldog in the Transvaal.

The Festival of Empire.

At the coming event at the Crystal Palace, Mrs. Lesmoir Gordon and other ladies, have arranged for the continuous representation of several of the principal breeds of English dogs. There will be relays of these dogs, which will not only give the visiting public an opportunity to see several interesting varieties, but, if they wish, purchase them.

An Airedale Sold for £350.

Americans again have come forward and given the top-price for an English Airedale. Champion Rockley Oorang has changed hands, his new owner being Mr. Albright, a very wealthy Newark, New Jersey, rubber-manufacturer. With Oorang went to America a female of his kind, costing £150. A "monkey" for a brace of Airedales, is the record figure. Mr. F. McConnell, a native of Brooklyn, now residing at Southport, was the vendor. There is an enormous and sustained market for first-class Airedales in America. No dog is more useful for settlers in Canada than the Airedale.

The Colour of Chow Chows.

The Chow-Chow is a Chinese dog, and so far as I am



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

Mrs. Lenox: "I really don't know what would happen, William, if you ever agreed with me on any subject."

Lenox: "Something serious, no doubt, for we'd be dead wrong, my dear!"

aware, is the only breed with a black or blue coloured tongue in existence. The colour of a Chow Chow may be red, black, or blue. The shades should be sound, and in the case of reds, a deep brick red. A dog that is representative in this wise is the red champion Sinbad, the property of Miss C. M. Baker, of Moorwood, Streatham Hill. He is a very nice one, good in colour, legs, feet, and possessing scowling brows or expression. All of us have, perhaps, heard people talk about the black roof to a dog's mouth which they allege is a sure sign of the dog being pure-bred. This notion may be traced to the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries who brought Chow Chows back with them from China, and all sorts of legends about their tongues and mouths.

Toy Bull Terriers

These white dogs greatly esteemed in fashionable circles both in England and the United States have improved vastly of late years. They are descended from the larger terriers of their own breed and the white English terrier, a dog very nearly the same in make and shape as the once much sought after Manchester black and tan terrier. Miniature or toy bull terriers were usually bred by poor men in the East End of London before the days of dog showing by ladies of the West End. Still, it must be written that the terriers of the present time are ever so much better in the formation of their long and narrow heads than those seen at the old tavern shows of years ago.

English Judge for America.

Americans place great dependence on English judges. Thus it is that Mr. Sam Crabtree of Failsworth, near Manchester, has already been appointed for the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association at Mineola, Long Island, N.Y., in June. Mr. Crabtree is one of the most experienced of British professional judges.

Dog Show at Earl's Court

An all British Dog Show is to be held on April 5th and 6th, at Earl's Court, the whole being under the management of Mr. Arthur Sparrow, a gentleman of much grit in these affairs. The hounds and gun dogs will be a special attraction, the exhibition being promoted by Messrs. Chamberlain and Page, who cater a great deal for the fancies of sportsmen. Mr. H. M. Mason, of Hertford, Berks, is the secretary.

New Scottish Breeds.

Londoners were recently treated to a full view of several Shetland sheepdogs and Cairn terriers. Both varieties at the Agricultural Hall were slightly mixed. That is to say, there were several different types. The Shetland sheepdog should be a miniature collie but very small. He should hold the same position as a Shetland pony does to a full grown horse. The Cairn terriers are small Scottish terriers. Again they are reduced editions and very likely looking little terriers, which would be able to get at their quarry in between the crevices of rocks or cairns.

An Enormous Irish Wolfhound

A strapping great hound is Champion Felixstowe Kilronan, the property of Major and Mrs. Shewell, of Cotswold, Cheltenham. This champion-bred Irish wolfhound was raised by Mr. Spooner, and stands very near thirty-six inches. Thus his owner calls him "a good kind of yard dog." The extreme beauty of Kilronan is that he is sound. There is no suspicion of cow-hocks, unfortunately so common in big dogs. He could hold and possibly kill the strongest of Russian or American wolves. Some of Kilronan's kennel mates recently crossed the Atlantic. They made large prices. Kilronan is valued at £300.





See Special Announcement by Gem Supplies Company on page 291.

PERSONAL DOUBLES.

A Competition About Celebrities with Cash for Competitors.

The four £5 notes offered for **Competition 360** are awarded to:

HENRY PERRYMAN, Malefant Street, Cathays, Cardiff. *Lloyd George (p. 229)* *Like Ginger*	ALFRED T. BLACKLIE, 19 Gold Street, Northampton. *Lloyd George (p. 229)* *Less Grog*	G. GITTINS, Haxton, Netheravon, Wilts. *Frank Wootton (p. 202)* *Followers Wealthy.*	A. E. JONES, 51 Grantham Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. *Edward James (p. 204).* *Escapes Justice*

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.



Lord Roberts.

"PERSONAL DOUBLES" is the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition; and there are few who can't find some use for a five pound note.

We offer this week **Four Five Pound Notes** to those who send in the four best Personal Doubles.

Select one of these three names:

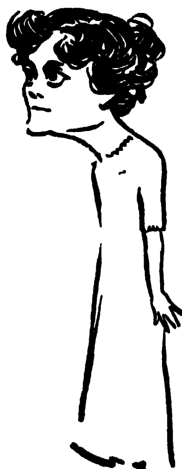
James Barrie.
J
B

Irene Vanbrugh.
I
V

Lord Roberts.
L
R

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 282 to 286); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, use only the first. Thus, for Mr. H. V. Esmond your Double should begin with H. E. You may reverse the initials if you like.



Irene Vanbrugh.

The four Five Pound Notes offered this week will be paid to the senders of the four cleverest entries. They may all happen to be on the same name; they may be all four on different names. It may happen, possibly, that all four will be won by the same competitor; they may each be won by a different competitor. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

Each Personal Double sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The selection will be made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 362, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 28th February. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 8th March.



James Barrie.

Personal Doubles Coupon 362.

P.O. No. ....

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Personal Double" below for Competition No. 362, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... *From page* ....

Double ....

"SOCCER" SCANDALS.

By A REFEREE.

WEEK by week I officiate as referee or linesman in some of the most important "Soccer" competitions, and I quite agree with Mr Roberts that something must be done to check the hooliganism both of the crowd and the players.

I have generally found that League matches are twice as keen and exciting as friendlies, and that Cup Ties are twice as fiercely fought as League matches. Yet I believe that the average referee prefers a Cup Tie to a League fixture. Why? Partly because he enjoys the excitement, and also because he is appointed by the Football or other Association as distinguished from the League.

All League referees have to be nominated by League clubs, and if a referee upsets one of these clubs, that club will do its best to get the name of that referee removed from the official list. I have spoken to hundreds of referees on the subject, and they one and all agree that the present system is most objectionable, and tends to prevent a referee from doing his duty for fear of the consequences.

Unless a referee is "known" or has friends at court he may be a perfect specimen of the species, yet he will rarely get an appointment to a senior game.

The only remedy for this state of affairs is that referees should be appointed by the Association and not by the Leagues. By this means not only would better men be appointed, but those appointed would carry out their duties more fearlessly.

The most objectionable feature in modern professional football is the intentional fouling that frequently takes place. It is now tolerated and accepted as a part of the game. Some professionals have made this fouling a fine art; many fouls are so ingeniously perpetrated that the man in the crowd does not notice them.

I am not now referring to technical breaches such as the same player kicking the ball twice from a free kick, but breaches against Law 9 (excepting hands), viz. Tripping, kicking, jumping at, violent charging, pushing, or holding an opponent. Players who commit these fouls often seriously injure their victims, and the present free kick, or even penalty, are not sufficient to prevent this law from being constantly broken.

A man who is a thief or swindler is ostracised by society, and a player who constantly breaks this law should also be abhorred.

Players who commit breaches of Law 9 should be severely punished. The present free kick is totally inadequate, and referees should order the culprits off the field more promptly.

The offender should suffer financially, and the club fined, say, £10 for each man ordered off—to be paid to the Charity Account.

Every breach of Law 9 I would suggest should count as one point in favour of the opposite side, five points counting as one goal.

By this means players would know that they had nothing to gain and everything to lose by committing these offences, the result being a clean game and very few players injured.

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CHESS. By C. REDWAY.

CORRECT solutions to Problem No 313 received from H. G. Hughes, R. M. Burr, "Sidderincy," R. Congreve Pilgeon, T. Brott, A. E. Tredgill, G. H. Plummer, A. McWilliam, H. V. Tattersall, F. J. Lackerstein, Karl Holdich, R. W. S. Nixon, J. D. Tucker, W. Carles, G. B. Tamage, F. E. Nichols, G. Ingleden, L. J. McAdam, I. G. Maunsell, C. R. Neiderheitmann, S. R. Johnson, J. I. Adamson (No 309), E. B. Willis, W. E. Candy, P. Leia, J. M. H. Hamilton.

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TECLA PEARLS.—Pending the completion of the Tecla premises at 7 Old Bond Street, the Tecla company installed, temporarily, their present shop at 30 Old Bond Street. The permanent showrooms—an exact replica of their Paris establishment—will be open on the 27th of this month.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Shades for the Season.

WHAT are to be the most fashionable shades for lounge suits this season? From what I have been able to see—and hear—on the matter, I gather that in all probability there will not be a rage for any one particular colour but if there is, that colour will probably be brown A dark chocolate brown would be a little too sombre a shade for some men—I am thinking now, of course, of summer suits —but some of the newest suitings are of this shade Others are of a much brighter shade of brown and these I imagine, will be much more popular than the plain dark brown Still, as a change from the ordinary blue serge suit, as worn in summer a dark brown Saxony suit should be very welcome The suitings in the lighter shades of brown have patterns formed of "invisible" stripes of other colours

Royal Purple

I do not know whether the manufacturers of these cloths had the Coronation in view when they designed the patterns, but in many of them there is a good deal of purple I grant that a purple pattern on a light brown cloth sounds rather "loud," but in the best cloths the patterns are very subdued, in fact, in some cases they are scarcely noticeable, and when this is the case the cloth is not one I should choose for myself If the pattern is too indistinct the cloth merely seems to be of a bad colour There is one advantage about a light brown suit which is possessed, I believe, by no other kind of suit, it does not "show the dust" Also, to use the tailor's expression it "wears clean"—an important consideration to men who live in towns.

Other Colours.

Some other colours will probably be hardly less popular than the browns A bright blue plain cloth and a silver-grey tweed with a purple pattern will probably be a good deal in demand My advice to anyone ordering a lounge suit now is Beware of cloths of nondescript colours—shades that you cannot describe as being brown or blue, or grey, or slate, but only as "a kind of mixture" Some of these cloths are very attractive when they are unrolled for your inspection, but when they are made up they are not always quite so desirable A suit, for instance that might be described as a "blue brown with a dash of green in it," is apt to look like a rusty blue when it is worn in a good light And that reminds me of a little hint In choosing a lounge suit for the summer always choose it on a fine, bright day, and not by an artificial light A few of these indescribable shades to which I have referred are quite good, but in that case the cloths are usually very expensive, and they are really intended only for a man who can have, at least, half a dozen lounge suits always in wear If the average man who is content to have, say, a couple of lounge suits in wear, has one of a very uncommon colour, he is apt to get known by his suit and the man who distinguishes himself in that way can hardly be said to be well dressed

The Lounge Coat.

With regard to the cut of the lounge coat this season, I think there can be no doubt that it will be on different lines than those to which we have been accustomed The coat will be more "roomy" and comfortable The waist will be defined, but the coat will not fit tightly there and there will be no great amount of "skirtiness" below the waist The coat will have three buttons and the lapels will roll to a point just below the top button The outside handkerchief pocket is to be fashionable but as regards that detail, I intend to be out of the fashion, for I think that such a pocket "breaks up" the front of a coat and spoils it

An Important Detail.

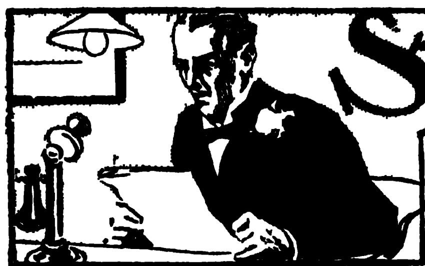
An important detail in the general style of the lounge coat is the size of the opening at the top of the coat This should be narrow at the top but deep and it should taper down to a point A coat that has an opening wide at the top looks very "sloppy" and that style does not suit one man in a hundred It will be seen that the lounge coat of this season is a much neater coat than that fashionable last year Some men will perhaps say that the 1911 coat is less stylish than the 1910 coat but in all probability the suitings of this season being brighter than those of last year, will compensate for any such deficiency I have seen some suitings designed for this season which I think even the gayest of gay young dogs would hesitate to wear



AT MONTE CARLO.

Compte de Batignolles: "If you say you will be my bride, Miss Smith, I will lay all my possessions at your feet."

Miss Smith: "How lovely! But I shouldn't be able to pick them up until the fashion changes!"



By EAGLE.

Great Westerns Mexican Rail Dividend Prospects—Expanding Business in Oils

If the annual dividends of home railway companies are any guide, the current half-year should prove a prosperous period in the current half-year. Industrial conditions in the chief industries are more settled than they have been for some time past, and foreign trade continues to go forward by leaps and bounds, and reports from industrial centres tell of pronounced activity, especially in shipbuilding. Traffics to date have kept up well, notwithstanding that in most cases the comparison is with good increases in the corresponding period of 1910.

How Dividends Have Risen

With the exception of the North Eastern all the leading companies paid higher distributions on their Ordinary stocks for 1910 than for 1909 as the following statement shows:

	1909. Per Cent	1910 Per Cent	Yield at present price Per Cent
Great Western	5¼	5[illegible]	4[illegible]
Great Northern	1¾*	2¼*	4[illegible]
Great Eastern	2	3[illegible]	1
London & North Western	5	6	1[illegible]
„ & South Western	1[illegible]*	2[illegible]*	1[illegible]
Brighton & South Coast	1*	4¼*	5
Midland	2[illegible]*	[illegible]*	5¼
North Eastern	6	6	4
South Eastern	nil*	1*	2[illegible]

* On the Deferred stock

In the case of the North Eastern the shipbuilding lock-out robbed the company of a fair share in the revival in trade, while the Great Northern Company also suffered from the same cause. In my opinion Great Western Ordinary ought to go higher. The business prospects along the line are excellent and the management is one of the keenest in the matter of working expenditure. In addition it should not be overlooked that the working agreement with the South Western Company has not got into its stride yet, it having been in existence only six months. If the compact had been in operation during the whole of last year the dividend would have risen by more than ½ per cent.

Mexican Rails

For the second half of 1910 the Mexican Railway Company is expected to declare a dividend on the Ordinary stock at the rate of [illegible] per cent per annum, the same as was paid for the June six months. This would give ¾ per cent (actual) on the stock for the year as against nil for 1909, when, in fact, the Second Preference only received 2[illegible] per cent. The Ordinary now stands at 50, and in the circumstances appears to be quite high enough. The 6 per cent Second Preference however, standing as they do at about 9[illegible], might well go to par.

Midland Uruguay Debenture Stock

Those in search of a sound security to form one of a "Trust" might well consider the merits of 5 per cent prior lien Debenture stock of the Midland Uruguay Railway, now purchasable at about 98, and thus giving a clear 5 per cent yield. That the undertaking is a progressive one was shown by the last report, which exhibited a jump of 100 per cent in net earnings. The company has done a little better so far this year, and altogether the £30,000 per annum required for the service of the stock should be easily covered twice over. The security is a floating charge on the entire undertaking and also on a Uruguay Government guarantee of about £80,000.

Banks and Banks

It is certainly time that a short Act of Parliament was put through to stop the abuse of the word "Bank." The Charing Cross débâcle ought alone to prove sufficient to bring about this much-needed reform, but if further argument were necessary it is to be found in the collapse of the "British Bank of Commerce," which has assets estimated to produce £22,600 against ranking liabilities of £3[illegible],000 odd. The extraordinary feature about this concern is that it was interested in certain cabinet making and ribbon businesses!

A Broadening Oil Market

Quite the best volume of business in the history of the oil share market is now being experienced, and a large number of shares are being taken off the market in addition to the usual speculative transactions. In other words the investor is buying. From general appearances it would appear highly probable that dealings will broaden out still further, and maybe the movement will culminate in the long deferred boom. In these shares the utmost caution is necessary, because there are so many companies with doubtful prospects in existence, and beware especially of newly floated concerns. By the way, the extension of the Shell Company's operations into Egypt is bound to result in further large profits for the undertaking. The astute directorate make few mistakes.

Rubber Boom Aftermath.

A rather amusing feature of City life at present is the number of men seeking to recover commissions which, they allege, are due to them for introducing rubber estates to company promoters during last year's boom. In the early part of the year, when the fever was at its height, anyone with a rubber concession was received with open arms by the promoting fraternity, and commission notes were signed by the dozen. Naturally, loose methods of doing business give rise to endless disputes, three or four persons sometimes claiming commissions.

Port Talbots

The dividend on the Ordinary shares of the progressive Port Talbot Docks and Railway Company for the current year is likely to be 6 per cent, as against 4 per cent for 1910, and [illegible] per cent only for 1909, and future years should produce even higher distributions. This is not mere guesswork, but is based on information from the chairman of the line. As a matter of fact, certain agreements expire in July next, and the new bargains which are expected to be then entered upon will enhance the net revenue of the line considerably. I believe the company will pay 8 per cent in a few years' time.

A Collection of Trusts

A useful booklet for the investor is the collection of investment trusts yielding about 5 per cent, published by the *Stock Exchange Gazette*, Gresham House, E.C., at the price of 7d. A wide range of securities of a sound character is given, and by spreading the risks in the manner set out in the booklet a high degree of safety should be obtained.

The "Mining Manual."

This useful annual makes its reappearance and has been brought thoroughly up to date. To the mining speculator and investor the volume is invaluable, since it gives him all the important particulars concerning his holdings.

Rubber Again.

It did not require a very clever prophet to foresee that those who controlled the rubber market last year would control it again sooner or later. The difficult thing to foresee was the day and the hour. It looks pretty certain now, however, that they have got the commodity well in hand, and that they will move it so as to make big money out of the shares, which at their present prices yield 8 or 9 per cent, and when you can do this with a good possibility of immediate increment in capital value it becomes particularly tempting.

Some Likely Shares

For this reason I think some of the leading rubber shares may be bought with every confidence, but do not be too greedy in the way of profit—be content with a few shillings, and let someone else have a chance after. I should give as a selection Linggi, Vallambrosa, Anglo-Malay, Peraks,

Cicely, Straits Bertram, and Selangor. There are several others, but those are all freely dealt in, which counts for something.

U. S. Steel Manipulation.

Optimism of a Micawber like nature would be necessary to read the quarterly report of the U S Steel Corporation, and then to go a bull of Steel Common at over 80 And yet this is what operators in America are doing, professional ones at that The December report showed that the dividend on the Common was not raised At any rate, it is only the future that can justify the buyers, and to justify them the trade will have to make a big jump The hope of a better future is based on the chairman's statement that orders have increased to 30,000 tons daily, and the fact that the railways are expected to be able to place bonds and give large orders for rails I am not in love with the methods of those who control the Steel Trust in America, and would advise readers not to be drawn into the gamble Its success depends on many financial ramifications, and I should not hesitate to sell a small "bear" if the price was hoisted anywhere in the neighbourhood of 90.

Cheleken Oilfields Limited.

Cheleken is an island in the Caspian Sea famed for its wealth in naphtha and ozokerite It has hitherto been entirely worked by Russians, and the Cheleken Oilfields Limited is the first English company which has obtained a footing on the island Among the five properties owned by the company is one called Ale Tepe, "the eye of the island," which is considered to be the most valuable proved plot there The company has been actively engaged for some little time past in developing this property and expects to reach the production stage in April next On the adjoining property one well last year is said to have given as much as 16,000 tons a day The total issued capital of the Cheleken Oilfields Limited is £225,000 Shares are now quoted at 1¾—⅞ and upon these facts look good for higher prices

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

'*I H H*'—I do not see how you could get the sum you mention over four different railways Great Easterns would yield you nearly 5 per cent and I think this and Great Northern Deferred are two of the cheapest Home Railway Stocks at the moment *Smuggler*'—No have nothing whatever to do with the firm you name or with any other circularising touts or you will lose your money I am as requested, sending the name of a Stock Exchange broker by post *Ventura Manchester* Standard Oil of England is a fair speculative Oil holding and I do not think the present an opportune moment to sell They would be almost certain to improve with any general recovery in the Oil market *Castletown*'—I advise you not to embark upon the suggested deals. '*Kilmingrove*'—I consider Hollings & Co (Vicella) a very well managed industrial company and do not see any reason for you to sell I should be inclined to give Selukwe a chance, as it is quite possible further developments may discover something rich Chartered Option should be held for the present as everything points to an improvement in the company's position Zinc Corporations are now doing well, and the shares are a good speculative investment but I do not know of any reason that is likely to cause an advance in price *C M R* I regret I am unable to find any trace in any books of reference to the company you refer to and fancy it must be an American or Canadian concern with no office on this side If you send me the address I might be able to make further inquiries *Literal* Yes, I think you should hold City & South London Ords If you have the stock registered in your own name you will have the dividend sent on to you You are entitled to it and it is payable this month *Lyon*—It is very difficult to forecast the Copper situation The Americans are undoubtedly manipulating the fact however that they have let it be generally known that there are large hidden supplies points to their wishing to get "bear" sales made of Copper shares, and if they succeed they will be able to give prices a sharp twist up I do not see much attraction in doing anything at the moment certainly I do not advise a "bear" operation The market ought to be watched and if prices went back sharply a call option secured on Tintos or Amalgamated would probably prove good business *Workman* There is no tonnage market in Wright Layman & Umney Pref and I should advise you to take 1s 17s 6d per cent on Robinson & Cleaver Pref instead of worrying about the little extra dividend The latter business should do well this coming year I have sent you the name of a broker who will carry out small options in Chartered, as requested

(*Other replies next week*)





CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

GENERALLY it is by matters of comparative indifference that we are excited —*Sunday at Home*



Waiter "I hope you will not forget me sir"

Diner "Oh, no Though I have not seen your face before, I shall never forget it!" —"Le Sourire"

Now that the judges are so down upon photography in court, they should in common fairness stop taking cases in camera —*Star*

• • •

Man's free will is powerless against the rules of the calculation of probabilities He marries because it is mathematically arranged that he shall do so —*L S*

• • •

From Harwich comes news of a clerical promise to marry Territorials at reduced fees Here is a case of the brave not only deserving the fair but getting her—at bargain rates —*Westminster Gazette*

• • •

"It is only recently," remarked Mr G J Huntley lately "that the idea of playing at the halls appealed to me The position of the halls has changed Nevertheless a sad disappointment awaits those who seek the Metropolitan in the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury Avenue —*Globe*

• • •

A Polar Dash

'Twas Saturday night and six men did head
For the Pole each deep perplexed
Each one wanted to be the first one there
When the barber shouted "next"
—*Baltimore Sun*

• • •

London refuses to learn how to eat and drink In a bright Paris cafe with open windows out on to the passing crowds then to catch a train at the Gare du Nord land at Charing Cross and have a parsimonious whisky grudgingly served out in a stuffy bar to the irritating accompaniment of "Time, gentlemen please" causes comparisons which are disparaging to London —*Washington Star*

• • •

Many people feel very much like a little girl who got up one morning full of righteous resolves about which she said nothing At the end of the day she went to her mother in a flood of tears and a furious temper "That beast of a nurse" she cried "I've been an angel all day and I heard her telling Jane she knew I'd been up to some mischief 'cos I'd been so very good! I'll be a devil to-morrow" —*The Looking Glass*

Modern civilisation would inevitably wither if there were a serious iron famine —*Science Progress*.

• • •

Kaiser Wilhelm has recently made a plumber a peer If an autocratic K Hardie has his way he would make all our peers plumbers —*The World*

• • •

Savants tell us that the hobble skirt was fashionable among the Egyptians 5,000 years ago However it is not mentioned among the plagues of Egypt —*Milwaukee Sentinel*

• • •

Beatrice Forbes Robertson says that women will cease going through the pockets of their husbands when they are given the right to vote We fear that Beatrice is holding out false hopes —*Cleveland Leader*

• • •

Further striking evidence of the decay of England was witnessed at Dover when a huge mass of cliff fell into the sea The poet's dictum that Britannia needs no bulwarks seems to stand in need of revision —*Evening Times*

• • •

The road to ruin is always kept
In good repair
And to this end each traveller
Must pay his share
—*Munsey's Magazine*

• • •

Light in a monoplane It was only a five minute trip at Pau but so far as it went it was completely successful The conductor and the bell punch are only a matter of time, but just at present it is wiser for reasons that need not be dwelt upon, to collect the fares before starting —*Evening News*

• • •

It is possible there is some connection between our trade and the cricketing term hat trick applied when a bowler takes three wickets with successive balls In the early part of last century the players in a cricket match wore top hats It may have occurred to some enthusiast to make a present of a new hat to the player who performed the feat mentioned We offer it as a suggestion —*The Outfitter*

• • •

There was a man in our town
Who wrote a book and made
A very very great mistake—
He called a spade a spade
For our town is prudish
He erred in being brave
The spade it turned on him and dug
His literary grave
—*Puck* New York

• • •

Can it really be true that the thin red line immortalised in story will soon be a thing of the past? It is proposed to abolish the scarlet tunics now worn by the infantry regiments in the British Army and it is rumoured that khaki for home service is soon to be replaced by a field dress of some other colour most probably a light green or neutral grey This would mean following in the wake of the German and Italian armies and the French military authorities are said to be considering a similar change —*Manchester Courier*



RE-ASSURED.

"Gracious! what a fright they gave me! When I heard the crack, I was sure my new dress had given way!"—"Pele Mele," Paris.

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

4th MARCH, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 363.

(Reg G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 321

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 355.



MARCH.

WHEN March comes in with streaming hair,
The poet nightly his doth tear,
For daffodils adown the lane
Are dancing in the wind again,
And every maiden seems more fair.

The student fidgets in his chair,
And even the humble, hopping hare
Is temporarily insane
When March comes in.

Corin adjusts his tie with care,
The night-school benches grow more bare;
While in the street, my lady's train
Imagines it's an aeroplane,
And many things are "in the air"
When March comes in.

D. B. NAISMITH.

London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

PLUCK to wear the newest skirt seems deficient at present, but how long will the harem scare 'em?

• • •

Lord Richard in the Pantry is the title of a new novel. The hero should, obviously, be a " well filled out " young man.

• • •

If the Lords abolitionists had their way, two Houses a night at Westminster Palace would be known no more.

• • •

The first green on Cromer links has practically vanished owing to a fall of cliffs. The landslide, in fact, " carried the green."

• • •

Wine baths, says a specialist, are splendid for the health. That must be why some people never have anything wrong with their throats.

• • •

A vicar says he would rather bury than marry girls who cannot cook. Instead, it is those who eat the product of culinary ignorance who get buried.

• • •

America, says President Taft, in a burst of irony, ought to annex the Aurora Borealis. On the contrary, they mustn't be touched. They're Ancient Lights.

• • •

Within the past few days, says a message from Larbach, shocks of immense violence have been recorded. They were probably those which America got on suggesting to Canada annexation.

• • •

In a recent law case a lemur was described as " a small animal of nocturnal habits, allied to the monkey tribe." One can hear the justly enraged wife greeting her wobbly spouse at 2 a.m. with that one comprehensive word.

• • •

Harvard footballers are blamed for spending gate-money on various luxuries, including keepsakes and souvenir photographs. Taking into account the nature of the American game, they are, however, perhaps wise to prepare for the worst.

• • •

Speaking of the exhibition of harem skirts at Auteuil, the *Daily Mirror* says:

"Insulting remarks were hurled at the unfortunate women, whose costly dresses were completely ruined."

We have heard of burning eloquence, but never before met with it in action.

• • •

Why am I gloomy; when the Spring
With sunshine floods the grateful earth?
When birds for very gladness sing,
Why in my heart is there no mirth?
Let Nature smile, the world be gay,
A shroud of grief enwraps my soul,
My sorrow grips me worse each day,
The darkening clouds more thickly roll;
Oft in despair I've wondered if
'Twere wrong to wish that I were dead.
And why? Because I'm just bored stiff
With reading about Standard Bread.

Hampstead, says the Mayor of that happy hamlet, has no aliens. Vot?

• • •

A new farce now being played in the West End is entitled *Baby Mine*. Naturally it is at the Cri'.

• • •

"One of the Dukes" will shortly be seen on the stage. Another result of the Budget?

• • •

The complaint grows that the private member, unlike the private house, is not highly rated by the authorities.

• • •

Can plays without love interest succeed? asks a manager. It is amazing how some with hardly any interest of any sort make money.

• • •

The Supreme Court of New York has decided that " Buffalo Bill's " goatee beard is his own copyright. Infringers, therefore, are evidently " in for a scrape."

• • •

Surely there was an unfortunate choice of words in that newspaper article which began "The first harem skirt seen in London was at once laughed off"?

• • •

The soil for sweet peas, says an expert, should not be soaked. Then how on earth, with an English summer before us, are we to go for that thousand pound prize?

• • •

At a certain point in a dance just published, the performers are invited to imitate wild animals. This is cited as a novelty, but we have long had the Kitchen Lancers.

• • •

A boaster of Berlin life to the comparative disparagement of existence in London says that the German actors act rapidly. It's the Teuton way of hustling to get sooner at the schnitzel.

• • •

Potting successfully at an elephant that threatened the German Crown Prince, an Englishman grazed his Highness's ear. " I have never," said the Prince, " seen your equal at Pots . . . dam "

• • •

A nugget found in Jersey had to be sent to Great Britain to determine whether it was gold. All the same, tourists had better not try to do the Channel Islands on an exchequer of gilded sixpences.

• • •

The Dutch singers at the Hippodrome brought amongst their number a gravedigger and an undertaker. The precaution bewrays a modesty rare in vocalists, but happily their audiences have been most kind and appreciative.

• • •

In the words of the police description of a man wanted, " he may now be wearing a dark brown cap." On the other hand, if he's a bright, smart, intelligent fugitive he might purposely wear a black hat with a small blue feather.

CHEWING GUM.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

HABITS are a curse. We should be happy and healthy, wise and wealthy, if we were to give up all our habits. I do not mean that we ought to give up only our bad habits. I take that for granted. We ought to give up all our habits, good, bad, and indifferent. Adam and Eve had no habits in Eden. That is why they were happy. I am glad to see that a crusade has been started in America against a great American habit, the habit of chewing gum. The New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, with his customary vigilance, cables the good news. It seems that the Christian Women's Board of Foreign Missions has discovered that whereas the Americans spend only £800,000 on the conversion of the heathen, they spend £3,000,000 a year on chewing gum. These sensible ladies want to know why America should not spend the money she wastes on chewing gum upon the salvation of Chinese opium-eaters.

• • •

THE habit of chewing gum is not immoral. The gum-manufacturers have hired doctors to say that it aids digestion and dentists to vow that it preserves the teeth. I do not doubt these statements. I believe everything that is asserted by experts. I believe the experts even when they call each other liars. When I was told that a certain coffee bean is poisonous, I believe it. Even when it turned out that the arsenic in the coffee had been put into it by a young man who subsequently committed suicide, I stuck to my credulity. Nobody is going to rob me of my conviction that there is poison in the coffee bean. I go farther. I am convinced that there is poison in everything. I suspect kisses, oysters, postage stamps, telephones, rats, cats, dogs, fleas, and white bread. There are microbes in everything we touch. It is not safe to be alive. That is why every prudent man ought to eat nothing but whole *Mail* bread and drink nothing but Perrier.

• • •

I HOPE America will sign the pledge and give up her habit of chewing gum. It seems that the American continent is covered with posters imploring you to chew gum. I don't know how many heathen could be converted for three millions. The heathen are hard bargainers. A friend who is a Jew told me a story about one of the German missions for the conversion of the Jews. The Russian Jews were brought and baptised as they crossed the frontier. One of them as he stood at the font was asked to remove his Jewish cap. He clapped his hand on his head, and shouted feverishly, "Money first!" That is the worst of the heathen. They like cash down. But I am sure the missionaries do their best. In any case, the money wasted on chewing gum would not be wholly wasted. It is sad to think of the millions that are squandered on habits. The Americans spend twenty million pounds a year on ice-cream soda and thirty-five millions on sweets. All that wealth might be saved if the Americans could be taught self-denial.

• • •

THERE is no end to the potentialities of self-denial. If we could give up all our habits, the millennium would be here to-morrow. Think of the money wasted on walking-sticks and top-hats! Are walking-sticks necessary? Could we not exist without top-hats? Then there is golf. Millions would be saved if every golfer could be persuaded to give up golf. Football, cricket, and tennis cost a huge sum every year. Let us abandon those wasteful pastimes. And what about tobacco? Think of the billions that are burned every year in pipes. Think of the wealth that is puffed away every hour in cigars and cigarettes. Let us hoard it instead of inhaling it. Then there is drink. Sir T. P. Whittaker showed in the *Westminster Gazette* the other day that in 1910 we spent forty-six millions less on drink than in 1900. That is to say, we saved more than our Navy Bill out of our Drink Bill. But Sir T. P. is not satisfied. He points out there are still between 150 and 160 millions more which are being wasted every year on drink. Let us all give up the habit of drinking and run the country on the savings. There would be no need then for income tax, super tax, land tax, tea tax, motor tax, or even for dog licences.

• • •

BUT we must not be half-hearted. After we have given up drinking and smoking, let us be consistent and give up everything else. Clothes, for instance. We have far too many clothes. Let us also reduce our store of boots. As to gloves, why wear them at all? I shudder to think of the millions squandered on gloves. Are neckties necessary? I trow not. I once knew a man with a long beard who never wore a necktie. Talking of beards, let me ask a plain question. Why should we waste millions on shaving? I wish some philanthropist would organise an anti-shaving crusade. A bearded Britain would mean a tremendous saving of time as well as money. We could build all the Dreadnoughts we need out of a Beard League. We could then sleep quietly in our beards.

• • •

IT would be easy to abolish barbers, those devourers of national wealth. Hair-cutting is only a habit. If women can be happy with long hair, why cannot men be happy without a fortnightly tribute to the hairdresser? Let us all emulate Monsieur Paderewski, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Let us grow rich by keeping our hair on. The ladies can save millions by giving up their habits. It would be impolite to go into details, but I commend to them the heroic example of Miss Maud Allan and Mlle. Sahary Djeli. There is scarcely anything that they could not go without if they were to embrace the simple life. They will have plenty of encouragement. Man will stand by them in their revolt against superfluity. He will cheer them in their war against waste. He will support them in their frugality as loyally as he supported them in their prodigality. His strong arm will sustain them as they throw off the fetters of fashion and the trammels of convention.

• • •

THE only thing that troubles me is the thought that we might not be able to invest our savings. We might become too rich. We might overdo economy. Everybody could not found universities and build libraries. We might be driven to corrupt what Mr. Burns calls "the proud spirit of the poor." We might be forced to demoralise the hungry with food. We might be compelled to sap the dignity of the underpaid and the independence of the sweated. We might even in our extravagant despair deprive England of those historic slums which astonish the innocent colonial.

THROWN TO THE WOLVES.



Lord Lansdowne's Bill for the Reform of the House of Lords is expected to abandon the hereditary principle, and to throw out the "backwoodsmen."

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 18.—The Rag and Bone Man.

A Nation of Leisure.

While our amiable and persistent friend Mr. Willett is again earnestly striving to show us the best way of lengthening our days, perhaps some reformer in another direction will seriously propound some efficient method for shortening our weeks. For good or evil the livers of the strenuous life are evincing a growing inclination to reckon Monday, as well as Saturday, a *dies non* from the work point of view. Several employers of labour are grumbling at the crumpling up of the workaday hours on the eve of Sunday, and one of them recently expressed a strong desire to bring the practical week to a finish on Friday evening, the Saturday being so curtailed by meals and early closing that it was scarcely worth while for his staff to take on their job. In London there is growing complaint about the Mondays. Hotels, restaurants, cabmen, and theatres are hit by the week-end habit of prosperous people, and on Monday nights a jam in the Strand traffic is not expected. Our railway companies have given the cue for the desertion of London by the institution of facilities for economical travel. "Half-day" and "excursion" tickets are now forced to compete with "Friday to Tuesday" ones. Just fancy being able to clear out of town and enjoy yourself from Friday to Tuesday! It likes me much. But it is inevitable that various interests must suffer.

• • •

Altered Customs.

Time was that no domestic servants had a whole day's holiday in the year. Neither had the working-man or mechanic—except at his own expense. Local holidays were great affairs, real landmarks in the calendar, because the local folk had to accept what was offered them in the limited environment from which there was no escape. To-day, instead of troubling about the small regatta or the little race-meeting in close reach of his residence, a man rushes up to London for a three or four days' trip. The cost is very small, and there is always an artful excuse for the excursion put forth by the ingenious railway company. For example, the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush offers a weekly opening for at least six months of the year. Then there are Easter, Whitsuntide, the August Bank Holiday, and Christmas, to say nothing of the Boat Race, the football turns-out at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, the Derby, Ascot, Henley, the Cattle Show, the trade shows at the Agricultural Hall, and an ever-increasing list of pageants, demonstrations, and so forth. The countryman with, say, £200 per annum can come to town once a week for nearly every week of the year, and he can travel in comfort by non-stop corridor trains. The other afternoon I came across an advertisement of the London and South-Western Railway issued in 1865. It allowed each passenger "one portmanteau or carpet-bag." And to-day there are tens of thousands of our population who don't know what a carpet-bag is.

• • •

More Enjoyment.

One may well rejoice at the improved opportunities for enjoying the sweets of life. The Londoner rushes to the sea—the countryman rushes to town. And, if you belong to the "classes" and can afford a motor you can naturally rush anywhere. Well, the cyclist and the motorist are better off in the fresh air than they are in a billiard saloon, and though the public-house bars often lie moaning under the changed conditions, no thoughtful persons are likely to be sorry for that. Dropping into licensed premises for a glass of sherbert last week, I ventured, by way of making conversation, to ask the barmaid if she had seen many customers that morning. "No," answered she, "only a few Percy Woodbines!" A more succinct and expressive summary I never heard. How my fellow-citizens manage to afford week-ends is rather a puzzle to me. The habit—it cannot be sneered at as a "craze"—has grown up among all sorts and conditions of men. We are gradually reaching the stage when the nation will jib at Saturday and Monday labour. Let them not be blamed. A victim of constitutional lassitude myself, it is pleasant to see the world making itself comfortable, if not merry in the riotous sense. There are worse ways of dividing your time than giving half of it to town and half of it to country. Yet how foolish it is to suppose that robust health is the special prerogative of the rural dweller. Whenever a glance at green fields is vouchsafed me, I wonder that so few of the good souls I see look hardy and well set up—"pictures of health," so to speak. Most of them lead steady and temperate lives. Still, how few appear to be really hale and stout!

• • •

Fashion.

Not so very long ago there was a dashing "serio" who sang, with a conscientious affectation of bashfulness:

O, my, fie for shame,
What will mamma say?

We may speculate well on what mamma—the honest, sensible, domesticated British mother—would say were her female offspring to suddenly fall victims to the vagaries of the latest imported fashion, and insist on cutting a dash in the trouser-skirt. A

concrete example of this may be seen in the *revue* recently produced at the Empire, and one is bound to confess that the introduction of the costume, anywhere except on the stage, would be a painful blow to our feelings. The old crinoline was bad enough, though it is only just to say that it was libelled pretty liberally, and those who know it only from caricatures of the period will derive an exaggerated and erroneous impression of the terrors of the garment. Like white stockings and black cloth, flat-footed springside boots—commonly known as "Jemimas"—it has had its day. It is hard to believe the trouser-skirt will enjoy even a tolerably long afternoon.

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Exaggerations.

SURELY the limit of irritating feminine adornment has been reached in the matter of hats. The "Merry Widow" was a bit of a twister. The "bee-hive" was ugly and ungraceful. A month or two ago I happened to be walking with a young woman wearing what is known, I believe, as an "extinguisher." Her face was completely obliterated from view, as she happened to be the shorter figure of the two, and whenever I made a frantic effort to procure a fleeting peep at her angel countenance, the straw edge of that blessed hat caught me like a knife and nearly cut my throat. The hobble-skirt had—whatever its demerits—the virtue of giving mere man more room on a pavement. The trouser-skirt seems to be awful in every way. I observe that one scribe in a daily paper, after denouncing it as hideous, useless, and revolting, winds up with the astonishing statement "It won't wash." Get thee to a laundry—go! It will wash. All we can hope for is that nobody will ever want to wash it.

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In Past Days.

THE expression "Telling a Salisbury" was familiar in a former Parliament, though the expression was unjust and misleading. Some of your readers may be able to say how the term "Telling a Bloomer" came into vogue. The "Bloomer costume" never caught on in this country, although at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851 various American disciples of Mrs. Bloomer recommended its adoption. We may well feel pleased that their suasions were in vain, for where the gentler sex is concerned the world demands that the members thereof should not only dress comfortably, but look graceful. Many hard things have been said—and, for the matter of that, many hard things have been thrown—at the man's silk hat. Nothing, however, so well becomes the well-dressed male as a guinea gossamer. The growth of the cap, both in London and the provinces, gives to our towns and villages a cheap and mean appearance.

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Good.

[The Queen sent a gracious message of congratulation and thanks to Miss Edna May and her colleagues on the success of their performances on behalf of the Middlesex Hospital.]

"FROM year to year" doth old Time send
His message, grave and gay,
But joy and gladness simply blend
"From May to May."

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Sporting Comment.

A GENTLEMAN recently followed the West Surrey and Shere Beagles on his aeroplane. This imparts a pleasing new feature into our national sports, and exhibits a delightful contrast to numerous followers of the dogs, in various parts of the country, who never dream of jumping a fence or doing anything more dashing than pass through a gate somebody opens for them. But if aviators find the air a plain to hunt on above we shall think little of the plain we hunt the hare on below.

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The Hazard of the Diet.

DURING the past few weeks, whenever I have gone into a tea-shop for a modest lunch of bread-and-butter and water, the fair waitress has invariably addressed me with the inquiry: "Would you like the standard?" At first I suffered from the suspicion that a particular form of newspaper diet was being suggested, but afterwards the real truth was brought home to me. When the Londoner wakes up he is a tremendously enthusiastic fellow—for a time, at any rate. Therefore it is to be expected that standard bread will perform the leading *rôle* on our breakfast, dinner, and tea-tables with great success until usurped by another attraction. Good luck to it, for it smacks cheerily upon the palate.

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The Fight for the Standard.

"O, TELL me, where is fancy bread?"
Exclaimed the anxious ma,
As little Emma, overhead,
Strummed "Dough-re-mi-sol-fa."

"Fight for the standard!"—thus we read—
But will you tell us why
Just when the staff of life we knead
The bloom is off the rye?

He who the starchy loaf did bake
Is now from toil set free,
And since the "standard" took the cake,
Just on the loaf is he.

While spring comes in with past'ral thrill
To glad Beethoven's strain,
"Beat ovens, anyone who will!"
Reformers chirp again.

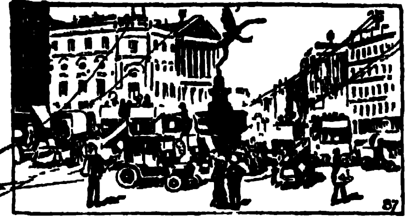
We once ate white, we now eat dark
(Not black, nor brown), yet our
New-fangled diet seems a lark—
A blooming passion flour.

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New Musical Festival.

THE announcement of the "first public cock-crowing competition in England" strikes me as carrying an unworthy reflection upon the ardent efforts of several of our leading politicians. However that may be, the forthcoming contest, to be decided at Dunmow—where the flitches come from—will strike a curious chord in many breasts. Music has a magical magnetism for the average human being, and if it be that the average one aforesaid can derive honest pleasure in a cock-crowing competition, let me humbly thank Providence that I am either over, or under, the average. One of the curses of London suburbs is the cock-crowing nuisance, but the sufferings endured from a particular melody are regulated according to the place and conditions under which the melody is delivered. No doubt some mindless persons would object to Caruso warbling "La donna e mobile" outside their bedroom window at three o'clock in the morning. By all means let there be a cock-crowing contest—at Dunmow. And when the Dunmowing birds have done crowing, why not have a cat-crying contest on which we may pass judgment when the performers have done mewing?





The King and the Flying Men: a Libel on Lord Brassey: Coming Theatrical Actions: Latest Sporting News.

THE KING is most anxious to encourage British aviation, and I am told His Majesty contemplates arranging for a passenger flight for one of the Princes before long.

MET the Rt. Hon. John Burns the other day in Trafalgar Square (not for the first time!). It was cold, but he had nothing on over his usual reefer serge suit, and looked positively glowing with health. He tells me the Town Planning Act is developing wonderfully, and he has had to create a new department to cope with the work which the lawyers, surveyors, landowners, freeholders, occupiers, and district councils have brought in.

SO many people financially interested in the Coronation—caterers, theatres, musical agencies, stand-builders, electricians, and decorating contractors—have insured against the risk of it not occurring, that the rate, which started at ten to fifteen guineas per cent., is now twenty guineas, if, indeed, any policy could be obtained at that, the underwriters being so "full"

SOMETHING of a corner in electric lamps has occurred, through the enormous decoration demands for the Coronation.

IN the hope and belief that Australian papers will copy, I want to kill right here a mischievous fabrication about Lord Brassey which has been spread at the Antipodes. A Melbourne paper recently asserted:—

"When Lord Brassey was out here he entered with some enthusiasm into a scheme for bringing a large contingent of General Booth's very poor of London to Australia. Westralia was hit upon as the most suitable province for settling the unsettled, and Lord Brassey, in his anxiety to push the thing along, took steps to secure a large slab of territory. The area bought 'for purely philanthropic purposes,' as his lordship admitted, comprised 26,000 acres. Within a few years the land doubled in value, and it is now worth anything from seven to ten times what Lord Brassey gave for it, and, as the tendency is always upwards, the chances are that the Brassey family will one day be absentee landlords drawing the chief portion of their enormous income from Westralia. Meanwhile, General Booth's very poor are permanently unsettled in London."

"INCORRECT in every particular," is Lord Brassey's branding of this story. Lord Brassey purchased some land in West Australia in 1890-1, long before he went to Victoria as Governor, and has since sold it at a heavy loss He is not at present interested in land in any part of Australia Nor, as far as he is aware, is any member of his family I should think that is categorical enough

AN action for breach of contract has been started against a very popular musical comedy actress whose marriage recently caused quite a mild sensation. I understand she is sued for damages which are claimed at several thousands of pounds.

A motor-boat challenger is being built for the Duke of Westminster, who is going to endeavour to wrest the International Championship from America. From what is known of the plans of Mr. F K. Burnham, the holder, this challenger will have to go over fifty miles an hour to stand a chance.

TO the question raised in LONDON OPINION by Mr. George Alexander, and discussed by various managers, as to whether evening dress should be so obligatory in theatre stalls, *Truth* devotes much space, and declares hundreds are kept away from theatres every night through thinking it is compulsory to go home and dress. Successful managements nowadays draw their audiences more and more from outer London, and to be turned out of a tube station at some garden suburb on a wet night with perhaps half a mile to walk is ruination to patent boots as well as to evening frocks.

HEARD in Throgmorton street "When he came to the City, he didn't have a bob he could call his own." "Yes. But in those days he was more particular about whose bob he called his own."

I HEAR that the *Globe* newspaper is likely to pass out of Harmsworth hands, and again become the property of Sir George Armstrong, and a semi-official organ of the Conservative party.

CAPTAIN HOVELT, the secretary of the new social club, "The Ramblers," Knightsbridge, tells me the whole of the foundation members have been obtained, and the club, which is now being sumptuously decorated, will be inaugurated by a dance next week. Amongst some prominent members are the Earl of Hardwicke, Sir Bindon Blood, Lady Carson, Lady Sarah Wilson, Viscount Hill, Sir Claude de Crespigny, and all the members of the Foreign Embassies in London. Sunday dramatic performances in the bijou theatre will be a feature.

MR. WILFRID M. VOYNICH, the antiquarian bookseller, tells me he has acquired a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare, bought with a number of old historical books. It is a small oval miniature on vellum in water colour, dark and crinkled with its age, but bearing considerable resemblance to the Chandos portrait. Mr. Spielman has seen it, and photographed it for reproduction in his forthcoming book on Shakespeare portraits.

ONE of the rink instructresses at Earl's Court is shortly to be married to a rich American. Perhaps we shall find, if the roller craze continues beyond the present season, that the rink will become a matrimonial rival to the chorus.

"ANY man in England," said Sir Rufus Isaacs in the Mylius case, "has the right to advocate the alteration of the Constitution, or even the abolition of the Monarchy." This academic pronouncement has startled the usually sane *Town Topics*, of New York, which says it "may have important consequences. Sir Rufus *spoke under the instructions of the Asquith Ministry and foreshadowed the future.*" The italics are mine · the tommyrot is the other fellow's.

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HUBERT LATHAM, the Antoinette flyer, was talking at tea to a pretty girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut-and-lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well, no, none in particular," the aviator answered "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another"

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"THINK how dreary it would be not to be gossiped about," says Mr. Richard Le Gallienne in his new book "Attitudes and Avowals" (John Lane. 5s net) Richard is in no such danger at present, thanks to the divorce suit threatened against him. Indeed, sad at heart, one brother bard bows low and carols.

Richard Le Gallienne sued for divorce
Isn't it vulgar? Isn't it coarse?
Think of the hair of him! Think of his eyes!
Is it quite square to him? Ah! is it wise?
Why should a poet be judged like the rest?
Do they not know that he is of the blest?
Think of the shame of it! Hear the girls titter!
He gets the blame of it! Oh, but it's bitter.

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HOW others see us The Paris paper, *Art et la Mode*, says the "English have, in recent years, developed the most amazing colour mania. They who once imposed upon the world the masculine fashion of using only grey or black material are now wearing the loudest of neckties, waistcoats, and socks."

IT occurred to me the other night, as I seated myself among the company assembled at the Grand Hotel for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Universal Cookery and Food Association, that when you are catering for a party of eminent experts, it behoves you to see to it that the goods and the preparation of them are of the best. Around the tables was a gathering of savants, famous chefs from every quarter, masters of cuisine at whose names the lesser lights of the kitchen bow their close-cropped heads in reverence. One note of gastronomic discord would have spoiled the symphony, but no such slip was made. We had instead what was, upon the authority of no less competent a judge than Mr. C. Herman Senn, the ideal dinner for the ideal diner. A supremely simple composition, deliciously light, and most perfectly comforting.

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FOR the information of those who may be interested in the design of an entirely irreproachable meal containing no red meats, I give the menu in detail.

Huîtres Natives.

Consommé Julienne Cordon Bleu

Saumon au Court Bouillon, Sauce Mousseline.

Ris de Veau aux petits pois nouveaux

Médaillons d'Agneau pointes d'Asperges.

Poulet de Grain à l Essence.
Salade Ozane

Chartreuses d Ananas à la M gador.
Glace Joséphine.
Bon' o r

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THE rush to Biarritz is approaching its height, and to accommodate the increasing traffic the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway has arranged for a new *train-de-luxe* to run daily to Biarritz and St Jean de



OUR AMBIGUOUS LANGUAGE.
Brown (to hotel porter): "Just blow up one of those taxis!"



Lion Tamer (to Assistant): "You've left his cage open again! One of these days someone will come along and steal him!"

Luz until further notice. This service will be known as the *Côte Basque* Express, and will run from Calais in connection with the Dover boat-train leaving Victoria and Holborn at 11 a.m.

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LIKE his fellow-countryman, Sir E. Carson, Mr. Tim Healy has straightway become one of our most eminent K.C.'s. Another suit in which he is engaged is some musical comedy dispute between Mr. Dick Adams (son of that wittiest of men, the late Judge Adams) and the ever-joyous George Grossmith junior. With all these merry people in a case there should be much of that condition of affairs which is usually put: (Laughter in Court).

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SAM LANGFORD, the boxer with a smile which never comes off, has a distinctly grim sense of humour. Just before he entered the ring at Olympia the other evening, a friend of Lang's asked him whether he had brought a doctor with him, adding suggestively, "You're sure to need a medical man before Lang's finished with you, Sam." "Waal," replied Langford, "if I'm sure to need a doctor, it's surer still that Lang will need a coroner."

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TWO of the most promising two year-olds I have seen up-to-date are a colt by St. Frusquin--Schoolbook, and a colt by Sundridge—Pasquil. Both are entered at Ascot and are the property of Mr. J. B. Joel, who looks like having a very successful season.

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THAT eminent veterinary surgeon, Mr. George Barrow, whose death was announced a few days ago, was associated for many years with the royal stable, and among other of the late King Edward's horses of which he had charge were Diamond Jubilee, Persimmon, Minoru, and Thais, all classic winners. Of Persimmon he had the highest opinion. Indeed, the last time I met him at Newmarket he told me he considered King Edward's first Derby winner was the best horse he had ever seen in the whole of his long Turf career.

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MINTER (trained by Wootton) is expected to catch the judge's eye in a hurdle handicap the next time out.

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THE "leader" of ante-post speculation, Mr. Harry Slowburn, will be back from Cairo within the next few days. On his return, quotations in the London market are likely to undergo considerable alteration.

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WITH Frank Wootton growing heavier, and several other lightweights suffering from increasing weight, there will be by no means a superfluity of capable horsemen able to do seven stone, or thereabouts, during the coming flat season. I might mention, therefore, that S. Hill, who was with Peebles not long ago, and who has ridden several winners at just over seven stone, hopes to get a chance of obtaining recognition in the saddle. With ordinary opportunities Hill should do well.

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THE many friends of the late Dick Dunn, surely one of the most popular pencillers of all time, will be interested to hear that his wife, who was such a charming hostess in those merry days when they lived at Hampton Court—and entertained right royally—is now presiding over that very popular seaside hotel, the Royal Norfolk, at Bognor. In his palmy days, Dick Dunn never tired of doing a good turn to all and sundry, so here his friends have a chance of reciprocating.

THE LOOKER-ON.

"THE UGLY MALE."

One who "Had Never Dreamed of Such a Thing" Replies.

A RECENT article of ours elicits the following amusing comments in *The Bellman*, of Minneapolis:

"Our self-complacency has been irremediably shattered. All these years we have been going about the world telling ourselves that, after all, our personal appearance didn't really matter a bit, and that beauty was only skin deep; that, while undoubtedly it was very tiring to have to look at the same old face in the glass as we shaved every morning, still, the world was, on the whole, a charitable place and in gentle bosoms particularly resided the quality of mercy.

"Now this comfortable illusion is gone, for Katherine Vaughan, writing in LONDON OPINION, has some very harsh things to say on the subject of 'The Ugly Male.' While we deplore her views, we cannot but admire this candid lady for the sincerity and forceful expression of them. 'There is,' she says, 'a growing feeling of resentment among women on the subject of the extreme plainness of their men-kind.'

"The news comes as a revelation, we had never dreamed of such a thing. Here have we been mixing in society, saying pretty things to the ladies, cracking our little jokes to them, accepting as genuine what we now know was a forced laugh of appreciation—in fact, flattering ourselves what merry, humoursome fellows we were, when all the time the poor, dear things, whom we fancied we were entertaining, have been patient martyrs, victims to our insufferable self-complacency, writhing in secret at the contemplation of our awful hideousness.

"We men, wrapped in our mantle of foolish vanity, do not realise half the tragedy of woman's life. Take this, for example, from Miss Vaughan's remarks: 'A handsome man will soon be as extinct as the dodo,' said a society beauty lately. And a chorus of assent followed her remark—disgusted and almost indignant assent. Or, again, listen to the pathetic plaint of a tortured wife, who exclaims, in an access of despair 'Every artistic instinct I possess is offended whenever I look at my husband.' What brutes men are! Why couldn't the insensate beast go and get a new face, instead of tormenting a poor, sensitive soul day after day with his ugly old mug?

"The remedy for this lamentable state of affairs, Miss Vaughan thinks, is obvious: 'The only way to produce handsome men is to demand them. If we do this often, and loudly enough, a supply will necessarily be forthcoming. This has always proved true. But the difficulty is to convince the men of their own deficiencies.'

"Not at all! Miss Vaughan entirely underestimates her own powers of expression. For our own part, we intend to take steps towards mending matters at once, and if this paragraph should catch the eye of any beauty specialist who will guarantee, under penalty of a heavy forfeit, to re-make a face absolutely painlessly and subject to the subsequent approval of Miss Vaughan, he may apply—and deposit his forfeit money—at this office."

"I LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER."

READERS will remember our reproduction in colours of H. M. Bateman's clever drawing with this title, as a plate with our Xmas Number. The picture has now been reproduced by Messrs. Jones & Co, 64 Fore Street, E.C., as a bromide print. Mounted, the size is 14 in. by 10 in. Copies can now be obtained at 1s. each from above, or, coloured by hand, 1s. 6d. each.

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A BIG CONTRACT.

AN old chap applied to an artist for the post of model.

"Well," said the artist, "what do you sit for?"

"Oh, anything, sir," said the model, fingering his beard nervously. "Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary."

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

(Being an extract from a paper on "The Development of the Judicial System" read before the meeting of the British Association, A.D. 2001.)



BUT it must not be thought that this tremendous change of front was a thing of sudden appearance. Like all deeply rooted modifications, of human institutions its growth was gradual and unsuspected.

The famous plea of the then rising barrister, Jawkins, which provided a definite turning point in the history of our criminal proceedure, could not have been made until somewhere about 1930. But as early as the end of the first decade of the twentieth century that feeling of public sympathy for what were then termed the criminal classes, which was eventually to be epitomised in that justly celebrated plea, had become very noticeable

It was already openly declared by some that the criminal was in no degree responsible for his actions, and was therefore an object rather for compassion than punishment. A sort of official support to this theory was lent by the frequent remission of sentences on the authority of the highest officials in the land. And as time went on juries everywhere became less anxious to convict, and public opinion more and more set against anything save the very mildest forms of probationary detention Then, like a thunder clap, came Jawkins' famous defence.

"It is," he is said to have stated, "by this time generally acknowledged that my client is a man deserving of the warmest sympathy as one who is not responsible for his actions. But to admit that is not sufficient. I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, whether the true ignominy and responsibility for the crime does not lie at the door of yonder bald pated reprobate, from whose fob pocket the gold watch in question was removed? For if the institutor of these proceedings had not in the first instance possessed the gold watch, surely it is sufficiently obvious that my client could not have removed it "

This flawless argument, which provides the basis of our present judicial system, fell on men's ears with all the force of an axiom that had hitherto, owing to some extraordinary inadvertence, escaped actual statement, but which only needed formulation to be universally accepted.

Hence we find that immediately it became the established custom to prosecute all the original owners of stolen property as accessories before the fact. And as the principles of humanitarian psychology began to be more understood, and the acquittal of the "burglar," as he was still called, more and more frequent, the prosecution of the owner of the property grew to be the chief business of the criminal courts, until the charging of the original so-called "offender" became merely a matter of form in order that his plea of justifiable provocation might be properly entered and accepted.

Lastly, as consideration for the finer feelings of the "provoked" (as he is now termed in present day legal phraseology) became more widely spread, the former charge fell into disuse, and we see the criminal trial as it exists to-day, i.e., reduced to a simple arraigning of the "instigator" of an offence.

Many of my hearers will, no doubt, remember the time when this method of criminal procedure was sufficiently novel to call forth a display of public enthusiasm whenever some particularly dastardly case of instigation met with its richly deserved reward. I myself remember a case which evoked a good deal of comment and satisfaction in the Press and elsewhere at the stern and unbending way in which justice was meted out to an old and hardened instigator.

He was a man of some considerable social standing and personal wealth. The charge preferred was, if I remember rightly, that he had, "by the possession of certain household ornaments and utensils of silver, unlawfully, wilfully, wickedly, and with malice propense, led and instigated the provoked, William Sikes, into forcibly removing the said household ornaments and utensils and melting down the same."

His counsel strove valiantly on the instigator's behalf, endeavouring to prove that the silver candle-sticks and tea service referred to had not been purchased by the instigator himself, but had been left him by a deceased aunt, and that it was merely from sentimental reasons that he had hesitated to convert them into cash and subscribe the money derived therefrom to the National Pension Fund for the Provoked. He stated that his client would have been only too delighted to present their value to Mr. Sikes had the latter approached him on the subject previously. This wretched quibble obviously carried little weight with the jury, particularly when the instigator's previous record was announced, and it transpired that he had already served several longish sentences for other flagrant cases of instigation.

Cross-examined, the provoked said that he was very especially entitled to the jury's sympathy, inasmuch as this was the seventh time that he had been the object of a premeditated instigation within the last eighteen months (Murmurs of sympathy.) He was not as young as he had been, and these incessant appearances in the witness box, even on a mission of public interest such as this, were becoming very trying. He pleaded for an exemplary sentence on the instigator.

The jury without retiring brought in a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation to severity.

The judge, in passing sentence, said that there was no doubt but that this was a most serious case of instigation. Here they had the provoked, obviously from his record a man whose temperament made him peculiarly open to these vicious attacks, called into court in the interest of public justice for the seventh time within a year and a half Against this cruel wrong and injustice the prisoner could only plead that a sentimental interest had caused him to retain possession of the articles in question, and that had the provoked applied to him in the first instance he would have been pleased to have insulted him by the offer of a bribe. As to the extreme paltriness of both these excuses he did not think that it was necessary for him to say anything.

The prisoner's record was a damning one. According to evidence furnished by the police he had been sentenced no fewer than fourteen times for instigations of varying severity Apparently the instigator's career, ever since he had been old enough to acquire any personal property, had been one long course of preying upon the weaknesses of the unfortunate provokable classes. There were times when it was a painful business for a judge to have to pass such a sentence as he was now about to pass, but this was not one of them. The instigator was an unmitigated scoundrel and must go to penal servitude for fifteen years.

On delivery of sentence there was a burst of applause which the court officials were quite unable to silence for some minutes. After posing for the representatives of the various illustrated papers and bioscope film manufacturers, the provoked was carried shoulder high from the court by a number of congratulatory sympathisers.

The instigator was removed later in a closed cab in order to avoid a hostile demonstration on the part of the crowd.

[illegible]

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

WALLERITES, mostly of the blooming blonde variety, were in strong force at the Globe the other night, what time Lewis the Lovely was strutting it bravely in his new one, *Bardelys the Magnificent*. If you were to ask me to point out to you any important difference between this romantic comedy in four acts and other romantic comedies in which I have from time to time seen Waller, I couldn't for the life of me do it, chiefly for the reason that, so far as I could see, there wasn't any difference to point out. So, dear ladies, let it go at this—Waller makes a grandly gallant figure as Marcel de St. Pol, and puts it well across the ruffianly Comte de Castelroux (William Haviland) every time. Lottie Venne is broadly amusing. Madge Titheradge is all sweet simplicity and loyal tenderness as Roxalanne. A bumper of right Burgundy to the success of Bardelys.

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Dion Titheradge, who plays De Mortemar in the aforementioned show, is, I take it, a son of George S. Titheradge's, and a brother of Madge's, and is called Dion after one Boucicault of the name with whom Titheradge the elder was so long associated.

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Such of you as may be interested are hereby reminded that on Friday evening of this week will be given, at the Court Theatre, the first performance of *The Suffrage Girl*, a new and original musical comedy in which members of the Harlington Social and Athletic Association are to appear. Although the association in question is connected with Selfridge's, any jokes concerning "a counter attraction" which may reach this paper will be suppressed with ruthless violence.

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Although I am not at the moment in possession of any details as to programme and date, I take this opportunity to draw the attention of sympathetic readers to the fact that a great testimonial matinée is to be given at the Empire Theatre for the benefit of the widow of the late Harry Hitchins—one of the kindliest and best fellows that ever lived. All I can tell you is that the programme will be a wonder.

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Before, figuratively speaking, leaving the Empire, let me offer congratulations to Arthur Aldin upon his appointment as manager of the house in succession to the late Harry Hitchins. Arthur Aldin, coming from a post in Scotland to an important job in the famous Leicester Square house, was very naturally faced with many difficulties inseparable from the surroundings to which he was entirely strange. But "A. A." is King Nut of the hustlers, and, like a good bo'sun, is here there and everywhere, alow and aloft, to see that all's well with the work of the ship. That's where, notwithstanding his touch of brusquerie, I think he'll do good work in control of the front of the Empire.

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News reaches me from America of one of the grim tragedies of real life. Only last week I made some reference to Henry W. Savage's production of *Every Woman*, and now I learn that the author, Walter Browne, an Englishman and an old-time member of the Savage Club, died of pneumonia on the very morning of the day upon which *Every Woman* was presented for the first time.

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The Belle of New York as a sketch—that we are promised at an outlying hall early in March, with Frank Lawton in his original part of Blinky Bill, tough and whistler. The work of boiling down has been entrusted to the capable hands of Fred Bowyer, famed as a writer of song ("Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle," for instance) and pantomime. All the best of the tunes and jokes are to be retained, a condition which must, I should imagine, have given Bowyer much cause for careful consideration.

Vernon Watson, who has made such an instant success at the Empire at his first professional appearance, was for eight years in the employ of Messrs. Barclay & Co., the bankers, at Peterborough. One of the Empire directors, who lives in those parts and had seen him as an amateur, gave him a trial show some six weeks ago, and a good engagement resulted.

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Nobody will ever hear the whole dialogue of *Baby Mine* at the Criterion. Such cyclones of delirious laughter sweep the theatre from the first row of the stalls to the back row of the gallery that the company, who cannot of course wait until the audience pulls itself together, have to get on with the play while quite inaudible. This screaming farce looks like out-rivalling *Charley's Aunt* and *The Private Secretary*. To recall Weedon Grossmith resenting, as only he could resent, the fate which condemns him to go "crawling about like a thief in the night snatching babies" would bring mirth to a man learning of the loss of his fortune while he waits at the dentist's to have his tooth out.

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It was an inspiration to cast Miss Iris Hoey for the part of the prevaricating wife, although her very beauty and charm destroyed some of the plausibility of the play—for what young husband would ever leave her with so little cause? Donald Calthrop, too, is going to make a great reputation out of the part of Alfred. There should be a fortune in the production for Mr. Grossmith and Mr. William Greet, who, I understand, is in with him. Congratulations all round.

• • •

One of the worst first acts ever written and two of the best that have been seen in London for many years. That and a tribute to the grand acting of several of the principals about sums up *The Lily*, David Belasco's adaptation from the French, which Laurence Irving produced at the Kingsway a few nights ago. It is the story of the two daughters of a selfish old *roué* who, though dissolute himself, rules his children like a slave master. The eldest, suffering silently, has grown to middle aged maidenhood because her father banished from her life the man she loved, the younger, of different temperament, meets his methods of stern repression with deception and gives herself, soul and body, to a young married man. It is the scene of discovery and parental savagery that, superbly acted by Laurence Irving, and with hardly less brilliance by Mabel Hackney, Geraldine Oliffe, and Arthur Lewis, makes the play a thing to be seen and even remembered. No lover of splendidly virile and human work and of really great acting should miss *The Lily*—which, when you come to think of the two women pining of love hunger, might more appropriately be called *The Wallflower*. Take a useful tip from me and down with your money at the Kingsway doors without delay: you'll be grateful for the advice.

• • •

A few weeks ago the playbills at the Criterion asked the question *Is Matrimony a Failure?* Now they are answering the question with *Baby Mine*.



'Baby Mine," preceded by "The Young Lady of Seventeen."

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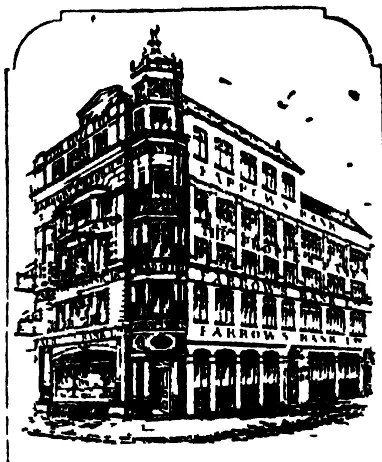
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(A Vision of Turkish Delight.)

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Rise before me in the gloom;
In my dream I see the peaches
Bloom.

Thus arrayed—in trance I watch her
Time and tide (of mud) disdain—
Prue will never need to catch her
Train.

Yet I feel, should dainty Prue add
This device to her attire,
There'll be less for nature to add
Mire.

A. W.

THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM.

[The latest returns show a decline in the marriage rate.]

'CUPID,' I said, with manner chill,
As once I saw the Boy God sunning,
'No more we'll praise your boasted skill,
It seems your hand has lost its cunning,
Since nowadays less honoured by men
Is your friend Hymen.

"How can your marksmanship endure,
That hordes escape you without scar,
That marriages are getting fewer
(I quote the worthy Registrar),
And orange blossom's out of season?
What is the reason?"

Dan Cupid cried, "The heart of maid
A simple mark my shaft finds still,
But modern man, I am afraid,
To pierce *his heart* requires more skill—
To foil my archery he'll lock it
Deep in his pocket."

A. P. GARLAND.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

"WHAT is courting without kissing? Meat without salt."—*Henry Hamilton.*

"Women and cats always come when they are not called."—*Bardelys the Magnificent.*

"Character is what you really are; reputation may only be what your wife thinks you."—*Arthur Henderson.*

"It is not the business of a Radical to be satisfied; if he is satisfied he ceases to be a Radical."—*E. H. Pickersgill, M.P.*

"You can never tell what a woman is going to do. And if you could, she would probably do something else."—*Greenwood Lake.*

"Rob successfully and you are 'a shrewd financier'; get caught and you are 'mentally unbalanced.'"—*Col. Mann.*

"It has been said that woman makes all the trouble in life. But also she makes life worth all the trouble."—*Mrs. Philip Snowden.*

"It is stated that during her Palace engagement Miss Allan will dance on felt. Her salary, however, makes her stand on velvet."—*West End Fenton.*

"When I hear people say of a woman, 'she is beautiful, but not accomplished,' I reflect that there is no accomplishment more difficult than to be beautiful."—*Mrs. Taft.*

"Anyone who would provide wholesome, clean, invigorating entertainment in music halls would be a temperance reformer to whom all must be deeply grateful."—*The Archbishop of York.*

"A machine called a fluoroscope has been invented which permits the operator to look into a living heart. Wouldn't its use before marriage assist greatly in getting rid of the divorce evil?"—*Bide Dudley.*

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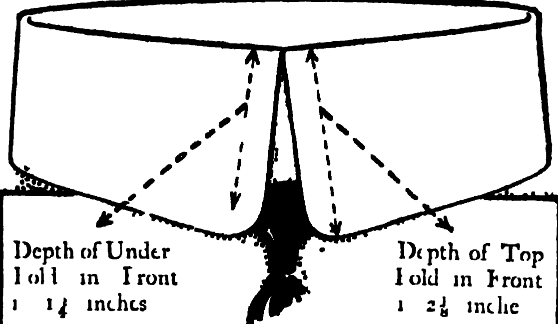
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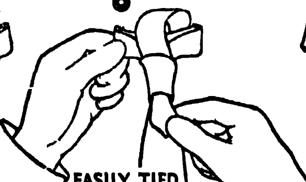
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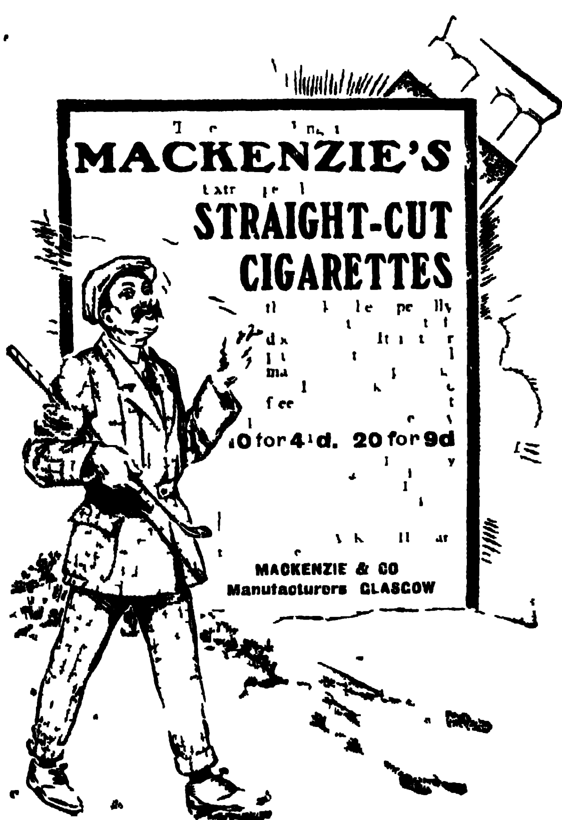
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NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

"To the Common Good." By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

OPEN stand the doors of public galleries and museums, but how seldom we go in!

The opening of a new wing of the National Gallery suggests the thought. And how many of us have any idea how many treasures have been added to our national collections during the year 1910? I will mention a few of them presently.

I fear that the austere, not to say forbidding faces of some of the nation's minor servants in attendance at galleries and museums have something to do with reluctance to go in. I wish we could indeed—as somebody recently suggested—organise a *corps* of volunteers, unpaid guides, to explain the contents of rooms or sections, giving to the entering public some of the precious knowledge they themselves possess. Guide-books are rather mechanical companions, and as for the paid *cicerones*—well, a French author has preserved a typical utterance by one of them, before a picture of "Christ in the Temple"—"*Admirez l'impassibilité du visage de Notre-Seigneur et le poli des colonnes!*"

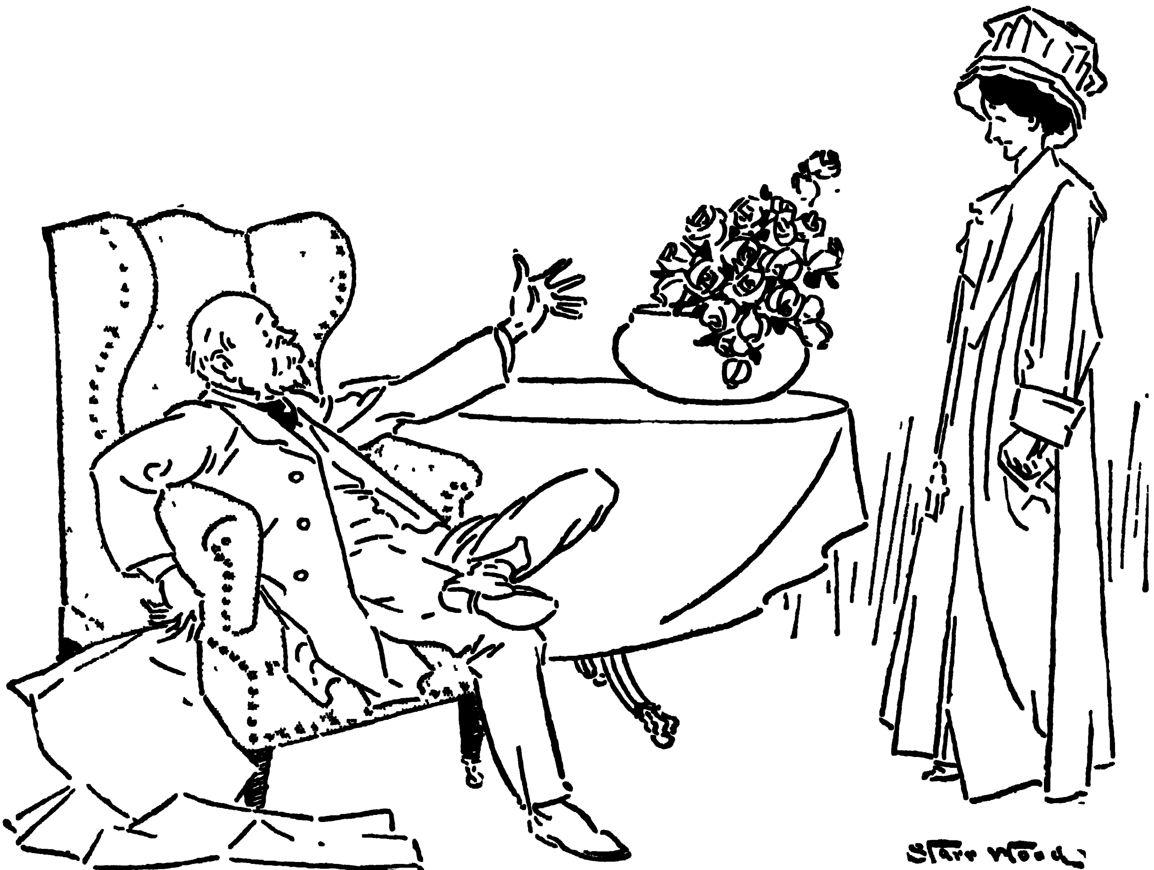
A Wonderful Gift.

No year since the Wallace collection was given to the public has been so fertile in similar gifts as was 1910. Consider the Salting legacies alone—the unequalled collection of Oriental porcelain, the illuminated manuscripts, the majolica, the Limoges enamels, the Renaissance bronzes which went to the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the oil paintings which went to the National Gallery; all together, these, to be got together *now*, would cost a million sovereigns at least. I believe it is not yet decided to which national treasure-house the Salting collection of miniatures is to go. There is dispute about it. Say the National Gallery trustees, "Miniatures are old paintings, and therefore should come to Trafalgar Square." Say the National Portrait Gallery people, "Miniatures are portraits." Say the South Kensington people, "Miniatures are *objets d'art*, and we possess the only National store of miniatures in London." I suppose the law will have to decide the point.

Many of the Salting miniatures are French, and that reminds me of a good story told about this generous donor, who, in order lavishly to buy and give, took care of the shillings and the pence. The story goes that a great collection was being sold in Paris, and the labours of the auctioneer were to extend over a fortnight. Mr Salting attended the sale the first few days, and spent some £30,000. Then he was seen in Piccadilly, and a friend said to him, "Salting, Salting, what are you doing here? The sale in Paris isn't over yet." "No," said Mr. Salting, "but my ticket was running out." I think it costs sixteen shillings to extend the availability of your ticket between Paris and London, but perhaps a millionaire may share the feelings of many a poorer man, who collects at a cost he can hardly afford, and economises in other ways to do it.

Other Acquisitions.

Some months ago I wrote in these columns on the magnificent Falke bequest of old Wedgwood; it is all on view now, in the Ceramic Gallery at the British Museum. Have you seen the splendid "Poringland Oak" by John Crome, which the nation bought for Trafalgar Square in 1910? Or the Turner wing at the Tate Gallery, due to the munificence of the late Sir Joseph Duveen and his son? Newly at the Tate Gallery you may see a painting by Rossetti, one by Ford Madox Brown, and a water-colour by Blake.



Father: "It's a curious thing that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you insist on it."
Daughter: "Yes, and whenever we are agreed the man objects!"

The trustees of the National Gallery have exercised their right, under Mr. Salting's will, to choose which of his collection of pictures they pleased, and the choice includes a Vermeer of Delft, a Crome, and a splendid Memling. The Salting water-colours and prints went to the British Museum. Among the water-colours are several of Turner's best, one by Holbein, and one at least by De Wint, which seems to me to be almost finer than a Turner. Then the Museum has acquired the unique collection of Chinese and Japanese paintings upon silk and paper, some of them almost fabulously antique, which Frau Wagener got together, during many years of residence in the Far East, but even these are juvenile compared to the Peruvian pottery presented by Mr Van den Bergh, which is supposed to have come from the kilns between 2,000 and 7,000 years ago. And the Oriental Section now boasts two newly-acquired series of Japanese woodcuts, by such masters as Hokusai and Utamaro.

The Print Room is leading the way in doing national honour to the art of Frederick Sandys, for it has been enriched by the possession of six sheets of his drawings, and the reproach that England does not contain much work by French artists of nineteenth century date is being removed, both at the Print Room and at the National Gallery.

So that there is hardly a "line" in collecting which cannot be studied to better purpose, because of the boons "to the common good" which were brought to the nation in the year 1910 It is good to see how quickly the new wing at the British Museum is going up.

• • •

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A P K (Acton) —Your cylinder containing panorama by Cruikshank is worth 25s to 30s Crown Derby cup worth 10s to 15s, dessert plate is of nominal value only

J G (Londonderry) —There is no demand for engravings of subjects such as yours, neither artist nor engraver are known, and it is of nominal value only

E B (Leeds) —Your Baxter print, "News from Home" is worth 10s to 15s, can find no trace of the other subject, do not think this is one of Baxter's

W S W (Fulham, S W) —Violin described, if genuine and in good condition and tone, is worth from £5 to £6

G B R (Maymyo, Burma) —Your six plates of Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode" are worth a few shillings only Hogarth's engravings are not in demand at present, but a set of six of the large plates of the same subject in mezzotint are worth from £8 to £10

E L (Stourbridge) —The mark given is that of the Bristol factory, but could not value dessert service unless you send one of the plates for inspection, the value varies according to decoration and style

F. W. M (City) and H A (City Road) See answer to "J G (Londonderry)"

J E B (Leeds) —Your vases are not Sevres no such mark as you give was ever used at that factory Cannot give value from rough sketch, if you send photograph or one of the vases for inspection will advise They are most probably a copy, the make of a modern French factory, in which case they are only of small value, as decoration appears to be of no consequence

MRS E (Birmingham) —Your Staffordshire group, "The Widow and Her Son" is worth £2 to 50s. This and the companion, sold some little time ago at Christie's, realised £4

E C (Torquay) —Your two guinea piece, in condition stated, is worth 50s to 55s

T C B. (Kelso). —Coloured aquatint, "Stirling Castle," by S Dukes, after Farrington, is worth 35s to £2

F G. C (Hackney) —Deshays was a French historical painter, who died in 1765, and was of small repute The subject you describe, even if a good example of his work, would not be worth more than £3 to £4.

• • •

LEATHER BEATEN.—The manager of a well-known hotel caused surprise the other day by stating that not a single chair in the place was real leather. The name of the substitute is "Rexine," only about a quarter the price of leather. It is made by the British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co., Hyde, Cheshire, and may be obtained from the leading upholsterers.

PATHOS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

COMPARING the year 1911 with the year 1811 one is struck by the difference between the point of view of our full-blooded and irascible ancestors and the abstemious leaders of the people on both sides who to-day obtain power by successful appeal to the emotions of democracy. The entry of love, tenderness, emotion, and pathos into public affairs have already coloured national sentiment to such an extent that the contrast between the Briton of 1911 and the Briton of 1811 is apparently so great as to separate the one as an alien from the other.

• • •

A HUNDRED years ago Boney was the bugbear of Britain. Bad boys were hushed and hustled into good behaviour by the Bogey of France. Caricatures of Napoleon were inspired by mixed feelings of hate and vulgarity. Then, as now, soldiers who knew nothing whatever about the management and power of a Fleet, expressed confident opinions on the subject of invasion—a purely naval problem. The emotion of hatred against the French was universal, although the danger to which Britain was exposed in 1811 was less than the danger that exists now (if there is any danger), because Napoleon was always at war with two or three other Powers whenever he happened to be "taking on" England.

• • •

HATRED of Germany or of the German Emperor simply does not exist in 1911. The newspapers are unanimous in chanting the praises of the Teuton. Their education, their accuracy, the cleanliness of their towns, the virtue of their dock labourers, the efficiency of their fighting services, the wisdom of their philosophers, and the uprightness of their policy are extolled on every hand. Our red-faced, black-stocked Georgian ancestors could they see us to-day and read our panegyrics on the great Power that has always fought on the double principle of making war pay and never making war unless success were certain would set us down as slobbering and sycophantic milksops.

• • •

THE old fellows would be quite wrong in their harsh judgment of the British of 1911, because the changed attitude of Great Britain in foreign affairs and towards foreigners generally is only a measure of the extent to which rapidity of communications has modified our insularity. Nobody says nowadays that "one jolly Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen or three Prooshians." The contraction of the world involves the solidarity of the British and sobriety and jolly are incompatibles. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his excellent magazine describes his recent travels in Canada. He mentions a prominent citizen—I always notice that the farther West one goes the more 'prominent' does the average citizen become—who declared that the only foreigner in Canada was the Englishman. Fancy a remark like that a hundred years ago. John Bull would have been purple with fury. To-day we hear home truths about Englishmen and the innumerable defects of England without turning a hair. The thing we turn is the other cheek. That is the pathos of public life. Nobody dreams nowadays of returning the other's "cheek," mainly because commercialism has gripped us with both hands and smooth words help business. Unwillingness to take offence assists the commercial meek to inherit the earth.

•

THE stertorous patriots of 1811 talked very little of their sacrifices for the Fleet, but compared with our efforts in the same direction they did a great deal more than ourselves. In 1811 seventeen million people spent £20,500,000 on the Fleet. In the present year forty-five million people will spend less than a pound a head on the Navy, although national wealth has increased in the past hundred years by four hundred and eighteen per cent., and the Navy estimates have only increased by a hundred and nineteen per cent.

• • •

IF our smooth words to Germany and our refusal to make a "Bogey" of the German War Lord will save us the price of a few Dreadnoughts and enable us to dispense with precautions that our ancestors deemed indispensable, well and good, but the polished courtesy of fat sheep to the famished wolf does not refund the hour at which the wolf will dine on fresh mutton. The whole question therefore as to whether the entry of love and emotion into international and domestic affairs is an evil or an advantage turns on the question of results.

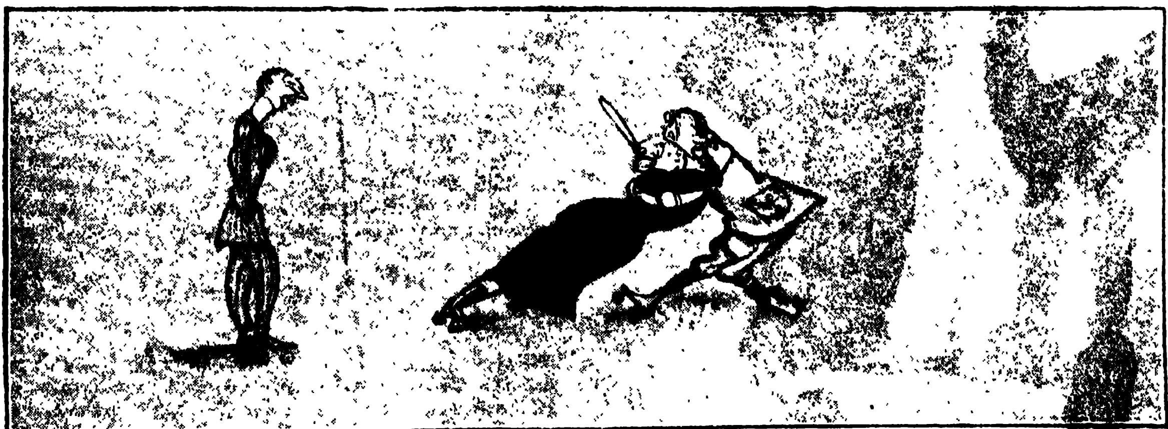
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IT is easier to be pleasant than to be virile, just as smoking a good cigarette is easier than playing sound 'Rugger.' Virility no longer has the vogue it enjoyed in 1811. The law of the survival of the fittest introduces an assortment of the fit. Under the sweating system the fittest to survive are not the 'five-meal meat-fed men with children nine and ten,' but narrow-chested denizen of Eastern Ghettos whose blood is immune from the germs of typhoid owing to descent from ancestors who have lived in slums for two thousand years. Whether that form of "fitness" is what we seek is another story. Fitness means the triumph of the objectionables as often as not.

• • •

THE art of government is to improve the average innate quality of the race, and therefore to improve the happiness of the individual and the family. The problem is a complex one and I tread on dangerous ground but the softness of the modern schoolboy at the Public Schools, the dwindling virility of the undergraduate, and the comparative indifference of the public to the men who silently keep watch and ward over the marches of Empire on the Indian Frontier, in the Highlands of West Africa, on burning or icebound coasts, and in lonely garrisons suggests that there are other dangers besides drinking too much port, eating nitrogenous food from too full a trencher, or being too fond of the fair sex. Whatever we do, or think, or feel, and whatever laws we pass are subject to revision by an unseen player from whose verdict there is no appeal and whose Moving Finger may remove all that we have written with our lives and emotions.

> The Moving Finger writes and, having writ,
> Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
> Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.



By H. M. Bateman.]

CARICATURES AT THE RINKS.

No. 6.—The "For Wheel or Woe" or "Till Death us do Part" Pair.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

WHAT THE DOG SAW.

By Mrs. MACLACHAN'S TERRIER.

I ADORE my master. He is absolutely perfect in every possible way. I know all his secrets—not from stable talk, or kitchen gossip, but from hearth-rug observation. It is a good vantage ground, is the hearth-rug. I lie in the middle of it. The house is always full of visitors. Just now there is a Miss Killcarey amongst them.

I grieve to say my master is rather fond of her. He is a bachelor, and this place belongs to him. Miss Killeary is tall and scented (I detest any but a good stable scent) and has very small feet. Living amongst feet as I do, of course I notice them.

Miss Killearey contrives that hers shall always be in evidence. She arranges her frilly frocks about them with consummate art—pulls them this way and that and twists them about one foot till it looks like a shy little bird in a nest—the other she prinks out towards the fire, so that you get the double effect "couchant" and "rampant." This, of course, is for Cecil's benefit.

I know they agree to dress early. They are always in the hall quite ten minutes before dinner is ready. Cecil came down the other evening well brushed and handsome as usual. Miss Killcarey had taken up her studied unstudied position in front of the fire. He stood talking to her and soon caught sight of her feet. "Quite perfect," he said. "What?" she asked innocently. "Your tootsies." Then he stroked her silly foot, till I could have blushed for my dear master's foolishness.

I can't bear the girl. The other dogs say I am jealous. I am not, as I am very fond of Nora Bard, who drives a high dog-cart, and smells of horses. This Miss Killearey hates animals. She is much alarmed lest I should lie on the train of her evening gowns. I wouldn't roll on them in a dustbin, much less when they are on her.



"How is it, old pal, we haven't met for ages, and yet we live so near to each other? Do I owe you any money, or do you owe me some?"

To continue with the other evening. They "wozled on" a bit till they were interrupted by footsteps on the stairs which lead down to the hall (stairs and floors are polished so that no one can creep on you unawares). Cecil got up quickly, and smiled at her, and she smirked at him. He had her one side of him at dinner. I went in and sat under the table to see how they would behave. I assure you that every one of the girls had their shoes kicked off by the men. There was quite a scramble for them when Mrs. Cranston gave the signal to leave.

* * * * *

CASTANELLA has had puppies. I am accused of being the father. I deny it *in toto*. One of the young grooms thought he was being funny when he said I must give up so many bones a week to help support my family. Castanella has turned snappy and snarly, and has lost her temper as well as her figure. But under any conditions she is preferable to the little horror of a dog staying here. She is minute, and called Babette. A jangling Jewess owns this piffling prude. I exchanged sniffs with it (its unhealthy dry nose put me off), whereupon its black-eyed mistress shrieked "Go away, Tingle. My precious is never allowed to associate with *stable* dogs," and she caught the little degenerate into her arms and smothered it with kisses. If it is wet Babette wears tiny boots to match its coat, and they put a wee handkerchief into the pocket. Ugh! How I wish I could roll Babette in my favourite corner of the farmyard, and spoil her coat and boots and nasty pride.

* * * * *

I HAVE been in black despair. The night before last I was sound asleep on the hearth-rug after a fine day's rabbiting. I was hunting in my dreams, when I was rudely awoken by someone treading on my ear—the tender one bitten by a rat. With curses and swears I flew at the offending foot. It was Miss Killearey's. Oh! the scene that ensued! She shrieked and declared she was bitten, that she would have to be pasteurised if she didn't die at once of hydrophobia. My master's wrath with me was truly terrible. The next day Cecil whistled for me. Out I crawled from my retreat, with my tail very low down, to show I was still penitent. "Are you sorry?" he said. I read forgiveness in his kind voice.

I barked. I bounded up and down like a tennis ball with the excess of my joy. He patted me, and I tore round and round the hall. Life was roses and rats once more.

I forgot to say that after Cecil had punished me he turned to Miss Killearcy, and said how dreadfully sorry he was. He had assured himself that the skin was not broken. He took her hands and held her at arm's length, looking deep into her eyes, and said what should he have done if his beautiful Cerise had been bitten. Then he drew her slowly towards him and kissed her. This made me ill, as, indirectly, I had brought it about.

* * * * *

WE are to have a dance to-night. I am determined to avoid being locked in the harness-room, which is my usual fate on these occasions. I am interested in events. I pray my dear Cecil won't propose to Miss Killearey. He is getting very keen, for he said to me only last-night when he was undressing, "I wonder if she really cares? I wish you could tell me, Tingle, old boy." I licked his hand sympathetically, but with no wag of encouragement. I wish I could tell him that she had been flirting with Major Tyneside. I've seen things——

* * * * *

THE dance is over. What an evening! I hid under the Chesterfield, which had been moved into the morning-room. The nice Nora Bard came, and several neighbours. They danced in the hall, and the morning-room was used as a "sitting-out" place. Miss Killearey and some of the girls arranged it very cosily, with just one red-shaded lamp. They said a lot of light was not necessary. The conservatory goes along the

side of the house Rugs were laid down and some Chinese lanterns hung from the roof. This again was dimly lighted.

The music tickled my ears and irritated me I could not get a wink of sleep till supper time It seems to me that men and women go to parties to get away from each other It two people were on the Chesterfield no one else came in There was a great run on it too ... came once or twice with Cecil and the ... inquired for me' I couldn't help thumping the stump of my tail in appreciation

Cecil was very nice to her and ... seems more comfortable with her than with Miss Killcarey ... Cerise he is always fidgeting Of course, he brought her to the Chesterfield several times He was very ... perhaps trying to find suitable words for ... or maybe he had his suspicions about her and Major Tyneside Anyhow the ... were ... spoken though I know he was holding her hand Once he said, The next dance ... return, and I must ... 'Don't leave me, he whispered ... stay with me Cerise I trembled I verily believe ... everything would have been different Instead he coquetted and chaffed him and ... would not have been cut ... rather—his friend

He was quite ... want to stay ... standing up and ... Major ... claimed her for that dance ... and played ... and haunting ... he wanted to listen ...

* * *

SUPPER was ... I was awoken ... voices They were ... conversation There was ... their feet got mixed and ...

'Do be careful ... we shall be ... 'It's all right, he ...

Kissing was resumed. Suddenly I recognised what no one else would—my beloved master's footsteps in the distance He was coming from the conservatory I warily poked my nose under the Chesterfield frill ready to dart out should he whistle for me He came and looked in for a second only—then I heard him retreat —very softly

I kept in his room I shall never forget that night He was beside himself He cursed women and he cursed men He said there was no one straight no one trustworthy He raved against Major Tyneside and he raved against Miss Killcarey He had a whisky and soda and soon grew calmer I ventured to rub my nose against his leg 'Is that you old boy?" he said in a broken voice 'Oh Tingle Tingle I thought she cared, but she doesn't I am utterly wretched'

I believe my dear master was near to crying But he soon pulled himself together, and although he never went to bed that night he was calm and bright as usual at breakfast

Miss Killcarey did not appear till twelve o'clock She put out her ... hand to Cecil who barely touched it She looked rather frightened but with her most sulky ... she ... what they should do that afternoon ... over to my ... I ... never ... her head ... him

* * *

THAT evening ... on his favourite ... and ... came down early but my master didn't go up to ... still ... Her next trick was to ... invitation to go to Lady Cuban ... Cecil was rather jealous of the only son) He ... but of course he could not interfere with her ... and asked what time she would ... Then ... that the game was up She ... and haughty and left the next day

* * *

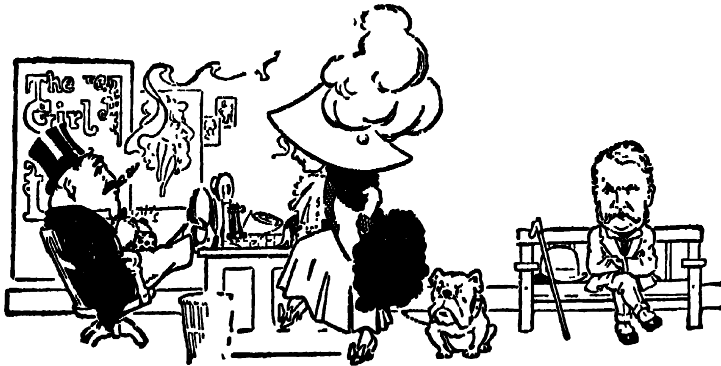
... by—... It's my master ... and Nora are to be married ... foolish with a big white satin bow on my collar, but as it is for them, I bear it!

WHAT SIR W. S. GILBERT MISSED.

How *The Mikado* Might be Received by a Modern Manager.

Let us suppose that Sir W. S. Gilbert had been born November 18th, 1860.

In that event, relying upon the infallibility of



"The manager chats."

figures, we may assume that *The Mikado* would have been completed in 1909.

By last week the promising young author might have got his libretto past the office-boys and to a manager. We will imagine that he did so and was granted an audience.

"Mr. Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"Sit down. I'll attend to you in a minute."

(Asterisks representing the lapse of half an hour, during which the manager chats with the head of his billposting gang, with two ladies of his company, and a principal from George Ashton's Agency or Keith Prowse's.)

"Now, Mr. Gilbert! There's good stuff in your show and I'll produce it--providing you're willing to make some changes. To begin with, I can't see your title."

"You can't see——"

"It don't mean anything! *The Mick-a-do!* We'll have to get something catchier- with 'Girl' in it, or 'Widow.' . . . I've got it! *The Girl and the Garter!*"

"But it—it doesn't fit."

"Oh, that's all right! My stage-manager'll write in a few lines that'll make it fit! Now, as to the story—it won't do to have the whole thing happen in Japan."

"No?"

"No. We want to give 'em something up to date something they'll recognise. Japan's all right for the first act. The second act ought to come off in London—say, at the Savoy or the Ritz Restaurant. That gives your girls a chance. No audience is going to stand two acts of girls dressed in kimonos."

"But I——"

"You might write a third act for that restaurant scene; then you could have the second act on a yacht. Yachts are always good. You want to cut out some of your Orientals. The executioner fellow —now, nobody'll laugh at an executioner. It's—it's gruesome. Make him a rich distiller from the Highlands, and I'll get a tiptop Scotch comedian for the part. He's in Japan looking for a dook to marry his daughter—that's *Yum-Yum*. She is stuck on the tenor, same as in your story, but cut out the wandering minstrel. You can't have a lover in burnt cork. He ought to be a champagne agent, or a naval lieutenant, and the distiller thinks he's a dook! Do you see?"

"Yes—yes—I think so. Somehow it doesn't seem quite in the—the spirit of the piece. However, I suppose you know best. Have you any other suggestions?"

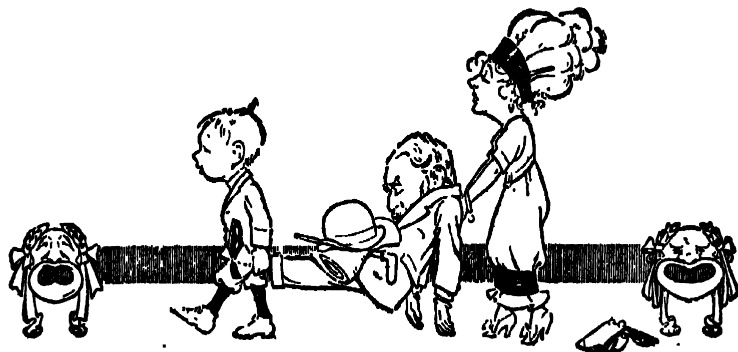
"Nothing important. We've got to work in a lot of jokes. You can crib 'em from *Punch* and London Opinion, and there's plenty of room for 'em."

"Y-e-es, I suppose so."

"Of course, your lyrics won't do. Too many long words. Why, nearly every line ends with a word of two or three syllables. Get some rhymes like 'blue' and 'true,' and 'love' and 'dove,' and 'home' and 'roam.' And then you want to stick in a waltz, so's we can have it sung eight or ten times in the show. I'll have an orchestra in the foyer to play it between the acts, and put a lot of kids in the gallery to whistle it. Your moon song's up to date, but you'll have to chop out with a hatchet all that 'Tit Willow' and 'Flowers that Bloom in the Spring' stuff. What people want is *numbers*- numbers with girls in 'em, and some kind of 'business' like dress-suit cases that turn out to be a battleship flying the white ensign, or the red, or whatever it is. Cut that 'Hearts Do Not Break' thing, and we'll get a live one like 'I Always Love the Last Girl Best,' or 'I Want to Take the Ladies as I Find 'Em.'"

"And you—you don't think the piece *could* succeed as it is?"

"Not a chance, my boy—not a chance! You're all right, and I'm willing to bet that you'll knock 'em, but go slow on that intellectual stuff. It's all right for me and you, but you can't get it to them fat-heads in front. I ain't here to educate the public, and you ain't, either. You keep your mind on that and work hard, and some day you'll have your own motor-car, and be right up in a class with the author of *The Beauteous Belle of Belgravia*, and my other popular librettists."



Collapse of the author.

THE VERDICT OF PARIS ON SANDOW'S CORSET.

ELECTED AS THE FOUNDATION FOR 1911 FASHIONS.

Parisian Queens of Beauty, Leaders of Fashion, and All the Most Celebrated Singers and Actresses on the French Stage Have Adopted Sandow's Corset Because it Ensures

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE FOR EVERY WOMAN.

Special Arrangements for Ladies to receive Without Cost Mr. Sandow's Book of Advice on the Corseting Requirements of their Figures.

By unanimous agreement the great Parisian makers and leaders of Fashion, who set the dress fashions for the world, have chosen Sandow's Corset as the foundation for the fitting of the season's dresses, gowns, and costumes which are to be worn during the present year.

That they should have done so demonstrates beyond doubt the excellence and superiority of this indispensable article of feminine attire, and it need hardly be said that this decision of the famous beauties, who are leaders in the *haute monde*, has produced the greatest sensation amongst the great French corsetières, who have previously held undisputed position as the world's premier corset artistes.

THE IDEAL CORSET FOR COMFORT.

This verdict of the Parisian Queens of Beauty was a foregone conclusion from the moment Sandow's Corset was, but a month or so since, brought to their notice, for they immediately realised that, excellently as they had been corseted before, they had never enjoyed the sense of pleasure and comfort which the wearing of Sandow's Corset revealed, combined with the beautiful lines it imparted to the figure, even although they had been in the habit of paying ten times the price at which they could secure this superb garment. Not one whit less enthusiastic than our leading singers and actresses who have adopted this garment are the great operatic artistes and actresses famous on the French stage who have followed their example.

Sandow's Corset is not a corset solely for the wealthy classes. Even the woman who must count her shillings, equally with those to whom money is no object, can enjoy the advantages to her health and figure which the wearing of this corset bestows, because it is possible to obtain Sandow's Corset at as low as even 12s. 6d.

CALL, OR WRITE FOR BOOK OF PARTICULARS.

A personal visit to the Salons of Sandow's Corset Co., at 32 St. James' Street, will be well repaid, for here the various models and styles in which the corset is produced will be shown and explained to callers without their being at all pressed to purchase. The Salons are in themselves worthy of a visit, as they are fitted up in the most tasteful and magnificent style which modern art can suggest. For the convenience of ladies who cannot call, a beautiful book of particulars, containing the models and a measurement form for ordering by post, has been prepared, and will be forwarded to all who fill in and send the form below to Sandow's Corset Co., 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W. It is also illustrated with splendid portraits of leading actresses and singers who wear Sandow's Corset.



Photo Bert.

Mlle. YVONNE DUBEL, OF THE OPERA, PARIS, is one of the many leading French artistes who wear Sandow's Corsets, of which she has written: "Voici donc mon rêve realisé: un joli corset, grâce au Sandow."



Photo Felix.

Mlle. MILLO D'ARCYLLE, a charming Parisian actress who wears Sandow's Corset, speaks of it in terms of the highest praise, and concludes: "Le Corset Sandow c'est un rêve."



Photo] [Bert.

Mlle. MISTINGUET is one of the many leading French actresses who have adopted Sandow's Corset, of which she speaks in terms of the highest praise.



Photo] [Bert.

Mlle. BORDONI is one of the many beautiful Parisian actresses who are corseted by Sandow's Corset Co., and says: "Je suis très content avec le Corset Sandow."

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

AND POST THIS APPLICATION TO

The Manageress, Sandow's Corset Company,
32 St. James' Street, London, S.W.

I shall be pleased if you will forward me free of charge and post paid, a copy of Mr. Sandow's Book, "The Perfect Figure and How to Obtain It."

Please write here Name and Address Plainly saying whether Mrs., Miss, or Title ....

....

....

LONDON OPINION, 4.3.11.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Unnecessary.

"No woman ever requires another woman to tell her when a man admires her."—*Seed of Fire*, by Rachel Swete Macnamara.

At First Sight.

"Faces are like places: a first sight is almost invariably the one that tells you most."—*The Other Wife*, by Olivia Ramsay. John Long. 6s.

The Shy Man.

"Men sometimes propose to girls merely to make conversation. That is your shy man, of course; shyness being one of the first aids to matrimony."—*The Moorland Bird*, by Edwin Pugh. Milne. 2s. net.

The Historian's Hobby.

"Prescott the historian used to keep a cake of soap on his writing table, and nibble at it constantly, saying when he was remonstrated with that people should be clean inside as well as out."—*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands*, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Two vols. Hutchinson & Co. 21s. net.

A Geisha Entertainment.

"After we had spilled a sufficiency of assorted food tufts over our clothes with the end of the elusive chopstick, the fascinating Geisha, eight in number, began their world renowned performance. Four unhappy, elderly spinsters twanged the more or less gay guitar of the country with the same effect upon themselves apparently that such music might have produced upon a self-respecting dog, for it moved them to lift up their voices in most melancholy dissonance. We were told afterwards that if our party had not included ladies, the Geisha would have been more lively."—*Japan for a Week*, by A. M. Thompson. John Lane.

Her Eyes.

"Age is like marriage. It can be arranged."

"Most things said about love emanate from women."

"The man a man understands straight off is the best kind."

"People who never forget what they want generally get it."

"What a difference the size and colour of a pair of eyes make to a remark!"

"He could never decide whether he liked to talk to her because he liked to look at her, or to look at her because he liked to talk to her. When a man has that doubt, he should beware."—*The Romance of a Woman of Thirty*, by Louise Mack. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Boarding-house Geometry.

"A pie may be produced any number of times."

"Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals."

"On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing."

"All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room."—*Literary Lapses*, by Stephen Leacock. John Lane. 3s. 6d.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
A SWEETHEART.

Take a peach—and remove both her parents,
Add a suggestion of wealth,
Garnish with bonbons and flowers,
And turn the gas lower with stealth.

A Fine Sea Scape.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking."
Ballads and Poems, by John Masefield. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

From "Tillers of the Soil."

"There never was an Achilles without a weakness in his heel."

"Fame is the breath that comes after us; notoriety is of our own time."

"Fortune gives to every man according to his courage—and his intelligence."

"Love is sometimes strong enough to mould circumstances; at times to tincture others; yet it cannot always alter them."

"A continuously peaceful and easily successful nation produces no great men or women, in the same sense an evenly comfortable life offers no moment either of tragedy or great humour."—*Tillers of the Soil*, by J. L. Patterson. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

A Quaint Reformation.

"Pope Pius IX was anxious to maintain a high level of public morals, and showed his zeal in that direction by ordaining that the dancing girls of the Opera should wear green Turkish trousers reaching to their ankles, whatever the rest of their costume might consist of. My mother used to say that the effect of a company of young women pirouetting gravely on one toe, with short tulle skirts flying straight out from their waists, while the rest of their limbs were swathed in floppy green silk, was one of the funniest things she had ever beheld."—*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands*, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Hutchinson & Co. 21s. net.

• • •

The Testament of John Hastings, by A. C. Fox Davies, and *A Household Saint*, by Jerard Syrett, are two very readable novels among Messrs. John Long's latest six shilling publications.

• • •

Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses is just published, giving the Telegraphic Addresses from Official Lists down to 1st January this year. The telephone numbers of registrants are included, and there are some 81,000 names and addresses covering the whole of Great Britain. The Abbreviated Addresses are indexed so that the sender of a telegram may be identified even though the message be signed with the code word only.

• • •

OCCUPATIONS FOR GIRLS.—"What are you going to be?" is a question which is now asked of girls as well as of boys, and Mrs. Frank Stephens has done much to solve the problem in her penny book, *Careers for Girls and Women*, just published by Horace Marshall & Son, 125, Fleet Street, E.C. In this useful little book information is given regarding the qualifications, examinations, salaries, and future prospects of between fifty and sixty different employments which are open to girls and women.



THE NEW PERIL.

Mrs. Heavydebt: "Horace, why do you always search the sky with your field-glasses before you start for the city?"

Mr. Heavydebt: "Well, there might be some of those wretched aeroplane writ-servers hovering about!"

FAMOUS JEWEL ROBBERIES.

VI.—The Disappearing Diamond.

ONE June morning, in the year 1892, a certain student of crime stood in the shop of a well-known West end jeweller, chatting with the proprietor. They were talking about jewel robberies in general, and certain jewel thieves in particular. The jeweller was congratulating himself that he had enjoyed almost complete immunity from their attentions, having made himself secure from their depredations by various skilful devices. The criminologist, however, felt convinced in his own mind that it was largely by chance and good luck that he had so far escaped being victimised. All jewellers in London have to be constantly on their guard against the "swells" of the criminal fraternity.

"Have you seen Mrs. Jackson lately?" asked the criminologist.

"It's strange you should ask me that," replied the jeweller, "for I had a visit from her only a week ago. She was in fine form, and wanted to see some unset diamonds, to match a stone she already had in her possession. I kept a keen eye upon her, and nothing happened."

"Did she make a purchase?"

"No; she professed not to see anything to suit her, and took her departure."

"Ah!" was the monosyllabic utterance of the criminologist, who immediately after added, "I should be prepared for another visit from her."

"I am always prepared for Mrs. Jackson," said the jeweller, with emphasis.

"I thought London would hear of her again before long," remarked the criminologist; "she pulled off a very clever trick the other day. She managed to escape from custody at a railway station while she was being conveyed, with other prisoners, to gaol. There was a crowd on the platform, and when the train drew up at the station Mrs. Jackson simply slipped out of the carriage and made off. Fortunately for her she was wearing her own clothes, and the warders had three other female prisoners to look after, so their movements were somewhat hampered; they were also impeded by the crowd, who got in the way—purposely, very likely—which enabled Mrs. Jackson to make good her escape. I think she must have been assisted by her husband."

"Her husband? She has a husband, then?"

"Yes, she is really married. Her husband is in the same line, and they very often work together. He did a good thing when he married Emily Martin, who from time to time has helped him to a good deal of spoil. She is a 'showy,' woman, with a taking, not to say an imposing, manner, and he is able to get into places where the best hauls are to be made without arousing suspicion. Hotels, watering-places, receptions, and other social functions she attends, and always to the enrichment of herself and husband. Occasionally she 'patronises' shops. Always she is apparently beyond reproach."

As if to point the proverb "Talk of the wolf and you see his tail," just then a smart brougham drove up to the door, and a well-groomed, aristocratic-looking man stepped out and entered the shop. The jeweller advanced towards him, but the criminologist retreated quietly into the obscurity of the back of the shop, keeping his eyes on the customer. The latter produced a diamond from his pocket, and informed the jeweller that he wished to purchase another stone to match it. The jeweller brought out a tray of stones, which the customer closely examined, but failed to find anything to suit him. He explained that the stone must be a good match, as it had to form a counterpart of the one in his possession, the two to be set in a tiara for his wife. Finally he said the best way would be for him to leave his stone with the jeweller, so that the latter might have a chance of matching it elsewhere. In a few days he would call again and see what success he had met with. To this the jeweller agreed, and took the stone, for which he handed his customer a receipt, who gave the jeweller his card, and was driven away in the brougham.

"You remember the visit of Mrs. Jackson?" said

the criminologist If that is not the face of Alfred Jackson, then it's his 'double' They've got some game on, and you are the intended victim May I see his card?"

It was a nicely engraved card and upon it was inscribed 'Mr Leonard Elmhurst 72 Berkeley Crescent"

"A good name and a good address Yes the Jacksons fly at high game and they always do the thing properly Let me look at the diamond."

It was unquestionably a genuine stone and one of considerable value

'Anything missing from the tray?'

Nothing was missing

'I will 'phone through to the society said the jeweller, "and ask if they know anything of him'

There exists a society for the protection of tradesmen which keeps a record of all swindlers known to victimise tradesmen, their methods and handwriting If a tradesman has a doubt about a customer he sends particulars and the society search their records for traces of such a person

It was to this society that the jeweller now telephoned with the result that they replied that they knew nothing about Mr Elmhurst The criminologist however persisted that he was right, and it was eventually arranged that the latter should be present when next the customer called The jeweller would write and make a definite appointment

Accordingly a few days subsequent to Mr Elmhurst's first visit the criminologist was again in the shop of the West end jeweller Some additional stones had been procured and these were placed before Mr Elmhurst who examined them carefully Again, however he was not able to find anything suitable Suddenly the jeweller noticed that one of the stones was missing and said so Mr Elmhurst appeared to be highly indignant, and exclaimed

Do you mean to suggest that I have robbed you?

The jeweller reiterated that the stone was gone, where had it gone to? Whereupon Mr Elmhurst declared he would not rest content under such grave suspicion, and demanded that the police be sent for, and he searched Accordingly a police-constable was summoned and at the rear of the shop Mr Elmhurst was thoroughly searched but the stone was not to be found, and the jeweller had perforce to apologise to Mr Elmhurst, and return him his own diamond Mr Elmhurst then left the shop apparently labouring a good deal under the influence of virtuous indignation The police constable also took his departure

The stone could nowhere be found and the criminologist was quite unable to fathom the mystery

Finally he left the jeweller with the expressed determination of 'thinking it over"

He had not been gone long when an old gentleman entered the jeweller's shop, and left a brooch to be mended The following day the criminologist again entered the jeweller's shop and asked whether the stone had been found Being informed that it had not, he stooped down and looked under the ledge of the counter

Ah' he exclaimed presently, 'that is how he did it is it' What a pity I did not think of it at the time Did somebody call soon after I left yesterday?"

'Yes, an old gentleman who left a brooch to be mended

Ah that brooch will never be fetched'

To explain the theft had been accomplished in the following manner When Mrs Jackson first called she satisfied herself that there was something to be had worth having At the first visit of the husband he contrived to fix a piece of wax under the ledge of the counter, upon the occasion of his second visit he stole the stone and fixed it in the wax Thus the stone was not found upon him The old gentleman who brought the brooch to be mended was a confederate and removed the diamond

'It was a clever trick," observed the criminologist

"It was agreed the jeweller ruefully

A COMPETITION ABOUT PEOPLE.

£5 Notes for Personal Doubles.

THE four £5 notes offered for **Competition 361** are awarded to:

MRS. M. YOXALL, 10 Parish Ghyll, Ilkley, Yorks *The King (p. 212) Kingdom's Toast.*	W. J. ASPLIN, Bull's Bridge, Hayes, Middx *George Edwardes (p. 241). Girls' Ennobler*	HAROLD T. ALLEN, 168 Amyand Park Road, E. Twickenham. *Augustine Birrell (p. 268). Brilliant Aphorisms.*	MISS E. F. WALTER, 17 Monica Road, Wisbech. *Sherlock Holmes (p. 244). Scoundrels Handcuffed.*

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find a use for a "fiver" should have a shot at "Personal Doubles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition.



Ellaline Terriss.

We offer this week **Four Five Pound Notes** to those who send in the four best Personal Doubles.

Select any of these names:

Ellaline Terriss.	**General Booth.**	**Duke of Norfolk.**
E	**G**	**D**
T	**B**	**N**

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 322 to 326); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double. You may reverse the initials if you like.

The four Five Pound Notes offered this week will be paid to the senders of the four cleverest entries. They may all happen to be on the same name; they may be all four on different names. It may happen, possibly, that all four will be won by the same competitor; they may each be won by a different competitor. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

Each Personal Double sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.



General Booth.

The selections are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 363, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 7th March. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 15th March.

P.O. No. } .... Personal Doubles Coupon 3.3.

I .... Signature

of .... Address

....

enter the "Personal Double" below for Competition No. 363, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen } .... From page ...

Double ....



Duke of Norfolk.

HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST

After Massage, Cold Creams, Wooden Cups, Electricity, Dangerous Drugs, and other methods had all failed.

A WOMAN'S SECRET LAID BARE.

How I watched my bust grow in size, day by day and week after week, until I had obtained

A SUPERB DEVELOPMENT IN ONE MONTH'S TIME.

Special arrangement for readers of London Opinion to obtain full information FREE.

I will tell you how I obtained a beautiful large bust in fifteen days time and how you may do the same The treatment I recommend to you is exactly the plan I followed myself and which gave me a superb development in less than one month Until I learned of the long hidden secret of reproducing the bust development which I enjoy to day I confess that people had always looked upon me as a woman with a poor figure My clothes did not set well and I failed to receive the admiration which is so pleasing to a woman You can understand how anxious I was to obtain a luxurious bust development and consequently I tried nearly all the methods I saw advertised but none of them did me any good Massage and cold creams made my bust soft and flabby wooden cups seemed to have no effect whatever electricity proved utterly useless and I believe the dangerous drug which I took into my system did me more harm than good I grew more fretful and nervous than ever and became absolutely discouraged for I felt that nothing further could be done and I must go through life with a flat bust a poor figure and a nervous disposition In the depth of my despair a friend of mine who had given a lifetime to study and scientific research suggested to me a plan which was so different from anything I had ever seen or used that I consented to make one final trial My health was p n that I admit being sceptical of obtaining any result

You can imagine my surprise and delight when I noticed that my bust was becoming firmer, and I watched it grow in size day by day and week by week until at the end of fifteen days, not only the reflection in my mirror but actual measurements proved conclusively to me the wonderful enlargement that had been produced Those who had known me for years were astonished at the improvement in my appearance In less than one month I was able to rejoice in a superb development of the bust which surpassed even my fondest dream I felt better and stronger my nerves were rested and I took a greater interest in life I was doubly astonished at those marvellous result because the treatment took so little time to follow that I did not neglect any of my regular duties Best of all this treatment had not made me fat but had only produced the development which I had so long desired Such a wonderful change from ugliness to beauty may seem hard to believe but it is absolutely true as I can prove by the ... before and after I followed the treatment You can judge for yourself ... the same treatment ... [illegible] ... full ... able plan ... [illegible]

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They make this offer in order that the unique remedial merits of Zox shall quickly become more widely known Everyone who is liable to an attack of Neuralgia or Headache and every one of us should know that Zox is an unfailing remedy in all such cases

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Dear Sir —Please send me a Shilling box of Zox It has given me great relief from Neuralgia, and is the only thing I know of which has the slightest effect I enclose P O for 1s 1d

Yours sincerely

(Signed) (Miss) Lena Netherton.

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STOCK EXCHANGE SWINDLES.

How the Facilities of Great Institutions are Abused.

It is surely high time that the Stock Exchanges of London and New York awoke to the fact that they have in their own hands the remedy for the disease of stagnation which afflicts them—a disease which, unless tackled at once, may become chronic.

For some years past complaints have rained thick and fast from Throgmorton Street and Wall Street that there is no public interest in markets, and that, save for some small amount of investment buying, dealings have been left to the professionals.

True, the rubber boom in London in the first half of last year induced many thousands of the public to come into the market, but the majority of these venturesome souls retired hurt to join the large army of people with small sums of capital at their disposal who have got a deep-rooted distrust of Stock Exchanges and their methods. Nor is this distrust ill-founded, and if the members of the London and New York Stock Exchanges want to see a return of healthy speculative activity, they must first sweep away the abuse of "rigs," and sweep it away so effectively that their escutcheons can never again—as far as human foresight makes it possible—be tarnished by such operations.

Once upon a time, it was rightly considered that bucket-shops, and bucket-shops alone, were the homes of shady practices; but unfortunately in recent years the "rigging" of shares has become so common in Gorgonzola Hall and Wall Street, that the speculating public now fight shy of the markets, and wisely so.

How "Rigs" are Worked.

In the inner financial circles of London and New York it is quite a common occurrence for the "tip" to be passed round among a favoured few that a fictitious rise in a certain share is about to be engineered. Sometimes the operation is described as a "bull movement," occasionally the crude and ugly term "rig" is used, but oftener than not it is whispered darkly that so-and-so—naming a well-known financier, perhaps—is "going to shift the price of" a certain share. Not unnaturally the shares usually selected are those of gold mines, for the precious metal has magic attractions. There is a glamour about the tiny word "gold" which makes it an asset of inestimable value in the hands of the "rigger" who seeks to lure the public on to buy worthless shares at high prices; and he utilises this asset for all it is worth in working upon the minds of the unsophisticated. First of all, of course, the "rigger" has to obtain a large number of the shares he proposes to exploit. He is able to do this in easy fashion. A mine, perhaps, has been floated, and the vendors of the property have agreed to take their purchase price in cash or shares, according as to whether the public apply fully or not for the capital offered for subscription. If the prospectus is received poorly, the vendors receive most of the purchase consideration in shares, and this becoming known, a financier will buy from the vendors their holdings, or take an option upon them, at certain prices. Does he always relieve the vendors of their shares because he has a belief that the mine is likely to turn out well? The main consideration is can he pass on to the public the shares at prices which will show him a handsome profit? And if he thinks he can, the bold, bad financier completes the deal with the vendors.

The Game Begins.

Now the fun commences, and, once started, goes on fast and furiously. The "rigger" has first of all to "make a market" in the shares, and this he does by giving certain members of the Stock Exchange "calls" on the shares at varying prices 5,000, say, at 5s., 5,000 at 7s 6d, and say 5,000 at 10s.; and very often similar calls are given to outside brokers—*i.e.*, those who are not members of the Stock Exchange. Obviously, before any of these brokers can see a profit on all their calls, the price of the shares has to advance well over 10s.; and, of course, the more the quotation goes over 10s., the better for them. Having thus enlisted these brokers into his service, a very useful part of the work of "rigging" has been done, since each of these suddenly becomes an enthusiastic "believer" in the future of the mine, and in circulars to clients the speculative attractions of the shares are dilated upon.



A SHORT WIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

At last dealings in the shares are begun, and for the first time perhaps in their history the tape ticks out the quotation for them. But in order to stimulate public interest it is not sufficient that the shares should merely appear among the tape quotations. There must be what is called "a rising market"; and so from time to time the price gets a little higher—the smallest amount of buying being taken as an excuse for marking up the price—and, curiously enough, the higher the shares go the more ready are the guileless public to join in the gamble.

Feeding the Flames.

Meanwhile, as the shares are moving upwards, the wire-pullers are steadily pursuing a campaign of publicity. It sometimes occurs that the directors of the company themselves are not entirely disinterested in seeing the share quotation advance, and, if this is so, carefully timed cables from the mine are received and published far and wide. It is not suggested that these cables contain information that is false. But it is notorious that the dissemination of "hopeful" news from a mine is sometimes sent at what is deemed to be an opportune moment in the "bull campaign." An amusing incident is told in this connection concerning a certain gold mining company, now defunct. The meeting of shareholders was in progress, and on a table in front of the chairman, and in the full gaze of the audience, was a large lump of gold-bearing quartz. During the course of a highly optimistic speech, the chairman declared that a cable had been that morning dispatched to the mine manager, instructing him to start crushing. Later in the day a message came from the official named saying "Can't until you return the reef!" And it is no exaggeration to say that many of the mines in the shares of which "rigs" have been engineered have been subsequently proved to have been as limited in gold deposits as the property concerned in this story.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that the attention of the manipulators is entirely confined to mines. In New York, for instance, "rigging" the market takes place extensively from time to time in railroad and other stocks and shares, and prices are hoisted to dizzy heights by the professionals in order to "rope in" the public. Some of the cleverest movements of this kind have been worked "across the Herring Pond," and right well are some speculators on this side aware of it. Not so very long ago a certain railroad stock was forced up nearly 40 points in a single day by certain brokers, who used "dummy" buying orders. For the honour of the New York Stock Exchange let it be said at once that an exhaustive inquiry into the matter resulted in the brokers implicated being severely punished.

The Inevitable Collapse.

To return to the familiar example of mines. When the financier and his friends have unloaded on to the public all their shares, the market is left unsupported. Down comes the price with a rush, and this is generally the signal for the public who have been deluded to turn sellers. The avalanche of selling orders causes the quotation to fade as quickly as snow before the spring sunshine, and in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson," the shares become practically unsaleable. Those who have sold have suffered severe losses. Where has the money gone? Into the pockets of the insiders—brokers and the rigging fraternity—and the net result to the public is a severe lesson learned at great cost.

The Remedy.

The Stock Exchanges of London and New York are fine institutions, governed by rules framed for the genuine protection of the public. But these rules are inadequate. They want amplification. Their operation must be broadened so as to prevent brokers taking a hand in "rigs," and thus helping the manipulators to fleece the public. It is no credit to any institution that its rules allow members to assist in luring people into share purchases which must almost inevitably result in large losses, or in the public being left in possession of scrip of little or no value. It is significant that brokers who are known to take a hand in these practices are given a very cold shoulder by the other members of the house. If this remedy is applied vigorously, public confidence can be won back. But the public has had enough of "holding the baby"; and hence the quietness of business.

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

Some New Spring Novelties.

The world of fashion is full of interest just now. Hardly a day passes that does not mark the advent of some new article of attire. New fashions, new fripperies, new millinery, and new materials are to be noticed on every side. What is of the greatest importance is the fact that, with the noticeable exception of the harem skirt, all the new modes are characterised by a charming and picturesque simplicity For the day of over-elaboration of trimming is past; the heavy brocades which are the fashion of the present moment do not call for the adornment of fringes, bugles, tassels, and trimmings of all kinds—their place being taken by lovely old lace and hand embroideries.

Brocades.

Indeed the revival of the use of brocade, which is the direct outcome of Queen Mary's preference for this fabric, has quite revolutionised dress of to-day Court gowns in particular are being almost exclusively made of this material, and all manner of beautiful brocades have recently made their appearance. Two lovely examples of the new material are to be found in a heavy black satin brocaded in gold tinsel representing small ostrich plumes which are brocaded at intervals of several inches apart, and in the new fabric which represents cloth of gold or cloth of silver brocaded in bright lined velvet flowers, the design being stamped on the tinsel background.

Washing Materials.

Of other new materials which have lately come in for a good deal of admiration is a new kind of washing material known as Japanese crêpe. This is to be had in all kinds of dainty shades, such as delicate blues, greys, mauve, and reds, and the great advantage of this material is that it will stand any amount of washing without injury to the colours. For blouses there is a new kind of cotton cambric, very fine and very soft, which is worked with a large mauve, pale blue, and pale lavender spot design This is generally made up into simple shirt blouses adorned with a soft grandfather frill down the front, a design that is admirably adapted for wearing with the new short coats Paisley satin handkerchiefs are also being fashioned into blouses for afternoon wear, their plain coloured borders forming a deep waist line, which has the effect of making the figure appear very slim, and far more elegant than the old-fashioned loose-fitting blouse does

Sweet Pea Fashions.

The rage for sweet peas which is being so steadily and systematically boomed is already having a far-reaching effect Not only are large quantities of artificial sweet peas being poured into every millinery and draper's establishment throughout the country, but sweet pea fabrics are the order of the day. A lovely white voile covered with a pattern of mauve and pink sweet peas promises to be a favourite material for summer frocks, as does also a new mauve cambric, which shows a pattern of sweet peas shading from the palest heliotrope to deepest purple Hats likewise are being made with crowns that are lavishly massed with "the Coronation flower," which it is pretty safe to prophesy runs a very fair risk of being killed by over-popularity long before June is here.

Gowns in "The Lily."

Miss Mabel Hackney has some picturesque toilettes in *The Lily*. One dainty little gown, of pale mauve striped ninon with posies of pink roses and forget-me-nots scattered over it, is posed over Nattier blue satin, and has a swathed belt of satin of the same shade deeply fringed with silver. The no-collar corsage and the short sleeves are decorated with lace, while down the front of the gown are marshalled mauve silk buttons with their loops

A delightful little frock of anemone pink tussore worked with silk of self colour also falls to her share This boasts the ever popular Peter Pan collar and cuffs of lace A pleasing touch is given by a bow of black velvet at the throat, and a trim pink belt strapped with black and ornamented with gold buttons with red enamel centres

More "Lily" Dresses.

In the same play Miss Mary Forbes is well gowned in a tea frock of purple and green shot taffetas with cross-over corsage edged with emerald green embroidery, and sleeves and draperies of coral pink chiffon edged with "bobbles" On the skirt are posed "motifs" of moonlight beads—most effective

A magnificent evening gown is also worn by Miss Forbes The background is oyster white satin over which are posed layers of chiffon of the same shade and delicate silver and gold lace Over all is a diamanté fringed shawl drapery. The little Empire corsage is banded with dull gold and silver galon, and a huge wing ornament of crystal beads is posed on the left side outlined with lapis lazuli

New Hats.

The new hats are already flooding all the big shops The latest models show that the picture hat of huge proportions is by no means dead. Large black, white, soft pastel coloured and cerise coloured straws of finest make, which are lined with straw of a contrasting colour, are amongst the most picturesque models. These are, as a rule, simply trimmed with wreaths of small flowers, very stiff and conventional, which are made of straw, of silk or satin, or velvet. Silk and velvet fruit is a very popular trimming for wreathing round the new hats, while bright pink coral and fancy beads are also much used for millinery this season

Silk Flowers.

Perhaps the most notable of all innovations in the world of dress is the positive craze for these new hand made flowers fashioned of silk, satin, or coloured ribbon. They are used for everything and anything from millinery to table decorations Go where you will you are sure to find these charming Watteau garlands *en evidence*. They are used for corsage nosegays, they trim ball and day toilettes alike, one finds them figuring on the newest sofa cushions and even masquerading as the latest ornament for hat-pins. As they are, more or less, expensive to purchase, a great many women have lately taken to manufacturing them for their own use, and classes for this newest needlework are the latest craze in Society.

Scarf Fashions.

Another kind of needlework which is likewise enjoying a popular craze is the elaborate adornment of those long tulle and net scarves which play such a very important part in dress nowadays Long strips of black, white, or coloured tulle of extraordinary fineness are being embroidered by fair needlewomen who work designs representing flowers, birds, butterflies, feathers, or copies of old lace patterns, in gold or silver tinsel, the design being either simply outlined, or else very finely darned on to the net.



HELPLESS!

Diner: "Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?"
Restaurant Proprietor: "It is my wife."
Diner: "Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune."
R. P.: "She is accompanying herself!"

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The System cannot be explained in an advertisement, but fullest particulars are given in the Illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing," sent free by post.



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For Breakfast & after Dinner.



Which of these two Children do you think is nourished with OAT-FOODS?

How much of the difference between these Children is due to Oat-Foods has been proved by the National Food Enquiry Bureau, which has just canvassed hundreds of homes—homes where live children like these—the strong and happy, the weak and hopeless

In the slum homes throughout Great Britain where are bred the anæmic, incapable, undeveloped—Oat Food is ... almost entirely unknown

But in one Birmingham good-class school ... out of ... pupils use Oat Food. In the ... tried ... of Leeds, only 3 in 100 are regular users

Only 3 in 100 Poor Homes.

In speaking of one poor family (in Leeds) which eats Oat Food the Report of the National Food Enquiry Bureau says Good, healthy, clear eyed, rosy cheeked children. On the same Investigation Sheet six children ... Oat-Food are described as "One child ... ..."

In so poor a district of the ... there are not ... in ... who ... Oat Food in their ... diet

In Good Class— 90 in 100!

The Investigator's Report shows that out of 14 ... (in ... good ... educational director and medical ... officer of health) 14 declare that an increased consumption of Oat Food would greatly benefit the nation (... No ... have no decided opinion)

The doctors say "We ... ... more ... ... carbohydrates ... ... in any other food

Carbohydrates are the heat and energy giving elements of food protein is the body building part ... ... feeds nerve and nerve ...

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The ... flakes that cook ... so easily—The delicious flavour impossible to any other Oat Food

The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats never touched by hand through all the unique process ... SEALED.

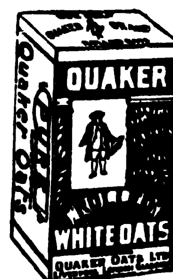
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STOCKS & SHARES

By EAGLE.

A Great Eastern Scare — Chartereds—A Coronation Tip

I TRUST none of my readers who bought Great Eastern Railway Ordinary stock on my recommendation will be frightened out of their holdings by talk about the company losing any of its Continental traffic. The scare paragraphs about the South Eastern Company intending to fight the Great Eastern on the Holland route to Berlin and the North of Europe are the sheerest nonsense. All that has happened is that the Great Eastern Company as from 1st May next will accelerate their service to Northern Europe by about two hours and a half and that in order to meet this new factor the South Eastern Company has benefits an enterprising concern is arranging to also quicken its service. Neither company, therefore, will rob the other of traffic, the net result being a gain to the public of valuable time. What will probably happen is that owing to the less time taken travel between England and Berlin and other places will become more popular to the benefit of both companies. My advice is to hold tight on to Great Easterns for better prices in the current year.

Imperial Tobacco Co.: A Great Example.

THE statement of Mr. Plender the auditor at the annual meeting last week of the Imperial Tobacco Co. Ltd. included the striking comment that 30¾ per cent of the company's profits since its inception had been distributed as bonuses among the customers, put to general reserve and set aside as provision for pensions and written off freeholds and leaseholds in excess of normal depreciation. Financial strength, combined with liberal treatment of customers and employees, had always been regarded as of more importance by directors than the payment of higher dividends. This company had thus striven to be not unworthy of the great traditions which have given the traders of this country pre-eminence in the world's commerce.

Maples.

That well known concern, Maple & Co. did well in 1910, net profits jumping £26,000 to £151,000 enabling the directors to distribute a dividend of 13¾ per cent., as compared with 12½ per cent for 1909. Furthermore £21,000 or an increase of £8,000 is placed to reserve besides £122,000 premiums on the new issue of Ordinary shares. In this way the fund is brought up to the substantial total of £225,000. The 6 per cent. Preference shares can be bought at 1⅛ and are well secured.

Gold Fields Company in Rhodesia.

Now that shareholders in the Consolidated Gold Fields Company have sanctioned the increase in capital to enable the directors to subscribe funds to the big Rhodesian subsidiary, the influence of this important concern should soon be felt in the market. This and other developments are bound to have an appreciable effect on the Rhodesian section in the current year, and those who are laying in store shares in sound companies should have no reason to regret their action later on.

Chartereds.

A new era has been entered upon by the British South Africa Company, revenue now exceeding expenditure, and as the directors remark, "for the first time in its history the board is free to work upon a considered and wide programme of commercial development, unhampered by the fears that the funds needed for this purpose may be required to meet more pressing demands in connection with the administrative and railway obligations." Of course, the people who bought Chartereds way back at 17, when the company's affairs were surrounded by the dazzling glamour of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' personality, will have a longer time than I should care to wait before they see their price again but at anything like their present level, the shares constitute an excellent speculative lock up.

Lipton's.

To my mind the £1 Ordinary shares of Lipton's are distinctly cheap now at round about 22s 6d. The dividend of the company is due to be announced in June next and there is no reason to doubt that at least the 8 per cent. paid for 1909-10 will be repeated and it is quite possible that the rate may be raised. There is a chance of the tea duty being reduced in the coming Budget, and it is hardly necessary to say that the company would benefit considerably from such a change. The company is also interested in rubber, and the comparatively high price still ruling for the commodity must go to swell profits. In addition there is the fact that in a trade revival like the one we are now enjoying a business like this should be one of the first to benefit from the increased spending power of the people.

Jim Hill's Luck.

There is much that is romantic about the history of American railroads and when the story is brought up to date the luck of Jimmy Hill, the great railroad magnate, arising out of the new reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States will deserve a special chapter. Years ago Mr. Hill started building out spur lines from his Great Northern railroad up to the Canadian boundary. People laughed at him and some whispered that Jimmy was not quite right up aloft. Still Jimmy went on and before long he had no fewer than twenty of such branches constructed these going for hundreds of miles in some instances across undeveloped country. Gradually the traffic began to grow between Canada and the States but of course tariffs prevented anything like a big trade being developed. Now the reciprocity agreement takes away the old handicaps on commerce and Jimmy Hill's mad scheme is shewn to have been one of the best he ever touched. In course of time the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and other roads he controls, must derive enormously increased earnings as the result of the agreement. Some people will call this luck and some foresight. Perhaps it is a mixture of both.

Carlton Hotel Ordinary.

The Carlton is one of the most progressive of our hotels. Last year it paid 7 per cent on its Ordinary shares. This is a company which by reason of the Coronation ought to secure profits on a much higher level during 1911.

Gas and Water Companies.

The Editor of the *Gas World* writes: "There are, unfortunately, some gas and water companies which richly merit the strictures in which you indulge. I refer to certain small country gas undertakings which have been purchased for an old song and floated with an absurd over-capitalisation. Some of these have already gone into liquidation. Such companies, however, do not number more than about a dozen in all and it is a pity that because of them the multitude of small gas and water companies to be found up and down the country should be regarded as in the slightest degree hazardous from the investment point of view. On the contrary, the vast majority of these undertakings are thoroughly sound and progressive."

Home Rails.

The rapid rise which is taking place in Home Rails is only what I expected and I was fortunate in choosing Doras as a suggestion for a speculation. This stock has led the rise and shows a very good profit. It is a little difficult in a weekly paper to deal with rapidly moving markets, owing to the exigencies of time, but I am always pleased to assist readers by letter if they wish an immediate opinion on the course of prices. Now that Home Rails have once got into swing the rise will probably be carried a good way. There is a good deal of accomplished benefit which is by no means discounted, and the future outlook is so good that there will be a tendency to put prices up in view of future benefits to be received. The jobbers in the Home Rail market are moving with the times in quoting option rates in most of the stocks and it would probably be wise to guard against any sharp reaction (which might occur on a political rumour) by the method of dealing. Otherwise I see nothing to cause a set back. At the moment I think Great Eastern, Great Northern Deferred, and Little Chathams offer the best speculative opportunities.

Rubber Shares.

The outlook for the good rubber companies is very good As pointed out last week, one has the advantage of an investment with a speculative chance combined Since I wrote, the price of the shares and the commodity have improved I do not know that the market manipulation of the rubber itself is altogether wise, but it gives immense opportunities in the shares which must naturally improve if the price of rubber is put up It means, however, that investors in these shares must follow the course of quotations, and if they take my advice they will sell out whenever prices are rushed quickly ahead with a view to rebuying again on a reaction It worked on this basis rubber investments are likely to prove very profitable for some time to come Even at 3s a pound the profits of the leading companies such as Vallambrosa, Pataling, Selangor Anglo Malay, Cicely etc, must be enormous for the next five years, and as far as can be seen this price for rubber will be greatly exceeded At the moment it is pretty evident that they have got the commodity well under control and I should not be surprised to see another 1s or so rise in it, and a very sharp appreciation in the best Rubber shares I advise buying them as temporary investments

LETTERS of allotment have been posted in the Anglo-Cuban Oil, Bitumen and Asphalt Co Ltd

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to 'The Financial Editor,' "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W C. and must bear the writer's name and full address Please write distinctly In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply paid telegraph form No charge is made

I I Plymouth The Mining Manual is published by W R Skinner 11 and 12 Clements Lane E C Price 18s *Hilda* I do not recommend the bank mentioned *Islander* I think of the two shares you name the Greenwich Linoleum business is less liable to fluctuation and therefore more suitable as a permanent investment and it should continue to maintain its present dividends If you buy Rubber shares buy the best such as Anglo Malay Vallambrosa or Langat It is much safer and you would know that the management (which is everything) is good *A V* I think Trunk Ordinary likely to improve in value, and they may rise within the next few months East Rand Deep are doing nothing at the moment but the property has been proved to be of value The shares are worth holding for a better South African market *Will* I think the Modder Leases will turn out all right and the price will improve with a general rise in the South African market I do not care for South Randfontein Deep, but think you might wait for a better market to sell in *Luc* Canadian Northern Debentures are a first class investment holding, you need have no anxiety regarding them Robinson Deep is one of the best South African shares, and should improve in value I have not heard of any Port Argentine issue *S M, Cheetham* Schibaeff Oil are quoted 6d to 1s and it would appear better to hold on the chance of the company doing better than to sell at the price I do not favour Henriques South but they would be put better with any general rise in the Rubber share market and you might wait this opportunity to get out Oil Trust should be sold on any rise in price Ilhsola Rubber are unmarketable and appear rather hopeless Messrs Pearson & Sons are boring for oil on the property and if this is found they would be of value so you have a speculative chance *I I B* I think you might spread your money over the four following shares which would give you a good interest and I think very little risk Simmer Deep Tanti Consols Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia and Hornsey Proprietary Have sent you name of Stock Exchange broker by post *F B H* I cannot tell you anything further than was stated at the first meeting of the Crude Rubber Company I doubt whether the company is doing particularly well or the shares would be in better demand I should not advise averaging but do not cut loss at present low price *B I R Glasgow* I think Rhodesia Ltd are a good speculative holding An rise will depend upon the development of the issues they are working I should say at the moment that if they rose to 12s 6d you might to take your profit When you have sold write again, and I will advise as to what to buy *R I R* I do not favour the shares but as you have got them this is not a favourable opportunity to sell The may ... with a general rise in the Rubber market when you should sell *I S* I ... has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1894 2) I think you would do much better in dealing direct with a member of the Stock Exchange *C R B* James Nelson & Sons to which we presume you refer are quoted about 24s to 25s They are a good investment but, like all industrial concerns have their good and bad times I should think ... whatever that at present they are doing well I do not know any particular reason why Queensland Bank shares should advance Of course, the Colony is doing well, and no doubt the Bank will benefit The present price is 36s to ... *D F* If Canadians stand at 220 it costs you £220 to buy £100 Stock Americans are dealt in ... here in ten shares of 100 dollars each or equal to £200 Stock so that the dollar is reckoned at 4 Have sent name of broker by post

(Other replies next week)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

NATURE has made woman more garrulous than man, and man encourages her in remaining so.—*New York American*



"Which hat shall I have the one at £2, £4 10s., or £5?"
"Child, we really must go slowly."
"Oh, all right, then—I'll take the one at £4 10s!"
—"Meggendorfer Blätter."

English Audiences, according to Mrs Kendal, always want action. It is lucky they do not always want acting, for they seldom get it.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

• • •

Occasionally we meet a young man who is willing to go through anything for the girl he loves—including her torture.—*San Francisco Chronicle*

• • •

More Mexican rebels apparently are killed and captured by the Government's telegraph service than by its military service.—*New York World*

• • •

We had a mind to sing of spring
In verses 'bout a dozen,
When from the kitchen came this cry:
"The water pipes are frozen."
—*Allentown Democrat*

• • •

A man who can stay up all night in a poker game losing his money can go to sleep in the first paragraph of a lecture on how to save his country.—*Judge*, New York

• • •

What above all else we want in this island of intellectual dishonesty is someone who will tell us the truth "and chance it." H. G. Wells is pre-eminently that man.—*The New Age*

• • •

People who read the newspapers are already beginning to "skip" details about the Coronation, and there can be little doubt that those amongst us who can leave London behind us for a time will be wise to do so, lest we die of Coronationitis.—*The Looking Glass.*

Mean streets make mean men.—*Citizen*

• • •

If you have a confession to make, sell it to a magazine.—*Atchison Globe*

• • •

A philanthropist is a man who is good after he gets it; not while he is getting it.—*Puck*, New York

• • •

Operatic tenors are poetic and romantic objects in theory. In practice they are apt to materialise as portly gentlemen of earthy character and lamentably prosaic habits.—*Daily Chronicle*

• • •

The model husband is not yet extinct. There are still many wives who believe in him; but, alas! his peculiarities are insurmountable. To begin with, he invariably belongs to the other woman.—*Books of To-day*

• • •

The fact that a young lady who recently received a number of blows on the skull from a violent burglar is said to owe her life to the possession of a fine head of hair will, it is thought, lead to many ladies sleeping with their hair on.—*Punch*

• • •

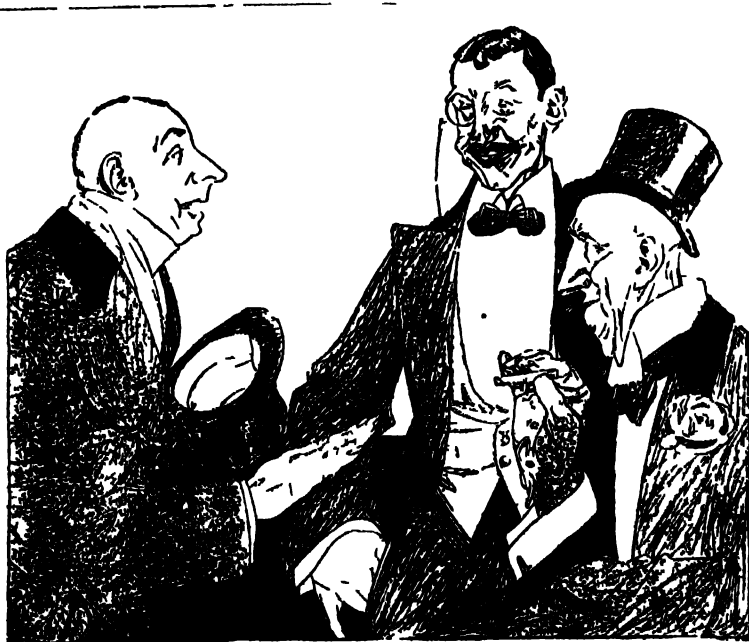
A speaker at the Brixton Debating Society boldly advanced the theory that the great constructive power shown in Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels was due to his early training as an architect. This leaves us a little uncertain as to whether a certain other popular novelist's skill at finding good situations is due to early training as a registry office keeper.—*Black and White*

• • •

TRAGEDY.

She'll be married to-night! And I'll be there to see
The fun, and the tears and the joy.
She'd be hurt to be sure, were I absent—for she
Was my playmate when I was a boy.
My playmate! Ah, yes, and the chum of my youth,
And my ideal as years took their flight;
The one girl of all that I cared for, in truth—
And she's going to be married to-night.

Does she dream how it's hurting my heart to be there?
Can she guess all the anguish I'll feel?
She may look in my eyes—will she know, will he care
For the pain that my face may reveal?
Will she note if I shudder in sudden affright
At the solemn words sealing my doom?
Will she pity me? Ah, who can tell? For to-night
She'll be married. And I am the groom!
—*Boston Traveller*



"I can never take my wife to the theatre. Pieces I haven't seen before might be improper, and anything I go to a second time is sure to be!"
—"Simplicissimus," Munich.

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ONE PENNY.

11th MARCH, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 364.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

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No. 2 MEDIUM,

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

A WRIT has been dubbed a Sweet William. To avoid it, marigold.

• • •

Census papers are to be printed in German and Yiddish. Some of them will still be issued in English.

• • •

Measles is rife among our bluejackets. No longer can we boast that "there are no spots on our Navy."

• • •

Mr. Oscar Asche has given his *Merry Wives of Windsor* a snow setting, evidently having no fears of a frost.

• • •

The L.C.C. has been considering the adoption of a coat of arms. May we suggest, as supporters, two ratepayers rampant?

• • •

Fifty members of the Madrid Police Force have been told off to look after wearers of the harem skirt. Over here, we all look after them when we can catch a glimpse.

• • •

Quicksilver has advanced £2 per bottle in three weeks. After last summer's weather we really thought quicksilver would never make an upward movement again.

• • •

Lord Burnham, in a recent speech, pointed out that journalists to be successful in their calling have to sacrifice pretty nearly everything. Yes, excepting the truth.

• • •

Hats covered with vegetables are to be the real thing this season with the fair sex. A invalid creation trimmed with tripe and a mixed grill aigrette may be expected at any moment.

• • •

"Your own baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for £2."—Photographic Advt.

But so many people prefer to let Nature do this enlarging, tinting, and so on.

• • •

"Mr. S. H. Goldsmid, who opposed Dr. Macnamara at the last two elections, does not intend to again contest the seat."—*Evening News*.

We were not aware before that Mr. Goldsmid was one of the Channel swimmers.

• • •

The public, despite some boredom, continues generally to show extraordinary interest in milling and its products. Lord Lansdowne has actually been offered a hundred thousand pounds merely for a *picture* of a mill.

• • •

A savage would have lain down and died if he had smoked three pipefuls of the early Irish tobacco—but now that is altered. The Irish paper which is responsible for the statement omits to add that now the savage would hardly have time to lie down.

Sir J. Lyons is writing a musical comedy. Will he insist on the "cues" having "no tips"?

• • •

Stones are replacing rollers in our flour mills. In suburban gardens also the roller is now getting the push.

• • •

When the harem skirt really comes in, it may demonstrate that the hobble skirt was not so funny after all.

• • •

Husbands may reflect that there is one distinct advantage about the harem skirt: it does not button down the back.

• • •

The War Office has selected All Fools' Day as the birthday of the new Air Battalion. It looks as if simply *can't* get to like aviators.

• • •

Humour is ever welcome, even from the Zoo. Diet experiments with a newly arrived animal which inhabits the trees of Tibet includes fish.

• • •

No man is more enthusiastic in his pastime than the motor cyclist, says a journalistic admirer. To the truth of this many people can sorely testify.

• • •

Some of the American heiresses must be in a quandary whether to accept existing opportunities or to wait for the creation of those 500 new Peers.

• • •

The "Smile Cure" is the latest cult in the United States. The recent annexation talk has given Canadians also a thorough chance of testing the new fad.

• • •

Mr. Frohman states that the dramatist has got right away from the old "husband, wife, and lover" plot. A rare instance of escape from a vicious circle.

• • •

Please note that the captain of the Indian cricket team about to visit England is the Maharajah of Patiala, not Bat-ala.

• • •

Lady Blount, in the Mid-Lagas ... Millions ... expressed the firm conviction that the earth is flat. And so, evidently, are a good many people who live upon it.

• • •

It was stated at a recent inquest that the game of "touch" in the street was most dangerous. When the plausible talepitcher succeeds in "touching" you, it's a dangerous game anywhere.

• • •

If, as a great public schoolmaster says, "only one boy in ten can write a good letter," how is it that at least six fathers in every dozen send the extra bit of pocket comfort when they are "touched" by post?

• • •

Burglars have broken into the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To borrow a comment made when burglars cracked the crib of the Standard Oil Trust, "their losses are unknown."

THE HORRORS OF HOME.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

I HAVE been reading Mr Bernard Shaw's essay entitled 'The Revolt Against Marriage.' It is the most brilliant piece of explosive thinking Mr Shaw has ever done. Unfortunately it cannot be discussed in print. You cannot touch dynamite without being blown up. But there is one crow which I can safely pluck with Mr Shaw. He attacks hearth and home. If he had his way there would not be a home left in England. I do not know where he would house us all. He does not explain. Perhaps he would force us to live in barracks. He might shove us into hotels. He might hustle us into hostels. His ideal appears to be the monastery and the nunnery. But whatever he may be for, it is certain that he is 'agin' the home.

• • •

MARRIAGE in his opinion is misery and the home is hell. He says that home life is no more natural to us than a cage is to a cockatoo. But we must live somewhere. A cockatoo can live in a forest. Must we take to the woods? I am a conscientious person and I like to be in the movement. I shudder lest I should lag behind the pioneers. I have an unquenchable thirst for everything that is revolutionary and rebellious. I am burning to be up to date. But I am genuinely bewildered. How am I to escape from the horrors of home? I am too lazy to be a tramp. I catch cold too easily to be a vagabond. I like to read with my feet on the fender. Will Mr Shaw rob me of my fender? Will he drag me out of my armchair? Will he not leave me a roof over my head?

• • •

THE way of the pioneer is hard. In these days it is not easy to become a child of the open air. Tents are chilly. Locusts and wild honey would give me indigestion. And where am I to put my books, including my cherished shelf of Shavian masterpieces? One must live somewhere, and if not at home, where can one live? I wish Mr Shaw would lead the exodus from the home. I am ready to follow him anywhere. But he refuses to put on his sandals and head the hegira. This home-smasher skulks in his own home. He does not even sleep one night a week on the Embankment. I submit that this is not fair to his disciples. Let him set us a good example. As soon as he breaks up his home I am ready to break up mine. But I must have a shepherd. I positively refuse to go forth into the world without a guide.

• • •

MOSES was a practical man. He led the children of Israel out of Egypt. Is Mr Shaw going to shirk his duty? Is he going to stick to his flesh-pots or beanpots and turn us out into the wilderness? Home may be the dishonourable, vicious, unwholesome, foul, unclean, and discreditable inferno which he alleges it to be. What does he offer us in its place? He tells us that "most women are so thoroughly home-bred as to be unfit for human society." Does he mean to let them languish in this Hades? Will he not lift a finger to set them free from its narrow views, its unnaturally sustained and spitefully jealous concupiscences, its petty tyrannies, its false social pretences, its endless grudges and squabbles, its packing into little brick boxes of little parcels of humanity of ill-assorted ages, with the old scolding or beating the young for behaving like young people, and the young hating and thwarting the old for behaving like old people, and all the other ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation? If home be hell, why not break it up at once?

• • •

I DO not dare to defend the home. I am afraid to suggest that it is not an Augean stable, so filthy that it would seem more hopeful to burn it down than to attempt to sweep it out. I bow before the authority of Mr Shaw. He knows what is good for us. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for being so stupidly besotted as to like our own fireside. There are millions of us living in a state of disgusting beatitude. We cannot help our ignorantly swinish contentment. We are fatuously fond of each other. We wallow in sentiment. We even give each other birthday presents. We thrust our fatal affection on our defenceless children. We know no better. We cling to all sorts of antiquated superstitions. If we are husbands we are tyrants. If we are wives we are slaves. If we are brothers, we are brutes. If we are sisters we are shrews. Heaven help us! What are we to do?

• • •

MR SHAW calls for "prompt and decisive action." Alas! life is a tangle in which it is not easy to be either prompt or decisive. Mr Shaw's penny-in-the-slot divorce would not help us. We must live somewhere with somebody. If he could disembody us all with a stroke of the pen we might manage. But his lightning-change policy would only make life more complicated than it is. When two people separate two homes are needed instead of one. At present there are not enough homes to go round. Before we bang the door like Nora we must have a retreat. Will Mr Shaw put us up? Is he prepared to house us all in Adelphi Terrace? Or will he start Home Exchanges so that we can all swop houses at short intervals?

• • •

I AM a timid being and I shiver before Mr Shaw's threats. He says that if we don't make divorce easy it will soon be so fashionable to dispense with marriage that conventional couples will be ashamed to get married. I hope I may never live to see that day. It would be awful for married folk to live in constant terror of discovery. Marriage, like murder, will out, and it would not be easy to burn all the registers. Anybody might be suspected of wedlock. The most brazen hussy might be accused of concealing her marriage lines. I heard the other day of a child who maintained that the plural of spouse is "spice." I fear that "spice" in the Shavian age would have a bad time. Their friends would cut them dead. They would get no invitations to dinner. Like the gentleman in *Dolores* they would be forced to beg Mr Shaw to "redeem them from virtue." A statesman convicted of the solecism of matrimony would be hounded out of public life. No reputation would be safe. The risks of libel would be appalling. A jury might fine you £5,000 for accusing a lady of having a husband or a husband of having a wife. It would be unsafe to speak of Mrs Grundy, for Miss Grundy might prosecute you for slander.

• • •

THERE is one thought that helps me to bear up. Perhaps Mr Shaw has exaggerated the horrors of home just as he has exaggerated the miseries of meat. The family may last till after the Coronation. There are some habits that are not easily cured, and as human beings have put up with the agony of home for quite a long time, they may hold out a little

A MODERN WOLSEY.



[In all discussions of the House of Lords friend and foe alike have nothing to say for the 'backwoodsman,' and contemplate with serenity the exclusion of the bulk of the present Peers *Daily Press*

The 'Backwoods'' Peer "Had I but served my Country with half the zeal I served my party, it would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies"

longer. Mr Shaw has failed to vegetarianise mankind He may fail to turn us out of house and home We are not all Nebuchadnezzars Even Nebuchadnezzar was not a happy herbivorist

He murmured as he chewed the unwonted food,
"It may be wholesome, but it is not good"

So, after all, humanity may decide that, east, west, home's best "

• • •

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

"Hypocrisy is not the parent's first duty"—*G Bernard Shaw*

"Lent is a sufficiently afflictive season, even without special preachers"—*The Vicar of Carisbrooke.*

"'Playing the game' is about as good a definition of the quintessence of morality as can be given"—*Lloyd Morgan*

"Every child has the right to an education suited to his intellectual capacity and not merely to the depth of his father's purse" *H Catlin*

"Bad cookery has brought discord into many homes and many a divorce court tragedy has had its beginnings in a saucepan *E J Martin*

The airship will be a calamity to the painter No one will ever be able to paint again the solemn glory of the sunset or the enchanted loveliness of the morning sky Athwart the delicate heavens will come a grimy train of Standard Oil freightships, or some noisy supper party will go by blowing horns and singing music hall ditties—*R Le Gallienne.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.


IN THE TRADE.
No. 19.—The Cobbler.

Vaulting Ambition.

POLITICS are the most disappointing of human pursuits. One by one the chief actors in the Party conflict disappear from the scene, faded, broken in ambition, almost unknown to the multitude. Only Beaconsfield and Salisbury in modern times can be reckoned to have wound up their careers satisfactorily. Home Rule was the open ditch where Gladstone came down when he seemed—full of years and honours—to be careering to a triumphant goal. Sir William Harcourt was a soured man, and Rosebery, who was the cause of much of the souring, lost his position very quickly. At present it is to be feared that the rival factions look upon the former Liberal Premier as an unknown and unprofitable quantity, prone, like a Derby dog, to get on the course when not required, and of no use to anybody after he has got there. Lord Randolph Churchill brought brilliant possibilities to nothing. Mr. Balfour's future is uncertain. Mr. Chamberlain has suffered from cruel illness, particularly tragic at such a momentous period of his political career.

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The Road of Ambition.

ALREADY the new Parliament has lost solid personalities in Sir Charles Dilke—a very disappointed man—and Lord Wolverhampton, who lived to an age which induced some of the younger fry in the Party to attach little importance to him. Mr. Henry Fowler, in olden days, had a good conceit of himself. His voice rang out, heavy and sonorous, reminding one of Tom Mead in the part of the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. He had no humour, and any attempt at what had a superficial appearance of jocoseness was made almost apologetically. Still, he was a trusted member of the old brigade of Gladstonians, and a man of far greater talent than the amazing Mr. Dodson, afterwards Lord Monk Bretton. I am afraid the late Lord Wolverhampton never got where he hoped to, but the memory of him—principally through his fine voice—will be lasting to those who heard him speak in his active days. I recollect an occasion when Mr. Henry Fowler, as he then was, raised a debate in the House of Commons on a private members' night. An attempt to answer his speech came from a politician on the other side, who was obviously in a condition "o'er all the ills of life victorious."

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An Unhappy Incident.

MEN laughed at first, and then became conscious of the shame of the thing, and the picture of Sir Stafford Northcote, sitting and suffering while his supporter went on making a fool of himself, was pathetic. Better than the voice of Mr. Fowler, although, perhaps, less attractive in quality, was that of the late Mr. Handel Cossham. It was a tremendous organ, worthy of the "orator" at a Wild West Show. The worst voice—for a leading politician—was that of Goschen, but he was a hard nut to crack in the rush and parry of a quick debate. The man most disliked—from a speaking point of view—by the reporters was the late Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle. His pronounced dialect drove many of them to despair, and a great deal of bad language was used in the department over the Speaker's chair. For "Joe Cowen" was a person whose views excited much interest, and it was impossible to ignore his speeches, which, of course, is the first impulse of a journalist when he doesn't understand what a man is talking about. Newcastle possessed an unswerving admiration for "Joe" whom it put on the same pedestal of popularity as Underhand and Caller Ou. Undoubtedly the most picturesque and effective private member, scorning the cracking of the Party "whip," was Mr. Labouchere. Strong commonsense and the saving grace of humour made "Labby" ever pleasant and instructive. Moreover, as a person of culture, knowledge, and experience, he never condescended to the clown dog buffooneries of some of the latter-day members, who are prone to forget that what may suit a Board of Guardians is out of place in the House of Commons. Bernal Osborne was regarded as the "rollicking merryman" of the House. There are none of his stamp to-day.

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A Discovery.

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, who sits in the House of Commons for Bow and Bromley, recently informed his constituents that "over a cigar and a comfortable meal members of Parliament were found to be just ordinary men." This is a grievous disillusion to the majority of the King's subjects who, of course, labour under the belief that the makers of laws are persons of vast physical beauty and pepper their conversation with classical, idealistic, and rhapsodical wisdom. If Mr. Lansbury would only strike a further bitter blow by describing how he finds the great ones over a strong pipe and an uncomfortable dinner our emotions will be strained to the breaking point. You will remember that the Bailie in the *Cloches de Corneville* was greatly surprised when poor Gaspard reminded him he was "only mortal." "Am I?" replied that dignitary in amazement.

An Old Friend.

MR. WALTER BAXTER, of the Tivoli Theatre, Cape Town, writes me concerning Mr Fred Bartlett, an actor well advanced in years whom many of your readers will recollect in connection with the Roberts Archer and Bartlett companies at Croydon, Eastbourne, Lincoln and other places. The first two members of the firm are dead. I well remember Mr Archer supporting the late Mr Henry Gascoigne (lessee of the old Marylebone) in *Hamlet*. Mr Bartlett finds it difficult to obtain engagements in South Africa and my correspondent says: "It is a dreadful position for a fine old actor, a liberal manager and one who is a type of the English gentleman to be in. Perhaps you might by alluding to him suggest that some of the successful actors and actresses of to-day who received encouragement from the firm and Mr Bartlett personally would be doing a grateful action and a good turn to one 'out of town' by sending him a donation according to their means. Letters addressed to Mr Fred Bartlett, The Opera House, Parliament Street, Cape Town, South Africa, will reach him." I am pleased to do as Mr Baxter asks, and trust practical help will result.

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Two Thoughts.

[THE search for proof that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare and the works of many other great Elizabethans has been actively pursued by Dr Owen in the bed of the Wye at Chepstow. Simultaneously Sir Hiram Maxim strongly recommends pork and beans as a nourishing dish.]

The cypher cutteth up like pork—
Is faith in "Shakes" unshaken?
O sad indeed if William's work
Should fail to save his Bacon.

In what light will the fates reveal
Our great bard's kings and queens?
No odds—just try that regal meal,
A dish of pork and beans.

A duty clear doth Owen owe
And straightly will pursue it;
He and his friends at Chepstow show
They are the chaps to do it.

Prove Will a "has been"—what a job!
How heavily 'twill tax him;
But meanwhile let your palates throb
'Neath present beans of Maxim.

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The Godiva Procession.

QUITE happy is the inspiration of Canon Masterman that the Godiva pageant at Coventry should be represented entirely by children. "It would certainly be better," the reverend gentleman is reported to have said, "than allowing a middle-aged actress in pink tights and long wig to ride on a horse." I am not pledging myself to anything about "middle age," remembering that women and music should never be dated. But it would be a thousand pities if the Coventry pageant were allowed to die out because it has historical justification, whereas many recent concocted pageants have none at all. A company of children with a golden haired mite as representative of the self-denying heroine, should offend nobody. It is always difficult under the best conditions to realise a poem in the form of a street parade, but Coventry must have sufficient public spirit to overcome a drawback of that kind.

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Haste to the Wedding.

No more disputing evidence of a declining civilisation is offered us than in the growing neglect—almost contempt—accorded to that most delightful of all institutions, the wedding breakfast. Time was that men and women put on their choicest raiment and repaired to a church to witness two confiding persons enter into a speculative contract. We were not in love with the bride and we did not care a hang for the bridegroom. We groaned over the necessity for unwillingly giving them presents, and poor men suffered torture—to say nothing of expense—in donning trousers of an electric hue and cramming hot clammy hands into kid gloves which continuously gave out creakings and crackings as if they were a mill dam about to burst its borders. Still there was always the abiding consolation that the wedding breakfast would make amends for all—that we could gorge and drink to our hearts' content, and make a regular unbroken day of expensive eating and liquors.

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New Manners.

WHAT happened? The wedding breakfast went out of fashion. Instead of being able to put away enough refreshment to enable you to fast for the remainder of the week you were fobbed off with a wholly inadequate buffet lunch. In addition cards took the place of cake in the souvenirs cut out. No wonder that the marriage rate has been on the wane. Who will give support to matrimonial ceremonies when the sole reward for labour and expense is very often no more than a glass of cheap sherry and a mouldy biscuit? The people of Hungary, though they loom on history's page not nearly so boldly as we do ourselves, have a far finer sense of the fitness of things. When they talk of breakfast they mean breakfast in its fullest signification, and I venture to prophesy that if the Registrar General or some other responsible official could only see his way to stimulate a similar programme in this happy island the lamentation about fewer marriages would speedily cease.

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Something Like It.

SEE how proudly they do themselves in that adorable kingdom. The wedding feast lasts from Monday afternoon until Thursday night, and I don't suppose anybody kicks up a row if you want a slice or two of bacon and a few eggs the first thing on Friday. Among the attractions, not including the bride and bridegroom, are 600 geese, 1,200 chickens, 1,350 gallons of wine and 100 barrels of beer—glorious beer! And the wedding party consists of a thousand guests—all a-thirsty or not. This kind of hospitality, I submit, gives a decent man a bit of a chance, besides providing a splendid fillip to the trade of the district. The only drawback is the hiring on of five bands, and of course they are not permitted to tootle the "Merry Widow" waltz for fear the bride might object to it as an evil omen. But the splendid catholicity of the entire arrangement must appeal to the imagination in no ordinary degree, and the sooner the Hungarian precedent is followed in England the happier we shall be as a sociable and unselfish people. The thought of that 100 barrels of beer haunts me as a happy dream, and the only item I would forbid would be the bands.

ROUND THE TOWN.

News about Interesting People, and Doings Behind the Social, Literary, Sporting, and Theatrical Scenes.

IT is astonishing how unostentatiously our Royalty moves about among us. A few days ago I looked in at the Leicester Galleries to see Mr. Hugh Norris's water colours, and was talking to the proprietor, Mr. Ernest Brown, when two ladies came in. Her Majesty the Queen, attended by Lady Eva Dugdale. So unexpected and unobtrusive was the Royal visit that I drew Mr. Brown's attention to the fact before he realised the identity of his august caller.

MR. BROWN, who was formerly manager of the Fine Art Society before he and his partner took over the Leicester Galleries, has quickly made the place the home of all the best exhibitions in town. He told me afterwards that a chance call by some great personage is no very rare event. As I left the Queen's brougham stood outside unobserved, not a soul recognising the plain fawn liveries with black bands or the Royal crest on the door.

THE rumour is about again that the Countess of Warwick intends publishing her Memoirs, but her ladyship informs me she is not writing anything now except a short "Life of William Morris."

READERS of a recent paragraph here will not have been surprised to hear of the engagement of Lord George Cholmondeley to Miss Stirling, the Gaiety actress. This was the very kind of marriage which the late Lady Meux aimed to discourage by leaving Lord George £3,000 on condition that he married a lady in society. Personally, I am always glad to see the dead hand defeated. And again, what is "society"?

THERE is a growing feeling among solicitors and others who have to attend Metropolitan Police Courts that some of the older magistrates should be retired, that the age limit of 65 years should prevail as in the case of the Services. The over-deliberate procedure and sermonising tendencies of several stipendiaries cause great waste of time to all in attendance.

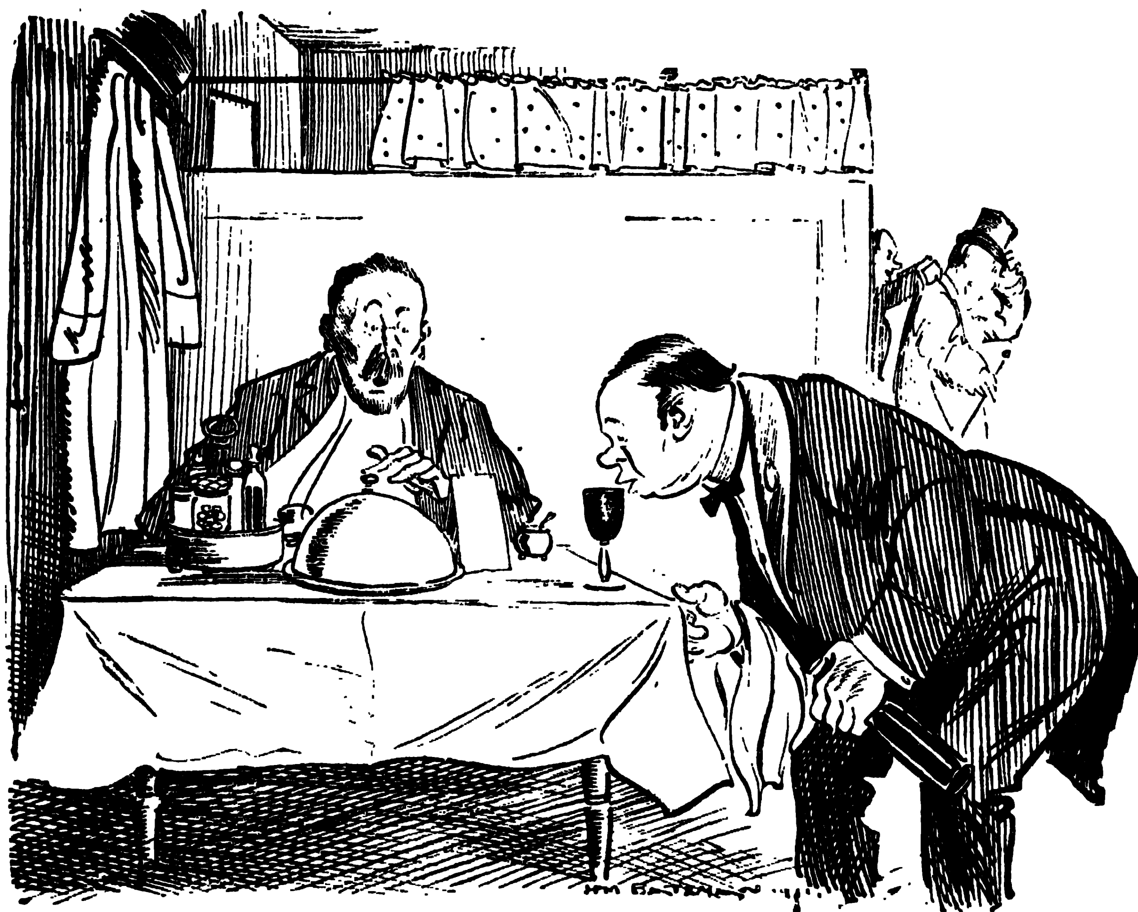
I HEAR that Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, was knocked down the other day by a coster's barrow in Covent Garden, and, to add insult to injury, the taxi driver who took him home gave Sir Albert a bad half-crown, which he only detected by the aid of the person to whom he subsequently tendered it.

DO not be surprised to see a company floated soon for the manufacture of aeroplanes, with Robert Loraine as managing director.

ONE of the recent obituary notices of Sir Francis Galton mentioned that he declared that London was the chief home of the pretty girl and Aberdeen of the plain girl. Sir Francis devoted himself to making a beauty map of the British Isles, and he was fond of classifying the girls he met in the street as attractive, indifferent or repellent. A good many other men have



Mistress: "Has Master Willie come in yet?"
Servant: "I think so, 'm. I haven't seen him, but the cat's hidin'!"



"Beg pardon, sir, but I filled it too full!"

done the same thing, without any pretence of scientific motives.

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FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN was recently asked: "Would you give votes to women?" "I would make no difficulty in giving votes to women," he answered. "But, you understand," he added with twinkling eye, "once you give votes to women the suffragettes will be wanting them also."

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WHILE Dr. Jowett will find many friends in his New York pastorate, he will meet with prejudice also, for the lengthening list of imported British preachers is annoying to the champions of home talent. Here is a typical protest, from the New York *Evening Journal*:

"Theatrical managers tell us that for 'leading young men' they can take only Englishmen. They say that the voices of native-born Americans are crude, and their manners not very good. They don't know how to get in or out of a room, and, in fact, while they are very nice individuals on the sidewalk, they don't look or act sufficiently like 'gentlemen' on the stage.

"Just now we are not defending American actors, we are wondering why it is that American native-born preachers are not suited to the most fashionable American churches.

"Surely an English accent is not absolutely necessary to salvation. It is hardly to be supposed that an innocent Dr. Jowett from Birmingham will have any conception of the sorts of deviltry that his very prosperous American Trust parishioners have been up to. Foreign pictures, butlers, wines, and now even foreign preachers! Give home talent a chance."

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A GOOD literary joke is that of Mr. Frank Palmer, who will publish "Motley and Tinsel" (the novel which was recently the subject of a libel action by an actor of the same name as one of the personages of the story) with the names of the chief characters changed into those of Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, Hilaire Belloc, and G. R. Sims, who have all permitted this gentle satire on the present state of the libel laws.

A NEW novel *A Man With a Past*, by Mr. A St. John Adcock, which is to be published this week by Mr. Stanley Paul, contains the following "Author's Declaration":

"I solemnly and sincerely declare that this is a work of fiction; and that all the characters were invented by me and have no originals in real life, that if any man or woman possesses the same name as any of them it is nothing but an interesting accident. My own name has twice, to my knowledge, been given to characters in fiction - once by Theodore Hook, and once by a novelist who still survives. Theodore Hook had been dead a long time when I was born, but I no more derived my surname from his pages than I imagine that the surviving novelist in question derived the name of his character from me. Even if he did, I forgive him, but without prejudice to my right to sue him for libel if it ever happens that my reputation is no longer robust enough to take care of itself."

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FOLLOWING the example of George Robey, Harry Lauder, the late Dan Leno, and other great men of merriment, Little Tich will tell the story of his life, for publication by Messrs. Greening, at an early date.

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THE Lord Advocate of Scotland, Mr. Ure, is telling a recent golfing experience of his. "The last time I played on these links" he remarked to his caddie, "I had a round with Tom McGregor. Grand player



George: "'Oo's that yer a wavin' at now?"
Tilda: "Only a pal o' my brother's."
George: "Look 'ere, I ain't a jealous cove, but your brother's got a bloomin' sight too many pals, and, wots more, they're too darned tricky-lookin'!"

McGregor! "Aye" said the caddie, "but ye could bate McGregor the noo." "Do you think so?" exclaimed the gratified Lord Advocate. "Aye," drawled the caddie; "McGregor's died."

THE death is announced of one who once tutored Lord Rosebery. This was the Rev. John Reid, who, educated at Edinburgh University, found the kirk an insufficient sphere for his intellect, and in turns became actor, dramatic critic, and all-round journalist out in Melbourne.

A REFERENCE was recently made here to a pathetic search by a dying father for a son with whom he sought reconciliation, after estrangement over his marriage The matter was placed in the hands of Kimptons, the Strand private detectives, and they now tell me that they have found the missing son and effected a re-union.

MR. JIMMY GLOVER has been talking at the O.P. Club of the days when playwrights were not paid royalties on the present basis. He once adapted a play from the French for £3 cash, with a promise to make it £3 10s. if the English version proved a success It did. It brought its purchaser about £20,000. "It is only fair to say," concluded Glover, "that when I wrote for the extra 10s, it was paid without a murmur."

SOMETHING new in the infant phenomenon line has been discovered by Charles Frohman, who has accepted a one-act play from an eleven-year-old dramatist--Cornelia Skinner, an actor's daughter.

THAT a much more complete annual can be produced in February than in December has been proved by Mr. Douglas Sladen and his co-editor in the case of "The Green Book," just published by Whitaker. This guide to the court, society, political, and official worlds, with its comprehensive information about everybody in art, literature, science, and sport, has within the few years of its existence jumped into the front rank of reference works. One can hardly be green about anybody after consulting it

HAS Lord Montagu's daughter, the Hon. Helen Montagu, in becoming a regular salaried dancer at the Vaudeville, started a new fashion for the aristocracy? I ask, because the Palladium now announce for this week "a daring Oriental dance by the Hon. —— ——, daughter of the late Lord ——, and cousin of the present Lord ——."

MR. WALTER GIBBONS, in sending me this announcement, gives the names which I have left blank, therein showing that he is not to be outdone in daring by the dance. For this is the lady concerning whom, in the 31st December issue of "L. O.," I wrote as follows:

> "A lady who claims to be the daughter of one of our oldest peers having intimated her intention of appearing shortly, on the music hall stage in the name of the peer's family, the solicitors of the peer send me warning that the publication of any such announcement would constitute a serious libel."

As for the dance itself, here is the official description of its "daring":

> "The curtain rises upon the interior of a seraglio whose owner, a native Prince, has been fired by the beauty of form of a veiled houri whom he has seen but once. He sings of his love, then sinks upon his couch He dreams that the seductive houri has come to him at last. The vision of his dream appears. She begins to dance, and her movements, becoming animated, reflect his every wish."

SINCE I wrote the foregoing, the Palladium people have "got wise" about the threatened litigation, and have sent word withdrawing their new dancer's claim to be described as "the Hon—— " Afraid Mr Gibbons will have to have new bill matter printed, but that's better than the bother of a law-suit.

BY the way some of the theatrical managers evidently do me the honour of reading me carefully, for Mr O Stoll last week sent for the Hon Helen Montagu She had stated in her interview in L O that she can do a Margaret Cooper piano act, and Mr Stoll tried her The lady did not fix up anything for the moment, as she has had one or two other offers

THE Little Sunday Club to be held at the Little Theatre is not to be in any sense a gathering of students of the drama with high art ideals It is merely a social club for those who desire to be amused after dinner on the Sabbath, and, judging by the applications received by the committee, smart society will supply the majority of the members

THE famous prima donna, Mme Emma Eames (formerly the wife of Julian Story, the artist) has become engaged to Emilio de Gogorza the operatic baritone and will be married in July

SEYMOUR HICKS' pet motto, "Early to bed early to rise aint a bit of use unless you advertise" seems to be a thoroughly sound one from the point of view of securing big money I hear that he and his wife are booked at £500 a week for South Africa

SPORTSMEN will be sorry to learn that Mr Leopold de Rothschild's two smart three year olds Pietri and St Anton have both become touched in their wind In the case of Pietri, these "musical propensities" are particularly regrettable as, during the winter, the son of St Frusquin—Pie Powder has figured as nominal favourite for the Derby

I AM assured that the *Globe* is not as stated likely to change hands Glad to hear it Certainly nobody could turn out a better thing every night than this popular pink paper for perceptive people

MR HARRY BEASLEY, the veteran rider who will steer Cackler in the Grand National, has a wonderful record at Aintree He has altogether ridden in thirteen Grand Nationals and won the race the first time twenty years ago Although he is now fifty five he can still hold his own with the best

THE report that Falaise II will be the only French runner for the Lincoln Handicap is untrue All three French horses will run and Radis Rose is expected to prove the best This mare will carry a lot of French money on the day, and is quite likely to go very close

MR J B JOEL has retained no jockey for the coming flat racing season Whenever possible however he hopes to be able to secure the services of either Danny Maher or Frank Wootton I wonder who will ride old Dean Swift in The City' at Epsom? Maher is pretty sure to have the mount on Mustapha and Frank Wootton too looks like being commandeered elsewhere Writing of the old Dean reminds me that Mr Joel tells me the ancient warrior is as fresh and kittenish as a two year old Like Sarah Bernhardt, Dean Swift seems to defy Father Time

THE LOOKER ON

IMPUDENT INTERVIEWS.

ALFRED AUSTIN (Now in the Throes of a Coronation Ode).

AH, yes no doubt it's mighty fine
To be a Poet Laureate,
And pipe each year a pipe of wine,
With sundry guineas aureate,

But when the plodding universe
Observes again those fatal days
Who else must hymn in puny verse
Britannia's royal natal days?

Who else must hammer rhymes for "George,"
"Prince Albert and Victoria"?
For which I'm tempted oft to forge
A crime like "infusoria"

'Tis I must show my gratitude
To condescending Royalty,
With patriotic platitude
And incandescent loyalty,

Or even pass with kindly smirk,
A bit of jobbing knavery
And praise a raider's dirty work
As Brilliant British Bravery

Assail me not with verbal bricks
And shoulders hyperborean!
I've got to keep my politics
Consistently—Whig-Tory-an

Like Horace I've a lyric vein
And really should be pitied, for
The fact that I must pipe a strain
My reeds were never fitted for.

My tapestries have softer tints,
Wordsworthian and Heinricky
(The *Independent* often prints
My verses in Amerikky)

I've learned Apollo's higher laws
I've drained the Muse's tippling can,
But still they mock at me because
I cannot shout as Kipling can,

While friendly literary sharks
In giving me their benison,
Will add irrelevant remarks
In praise of—Alfred Tennyson!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

THE PAYING GUEST.

By J. C. FORSYTH.

STEPHEN BATES was in an embarrassing position He could not get enough to eat

When he had come straight from Cambridge to a London law office the Senior Partner an old friend of his father—had suggested to him that he should become the paying guest of a certain lady in Hampstead whose house was too big for her And Stephen had recognised the weight of a Senior Partner's lightest whim

Moreover he discovered that the lady in question was a relation of the Senior Partner At first he saw no reason for regret the hostess was charming and artistic and so was the house It made him think vaguely of a Fra Angelico picture with the angels left out But before he had been there a week he discovered that he was expected to subsist on nourishment which might have satisfied the Fra Angelico angels but which was wholly inadequate for a man reading for his law finals It was tiresome and expensive to dine in town and besides it annoyed his hostess So that things were difficult

He partly solved the problem by bringing tinned stuff home and eating it about eleven By that time he was ravenous, having had nothing for dinner but an olive and a sardine and a cherry on whipped cream But a new difficulty arose All trace of his orgies must be hidden It was bad enough to have to eat tinned tongue as if it were cake but even then there remained the tin to be disposed of He bethought him of his portmanteau, which had a good lock Until it was full he need not worry

Meanwhile, the Senior Partner grew more and more amiable "Come to us for the week end at Lancaster Gate to-morrow" he said one Friday "You look as if you were overdoing it a bit"

It was not till he got to town the next day that Stephen remembered that having packed his suit case, he had left it in his room He sent up a messenger boy to take it from Hampstead to Lancaster Gate He got some golf in the afternoon, and arrived at the Senior Partner's house a little before seven His host was importantly cordial "We dine at seven forty-five," he said "give the man your keys and come and see my wife and the girls" After a quarter of an hour with a monumental lady and two bored girls, Stephen went to dress

The man who showed him up to his room glanced at him curiously Then he opened a bedroom door. "This is yours sir" and Stephen was shut in

He gasped

It was an elegant room, in the very latest furniture And on the grey satinwood dressing table stood a battalion of empty tongue-tins, grinning at him with jagged mouths And there were no dress-clothes.



Bruce: "So you refuse to tell me where you got your new waistcoat?"
Victor: "I do!"
Bruce: "And this man called himself my friend!"

INDIAN CRIMES

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

SIR,—Why did the tern turn?—To see the duck duck.
When did the carp carp?—When she felt the eel heel.
Why did the ant-eater's aunt eat her?—Because she let the cheetah cheat her
Where would "B" be? After "A," eh? And before "C," see! Yours truly, F. T. WRIGHT.
Negapatam, India.

THE LATEST REMINISCENCE OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED CIRCLE"
By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



PEOPLE imagine that the mysteries of London, the shadows of a great city which are sometimes never lifted, only happen in the East End and in the dubious district of Soho. The recent Houndsditch tragedy goes to prove this. But without offering any comment it is worth remembering that the characters who played out this strangely sinister drama in the East End frequented every part of London.

The shadows of a great city brood over every one of its streets. Its tragedies happen in every district. The man who goes out of the house next door or sits by your side on tram car, bus, or eats opposite to you in a restaurant may be playing a part in a drama that would hold a world spell bound. The quietest backwater of a street in the most respectable part of London may become at a moment's notice a place of ill repute to arrest the attention of a startled world.

It is this sense of the mystery of the London shadow ever falling on well known thoroughfares that haunts the story of "The Adventure of the Red Circle" in the Strand Magazine for March. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle knows his London, knows its veiled mysteries and his tense, uncanny episodes the veil is plucked aside.



Sherlock Holmes lives in Baker Street—one of the most conservative of London thoroughfares, and to his chamber the troubled people who are suddenly cast to play a part in London mysteries come to consult him for help and guidance.

In the mystery of the "Adventure of the Red Circle," the great detective is confronted with one of the knotty tangles torn from London's ever weaving loom of mystery—a problem after his own heart. His mind is asked to throw light on a corner of London darkened by the shadow of crime.

The scene of this moving life drama is Bloomsbury—the place of many tragedies discovered and undiscovered. The strange story is played out in a London street not far from the British Museum. It begins with a commonplace set of incidents told by an irritated London landlady and from the commonplace the reader is taken step by step into a haunted district glowing with tragic possibilities. The mystery grows deeper as each link in the chain of inconsequent incidents is forged. Conan Doyle draws the veil from the commonplace life around us and shows us a dark inner world of strange actions through which the striking



figure of the great detective walks bringing sweet reason and sanity to lighten the shadowland of crime.

Every man and woman who lives in the great mystery city of London will read this strange story in the March Strand Magazine and will not drop it without the excitements of its charm until Sherlock Holmes has said the last word. "The Adventure of the Red Circle" is a moving real life drama which grips the heart and mind of every reader. Sherlock Holmes, the quiet, lonely, thoughtful figure, upon whom yet the mystery becomes a living force. He seems to move amongst us personally in the grim street of Bloomsbury searching for the key to the heart of the mystery. He is more than a hero of fiction; he represents the greatest London ideal, a vigilant unswerving force on the side of righteousness, treading swiftly and relentlessly on the heels of crime. Reading this story it ceases to be a work of fiction. Bloomsbury, a tragic background, is peopled with living human problems about which the lucid luminous mind of Sherlock Holmes flashes like a searchlight until it strikes the true solution.

Indeed "The Adventure of the Red Circle" shows Sherlock Holmes at his best. He comes nearer to being a creation of life itself than to being merely a splendid hero of fiction. Conan Doyle makes London live. He fills its known streets with real people, and Sherlock Holmes becomes a real man pursuing a real wrong doer and unmasking him in his very real villainies. It is a story to read. It is a story of London and London life everyone is reading. It is a story of which people will be talking. It is a chapter in the drama of life with which you should be familiar.

APPEARS in the MARCH "STRAND MAGAZINE."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

THE fashion in plays changes almost as rapidly and is well-nigh as capricious as the fashion in frocks. What suits us one season seems quite a back number the next, even supposing that both the drama and the dress are presented to the utmost advantage. A case in point so far as the theatre is concerned may be found in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which has entered upon what promises to be a highly successful revival at the Lyceum. The late Edward Rose's adaptation of Anthony Hope's story is being given by an excellent company, headed by Henry Ainley as Prince Rudolf, and is, moreover, handsomely equipped in every detail, but not even these advantages served to cloak the antiquity of the soliloquies and asides which from time to time stamp the piece with its date of origin.

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These considerations apart, however, the revival has much to commend it, for the performance is one of all-round excellence. Henry Ainley is a grandly gallant figure as Rudolf, whom he plays with rare spirit and skill. Rosalie Toller's Flavia is a creature of infinite grace and tenderness, and Stephen Ewart's Black Michael will make the virtuous Lyceum pit want to lynch him. There are precisely twenty-six other reasons why this show is all right for good London money.

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Margaret Mayo, having helped to start *Baby Mine* on a winning run at the Criterion, has, with her delightful husband, Edgar Selwyn, gone to Paris to see her famous farce launched in that city. Later on it will be presented to audiences in Berlin and Rome, and very likely in China and Peru. Chatting over tea the other afternoon she was telling me how it all happened, how her mother read from a Chicago newspaper a paragraph that gave her the idea. "Well," said she, "it struck me as being such a perfectly lovely notion that I just sat right down and began to write it. When Edgar came in towards evening I had the first act finished, and in three days the whole piece was complete. It came so readily to me that not a line needed alteration, and it was a success from the very first. Now that only serves to show that if the work appeals to you you go at it right away and get it done. When the conditions are otherwise—well, it is a labour and rarely a profitable one. Yes, *Baby Mine* was certainly born in a hurry, but it is a splendidly healthy child, and looks like reaching a ripe old age."

• • •

I have known Margaret Mayo some years, and up till now I never could have imagined her as the writer of bustling farce. Her personality never suggested such a thing, but perhaps personality forms no index to the work of an author.

Delivering himself of the opinion that the public taste has changed in the matter of plays, Charles Frohman is reported as saying: "The human play is the play that the public wants and that I want." Quite so, Charles, but that surely doesn't indicate any sort of change in public taste. The human play is the line of goods that it has been buying for hundreds of years, and the other sort of play is that which it has been severely remaining away from. The best sign of the theatrical times is the awful swot handed out to plays of the morbidly unpleasant sort, which, thank goodness, are as dead and unlamented as the ichthyosaurus.

• • •

Pop along to the Palace some evening, and see Louise Balthy, who has brought for us a gift of hearty laughter from Paris. Louise is *tout droit*, as they say in Gay Peckham. She's got a "cod" German song and jodel that will make you forget the impetuous onrush of quarter day and encourage you to set up cold fluid comfort for the bunch, for very joy of living. The vehicle—I cannot by any process of reasoning describe it as a sketch—in which Louise appears is entitled *Just a Minute*, but it might just as aptly be called *'Arf a Mo Corky* or *Wettabahtit?*

• • •

The new Gaiety production, *Peggy*, with fine songs and business for Phyllis Dare, Olive May, Gabrielle Ray, Teddy Payne, and George Grossmith, junr., and Leslie Stuart's ever-melodious music, has come to stay for an eternity or two. And, if anything can popularise the harem skirt, it will be the pleasing effect which is obtained in it by the future peeresses who, for the moment, remain Gaiety girls waiting their matrimonial turn. They should not have to wait long—not in those trousers.

• • •

I hear that there is just a chance that one of these fine evenings we may find the Lyceum management offering entertainment composed partly of drama and partly of variety. Carefully blended, this mixture should, and doubtless will, prove palatable.

• • •

According to the theatrical chronicler of the *Daily Telegraph* playgoers had better loosen their wraps. In a piece called *The Bill-Toppers* we are to see Marie Tempest in tights, and in Oscar Asche's new play, *Kismet*, one of the scenes is to represent the bathroom of a harem with real water "and something more than a suggestion of women disporting themselves in it." Switch on the electric fan, please.

• • •

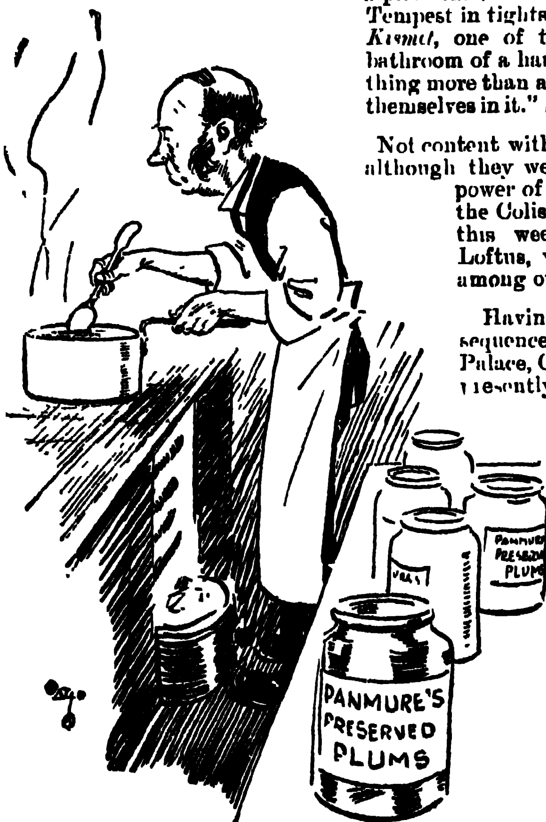
Not content with the drawing-powers of *Sumurun* although they well might be, or with the grim power of Sir W. S. Gilbert's *The Hooligan*, the Coliseum management announce for this week the return of Miss Cissy Loftus, with imitations of Maud Allan, among others. This sounds delicious.

• • •

Having concluded his highly successful sequence of Schnitzler sketches at the Palace, Granville Barker may be expected presently to pop up in another quarter. They do say that he has his eye upon the Little Theatre (looking from one of his own home windows he could hardly miss it), for the production of certain full plays and short pieces.

• • •

For his production of *A Fool There Was*, which he will shortly put up at the Queen's, Herbert Sleath has secured, in addition to Katherine Kaelred (what a mess most of the papers have been making of her name), a capital company of mummers, including Frank Cooper, Charles W. Bryant, Jessie Bateman, and Margaret Halstan. H. S. himself is not sufficiently robust yet, after his recent operation, to appear in the cast.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Preserving Mr. Panmure."

What do You Know about Business?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off handed sort of way:

"Why I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought to do*. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you, taking it for granted that you are a thoroughly intelligent man anxious to make headway in the world. [illegible] the only right and possible, and at the same time the easy way to do this is pointed out to him, will take it. Any intelligent man would do that surely.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will probably own after a mortifying self examination that it is precious little indeed of sound business knowledge that you really know confidently and surely enough to act on.

Yet without this Business Knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around to read the daily papers, to listen to the gossip of the day to realise that in no department of life into which intelligent men put sound knowledge and ability and [illegible] sticking-in qualities are the rewards so sure, so soon realised and so lasting as in the great and increasingly important world of Business.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively. Yet

These Things are Parts of Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know anything at all about International Trade conditions and regulations?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business life.

Now What are You to Do?

You must get the Business Encyclopedia. You can have the complete set of this wonderful work delivered carriage paid for a first payment of [illegible], paying for it by small monthly payments.

You cannot do without it whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who [illegible] that he must be [illegible] the Business fight [illegible] the present day stress of competition. [illegible] the use of the Business Encyclopedia makes you proficient in [illegible]

The Knowledge that is Your Stock in Trade.

If you are older its use gives you the confidence founded on sound authoritative information that will enable you to act on your own business idea. A new idea in business is often the harbinger of fortune and the use of the Business Encyclopedia stimulates business ideas.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR writes:

[illegible]

A CLERK'S OPINION

[illegible]

A FREE BOOK.

[illegible]

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO. LTD., [illegible]

[illegible] free of charge [illegible] the Book describing the Business Encyclopedia.

Name ....

Send this form or a postcard mentioning LONDON OPINION.

Address ....



The Cynic: "By Jove! she gets more like her daughter every day!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

HERRICK AGAIN.

I DO perceive that Julia's dress
Kindles in her a wantonness.
Her fur about the shoulders thrown
Causeth my hat's destruction.
Whereas her eyes I fain would see
Her hat, a wild monstrosity,
Sunk to the tip of that soft ear,
Enthrals the pride of her rich hair—
A hatpin entrant, and thereby
Cusses do flow confusedly.
In that straight skirt no room I note
For the tempestuous petticoat.
The ankle-hobble, in whose tie
I find such incivility,
Doth not bewitch me as when art
Was less precise in that same part.
But when I cast mine eyes and see
Those little footsteps nowise free
O, how that wobbling taketh me!

Whenas in harem skirt she goes
Then, then (methinks) discreetly flows
The bifurcation of her clothes.

My love in her attire belies her wit,
It doth so ill become her;
For, every season, she must hop or sit
In Winter, Spring, and Summer.
Her beauty I confess
With Turkish trousers on.
The moment she will bless
When ankle-waists are gone.

A. T. T.

• • •

THE NEW SPELLING.

Our grannies called it love,
'Twas spelled L-O-V-E.
The modern girl, however,
Just spells it £ s. d.

KISSING MUST SUFFICE.

[More deadly even than kissing is shaking hands, according to the latest medical opinion, fortified by experiments made for the *Daily Mirror* by Mr. T. Thorne Baker.]

O, DOLLIE, the times without number
I've shaken your delicate hand;
Without comprehending the danger impending
To uvula, tonsil, or gland.

At dances, while others were waltzing
And whirling around to the strains
Of airy cadenza, we risked influenza,
And all its accompanying pains.

In Summer time out on the river
I taught you to handle a boat;
Your fingers oft clasping, and yet never grasping
The danger we ran of sore throat.

And so in the future, my dear one,
Such joys we shall have to dismiss:
While memory lingers o'er clasping of fingers
We must just be content with a kiss.

George Harold.

• • •

THE REASON.

No wonder Portugal's unstaid,
And mutiny's bi-annual.
How can it know instructions, when
It's gone and lost its Manuel?

W. A. B.

A CONFIRMED SCEPTIC.

A young man from Oldham, holiday-making in town, went to the Zoo. He stopped before the giraffe. For a few minutes he stood in silence, gazing up at it. He spat. Then: "Blime, there ain't no such animal!"

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

"The Owner's Name." By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

A SCHOOLBOY'S rhyme "Steal not this book, for fear of shame for here you see the owner's name," suggests the origin of book plates. It is a far cry from that to some of the rare or splendid labels of the kind.

A Royal Book-plate.

Queen Alexandra's is oblong in shape, it has two divisions and is bordered by oak leaves and roses. In the lower division you see "Thy wild and stormy steep Elsinore," the first home of the "Sea king's daughter from over the sea." In the upper panel you see pictured the towers of Royal Windsor. On a row of books, at the base of the design, you read the names of Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, and "John Inglesant", and, upon music folios, the names of Brahms, Schumann, Wagner, and Gade, a Danish composer. Across the top of the book plate runs the score of the opening bars of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Her Majesty's favourite dogs also figure in the design—Alix, a beautiful borzoi, and the spaniels Billie and Punchie. The motto is "Faithful unto death," and the name on the label is "Alexandra."

The Tenebrous Painter's Plate.

One cannot imagine *that* ex libris ever coming upon the market; the few to whom Queen Alexandra gave a copy of her book plate will treasure it, of course. But there are old book-plates still more rare. In a capital historical novel, written by Mr. A. N. Cotton, about "The Company of Death" or life in Naples *circa* the year 1647, the hero takes up a book for a moment "while Salvator Rosa continued to paint feverishly." Salvator Rosa was, as you know, the artist of dramatic lights and darks. The book belonged to him, and "pasted inside the cover was a small copper plate engraving" which showed "a skeleton seated before an easel." On the easel rested a portrait of Salvator, crowned with a fool's cap, and a palette-knife in hand. "Towering above the easel is a gallows, from which, suspended *by a rope* there hangs a wreath of laurel." You see the symbolic nature of the plate. "The whole is supported by two female figures, on the left, Comedy, who holds in her hand the model of a dying gladiator, on the right Tragedy, upon whose outstretched palm a Pulcinetto dances gaily. Leaning over the border of the engraving are three winged amorini, the countenance of each is in the semblance of a grinning death's head. Below is the simple inscription "Ex-Libris Salvatoris Rosa." If one could only come across a copy of that!

The Plates of Peeping Pepys.

Very rare old book plates sell for much money, though at one time recently it seemed as if collecting them was in a decline. Not less than twelve guineas must be paid if you are to own an example of Pepys's principal book plate, it shows the egotist's portrait of course. But he had another, a large armorial, and this may be bought for four guineas or so. There is a demand in the United States for a book plate of that period belonging to William Penn, and a copy will sell for ten pounds.

Designer Plates

Sometimes it is the designer's name, not the owner's, which lends distinction to a book plate. Before me as I write lie three "states" of a book plate designed by Aubrey Beardsley. A winged pierrot, wearing a very small top hat with rolled brims advances from an act drop towards the footlights; he bears a large pen and a large stylus, and exhibits the words *ex libris* on a placard; a cupid couchant on the stage peeps up at him from the foot of the curtain.

That is the first "state," the second bears on the curtain the name "John Henry Ashworth," and the



Possible Purchaser: "It's really charming. But does one refer to the costume as *it* or *them*?"

third "state" reads "John Henry Ashworth 1898." Rarity comes into play in this case also for only a hundred copies of the third state, and fifty of the second state exist. Designer-plates are always interesting, and may be profitable to acquire.

The Franks Collection.

There are several books about book plates, none very good. "The Journal of the Ex-Libris Society" contained much information, but it is more helpful to the expert than to the beginner. The place to study book plates at is the Print Room of the British Museum. Sir Augustus Franks left nearly five and thirty thousand as a legacy to the National Collections. Somewhere in the great new wing of the Museum a memorial to Franks may be erected, I hope, for whether you go there to study English porcelain or enamels stone axes or snuff boxes, civic rings or Rococo jewels, you will be studying, in the main, the legacies of Sir Augustus Franks. His collection of book-plates is still the finest in quality and the most considerable in quantity extant.

Forgery in this line has more than begun and such a thing as re-using a long laid-by "Chippendale" or "Festoon" copper-plate, with the name altered is not unknown. It is always worth while to buy cheaply a second-hand book which contains a book-plate.

• • •

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received and the consequent call upon the time of our experts a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters etc. relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, London Opinion, 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.
No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee to reply under two or three weeks ... It will save time ... Readers should not ... articles ... [illegible]

W. H. E. From description your mantelpiece appears to be an old carved marble one. There is a demand for these. The value depends largely on the carving and period, but it is impossible to express an opinion unless photo is sent. You must comply with the rules and send full name and address in future inquiries.

J. D. L. (Durham). Your Delft bowl is a modern copy and worth 10s.

A. D. (Regent Square). 1691 almanack by John Partridge is worth 12s. 6d. If you want your china and Sheffield plate valued send photograph with inquiry or send one piece of each for inspection.

W. T. B. (Birmingham). It is impossible to say if your picture is a genuine Morland unless it is sent for inspection. The supposed original of "The Thatcher" was sold at Christie's in December 1908 for £36 15s. only. From the low price realised it is extremely doubtful if this was the original, however. The size was 24 inches by 29 inches.

A. K. T. (Ipswich). Your book of old lithographic types is of no commercial value, and would only be of interest to a private buyer.

PRINTS (Liverpool). None of the articles mentioned on your list are of anything more than nominal value.

F. B. (Wandsworth Common). Wine jug described appears to be pewter worth a few shillings only. Dessert service is not important being practically undecorated. It is not likely to realise more than £1 to 25s. The English coins are worth face value only, foreign ones are worth metal value.

E. O. (Ormskirk). If your jug is genuine Crown Derby it is worth about £5. Could not say definitely if genuine from sketch sent. If you can get the offer you state for it advise immediate acceptance.

F. C. G. (Kettering). Your set of Hogarth's prints "Marriage a la Mode" are worth 30s. to £2. Engraving of Charles I. is of nominal value only.

AMATEUR. Please send your name and address and kindly read rules re "Curio" answers above.

• • •

B.S.A. on a bicycle is equivalent to the hall mark on silver. It is a mark in which the cycling public can place the utmost confidence. The new B.S.A. Booklet is just to hand. It describes all the latest features of the B.S.A. Bicycles, and is very handsomely illustrated. Any reader can obtain a copy by writing to The Birmingham Small Arms Company Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham, mentioning "L.O.," by way of introduction.

• • •

MR. EUGEN SANDOW has a lot of good things to say concerning the well known food—Plasmon. From his own personal experience and from that of his pupils he finds that Plasmon not only keeps the body well nourished, but that the nervous energy itself becomes much more vigorous and pronounced under its use. Any reader desiring particulars of this food should drop a line to International Plasmon Ltd., 66A Farringdon Street, E.C., for the firm's booklet.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FINDING WINNERS BY HYPNOTISM.

By W. G. YARCOTT.

THE progress of the game was suddenly interrupted. Three pairs of eyes stared fixedly at young Bill Gant.

Old Jim Tubbs breathed heavily, and observed to the atmosphere in firm, decisive tones "One of the fust rules of dominoes is as persons named Bill mustn't cheat."

"Wot next?" cried Bill. "I ain't cheatin'!"

"I don't say you are," responded the old man, "but there's another rule as people named Bill mustn't even *try* to cheat."

Young Bill remarked that it was a fine rule, but a rule that might apply with more force to persons named Jim.

Young Bill won. Jim Tubbs arose from his seat, drew the attention of the other players to a few of Bill's physical peculiarities, mentioned Bill's relatives and ancestors in terms of opprobrium, and concluded by removing every domino from the table with one comprehensive sweep.

Harmony was restored when Jim was lured on to his favourite topic of Mesmerism.

"I'd noticed the thing years and years ago," he said, "and some time back I sees an advertisement in the paper about it It sed, 'Send twelve stamps for my book explainin' Magnetic Attraction' 'What O!' I ses ter myself, and sent the stamps Nex' day, sure enough, the book turns up.

"This book, or pamp'let, as they calls it, explains that magnetic attraction is a thing that, by studyin' it out, you kin fix matters so as to get all the good luck. Leastways, it's 'ardly that, but, if yer know 'ow, yer kin see wot's acomin', and sit on the good luck and dodge all the bad."

"Rot!" said Bill Gant. "Stands to reason it's all rot."

"Is it?" returned Jim, with some contempt "An' wot d'you know about reason, eh?"

The old man resumed "These people 'ad got the way to do it all down in a book, and they wuz sellin' it for five bob. Bein', as I sed, a man wot likes to go right through with a thing, I sent up my five bob for the book, and got it."

"You've bin an' wasted five bob like that?" demanded Bill Gant, with a huge disgust emanating from his whole body, apparently.

"Invested, Bill, not wasted," mildly corrected the old man.

"Bah!" said Bill.

The other two present, Dick Gray and George Jones, were silent, but were evidently impressed with Jim's exposition

"This book teaches magnetism or 'ypnotism," further explained the old man, adding impressively. "An' I've read the blessed thing right through."

"D'you mean t'say," demanded Dick, "that you're a full-blown magneteer, or wotever they call it?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said Jim doubtfully. "I ain't tried it up to now, but I can say as I know wot 'as to be done. Fust of all, I've got to find someun willin' to submit to the power. 'E must 'ave a weaker 'ead than me, and——"

"Ah! There you are. That's it," interrupted Bill, with an air of finality.

The old man looked at him suspiciously, but, lacking a ready retort, continued

"And 'e must be quite willing"

"But wot's the good of it when you've got 'im?" inquired George.

Old Jim looked at him pityingly.

"'Old yer breath and strain yerself," he said with fine contempt. "Then p'r'aps you'll be able to see that if I throw someun in a trance I can make 'im prophesy the winner o' the Leicester Cup. Wot?"

Dick Gray and George Jones were staggered by the brilliant prospect, and Bill Gant laughed until he fell off his seat.

Jim eyed him stonily while the paroxysm passed, and then inquired coldly:

"An' wot's so amoosin' you?"

"Amusin'," said Bill, limp with laughter. "Well, bust my blinkers if you ain't the barmiest ol' kite I ever struck. Spottin' winners with a magnet! Love a duck!"

The old man's stern gaze relaxed as he resumed

"As I sed, I've got to use somebody with a weak 'ead to operate on. Well, I nat'rally thought o' young Bill 'ere."

"Wery kind of yer," said Bill.

"I'll magnetise 'im," continued Jim, "make 'im prophesy the winner o' the Leicester; we'll slap all our spare coin in a pool an' lay it best odds we can get. None o' yer starting price business with a cert winner in 'and. Wot say?"

"Well," said Dick Gray, "I dunno about that We'll see 'ow you gets on with young Bill."

Young Bill had been thinking the matter over

"Look 'ere," he remarked, "yore arrangements is all right. I like yore arrangements fust class. But wot do I get out of it?"

"Why, you silly jay, you get the same as we git, the name o' the winner."

"Ho!" said Bill sardonically. "Well, yer can do wot yer like about 'ypnertisin' me, but I don't back no magnetic tips not if I know it."

This was as nothing in Jim's eyes, in view of the fact that Bill was a willing subject, and he proceeded to business at once. He assumed a frown and gazed at the victim fiercely.

"Look me straight in the face," he said.

"Um!" said Bill, "I didn't know it wuz goin' to be painful."

Jim struggled with his feelings and managed to pass the insult.

"Submit yerself entirely to the power," said he, making undecided passes in the air

"Just a second," said Bill. "Shall I be quite unconscious if you manage to do it?"

"Course you will," replied Jim testily.

"Thankee," said Bill, and pulling out of his pocket a handful of coppers leavened with silver, he ostentatiously counted it up.

The others were speechless before the mute insult

"Four and ninepence," said Bill. "Get on with it"

He leaned back and assumed so vacuous an expression that Jim brightened up at once. As a matter of fact, young Bill's brain was very busy.

"Now, then," said Jim, making mysterious movements with his hands, and glaring at his subject. After a few seconds Bill's eyelids quivered and then closed, and seraphic contentment rested on his face

"Look! look!" whispered Dick hoarsely. "E's goin'."

"Sh! sh!" hissed the old man, "you'll spoil it. There! I thought so, you've bin and woke 'im up."

Bill had reopened his eyes, and was gazing about in great amazement.

"I do believe I've been to sleep," he said.

"Course you 'ave," said the old man. "*I* done it. Now go on, there's a good chap; just let the power get 'old of yer again."

"No!" said Bill weakly. "No more, please. No more ter-night. Ter-morrer night, p'r'aps"

"All right. It's strong, yer see," said Jim. "We'll 'ave another go ter-morrer night, and pool the money and slap it on the 'orse Bill gives when the power gets 'im."

"That's very good," commented Dick Gray. "But I ain't in this, unless young Bill comes in the pool as well."

Bill's face twisted into a feeble smile.

"Of course," he said, "if I *do* give a hoss's name—an' I shouldn't be surprised now I've felt the power—if I *do*, I'm in it as keen as any of yer."



Constable: "You can't open the door with that, sir; it's your cigar."
The Other: "The deuce! I must—hic—'ave smoked my key!"

"Good," said Jim. "Ter-morrer night, then, 'ere in my lodgings. Meantime—not a word—not a word."

* * * * *

Henry J. Pettyn was familiarly known and addressed as Staggers by his numerous clients. He was the bookmaker with whom the coterie of cabmen that included Jim Tubbs, Dick Gray, and company, usually invested their modest shillings and half crowns.

Bill Gant happened to be speaking with him on the morning following the first hypnotic experiment.

"It takes a lot o' five shillings to make up five quid," said Bill.

"Wot about it? Don't I know it?" demanded Staggers.

"Speaking as a perfessional," continued Bill, "wot hoss d'you think is least likely to win the Leicester?"

"Hm. Wojer want to know for?" said Staggers.

"You tell me 'is name, an' I'll tell yer wot for," said Bill.

"Well! it's 'Uckaback. 'E couldn't win if all the other 'osses turned round an' went backwards."

Thereupon Bill Gant opened his heart to Henry J. Pettyn in this fashion. Relating to him the hypnotic experiment and proposal, he suggested that he would humour Jim Tubbs' fancy, and counterfeit hypnosis. When questioned by Jim, he would announce Huckaback as the fore-ordained winner, and back up his belief by contributing the startling sum of three or four pounds to the pool, the said sum being advanced by Staggers. The others would be convinced, and follow suit to the whole extent of their available capital. The horse would lose and Bill and Staggers would have the profits of the deal.

Staggers shook Bill's hand heartily, and bought beer for him. They were twin spirits.

* * * * *

All was in readiness for the epoch marking experiment. Jim Tubbs placed Bill in a comfortable chair and fixed a cushion at the back of his head. Then he removed his own jacket, and turned up his shirt-sleeves. Assuming a stern stare, he demanded Bill's whole attention, and jerked his arms and hands about. Dick Gray and George Jones looked on with superlative interest.

Bill's eyes closed, and his head sank limply to one side. Jim ceased his physical contortions, and glared triumphantly at the others. George was the personification of enthusiasm, but Dick fingered his chin, and a close observer could have detected a trace of doubt in his eyes.

Slowly and solemnly Jim spoke to Bill.

"William Gant, Junior," he said, "are you asleep?"

"Yus," said Bill.

"William Gant, Junior," continued Jim. "Do you feel the power movin' yer?"

"Rather!" said Bill.

"William Gant!" The old man's tones were excited. "Wot 'oss will win the Leicester?"

The reply came in disconnected words and phrases intoned in a nasal sing song voice.

"The winner—of—the Leicester—will be the 'oss called—'Uckaback. 'E 'll win by two—lengths—'e will start at—twenty ter one against. Staggers—ter-morrer—will give thirty ter one."

"There y'are." The old man was greatly excited. "'Ear that. Thirty ter one. We're made fer life."

"Gosh!" said George Jones.

Dick Gray desired further experiment. "I've 'eard," he remarked, "as people who's hypnotised can't feel pain. 'Ave you got such a thing as a big pin 'andy?"

"No, I don't think I 'ave," said Jim regretfully. "Look, you've took my attention off 'im, an' 'e's wakin' up."

"Fancy!" said Dick.

Bill came out of his trance with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. He looked round in wonderment. Then the position dawned upon him. It could be seen dawning.

"Well!" he inquired eagerly. "'As it worked?"

"Worked," said Jim in triumph. "Rather. Thirty ter one, my boy. 'Uckaback!"

"Thirty ter one," repeated Bill. "Where's the pool.

Show me the pool." He dived into his trousers pocket, and pulled out a handful of money. "One quid, two quid, two—ten, three quid, three pun and two an' ninepence. Every 'apenny I've got. Where's the pool?"

"'Ere y'are," said Jim, producing a bowl.

Bill placed his cash in it Jim began counting up his, and George followed suit Dick Gray softly whistled a tune, and going over to the door, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket.

"Wot's that for?" demanded Jim angrily.

"Be calm," said Dick. "Be calm' That was just to prevent interruption." He fixed a ferocious gaze on young Bill whose face went pale.

Jim and George gaped at Dick, who continued:

"Lemme explain. While you wuz messin' about, gettin' ready to mesmerise our young friend William Gant, Junior, I took the liberty of glancin' through this book wot you learnt it all out of, and spotted these photos givin' all the movements, an'setiy. You possibly ain't aware, Jim, that all them motions you wuz making to put 'im ter sleep, wuz the motions that ought to be used to wake 'im up."

The dismal silence ensuing was broken by the ghost of a voice from Jim. "Luv a duck So they was Why—then——"

George Jones arose and, removing his jacket to give his arms play, sparred viciously with an imaginary antagonist

"Wait a bit," said Dick. "Directly I spotted that young Bill wuz a kiddin' us, I recollected that I saw 'im an' Staggers comin' out o' the Nag's 'Ead this mornin' an' laughin' fit ter kill theirselves '

Young Bill seemed to physically contract in face of the circumstantial evidence

"Well," continued Dick, "I see you catch on, but 'ere's a little bit o' news that may interest our worthy young friend. In ter-night's paper, which I've got in my pocket, it ses that 'Uckaback fell down dead this mornin'."

It was the last straw Bill collapsed and volunteered a full explanation of the whole scheme

"So then,' said Dick "This 'ere money belongs to Staggers."

'The three quid does," said Bill. ' The rest of it's mine."

"The rest," remarked Dick "The rest. Oh! You mean this two-an'-ninepence. Well, my dear young Magnet, this is the spoils o' war, this is confiscated, this is collared, this is commandeered. See!"

He turned to Jim.

"Got such a thing as an envelope an' a stamp?" he asked

"Believe I 'ave," said Jim "'Ere y'are. Wot's it for?'

"Now a pen an' ink. Good. William Gant, Junior write on this bit o' paper. 'From a Friend' That's the way. Now the envelope. 'The Treasurer of the Anti-gambling League.' I dunno the address, but I dessay the post-office does"

Dick's idea of humour struck Jim and George as superb. They sat down and roared with laughter Young Bill catalogued the various things he would be before he'd write any such thing, but a little rough persuasion altered his views and he obeyed orders.

Dick inclosed the coins, produced a stamp from somewhere and sealed the envelope.

"You two gentlemen will bear witness that this disgraceful young turncoat wrote this 'imself," he said.

"Yus!" said Jim and George in triumphant unison.

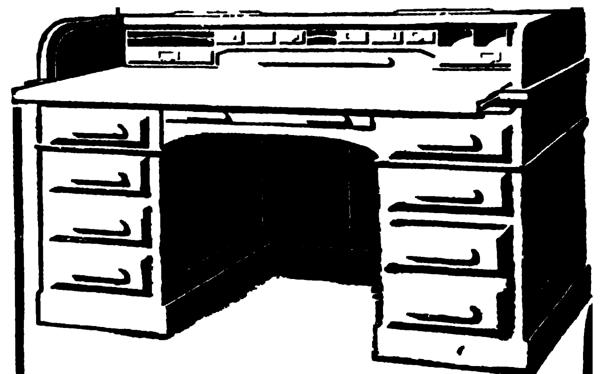
"Right," said Dick. "Now yo're goin' to see 'im post it."

The expostulations of the sorrowful William Gant were of no avail. He was forcibly conducted to the pillar-box, and, after a short struggle, the letter was posted.

"Let 'im go," ordered Dick.

"Wot! ain't nothin' goin' to be done with 'im?" demanded George anxiously.

"That," said Dick, ' is a matter which our friend Staggers will attend to, when our William explains."



A LITTLE BATHOS.

By RALPH HASLAM.

LAST week, I think it was, I went to see Frederick.

"Well," I said, "how's love?"

"Fitful," quoth he, "fitful and brief."

"What do you mean, fitful and brief?"

Frederick lit a cigarette, and sitting down at the piano struck a languid chord in something minor. "I called her Monica," he said.

"It was very forward of you."

"I didn't know her real name, you see. Probably it was not such a good one. But it doesn't matter. It is all over."

"Well, it seems to have been a rotten affair, but you may as well tell me about it."

"It was a week-end," he said. "I motored off into the country and put up at a hotel somewhere. I forget exactly where, but anyway there was a bathroom. I mention it because it was the [illegible]."

"The what?"

"The [illegible]."

"Now, Frederick," I said, "think again."

"Listen. The next morning, the little sunbeams chasing each other round my magenta dressing-gown, I to the bathroom."

"Good," I said, "you have the happy style of a born raconteur. You found the door locked?"

"Wrong. I found it wide open."

His hands wandered over the keys. He is an incompetent pianist.

"All over the bathroom floor," he said dreamily, "were Monica's little wet footmarks."

"What did you do? Jump on to the coal?"

He ignored me.

"You cannot imagine all that those footmarks meant to me. I pictured Monica. Glorious black hair, grey eyes, soft curving lashes, proud passionate lips, the form of a goddess—"

"And damp feet," I said.

Again he ignored me.

"I gazed tenderly at the wet footmarks," he continued. "I found the place where she had been doing tip-toe exercises before the looking-glass, and where she had dropped her sponge. I felt I knew and loved my Monica."

"And when did you meet her?"

"At breakfast."

"Well?"

"Monica wore spectacles and ate four poached eggs."

I laughed quite hard.

"Thus was Monica," he said sadly, "and I had been worshipping the very ground she trod."

• • •

HOW JIM PROPOSED

THE school-teacher was a peach. All the young fellows for miles around were mad about her, but the school-teacher was proud, and none of the boys seemed to stand a ghost of a chance. Young Jim Brown, the auctioneer's son, was the best looking chap in town, and probab'y loved the school-teacher more than any of her other swains, but he never had the pluck to declare himself.

One day, the school-teacher being away on a visit, Jim asked advice of the local editor. The editor said: "Take the bull by the horns and insert an announcement of your forthcoming marriage in my society column." So Jim inserted an announcement to the effect that the school-teacher and he would be married the next month and would spend their honeymoon at Paris.

A short time after this announcement appeared the school-teacher came back home. Jim heard on all sides how furious she was. For several days he kept away from her. Then one afternoon as she was coming home from school he ran plump into her in the lane. She let him know at once what she thought of him and his outrageous conduct. She stormed and raged, and her pretty eyes flashed fire.

Jim stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally he blurted out: "Well, if you don't like it I can have the announcement contradicted."

"Oh, bother it," said the school-teacher, "it's too late now."



ALARMING

Doctor (who has just mislaid packet with red label): "Good heavens! did you taste anything peculiar about that last dose I gave you?"

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Her Inconsistency.

"The female mind, though cruelly practical in daily life, cannot bear to hear ideals belittled in conversation."—*Howard's End*, by E. M. Forster. Arnold. 6s.

Pearls before Natives.

"For uncounted generations until a few years ago in fact, the Trobriand islander used to eat oysters and spit out the pearls on the ground, under the house, in the rubbish heap—anywhere."—*The New New Guinea*, by Beatrice Grimshaw. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.

Pleasant for the Jury!

"A man was once being tried for murder. A common round hat had been found at the scene of the crime, and it was said to have been worn by the prisoner. This really was a vital point of the evidence on which, however, the jury found the verdict, 'Not guilty.' Instead of getting out of the dock with relief in his gait, the man lingered and at last he spoke in a voice husky with emotion: 'Beg pardon, your lordship, but can I have my hat?'"—*Pie Powder*, by a Circuit Tramp. John Murray. 5s. net.

"That's Cecil Rhodes."

"My brother is a strange man," said Frank Rhodes. "We were young chaps together and there wasn't too much money or too many things among us. One day Cecil came and asked me to let him have one of my shirts as he wanted to go to an evening party in London. Well, I wanted the shirt myself that evening and I told him he couldn't have it. I saw him off to the train. He had neither the shirt on him nor had he the bag and baggage with him, but I thought that I'd go to the drawer and just make sure of my shirt. It was gone! Cecil came back that night. 'Well, Cecil,' I said, 'you won over that shirt of mine, but just tell me how you did it.' He chuckled a little and said drily, 'I put it on under the old one.' Now that's Cecil."—*Sir William Butler: An Autobiography*. Constable. 16s. net.



"Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night."
—*Shakespeare.*

Poetry and Gas Bills.

"Anyone who has ever received a cheque in payment for a poem must surely have been struck by the incongruity of the transaction."

"To settle a gas bill, or pay something on account to a butcher, seems a sorry destination for money earned by the inspiration of the soul or the tumult of the heart."—*Attitudes and Avowals*, by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane. 5s.

What Chance Against Bismarck?

"Count Von Arnim (Bismarck's unhappy rival) crossed the floor to the tea table, took his cup of tea from Lady Arthur's hand, and started on his return. But he slipped, his feet flew from under him, and down came the Ambassador on his back. It was an awful moment. When a little later the news of his disgrace became known a man said, 'Well, if he could not keep his feet in a drawing room, what chance had he against Prince Bismarck?'"—*Anglo-American Memories*, by George W. Smalley, M.A. Duckworth & Co. 12s. 6d. net.

Memories.

"Memory is responsible for half the discomforts of mind and heart. I have a horror of everything that is yesterday—from cold mutton to dead flirtations."—*Phrynette and London*, by Marthe Troly-Curtin. Grant Richards. 6s.

Patronising the King.

"A very pompous individual whom we shall call Jones, was fond of airing his views. His Majesty King Edward had laid the foundation stone of a public building. I think that of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, when I met Jones and said to him, 'Well, Mr. Jones, I saw you at the ceremony yesterday. What did you think of the King?' Jones pressed the finger tips of one hand against those of the other and replied with characteristic pomposity: 'Oh, he's quite the gentleman, you know, quite the gentleman.'"—*In Castle and Court House*, by Ramsay Colles. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

Flashes from "Thorpe's Way."

"He blossomed and took a house on the north side of Hyde Park from the top windows of which as from Pisgah could be seen Park Lane, the land of gold and rubber."

"The once shining name of a poor earl glowed with the phosphorescence of decay upon prospectuses."

"Brilliance is wit; it is having something real or startlingly unreal to say, and saying it quick and pat in the proper place, which is always the wrong place for some with a [illegible]."

"Irony is tricky stuff to sell to an Englishman who will endure double meanings in commerce where he calls it the custom of the trade."

"In the middle classes, morality consists in being the same as your neighbour until your neighbour is found out."

"A sober stockbroker cannot be supposed to appreciate revolutionary sentiments, but a quart of champagne and three brandies of 1825 might induce him to listen joyously to the *Carmagnole*."

"From their feet to their necks women are fairly civilised, but on their heads savagery still sits triumphantly."—*Thorpe's Way*, by Morley Roberts. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

The Song of the Actor.

"Some poets sing in praise of Spring,
Or breathe an ode to beauty's eyes—
Or ramble on like anything,
About the moon, the stars—the skies;
Give me no scented breezes fair,
No mossy dell, no leafy lane;
The smell of grease paint's in the air—
Hurrah! I am on the boards again!"

Ballads of the Boards, by H. P. Garden. Chapman & Hall. 2s. 6d. net.

Three good novels are contained among Messrs. John Long's latest publications: *The Complex Love Affair*, by James Blyth; *The Essence of Life*, by Evelyn Alexander; and *A Princess of Humanity*, by Mrs. Stanley Wrench.

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Forthcoming Shows.

THE Great Dane and Borzoi Clubs' shows are being held at the Crystal Palace this week. The Old English Sheepdog Club's event takes place at Brompton on 16th March. Earl's Court will have a capital all-round show on 5th and 6th April. Mr. A. E. Sparrow, 49 Hubert Grove, Clapham, is the manager. The great championship show at Manchester will be at Belle View Gardens on 21st and 22nd March. There will be 477 classes, with sections for all the recently made popular varieties. Among these are Sealyham terriers.

World's Champion French Bulldog.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelham-Clinton have been rewarded for their pluck in crossing the Atlantic with their famous team of French bulldogs. Champion Charlemagne of Amersham won at New York, as did their Champion Nugnone of Amersham. Both were purchased by the strikingly pretty Miss Mary Winthrop, a very wealthy young American lady. Three hundred and fifty pounds was the price of Charlemagne, which had previously become a champion of France, England, Belgium, and Germany.

Retirement of Mr. Brice.

No more will patrons of the Waterloo Cup Coursing Meeting see Mr. Brice in the saddle as judge. He has acted with great precision for several years. He will give way to a younger man, probably Mr. J. Walker, who has heretofore acted for the Altcar Club. Mr. Brice's retirement synchronises with the first appearance of a flying machine at a Waterloo meeting. Mr. Walker is an Anglo-South African and now resides at Stanton Harcourt, Eynsham.

Visit of a Colonial Collie Owner.

A letter is to hand from Mr. J. Hamilton Dobbie, of Dryburg, Double Bay, Sydney, N.S.W., a well-known owner and breeder of collies, who is now in India, and on his way to Paris and London. Mr. Hamilton's father, the Rev. David Dobbie, of Kelso, N B., was a great breeder of Skye terriers, and Queen Victoria consulted Mr. Dobbie on all matters in connection with this quaint, fierce, sagacious, and picturesque breed. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dobbie will visit the more important English shows. Mrs. Dobbie is a daughter of the late Sir William Pink, of Shrover Hall, Cosham, Hants.

Are Small Shows Serviceable?

That is the question now said to be occupying the attention of some minds of the Kennel Club. It is thought that owners of defeated dogs at small shows are disinclined to exhibit at the larger ones. Thus they are "lost" to the public kennel world. On the other hand, it can be written these bye shows encourage small owners and those without the means to travel afar to the greater events with their dogs.

Non-Cruelty of Quarantine.

A famous actress, recently crossing from America, made serious objections on being informed that her dog would have to go into quarantine for three months. It is hard to part with a pet, but the law is the law, and the Board is no respecter of persons. Special temperature kennels are reserved for ladies' or pet dogs. Thus at the Charlton Kennels at Shooters Hill may be found mites of dogs as happy as sandboys enjoying the care of an experienced woman attendant or nurse. As rabies is prevalent in the United States, the Board is specially anxious with regard to America, although Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dog would be most unlikely to meet an infected animal. If the dog had not been under the lady's personal care for the last three months, it would have to be kept in quarantine for six months.



Gertie: "How's my young brother getting on with your firm?"
Bertie: "Well, what time he can spare from the adornment of his appearance he devotes to the neglect of his duties!"

An Esteemed Dog Lover.

The death is announced of Mrs. F. S. Arkwright, of Chesterfield, mother of Mr. William Arkwright, one of the best-known men interested in the dogs of Europe and America. Mrs. Arkwright herself had a great liking for pointers and Clumber spaniels, and exhibited them as far back as 1866 at Birmingham. That would be seven years after the very first dog shows. "Master W. Arkwright" was likewise an exhibitor in those by-gone days. Thus the Sutton Scarsdale squire is among the oldest supporters of dog shows living. His sisters, Mrs W. T. Blois and the Hon. Mrs Evelyn Pierrepont, are likewise fond of the highest-class dogs.

The Elegant Borzoi.

The Borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, retains his place as a most elegant companion for a lady on the terrace or in the park. It is noticed that these beautiful creatures are still portrayed to complete the pictures of fair Parisiennes in the Bois. But Borzois should always be kept on the leash, for they are as quick-footed as they are light-headed and fiery, and are prone to course or run after and romp, perhaps too roughly, with smaller dogs. It is the calling of the breed to pick up live trifles, large and small. So it is better to have "Czar" and "Czarina" on the lead.

Mrs. Barclay's American Success.

Among the exhibitors at the New York show was the Hon Mrs. Barclay, a sister of Lord Decies, whose recent marriage to Miss Helen Vivian Gould was the American matrimonial event of the year. Mrs. Barclay, who has the Northfield Kennels at Wilsey, near Bradford, entered the smooth fox terrier Scarlet Poppy, and won with her in the class for puppy bitches.

King Oorang, the Airedale, beaten.

Recently it was reported in this column that £550 had been given for the Airedale King Oorang, an English dog. He went to America, where he became the property of Mr. A. Albright, of Newark, N.J., a wealthy rubber manufacturer. But Oorang failed to beat Mr G. W. Batson's (the magazine writer) Prince of York, another English dog known here as Champion Dan-y-Craig Commander. Mr. Batson advertises the public offer of £100 for "an approximate production of this dog."

A Pure-White Pekingese.

Mr. Cornwallis, of The Hollies, Church Road, Brixton, has a novelty in the shape of a snow-white Pekingese male puppy with black eyes and nose (what there is of it!), and all the points of the breed. His sister is a parti-colour, also remarkable for tininess and character. Mr. Cornwallis intends showing these puppies at the Crystal Palace "Toys."

Earl's Court Dog Show.

The British Dog Show to be held at Earl's Court on the 5th and 6th April is being promoted by Messrs. Gilbertson & Page Ltd.—not Chamberlain & Page as was stated by a slip of the pen in a recent issue.



A BOOT ON THE WRONG LEG.

"I WISH," says the first man, "that I could run a magazine that would contain all the snappiest jokes and all the first class illustrations that appear in all the United States periodicals."

"You can, easily," answers the other. "Just go to England, start your magazine, and steal your stuff from American publications."

This sneer at English humour appears in New York *Judge;* but its edge is dulled by the circumstance that the issue in which it appears contains drawings scissored from LONDON OPINION and *Punch;* and that the previous issue of *Judge* on 11th Febuary contained no less than four drawings cut from LONDON OPINION, and one from *Punch.* Acknowledgment was given, and we make no complaint. We are just amused at this latest instance of Yankee gall.

ARE BACHELORS MEAN?

By F. MORTON HOWARD.



BACHELORS, who are just now being reviled in various quarters, are like cokernuts; everyone has a shy at them some time or another. Maybe this is because bachelors, like cokernuts, are hard-shelled.

There seems to be something provocative about bachelors. No one can leave them alone. People are continually writing to the papers to point out the desirability of taxing bachelors. Other people demand that bachelors should be compelled to wear a distinguishing badge—either as a warning or a guide, I am not sure which. And other ingenious souls, apparently tracing a subtle connection between bachelors and sad dogs and gay dogs, suggest that a yearly licence costing seven-and-six ought to be taken out by every bachelor.

Interested folks—folks who, in letters to the Press, cloak their identity in such thin fabric as "Paterfamilias" and "Mother of Ten Girls"—do their best to foment this agitation against bachelors. Even in casual conversation, the bachelor is referred to slightingly by married men. Openly they accuse him of ignorance. "Doesn't know his own luck" is an inevitable comment.

At the moment a flank attack of extreme strategy is in progress. Charges of meanness, avarice, and parasitic behaviour generally are being launched against the bachelor with the object, I surmise, of shaming him out of his stronghold.

These charges have all the publicity of the Press. Hostesses are giving their views on bachelors; débutantes are invited to join in the symposium as to whether bachelors are mean or not. So far, the ayes have it—quite emphatically. It has not been so much a discussion as a battue. Indeed, the bachelors have made no effort at reply. I suppose, being bachelors, they are naturally timid . . or cautious.

Are bachelors mean? Let us consider the question. I can speak with experience, for I was born a bachelor.

The first count on the indictment against the bachelor is that he is a "sponge." This analogy to capability for absorbing liquid strikes me as sheer vulgarity.

Next, the bachelor is accused of ingratitude. According to the hostesses, he is asked to tea, and he never thinks of making a return for this hospitality. Just what sort of a return he is expected to make is not mentioned. Is it suggested that he ought to leave tu'pence for the housemaid under his plate? Or should he offer to help wash up the tea-things?

Does it never occur to these militant hostesses that a bachelor makes considerable personal sacrifices in order to be present at these teas? He gives up a comfortable arm-chair at the club in order to sit on the edge of a spindly contrivance. He talks about music he has never heard to a girl he will never see again, he listens to people singing, and has to keep his attention focussed on them so that he can murmur "thank you" in the right place and in the right tone. These things, and such things as these, leave their mark on a delicate constitution. So far as teas are concerned, I reckon that the average hostess owes her bachelor-guest something on the deal.

Again, he is accused of being mean after attending a dance. He makes no return, say the hostesses. But why should he? Quite possibly, if he refused the invitation, the hostess would be compelled to go to Whiteley's for a hired guest to take his place, and that would cost her half-a-guinea a time. Really it seems to me that the bachelor, by saving his hostess all this money, is being generous, not mean.

He is charged with making no return when asked to dinner. What he can do in that way is not clearly indicated. Has he to ask the eldest daughter to marry him, or will it be sufficient if he offers to pay for the poultry?

He is accused of making no effort to repay hospitality with hospitality. Presumably the hostesses expect him to say:

"Well, thanks for an excellent lunch. Now, I shan't sleep comfortably till I've got even with you. I mean, you must lunch with me next time. All of you, and don't forget to bring the baby. I haven't much accommodation, but, bless you! I'll manage it somehow. Half of us can sit on the stairs while the other half eat lunch, and then we can swop round."

But I suppose the head and front of the bachelor's offending is that he lunches out and dines out and still remains a bachelor. That, I think, is the real cause of the outcry against him. Hostesses look on him as a robber—consider him in the same light as a mouse who has eaten the cheese in the trap and then managed to escape.

Still, that is no reason why he should be accused of meanness. If a man is expected to marry a daughter at every house where he calls, you are practically inviting him to become a Mormon or a hermit.

As a matter of truth, it is the hostesses who are mean. They can't give parties without men—bachelors, for choice. And to expect a return from them for being invited to a party is much the same as expecting supers in a theatre to pay for the privilege of being on the stage.

Bachelors, I affirm, are not mean. Observe the way a bachelor spends money on himself. He is lavish, rather than mean. He doesn't mind what he . . . owes.

Bachelors are never misers. Or, to put it the other way round, misers are never bachelors. Every married woman knows that.

The essence of bachelordom is generosity. Instead of confining himself to one girl, the bachelor goes round making as many girls happy as he can.

It is a proof of the bachelor's kindly nature that he will often accept a second invitation to dinner at the same house.

COLD COMFORT.

A CRASH!

A scream of dismay!

The maid-of-all-work rushes terrified into my lady's boudoir.

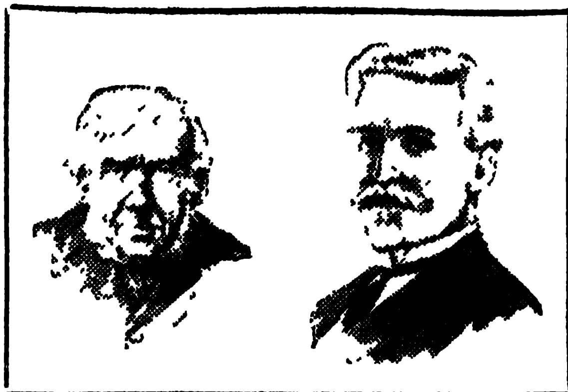
My lady is staring at the carpet.

On it lie the shattered fragments of a hand-mirror.

"Oh, Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" she cries. "Whatever shall I do? They say it means seven years of misery if you break a looking-glass!"

"Never you fret, mum!" comforts Mary Ann. "If you have cause for misery, what about me? I've just gone an' smashed the pier-glass in the drorin'-room."

SHERLOCK HOLMES, killed all too soon by his originator, has at all events left material for "reminiscences," and in this form Sir A. Conan Doyle gives us another of his fine detective stories in the March *Strand Magazine*, still the most popular of all the monthlies.



Contrasts

From the Report of The National Food Enquiry Bureau

Proving the importance of Oat-Food for bodily and mental vigour :—

1.—" In investigation of over 6,000 inmates of workhouse disclosed the startling fact that in ... per cent of the workhouses there were not three in a hundred who had made a regular use of oatmeal."

2.—" A well-known centenarian of advanced years, occupying a high position in connection with one of our greatest Colonies takes porridge every morning for breakfast and has no other meal until dinner in the early evening."

The Value of Oat-Food For Sedentary Workers

is proved by the facts gathered in the Bureau's comprehensive investigation. Judges, lawyers, headmasters of colleges and schools, students and men prominent in public life praise Oat Food as a builder of sound bodies, steady nerves and clear brain. *Life's leaders are oat-fed.* Life's failures are ill-nourished.

The Weak and the Strong.

The Bureau found that in the slums of London, not ... in 100 eat Oat Food.

But in one good class school in Birmingham, ... out of 100 pupils use Oat Food.

At the famous universities and public schools an average of 94 out of 100 of the athletes were "brought up on" Oat Food, and the proportion of those who use Oat Food in training ... 10 to 1.

The Investigator's Report shows that out of ... doctors, 4.. declare that an increased consumption of Oat Food would greatly benefit the nation.

Why Oat-Food ?

The doctors recommend Oat Food because they know that for your money you get in oats a more perfect combination of the heat and energy giving elements of food, the body building part, the brain-food and the food of the nerves and nerve centres than in any other food.

Oat-Food at its Best.

The whole world knows that Oat Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily — The delicious flavour —

The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats— never touched by hand—*and sold only in SEALED packets.*

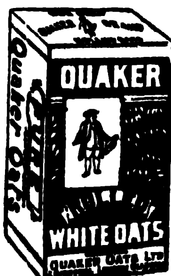
The Economy proved by "40 meals for Sixpence" —These are a few of the reasons why Quaker Oats is

The One Perfect Oat-Food

Quaker Oats

The food that builds brains and bodies

Through the courtesy of the Bureau, we can send a copy of the Report to you if you are interested. Address, Quaker Oats Ltd., Dept. 302, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.



The Greatest of Foods is sold only in this sealed packet.

Ride a B.S.A. BICYCLE

The famous B.S.A. reputation for excellence of quality and skilled workmanship is fully maintained in the B.S.A. factory-built bicycle. Only the best materials are used and all the resources of the finest equipped cycle factory in the world are utilized in its construction. Stringent testing and gauging to less than one thousandth of an inch at each stage of manufacture ensure that



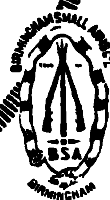
Every Part of a B.S.A. Bicycle is interchangeable

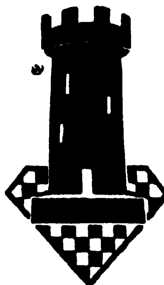
and, in the case of accident, ready replacements can be obtained from any Cycle Agent. B.S.A. constructional refinements also add to the utility of the B.S.A. Bicycle, and even the smallest detail bears the impress of B.S.A. thoroughness.

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A PERSONAL COMPETITION.

"Doubles" on Celebrities' Names Win £5 Notes.

THE four £5 notes offered for **Competition 362** are awarded to:

MISS EMILY KENDALL, Virginia Terrace, Thorner, Nr. Leeds
Harry Beasley (p 286)
Hopefully Banting.

MISS A GIGGALL, Portland, Heaton Moor, Stockport.
Irene Vanbrugh (p 308)
Vibrant Individuality

J. W. S MALDEN, 50 St. Aubyns, Hove, Sussex
St. Valentine (p 284).
Sally Vulgarized

DAVID S. H. GRIEVE, Valleyfield St., Edinburgh.
Seymour Hicks (p. 286).
Stage Hurricane

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.



Harry Lauder.

EVERYONE who can find a use for a "fiver" should have a shot at "Personal Doubles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition.

We offer this week **Four Five Pound Notes** to those who send in the four best Personal Doubles.

Select any of these names:

Harry Lauder.	Winston Churchill.	Lord Charles Beresford.
H	W	C
L	C	B

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show," and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 362 to 367); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double. You may reverse the initials if you like.

The four Five Pound Notes offered this week will be paid to the senders of the four cleverest entries; they may each be won by the same or by a different competitor. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself. Obviously, in such a competition it must happen that, beyond the prize-winners, there will often be others running them very close: they and their friends will say, "Hard lines!"; but, as good sportsmen, will "try again." It is good fun, anyway; and all have equal opportunities.



Winston Churchill.

Each Personal Double sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The selections are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, an effort just out of the prize-list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.



Lord Charles Beresford.

Put the number of the Competition, 364, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 14th March. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 22nd March.

Personal Doubles Coupon 364.

P.O. No. ....

I .... Signature

of .... Address

....

enter the "Personal Double" below for Competition No. 364, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... From page ....

Double ....

VETO PEERS COMPETITION.

Do You Possess Sagacity and Foresight?

We offer up to £500 at the rate of £1 per name which proves to be correct for predictions of those who will be created Peers for the purpose of providing a majority in the House of Lords for passing the Parliament Bill (to limit the Veto of that House).

To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics. Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections — there is no entrance fee — and put in for your share of the £500.

Peerage

of

THE QUEST.

When Isabella's dearest friend had fixed her wedding day
It meant a wedding present soon must be upon its way,
And Isabella planned at once that up to town she'd go
For something quite original but what she didn't know.

She thought she'd start at Liberty's so marching straight inside
She asked if they had anything that one could give a bride.
Of course they'd any number and she'd see the lot
But she didn't take a fancy to a single thing they'd got.

Next Selfridge's she visited and did the same thing there
Reducing the assistants to a state of blank despair.
She wandered through departments looked at things and asked the price
But she purchased simply nothing but a large vanilla ice!

She entered shops in Oxford Street by dozen and by scores,
And when she'd ransacked Waring's took a bus to Harrod's stores.
She trammed and tubed and bussed and walked till she could hardly stand
From old Cheapside to Kensington from Bond Street to the Strand.

"C.S.S.A." and "A. and N." were tried but all in vain,
And then she almost thought she'd start and go the rounds again.
But, since of time and money she'd but little left to spend,
She bought a silver photo frame at Brixton in the end.

GRACE GOLDEN.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

The Silk Hat.

When my country readers are coming to London this season, they will do well to remember that the silk hat is not going to be quite so much out of fashion this season as it has been for the past two or three years. We are all going to be just as smart as we possibly can be this year, and town clothes will be worn in town. Fortunately for everybody, the shape of the silk hat will not be at all out of the way. If you happen to have a silk hat with rather a low crown you will be able to wear it this season without feeling that you are behind the times. (Nothing looks quite so out of date as a really old fashioned silk hat.)

Shapes and Styles.

The brim of the hat should not be curled in closely to the crown. A much better effect is obtained with a broad brim than with a narrow one. The part of the brim at the back and front of the hat should also be broad. In some hats the curve of the brim is very noticeable; in others it is almost straight. I should advise my readers to go for the happy medium, and to select a hat that suits their heads. The crown of the silk hat may be a trifle smaller at the top than at the base. That is the new shape of hat; personally I think I shall prefer a silk hat with a crown that is slightly bell shaped.

A Question of Quality.

I am often asked by correspondents to tell them if it pays to buy clothes of the best quality and my invariable answer is: If you are going to take care of your clothes by all means have the best, but you need not necessarily pay the best price. To this rule I make a few exceptions. For instance, I do not think that a man gets full value for his money if he buys collars of the finest quality because the chances are that the laundress will ruin the collars for him. Another exception to the rule "the best always" is in the purchase of a silk hat. A man who is going to wear one constantly should certainly have one of the best quality, but a man who wants a silk hat for occasional visits to town need not buy one of the best quality, because a hat of that kind will not be worn out until long after there has been a change in the fashion, and the hat, good as regards quality, will be bad because it will be out of date.

Bright Ties.

A correspondent asks me if "white, light or bright" ties are going to be fashionable this year. With regard to white I am afraid not, at any rate so far as London is concerned. A white soft silk tie does not look at all amiss when worn with a coloured shirt but it is not the best kind of tie for London, where white linen collars are apt to get soiled at the rate of three a day. The soft white silk tie is quite a good tie for the country, provided that one can persuade a laundress to wash and iron it properly. When you come to discuss "light and bright ties" for the coming season, I am with you, for I think that there will be quite a fashion for ties of this description. With regard to the light ties there are none better than those of very light silver grey. Try one on the first bright warm day in summer, and then write and thank me for the suggestion.

Fancy Waistcoats.

Fancy waistcoats of all kinds have been out of fashion for so long now that I should not be surprised to see quite a rage for them this season and I should say that many men, especially young men will favour those of bright colours and startling patterns. The majority of them will be single breasted, and it is as well to remember that they should be cut a little higher at the neck than the ordinary cloth waistcoats, so that part of the fancy waistcoat shows above the top of the front of the coat when the coat is buttoned. The waistcoat worn with a frock coat is usually double breasted and the opening at the neck is small. The best material is a fancy grey worsted. A frock coat is more often made with a fancy waistcoat than with one of the same material as the coat.



Stocks and Shares

BY EAGLE.

The 'Bus Monopoly—Rubbers—Securities for the Small Investor.

Capital and Protection.

WHEN all the fuss was made a little while ago about capital leaving the country, no one ventured to suggest the absurd "remedy" of refusing quotations for foreign securities on our Stock Exchanges Yet this is the course being followed in Germany, the president of the Berlin Bourse having just declined to grant a quotation to Milwaukees on the plea that Germany's own wants are sufficient to absorb the savings of the nation, and therefore no encouragement should be given to Teutonic investors to place their capital in foreign undertakings. We haven't come to that yet.

L.G.O.'s.

The London General Omnibus Company is rapidly recovering its old-time glory, the latest step in this direction being the purchase of the undertaking of the Great Eastern Motor Omnibus Company. The L G.O., therefore, now controls practically the whole of the motor-'bus business of the metropolis, and no doubt, in the course of time, the few routes still outside the combine will pass into its hands. The company's stock has, of course, had a very substantial advance, and those of my readers who bought on my advice last year can send along their first dividend warrants, but I think the market valuation at the moment is an adequate one.

Rails.

For once in a way Home Rails have been *the* market on the Stock Exchange, and the volume of dealings and the advance in prices have been greater than for years past. Of course, many of the stocks have so risen as to adequately discount the improved outlook for dividends, but I think some "steam" is still left in Dover A and Great Central Junior Preferences. Hull and Barnsleys, too, ought to prove a good lock-up, as the working agreement with the North-Eastern is almost sure to become an accomplished fact before very long.

Mexican Rails.

The rapid development of Mexico is being reflected in the increasing traffics of the railways Americans have for several years past been increasing their interests in this country, which has been blessed with such wonderful natural riches, but the building of the Panama Canal is drawing the eyes of the whole world to the big future in store for the country. Further, the oil industry is making great strides, and not only provides the railways with traffic, but enables them to operate their lines much more economically than when they had to obtain coal supplies for their engines. There has been no speculative manipulation in Mexican stocks lately, and I think that the Mexican Ordinary stock is very much undervalued in view of its present traffics and future prospects.

Rubbers.

The price of raw rubber, as I predicted, has gone over 7s. per pound, and now a further advance to 8s. is talked about. While the commodity is thus on the move upward the share market is likely to keep pretty active I am often asked by correspondents for a Rubber share of low price to hold for dividends and possible appreciation in capital, and perhaps Bukit Sembawangs, which are 2s. shares purchasable at about 6d. premium, will suit my readers. The company's property is of an area of 8,200 acres, and by the end of this month a total of 6,400 acres are expected to be planted, the trees numbering 1,250,000 of various ages. For 1911 an output of 25,000 pounds is expected; for 1912, 85,000 pounds, 1913, 150,000 pounds; and so on, until in 1916 the yield should be 1,700,000 pounds. The directorate and management are excellent.

Cicelys.

The 2s. Ordinary shares of the Cicely Rubber Estates stand now at about £2 10s., and, in my opinion, are worth more. For 1908 the shares received a dividend of 135 per cent., and on account of the twelve months which end on the 31st inst., 100 per cent. has already been paid. final distribution of another 100 per cent. is quite on the cards, and in future years 400 per cent. dividends are quite probable, and perhaps even more will be paid.

Cheap Producing Rubber Shares.

After the sustained rise in the big dividend-paying Rubber shares, shrewd investors are naturally on the look-out for shares that have not yet participated to a great extent in the movement. Investors would do well to confine their choice to those shares in companies operating in Malay or Ceylon which are under efficient management, and were originally issued under respectable auspices. An excellent test to apply is to take the original prospectus estimates and compare these with actual results obtained. It is thus possible to calculate with some degree of exactitude the probable returns upon the shares as the number of trees brought into the tapping round automatically increases. Amongst such shares we would refer to the two following.

Kinta Kellas Rubber Estates Ltd.

was estimated in the prospectus to produce for the first year 19,250 lb. of rubber, at 7s 11½d, in the second year 61,000 lb, at 5s. 6d., and so on Up to the present time, for the eleven months of the last year to 31st January, 24,850 lb of rubber have been produced. It is evident that both the estimate of crop and the price of the rubber were well within the mark. This company's year will be made up to 31st March (thirteen months), and the yield should not be less than 32,000 lb. The shares must, therefore, be on the verge of a dividend, while for next year they should, at current rubber prices, yield a very handsome return. Thereafter the crop of rubber is expected to double each year, and to be 500,000 lb in 1915. This company should pay 7½ per cent. for 1910, 20 per cent for 1911, and 35 per cent for 1912.

Klian Kellas Tin and Rubber Co. Ltd.

This company is not likely to produce much rubber until 1913 and thereafter. It has 1,000 acres of rubber land and a tin area of 1,732 acres, a large portion of which will be available for planting after the tin has been worked out. The company's tin prospects, however, completely out shadow its rubber prospects In the prospectus it was estimated that the company had already proved 2,160,000 cubic yards of ground worth 1·8 lb per yard, and it was estimated that, with tin at £140 per ton, this would show a profit of £10,300 for 1911. Recent developments have shown that the last six months' developments have increased the ore reserves to upwards of 10,000,000 cubic yards, and that the average value is fully 3 lb. per yard, so that, with tin at £165 per ton (present price £190), the profit for 1911 is expected to be £35,000. This upon an issued capital of £55,000. The company should pay 50 per cent for 1911. There has been very strong buying of these shares from Singapore.

Mines at Last?

Is the recent quickening of activity in South African mines the precursor of a sustained upward movement? An advance must come sooner or later, and purchases of some of the lower-priced shares are bound to turn out satisfactorily to those who can afford to hold for a time. A well-known member of the Stock Exchange hands me the following excellent list:

Highest Prices. 1909.	1910.		Prices inst. s. d	s. d.
$1\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{5}{32}$	Boksburg	3 6	4 6
$2\frac{7}{16}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	Cloverfields	5 0	5 6
$2\frac{1}{16}$	$1\frac{9}{16}$	East Rand Extension	5 6	6 6
$1\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	East Rand Mining Estates	9 0	10 0
$2\frac{9}{16}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$	New Reitfontein	8 6	9 6
$1\frac{9}{16}$	1	Roodepoort Central Deep	6 6	7 6
$1\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{7}{8}$	South African Land	7 0	7 6
$2\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Vogelstruis	7 9	8 9

There is obviously plenty of room for improvement here.

Trunk Issues.

When I wrote a hopeful note on Trunk Ordinary a few weeks ago, I little thought that the market was going to receive such a pleasant surprise as the January statement. Out of a gross traffic of £46,950 the sum of £21,650 was retained as net profit! If this rate of increase could be maintained, it would mean more than sufficient to pay the full 4 per cent interest on the Thirds. As a speculation Trunk Ordinary and Thirds afford good scope, as ten points rise in the former, and even more in the latter, would quickly occur if such good results continue. Call options are freely obtainable in these stocks and offer the safest means of operating.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to 'The Financial Editor,' "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

I. B. C.—I think El Oro Mining shares a very good investment for a small sum. The brokerage would be 6d. a share for buying. I am sending you name of Stock Exchange broker by post. *Wetlands.*—I only regard the drop in the price of the shares you hold as temporary. They are all good properties and well managed. I should certainly advise you to hold for a recovery. Of course when there is a recovery, and you can sell out, it is for you to decide whether you would not prefer to hold investments. *Investment.*—I should continue to hold Coats and Calico Printers. I think the latter may now improve their position a little. I should sell the Japanese, as there are many better holdings. I think you would do well in a good Brewery Debenture, such as Watney Combe. The interest is covered four times by the profits, and the assets are four times the amount of the Debentures issued. Another first-class investment is Melbourne Harbour Trust 4's, which yield £4 10s. at present price of 102. A very progressive industrial is Hollins (Wm.) & Co. (proprietors of Viyella). They yield £6 at present price and are likely to have a very good year this year. *Alpha Acton.*—I thank you for your kind remarks. I should not buy any more Effuenta or North Tarkwa, but I should buy a few Prestea or Fanti Consols or Taquah Explorations. I believe there is a good future for the West African market. *Announcement.*—I consider the management of Premier Oil and Pipe Line good. The success of the company depends upon the development of the Maikop Oil Field. I think the shares a fair speculative purchase. I should not buy New Zealand Oil unless you have some special information. Chembong Rubber I should not advise; there is very little market in the shares. I do not care for Rubber shares except those that are freely dealt in. Stepney Spare Wheel is a fair investment, but I should prefer Dunlop Ordinary as less likely to be superseded by some fresh invention. *J. C. R.*—I am unfavourably disposed to Premium Bonds as an investment in this country, as it is very difficult to follow the drawings. The only firm of any repute who deal in them is Messrs. N. Keizer & Co., 31 Threadneedle Street, E.C. *Vista.*—I am not impressed with any of the shares mentioned in your list as a speculation. Rose of Sharon and Ofin Rivers perhaps have the best chance. I should, however, prefer Abbontiakoon as a speculative lock-up for a profit during the present year. "*Alpha Willenhall.*"—Your selection is anything but good, and I should not advise you to buy any of them. Amongst low-priced shares at the moment likely to advance I think Venture Corporation and Chersonese as good purchases as any. The former is interested in Rubber, Oil and Rhodesians, and the latter is one of the recognised Rubber shares that will advance with the general improvement which is taking place in the Rubber section. *Tin.*—I am afraid there is little prospect for New Wheal Eliza Consols. There is no market for the shares, so that you cannot sell. I believe the company is still carrying on business. *Bulawayo.*—Yes, I think you should renew your option on Chartered shares. I do not think the price can be kept down much longer. *Maclean.*—I am not very favourably impressed with foreign tramways as investments and think a great deal too much money is being put into them. I should prefer to invest in existing English Electric Light shares, some of the best of which yield 5 per cent. Shall be pleased to send you a list. *Verity.*—Have nothing to do with circulars or papers offering free shares or options. They are only tricks to lead you into doing business with a view to getting money out of you either for rubbish shares or some other scheme by which you will lose. "*Elkam.*"—I think you would make a mistake in realising Van Ryn Deep. The mine has good prospects, and although news from the eastern section of the Rand has been a little unsatisfactory lately I have known this happen before in South Africa, to be followed by particularly good news and a consequent rise in prices. '*Southerner.*'—The demurrage decision which was favourable to the Scotch stocks appears to have been overlooked by the market. It will not be taken into account in the profits for the past year, so that you cannot look for this to increase the distribution. It will, however, mean a good deal in the future. You could obtain an option just as well through a member of the Stock Exchange, and you are then certain of your profit. *Uncertain.*—Imperial Tobacco 5 per cent. Pref. would yield you £4 10s. per cent. and are absolutely gilt edged. If you do not mind a little risk, Moss Empires, we think, should do particularly well this year.

(Other replies next week.)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

Poets can fall in love without any capital, and only two are required to form a quorum.—*Black and White.*

The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage. If a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.—*Philadelphia Record.*



Friend (looking at latest miniature): "By Jove, old chap, it looks fine—from here!"—"Brooklyn Life."

THE LATEST NUISANCE.

All the world adores a lover,
So they say;
But not when compelled to hover
Half the day
Round the only phoning station
That is near,
While he holds a conversation
With his dear.
Perspiration from us trickles;
We wax hot
As we watch him dropping nickels
In the slot.
We get very, very weary,
And we groan
As he babbles to his dearie
Through the phone.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

• • •

The Rector of Crux Easton, Hants, appeals for the inclusion in the Church of England Litany of a prayer for the safety of those who travel by air as well as by land or by water. It cannot be denied that they need it.—*Sketch.*

• • •

Without wishing to insinuate anything, it may be said that a good many bashful men get married.—*Utica Globe.*

Many a truth is spoken in jest because the speaker is afraid he might get knocked down if he didn't speak it that way.—*Record-Herald.*

• • •

American parents are justified in refusing to allow any more of their daughters to marry British noblemen until the constitutional status of the House of Lords is settled definitely.—*Town Topics,* New York.

• • •

We understand that one of the principal difficulties in adopting the proposal for an artistic decoration scheme for the Coronation route is the fear that the famous cream-coloured horses might shy at the unfamiliar spectacle.—*Punch.*

• • •

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Caravan Club last week, Sir James Moody remarked that he knew of no better cure for tired nerves than caravanning. He had been a caravanner since 1892. Still, he is always Moody.—*The Looking Glass.*

• • •

We can hardly accept the view put forward in a court of law that the Good Samaritan was technically guilty of treating and bribery. There was no party motive apparent in the Samaritan's action, and we are expressly told that the politicians had finished with his protégé some time before the good man arrived.—*Evening News.*

• • •

An actor averred to Mr. J. M. Barrie that anything and everything could be expressed facially. "I can tell it to the audience without speaking," he said. "Then will you kindly go to the back of the stage," said Mr. Barrie quietly, "and express in your face that you have a younger brother who was born in Shropshire, but is now staying in a boarding house on the South Coast?"—*Daily Chronicle.*

• • •

There's hardly been a year of late when people didn't ask
Shall woman have this privilege, shall she perform that task?
"Shall women smoke?" "Shall women bike?" are samples we may quote—
To-day, of course, the problem is, Shall women have the vote?

If I were called to arbitrate this answer I would give,
"She shall!"—'twould solve the problem just as surely as you live.
From what I know of woman's will, of what she does and don't,
I'm certain if we said "She shall," she'd tell us that she won't.
—*Boston Transcript.*



SHE KNEW WILLIAM.

Salvationist (to young widow): "Your husband is so happy now—beating cymbals with the angels all day long."

Widow (doubtfully): "Bill's more likely beating one of the angels!"

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What Doctors say about BOVRIL

The following are a few extracts from the hundreds of letters that have been received from Doctors from all parts of the country who availed themselves of the recent opportunity to witness the special process employed for the manufacture of Bovril.

SOUTHPORT February 2nd 1911
I may say that Bovril is a household word in my home and I consider it quite the best of food stimulants.

LEEDS February 4th 1911
I have always ordered Bovril for my patients because it has done them good and I believed it was the best preparation on the market. In the future I shall be able to stand sponsor for Bovril and to speak from conviction of its valuable properties.

SOUTHPORT
February 1st 1911
I have known Bovril and prescribed it since before it was given its name and the perfect process of its manufacture which for the first time I had the pleasure of witnessing has confirmed my belief in its excellence utility and purity. Bovril is without comparison the best of all food stimulants.

CHEPSTOW
February 6th 1911
I must confess that hitherto, though I had a general acquaintance with Bovril as a well-advertised preparation of unquestionable merit, I have been inclined to confuse it with other forms of so-called meat extract: nor had I any conception of the skill with which it is produced and of the admirable conditions under which its manufacture is carried on. To myself, as doubtless to the large number of members of the medical profession to whom the hospitality of the Directors was extended, it was a revelation of the careful and scientific way in which the preparation of Bovril is carried on.

BOURNEMOUTH
February 1st 1911
For many years I have been a staunch advocate of the virtues of Bovril and all I saw of the manufacture and processes concerned therein of this valuable aid in dietetics only confirm my previous opinion.

LIVERPOOL
February 2nd 1911
I have always held a high opinion of Bovril and my visit to your Works has only enhanced it.

PLYMOUTH
February 3rd 1911
I have increased confidence in recommending Bovril to patients and others.

ISLE OF THANET February 7th 1911
No medical man could hesitate to recommend your product on the score of purity etc. after what I saw.

LINCOLN February 4th, 1911
Personally I have never known anything which is so sustaining as a cup of Bovril. I have seen the same with many of my patients.

The original letters are on file at the Offices of Bovril Ltd Old Street London E C

During the past few years

thousands of Doctors

have visited the Bovril factory (over one thousand attended the January reception), but never before has so great an interest in Bovril been shown by the Medical Profession as has been the case since the publication of results of the remarkable independent experiments which conclusively proved that the

Body-Building Power of Bovril is from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

This peculiar virtue of Bovril is due to

1. Its own sustaining and nourishing value. 2. Its remarkable property of increasing the nourishing value of other food taken with it.

Bovril Ltd hold the Royal Warrant of appointment to His Majesty King George V an appointment also held for many years from the late King Edward VII

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ONE PENNY.

18th MARCH, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 365.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

THE KING'S LEAD. By JAMES DOUGLAS. See page 400.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 431.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SUFFRAGISTS. See page 426.



MY CHOICE.

OH, men may rave over auburn locks,
Or dream of a golden curl,
Or sit and sigh till they droop and die
For the sake of a black-haired girl.
But neither raven, nor red, nor gold,
Is the loveliest hair in town;
I know it well (though I seldom tell),
For Dorothy's hair is brown.

Let people talk to their heart's content
Of the beauty of bright blue eyes,
Or gush all day over green or grey,
And the charm that within them lies.
But though their owners' glance coyly up,
Or modestly cast them down,
I feel no thrill, but ignore them still—
For Dorothy's eyes are brown.

Folks speak with awe of a noble name
De Courcy or Vere de Vere—
That commonly goes with a Roman nose,
And a mien that the low-born fear.
But a common-place name is prettier far
Than these titles of high renown;
Well, perhaps you have guessed the one I like best?
Yes, Dorothy's name is Brown!

London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

Scaremongering, says the "Abolitionist," is a fine art. Well, fine the artists.

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Mr. Bunn's friend, the Queen of Madagascar, puts the accent on the gas.

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The judge who tried the Horne case commented on the unusual characteristics of the people figuring in it. Bunn surely took the cake.

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The latest Harmsworth paper is announced as "for thinking people." A little severe on the readers of its twenty-nine stable companions.

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The improved motor-'bus will, it is stated, have a new kind of spring. The nervous pedestrian will find the old sort quite useful if he makes it quick enough.

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A provincial butcher was the other day fined £25 for exposing 141 pieces of diseased meat for sale. Working out at about 3s. 6d. per piece, the exposure is tolerably cheap.

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Mr. Eckstein, the South African mining magnate, is employing 500 men to build him a wonderful country mansion in the Georgian style. In this way the stately old homes of England can always be replenished.

• • •

Sedate Bournemouth has dashingly decided to open its tea and lemonade pavilions for a limited time on Sundays. It now remains to be seen whether Lady Blount, a Bournemouth resident, will abandon the flat earth theory.

• • •

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane never had a better compliment paid to their legal eminence than the statement by Mr. John Lewis, silk mercer, in court that he had briefed them in some of his cases. For who could be a better judge of "silks"?

• • •

Thus a French writer on the "'air 'em" skirt: "I shall be surprised if women take it up":

> "It's just as plain as A B.C.
> If woman would the harem don,
> She's bound to take it up, d'y'see?
> For that's the way to put it on."

• • •

"At the Louth election petition, the Courthouse in Dundalk was crowded, the galleries being filled by fashionably attired ladies, many of whom brought their luncheons so as to enable them to retain their seats."—*The Irish Independent.*

We should not have imagined that a ham sandwich was so comfortable to sit upon.

"The Adventures of an Actor" will shortly be published. But some actors have so many "Ad"-ventures.

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Sweet peas with waved standards are to be fashionable this summer Of course standards ought to be waved, in Coronation year.

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The wretched farce, revived again last week, of fining people for brutal cruelty to children, is enough to draw tears from a stone idol.

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Polish whisky, it is explained, consists of methylated spirit, water, tea, sugar, and pepper. An expert says that the tea simply ruins it.

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Motor-'bus companies are sacrificing everything for lightness, even the clutch rail. Every passenger jerked off must reduce the strain on the engine.

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Miss Johanna Redmond's playlet was cordially received at the Palace the other night It is not every "uncrowned king's" daughter, who can get a footing in palaces.

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An American actress having instituted an action for damages against a photographer who published an unflattering photo of her, several artistes here are anxiously awaiting developments.

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The Dean of Norwich believes that nowadays, want of imagination is almost a national curse, which leads us to believe that the genial cleric does not study the "news" items of his daily paper.

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A witness who said he had drinks in a public house with some foreigners was told by Judge Willis that he should call them "gentlemen from abroad." Only if they paid for the drinks, surely.

• • •

Elaborate menus, that make the meatless dinner no longer a penance, have become a popular Lenten feature. The honest sinner, strenuously tackling a restaurant steak, may, in fact, often be doing severer penance than the "fasting" Pharisee.

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At a certain Buda-Pesth theatre, money for seats is collected after the performance, those not caring for the play not being compelled to pay. If that were the rule over here, there would be strikes for compensation money as well, in one or two cases.

THE KING'S LEAD

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

PITY is a divine emotion. It invades us too seldom. It is a stirring of the imagination in the presence of the mystery of life. The sight of a helpless thing sets it moving within us. It may be only the patient look in the eye of a horse, or the wistful glance of a dog, or the grave gaze of a cat, or a sleeping child, or a young girl with a dreaming smile, or the faded beauty of a woman, or the settled hardness of a man. Or it may be a daffodil in a bare wood, or a wild rose in a hedge, or a lamb in a meadow. It may be an old man selling bootlaces in the gutter, or a cabdriver pleading that he has a good horse, sir. It may be a rich man with a dead soul, or a poet with ashes in his heart. It may be a boy quivering with eager hope, or a lover who has outlived his love. One sees these things, and is sorry with the wise sorrow of sudden insight.

• • •

WHILE I was reading Mr. John Galsworthy's novel, "The Patrician," I discovered that the book was filled with pity, not the pity that has a sneer in it, but the noble pity of art, the pity that knows, and feels, and understands. This is what makes the book so great—so much greater than any other novel of our day. It comes with healing power into the hardness of political strife. It touches our aristocracy, and reveals their human helplessness. It arouses in one a sense of fellowship with these alienated and isolated Englishmen who are being whirled along by forces that they can hardly comprehend. And as one broods over these patricians at cross-purposes with plutocracy and democracy, one feels the humour of one's pity. It is, indeed, audaciously humorous—the pity of one human being for another human being, for we are all pitiable in our various ways, and I think we are all more or less queer in each other's eyes. But the highest whim of pity is surely the pity of the philosophic plebeian for the bewildered patrician. It is as if your fox-terrier out of the fulness of his canine idolatry should be adoringly sorry for you. As perhaps he is.

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AND it has really come to that. A mind like Mr. Galsworthy's can quite sincerely mourn over the broken lordship of great lords. For our aristocrats are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and many of them are pathetically eager to serve the community and to build bridges between the classes. They are quite honestly trying to work out their own salvation and ours, and there is a poignancy of pathos in their impotence. The dominance of money and the money-making spirit cannot but sharpen one's sympathy for the finer type of aristocrat, for with all its faults our old nobility was free from some of the coarser qualities of our new conquerors. And it is this movement of reaction against the worship of wealth which makes the sternest democrat look tolerantly on men who stand for a lost ideal and a forlorn tradition.

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THAT feeling is at the root of Mr. Wells's book, "The New Machiavelli," with its dream of a trained aristocracy. Science has taught us to use and utilise waste products and by-products, and even if we rate aristocracy at its lowest, like coal tar or shoddy, ought we not to rebel against its inutility? There is a tradition of service which might be modernised and democratised. It is stupid to treat a whole class as if it were past redemption, to consign a whole section of society to decay. It is wiser, as well as manlier, to work for fusion, for comradeship, for co-operation. If we are going to perfect society we must knead the mass at the top as well as at the bottom. Looking at life in this way, it is possible to get rid of the antagonism between aristocracy and democracy, between the peers and the people. The extremes ought to meet.

• • •

PERHAPS it is Utopian to hope for an ascetic aristocracy, but there are more impossible visions. Take, for example, Lord Hugh Cecil and his nascent Fourth Party. Out of that seed might grow a regenerating force which would leaven the materialism of our age. All that is needed is a breath of finer tolerance and broader sympathy. I am not sure that the English people are stubbornly bent upon a permanent feud with the best type of aristocrat. I think they like some of the old nobility far more than they like some of the new nobility. One cannot resist an instinct of sympathy with men like Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Newton. One cannot help feeling that the nation needs their help in its gropings and fumblings towards betterment.

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IT may be optimistic to predict that sooner or later we shall see a great revival of aristocratic leadership, but there are many signs of it already. What else is the meaning of the new impulse which is emanating from King George and Queen Mary? The Court is identifying itself with the sobriety and simplicity and sanity of the English temper. One feels that a gradual change is stealing into society—a change that is like an incoming tide. There is a reaction against riotous ostentation, against selfish luxury, against empty leisure, against the might of the money-bag. The whole land feels a steady pressure of rebuke and reproach and a gentle appeal for a nobler standard. And I think that this almost impalpable summons is addressed particularly to the idle and brainless aristocrat.

• • •

ONE cannot put one's finger upon the actual initiative of the Court. It is a subtle influence which seems to pervade the national atmosphere. The baser and flightier elements are somehow out of countenance. They feel the cold shoulder turned upon them. And together with this negative attitude there goes a positive encouragement for everything that is lovely and of good report. Character, intellect, civic endeavour suddenly seem to count for more. Let me note one little straw which indicates the new direction of the wind. King George sent for Dr. Jowett and told him that he took with him the good wishes of his King and Queen. That may seem a very small thing. It is in reality a very big thing. And yet its significance has not been grasped by everybody.

• • •

WHAT does it mean? It means that the King is deliberately setting himself to lead the nation back to austere ideals and high aims. The Children's Fête at the Crystal Palace is another straw. It shows that the King has a large heart as well as a wise head. Few of us realise how hard it is for a constitutional monarch to take any initiative, and how circumspectly he must exert his influence. But already the whole nation is responding to the example set by the



[Lord Kitchener has been appointed to command the troops at the Coronation.]

K. of K.: "I think I could do more for the nation; but perhaps this is better than cobwebbed idleness."

King and Queen, and it is not likely that the aristocracy will remain unstimulated and unmoulded by the new spirit. The note of the Georgian era is, and will be, devotion to duty, simplicity of life, and austerity of manners. If our aristocrats follow the lead of the Throne they may reconquer their hold on the nation. But they must be servants in order to be masters.

• • •

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

"People are going less and less to church and more and more to the theatre."—*Bernard Shaw.*

"I am tired of seeing the destinies of my country ruled by the fears of other countries."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"It would be as easy for a fishing smack to stop a Dreadnought as for an uneducated people to compete successfully with an educated people."—*Sir Henry Hibbert.*

"Electricity, from being the nerves of the social world, has now become its muscles."—*Sir John Fletcher Moulton.*

"Our hospitals are largely supported by a class who have been described—disgracefully described—as 'the idle rich.'"—*Sir Dyce Duckworth.*

"When a professional man tells me he is too busy to take a rest, I tell him he is like a workman who is too busy to sharpen his tools."—*Dr. Hutchinson Edy.*

"Man is the argumentative species—his genius has run to intellect, just as a flower runs to seed, and what is intellect for if it is not for argument?"—*Holbrook Jackson.*

"A playwright must build his play as an architect builds a house. I have written a play in the space of three months, while others have taken me as long as two years. God sends the plots and the characters come out of a general melting-pot."—*Henry Arthur Jones.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 20.—The Publican.

Songs of Spring.

PRIMROSES—and, I fear, the bailiffs—will be with us in a brief space of time. Already thrifty householders are abstracting threepenny pieces from the children's money-boxes in order to meet the inexorable demands of Quarter Day, while a few interrogative posters are adorning the walls of the metropolis with solicitous railway companies' inquiries, "Where do you intend to spend Easter?" which, being interpreted, means, "What are you going to spend with us at Easter?" In former times the newspaper placard—together with the railway announcements bills—told you something. To-day they ask questions of you. Instead of making you acquainted with "Horrible Murder at Highgate" or "Tragic Suicide at Bermondsey," you get "Is England in Danger?" or "Is Bridge immoral?" I do not complain. After many long years one wearies of "horrible crimes" and "tragic" demises. The informing adjectives are employed to clear up any doubts in the public mind. One thing the modern journal is resolved upon, and that is not to leave the slightest ground for belief that a murder is of a humorous character, or a suicide invested with the cheery distinctiveness of comic opera.

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A Cool Million.

MR. CARNEGIE's statement that he had made forty-three American millionaires has, quite reasonably, caused a mild stir in America, together with the mentioning of many names. There are several advantages in being a millionaire—the principal, apparently, being the privilege of descanting on the blessings of poverty, and the graceful, grateful possibilities of life, together with vast vistas of joyous existence opened up by the possession of say, thirteen-and-sixpence a week. My indifferent reasoning powers, aided, mayhap by preconceived prejudice, leads me to prefer a million of money—and no work—to something less than a sovereign a week, with the honourable opportunity of wheeling a Bath-chair or cleaning out a sewer-pipe. For the middle-class man, between Ritz and writs there is a world of difference. So, on the whole, I feel inclined to complain that millionaireism is little cultivated by the British public. It has no hold upon them. There is plenty of preaching about self-denial, and spending your leisure time on military drill, and improving your education, and so forth. Most of us, however, are human enough to be out for Comfort, which is the twin-brother of Money, and any feasible scheme for the encouragement of Millionaireism as a hobby deserves the warmest encouragement.

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If We Held It.

PEOPLE fond of protesting that riches do not bring happiness ignore the obverse side of the medal, which shows that poverty brings a deal of misery. No doubt a million is a large order, and it would be interesting to diagnose the emotions of the ordinary man who suddenly found himself the owner of this not inconsiderable "bit of splosh." The first result would be to curds and whey the natures of your friends. Instead of regarding you as a poor, decent, jovial fellow like themselves, they would want to make use of you. And the people anxious for your new acquaintance would be the folk who wouldn't have condescended to look at you in the days of humility. Brass will purchase anything, save health and a quiet conscience, and pending the institution of Compulsory Millionaireism by a paternal State, let us rub that consolation into our minds, what time we are endeavouring to "touch" a dear old friend for half-a-crown or haggling for another sixpence with the old clo' man over that suit of clothes which broke the hearts of the girls at Margate last summer.

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A Distant Crime.

I NOTE that Mr. Irving is reported to have edited two volumes dealing with notable English trials—one the murder by Franz Muller, and the other that committed by Henry Wainwright. The paragraph struck me with interest, because only recently, having become embroiled in an argument with an ardent German gentleman concerning the date of the first crime, I was rash enough to make a bet, which, had I lost, would have involved the selling up of my present effects—clothes, boots, books, antique furniture—consisting of two footstools, and the back of a hair-brush reported to be of the Charles I. period—to say nothing of my freehold dwellings, lands, messuages—what the quarter sessions is a messuage?—hereditaments, mortgages, and other horrors. Fortunately the German lost, and will no doubt pay up when he has sold his decorations and Castle at Bingen-on-the-Rhine, and collected his autumn rents from his army of vassals and tenants. Meantime he reflects that he is better at nuts than dates.

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A Foreign Criminal.

THIS by the way. I do not intend to wallow in the details of the Müller murder—with its striking analogy to that of Lefroy, on the Brighton line in 1881—for the public prints are already too much addicted to that kind of thing. All I wish to do is to recall to the minds of your older readers the tremendous efforts to secure Müller's pardon after he was convicted. The late Dr. Strauss, the "old Bohemian," issued a pamphlet of enormous

size to assist that object, in response to an invitation from the German Legal Protection Society, consisting of Dr. Juch, Baron von Erlanger, Mr. Ostorroth, Dr. Bizonfy, and other well-known gentlemen of high position and character. No printer in London could be found to print the pamphlet, and the author had to go to Paris to get the work set up. Franz Müller was hanged in front of Newgate, and the German chaplain who attended him said that on the scaffold he uttered a few words in German admitting his guilt. It was alleged that the minister afterwards said he might have mistaken the import of the condemned man's indistinct mutterings. Some people thought the interest in murders would die down with the abolition of public executions, but only last year we had a sufficient example that such is not the case. The sensation of 1864 has frequently repeated itself.

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Stage Sensations.

THE Müller murder was imitated on the stage, when the late Mr. Sefton Parry introduced it into his play, *The Odds*, at the Holborn Theatre. By the way, another Parry—the Serjeant of that name and father of the witty legal luminary and playwright, Judge Parry (who has just left Manchester for London's good)—defended Müller at the Old Bailey. On the boards, the villain of the piece—played by the late Philip Day—managed to get into a compartment of the night train from Canterbury and attempted to rob the heroine (the late Lydia Foote) of a large sum of money. A struggle ensued, the villain being thrown off the steps of the carriage while the train was moving at full speed. This act of derring-do was performed by the smart young military hero, impersonated by the always admirable Kate Bishop, the mother of Marie Löhr. And in the same month—October, 1870—the Müller motive was worked at the Surrey in a drama called *Link by Link*. At each house there was a moving background of scenery in order to produce the illusion of motion on the part of the express, but it was not very convincing. In each case, too, it was a woman whom the wicked attempted to murder.

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The Leggy Play.

FROM time to time correspondents write me concerning Adah Isaacs Menken, who appeared at Astley's in 1864, and died, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1868, after a short and romantic life. I presume *Mazeppa* and *Lady Godiva* to be the most pronounced examples of "leg" play that we have. Verily the first was a poor affair, and justly lent itself to merciless burlesque, the "terrific rakes and wild mountain paths" appealing on the instant to lovers of travesty. I would rather have seen Menken's performance of Sweet William in *Black-Eyed Susan*. How many Londoners did? Years have elapsed since I last gazed on the features of Drolinsko and the Abder Khan, but I often wonder that the old story has escaped the attention of music-hall sketchers. *Lady Godiva* is a less effective subject for the stage, though examples of it have, ever and anon, burst forth. And probably the "leggy" drama, if revived, would be a poor card. For we have moved on. Instead of tights we now clamour for naked limbs. I quite believe that some enterprising Duchess will presently recognise that the primrose path to fortune lies in the exhibition of her natural "understandings" to assemblies of unquestionable plebeians. Music-hall people have long grumbled at the invasion of their preserves by actors. Now they are looking with dread at the advance of the "upper ten." Can it be that one day a House of Lords' debate will be adjourned for the convenience of a noble peer who is the ten o'clock "star turn" at the Umpydoodleum, or some similar gigantic place of entertainment?

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An Inquiry.

[Two ladies wearing the harem skirt recently caused the street traffic to be stopped, owing to the size of the crowd.]

All traffic "held up"—no one hurt—
O ladies, brave to wear 'em!
If mobs are awed by woman's skirt,
How would a harem scare 'em?

• • •

The Mighty Hat'ems.

A WELL-KNOWN divine declares it is impossible to hope for woman's suffrage so long as that "monstrosity" the beehive hat flaunts itself abroad. May I venture to suggest that the offending article in question does not flaunt itself? An ostrich feather does. It strikes passers-by in the eye; it tickles the nose of the unfortunate individual sitting next to it in church or theatre. The beehive, on the other hand, simply quenches everything as a pair of snuffers does a candle light. When your best girl writes a note to say that she admires your moral and intellectual worth, and it breaks her heart that she must, out of regard for the wishes of her family, marry a man with ten thousand a year, a sense of sadness overtakes you as a fast motor overtakes a hobbling pedestrian. The sun ceases to shine, the birds to sing, and the public-house sign loses (for a few moments only) its magic fascination. Thus it is with the beehive hat. It should be called the "eclipse." At the same time if any male person on earth imagines that woman's suffrage stands on the same level of eminence as woman's hat, he must be a very poor judge of human nature on the feminine side. Perish India and all our Colonies; perish Parliaments and all forms of Governments. If woman cannot wear what she likes there is no need to write any more, or talk any more, about national or Imperial greatness. They are not things that matter. If the British Museum, the National Gallery, and that grand old curiosity shop, the Tower of London, were destroyed to-morrow, the commotion would be not nearly so great as that created by the destruction of three large drapery establishments in Oxford Street. Politics may suit women—some women—as a passing excitement. But hats and skirts and such small deer are the ruling passions of woman's lives. We laugh at that. Yet is the taste not more practical, after all, than the male craze for football and golf?

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When Ignorance is Bliss.

THE proposal for popularising Consols has led to the recalling of many peculiar incidents. Mr. Douglas Barclay told an important meeting lately that a man came into the Penny Bank in 1875 and asked whether Consols were a new sort of coal. There is a high-class Rhodesian share called Tanganyika, which, in common with other shares, has its ups and downs in the market. A holder happened to ask a friend if he had noticed the drop in "Tanks." The friend looked bewildered, expressed surprise that tanks could drop if properly fastened, and finished up—to show he was no mug at the business—by mentioning that he had frequently seen the late Ben Fuller drop into the tank at the old Aquarium.

ROUND THE TOWN.

The King and the Turf: a Ladies' Savage Club: the Newest Profession: Latest Bohemian Gossip.

IT is a thousand pities that King George, who, with Queen Mary, will be present to see the Derby run on 31st May, has nothing in the race at all likely to carry the Royal colours with distinction. Indeed, all the tried performers his Majesty owns would appear to be decidedly moderate, although as the Meadow Chat colt has been entered for the Ascot Gold Cup, the manager of the Royal stables, Lord Marcus Beresford, evidently has hopes that the son of King Edward's famous sire, Florizel II., may train on into at least a useful, if not a brilliant, performer.

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I AM delighted to hear, however, from my special correspondent at Newmarket, that King George has some very promising two-year-olds which will almost certainly carry the Royal colours in the van on many occasions. In all, his Majesty has ten youngsters sheltered at Egerton House, and already rumour is busy with the merits of a grand-looking bay colt by Thrush—Laodamia, who is assuredly well enough bred to win anything. Excellent accounts also reach me of another youngster, a son of Lord Bobs, who is said to inherit much of his sire's great sprinting ability.

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CURIOUSLY enough, King George owns only five youngsters reared at Sandringham, for during the foaling season of 1909 a series of mishaps occurred, and, in consequence, it was found necessary to introduce new blood. Still, the two-year-olds in question are all by most successful sires, so that one may reasonably expect them to do credit to the breeding establishment in which the late King Edward took so great a personal interest.

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THE next exhibition at the Leicester Galleries will be of the Naval pictures of Mr. Wyllie, R.A.; and about Coronation time Mr. Brown has something in train which should draw the town.

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IF one sees any commercial instinct peeping out from Lord Lansdowne's offer of his Rembrandt for £100,000, it would not be far wrong to deduce hereditary influence. For his ancestor, Sir William Petty, began life as the son of a clothier at Rumsey, in Hampshire, was appointed physician to the Army in Ireland, and amassed a great fortune by dealing in soldiers' debentures—*i.e.*, their arrears of pay.

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THERE is a story going the rounds of the Lobby and the smoking-rooms that a certain M.P., in one of this week's divisions, placed a penny on the clerks' desk as he was passing. The coin was returned—with a smile; and the abstracted legislator was at once profuse in his apologies. The only explanation since vouchsafed is that he is in the habit of paying toll on a bridge near his home, and that, for the moment, he fancied himself in more familiar surroundings.



She: "I saw Edith this afternoon."
He: "Did you congratulate her on her marriage?"
She: "Good gracious, no!—it's too late. She's been married a month!"



THE CURRENT EPIDEMIC

"Oh, come now, we shall soon have you well again"

"Yes, but every kid has measles, and I—I wanted it to be 'pendicitus or something grown up!"

TIME was when fines were imposed on members of the House of Lords who arrived late for prayers in that Chamber, and, indeed the standing order which authorised that penalty has never been repealed, although it has been allowed to fall into desuetude I have implicit faith in the piety of the peers, despite the historic swear word used by Lord Milner on the subject of "the consequences" of rejecting the Budget, but if those fines had only been enforced in the last two centuries there would have been no necessity for the Taxation of Land Values Up to the present, however, no one has ventured to propose a Division Tax

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THERE had until now been a "slump" in all night sittings in recent years, due, it was hoped, to an outbreak of sanity amongst even the most irresponsible legislators, but the latest experience of the old system was reminiscent of the palmy days of Biggar and Parnell and unless the political signs are all awry, we shall have a surfeit of these useless tests of personal endurance during this session

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HEARTY congratulations to Mr Samuel Young, M P, on entering his ninety-first year Mr Young who is the wealthiest of the Nationalist Members, is a Belfast distiller, and, though a Protestant has held the Catholic constituency of East Cavan without opposition for nearly twenty years He has lived under four Monarchs, and, as used to be claimed for *Charley's Aunt* he is "still running", in fact, his marvellous energy would put to shame a man of half his years He would be the "Father of the House" except that the House has an arithmetical system of its own, and insists on counting its Fathers, not by the years they have lived, but by the years they have been at Westminster

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THE owner of the old Blue Posts Tavern, Cork Street, W., Mr. Schlette, tells me he has sold his house, which is to become the premises of a new Ladies' Club. Before it was burnt down thirty years ago the portals were painted blue hence its name This is the place mentioned by Thackeray in "Pendennis" and "Esmond" as famous for its beefsteak puddings and marrow bones.

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THE new Ladies Club which is in process of formation will be of a particularly exclusive character Members will be required to qualify by having done something notable in the social artistic, literary, [illegible] spheres of life In no sense is it to be a dilettante establishment but rather would bear the description of a feminine counterpart of the Savage Club

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ANOTHER of Time's extraordinary whirligigs It may not be very agreeable for General Botha Premier of the South African Union and for his Boer colleagues at the Coronation to meet Mr John Hays Hammond, whose life they reluctantly spared in 1896, as a guest at all the ceremonies and festivities occupying a most distinguished and conspicuous position by virtue of his office as special Ambassador of the United States

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A LADY from Grosvenor Square visited one of the beauty specialists and the man said to her "After three months of my treatment no man nobody will dream you're over forty five" "But doctor," faltered the lady, "I'm only thirty two"

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THE only reading of Mr Arnold Bennett whose latest book, *The Card* is another quick seller, must have been scanty He reached manhood without knowing anything of Scott, Dickens Thackeray, George Eliot, or Jane Austen The one author he devoured was Ouida. She it was, he says, who inspired him with "that taste for *liaisons* under pink lampshades which I shall always have, but which owing to a Puritanical ancestry and upbringing, I shall never be able to satisfy"

THE lyric writer met the composer with the remark: "Our song is making a hit allright. They are whistling it everywhere." "*Our* song," responded the indignant composer, "*Our* song? Do they whistle the words?"

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WHO says our tradesmen are not enterprising nowadays? I have seen the copy of a wireless telegram sent by a Kensington butcher to Lady Decies, on the liner speeding to Egypt, soliciting the honour of her custom when in London.

TWELVE thousand to fifteen thousand amateur actors on one stage at one time! That is the crowd Mr. Frank Lascelles is now knocking into shape at the Crystal Palace for the "Festival of Empire." They draw no pay, find their own costumes, and don't even put in a petty-cash ticket for their rail-fares for rehearsals.

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THAT the truest humour often carries a vein of intense pathos was once again proved by the story told at Lady Esther Smith's drawing-room meeting in aid of the Social Institute's Union. A girl member of the Union, asked where she would like to go, said, "To Madame Tussaud's." "But," was the reply, "you went there last year." "Yes," retorted the girl; "but father wasn't in the Chamber of Horrors then."

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THIS beats the classic tragic-comic saying of a London child on her first visit to the country. "Doesn't this look like grass," she exclaimed. "So it is, silly," responded a companion. "I don't think so," was the reply, "'cos it doesn't say you 'ave to keep orf of it."

ATTENDED a very merry Christening ceremony the other day. The "hero" of this event was the son and heir of Mrs. Frank Foulsham (late Miss Fraser, of the Gaiety Theatre). The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare) and George Graves, the popular comedian, figured respectively as godmother and godfather.

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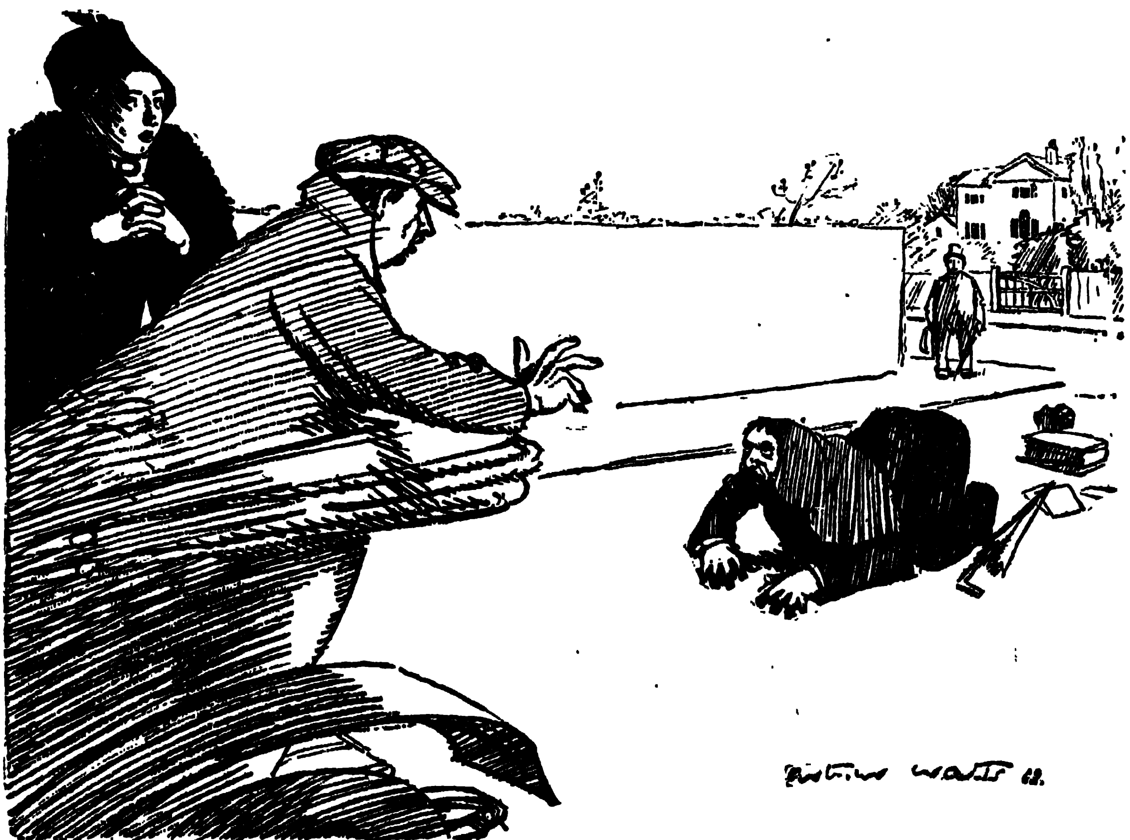
THEY were discussing a certain authoress at dinner, and a well-known critic raised a laugh by remarking, "Well, her hair's red, even if her books are not." The mild young man in the corner made a mental note of the sally for future use, and at another dinner, when some one mentioned the desired name, he triumphantly called out, "Well she's got red hair, even if her books haven't."

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THE growth in the number of men and women who now write books of different kinds has led to the inauguration of a new profession. This is the calling of a literary consultant; and the first practitioner in this country is Mr. Stanhope W. Sprigg, who recently relinquished the editorship of *Cassell's Magazine*, and the position of reader to Messrs. Cassell & Co., and has set up at Felpham, near Bognor, as the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of authors.

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FOR several years Mr. Sprigg acted as the Hon. Literary Adviser of the Society of Women Journalists; and it was during that experience of the perplexities that beset all classes of writers that he conceived the idea of this new field of literary usefulness. Mr. Sprigg was the first editor and founder of the *Windsor Magazine*. He says that authors nowadays ought to do exactly as publishers—employ a professional



Motorist (suddenly recognising his victim): "Good heavens, Smith! What a shock you gave me! I thought you were a stranger!"

publishers' reader like himself when they need any literary or extra commercial advice.

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ANDREW CARNEGIE is an inveterate yarn spinner. His latest is that when he was last on a boat something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass and said: "It must be attracted by that steel magnate over there."

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THE hero of the Bullfinch mining boom, Mr. D. L. Doolette, has been telling in the City of several amusing incidents in connection therewith. A great many of the Adelaide syndicates, he remarked, were formed with very little hope of success, and one prospector who had been sent up to the field to secure ground, and had run through the £50 with which he had been supplied, cabled to his employers for further money, as he must have a camel. The reply came: "If you must have a camel we must increase the capital of the company."

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AS the critic sat at supper, the passing playwright glared aggressively at him. "Why is ——— so down on me?" asked the critic of a friend. "Didn't you say the plot of his last play was the limit of absurdity?" rejoined his friend. "Yes," answered the critic, "but why should he mind that? I said at the time it wasn't his plot."

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INSPECTOR P. McINTYRE, formerly of Scotland Yard, has been appointed by the London County Council to supervise the Registered Employment Agencies in London. Inspector McIntyre is an accomplished linguist, speaking Gaelic, French, German, and Dutch, and so is specially qualified to deal with the many aliens who come over here.

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MR. W. TYRWHITT-DRAKE and Mr H. W. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who have appeared so successfully as owner and rider of 'chases during this season, are of a famous cross-country family. A Tyrwhitt-Drake, a clergyman in full orders, has been the only gentleman of the cloth to ride in the Grand National Steeplechase. His assumed name was "Mr. Ekard."

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THE Lincoln Handicap next week is a race upon which those who play lightly will lose least. Half the field will not be really fit, but as Robinson's horses are generally in form at the beginning of the season, a small investment on the "best" (probably Cinderello) may show a profit. To the Grand National I shall have another opportunity of referring next week.

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON tells a story about a Scotchman who went to a horse-race for the first time in his life.

His companions induced him to stake a shilling in the third race on a 20 to 1 shot. By some amazing miracle this outsider won. When the bookmaker gave old Sandy a golden sovereign and his shilling, the winner could not believe his eyes.

"'Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that I get all this for my shilling?"

"You do," said the bookmaker.

"Ma conscience!" muttered Sandy. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been going on?"

THE LOOKER-ON.

Under Big Ben

By AN M.P.



PERSONALITY counts for much at Westminster; and the numerous tribe of bores on both sides of the House who fancy themselves "financial experts," did not waste their eloquence on small fry like Mr. Hobhouse, who acted as Mr. Lloyd George's deputy on the second reading of the Revenue Bill.

Mr Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George run each other close for the distinction of enjoying the largest measure of personal popularity, and a Revenue Bill without the Chancellor looked like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; or, as somebody once said to dear old Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "like the play of *Hamlet* without Othello."

Mr. Hobhouse is not loved by the Unionists, for he has an air of complacency, not to say contempt, which irritates them. He is at heart one of the best of good fellows, but when he puts one hand in his trousers pocket and speaks with the nonchalance of a man who feels that he is casting pearls before swine, his adversaries proceed to "get their backs up."

"Saint Augustine."

What should happen to us if, by chance, we should lose Mr. Birrell. Heaven alone knows. People talk about the House of Lords one day claiming him as its own, and whisper that Lord Crewe's regrettable collapse may result in the Chief Secretary's early transference; but perish the thought! The stifling atmosphere and decorous methods of the "other place" would kill him in a month, and it is certain that no "Birrellism" would tempt the Peers so to forget the dignity due to their exalted position as to laugh. How the House of Commons rocked when he got up to speak on a Supplementary Estimate for horse-breeding in Ireland. It was Captain Craig who provoked the Irish Secretary's delightful incursion.

The Orange fire-eater has views, as you know, on the Pope, and the Scarlet Woman, and so forth, and once entertained the House with a lecture on the theology of St Thomas Aquinas (the lecture consisting, I should explain, of copious readings from a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica). Now, Mr. Birrell wished on the occasion to confess that he knew nothing about the noble steed, and to convey the idea that he would feel more at home in a library than in a stable, and, recalling that ill-fated reading on theology, the Irish Secretary told the House that Captain Craig knew as much about Thomas Aquinas as Mr. Birrell knew about horses. And who should know more about St. Thomas than St Augustine?

The Brothers Craig.

The House always likes to laugh at Captain Craig. He is a personal favourite, for he makes no pretence of being a Statesman, but he makes the most blood-curdling speeches in the most humdrum, matter-of-fact style, and the House enjoys him. The Captain conveys the idea that he would die for Protestantism, but it has been suggested that it would be more interesting to know if he would live for it—a more difficult but more useful form of enthusiasm. His brother, Mr. Charles Craig, appears to labour, on the other hand, under the delusion that he is a Chatham or a Pitt. His solemnity is equalled only by his dulness, and his humour is of the unconscious variety. Talking on the motion for the issue of a new writ for North Louth, he appealed to the House to think of the effect which must have been produced on *illiterate* voters by the 20,000 pamphlets issued by the United Irish League!

The Sphinx.

Sir Edward Grey silenced all critics by his masterly statement on the Bagdad Railway controversy and the Canadian Reciprocity Agreement. Sir Edward is the doyen of Parliamentary Sphinxes. He is not an orator, but he has the judicial air; and when he has spoken, the House generally feels that there is no more to be said on the particular matter under discussion. The effect is all the more remarkable by reason of the fact that Sir Edward himself seems to feel that, when he has opened his lips, no other dog should bark, and, although the House dearly loves to "sit upon" anybody who appears to have a good conceit of himself, it has never had the courage to try the effect of that process on the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

A Scottish Humorist.

Mr. McCallum Scott has lost no time in breaking out as a Parliamentary humorist He essayed two flights this week, and if both were poor things they had, at least, the merit of being his own. The House rashly and recklessly encouraged him by paying the tribute of "laughter," but that was probably because the idea of discovering a humorous Scot seems to the stolid Southerner to be too funny for words. Not that there has never been a witty Caledonian on the Green Benches Poor Dr. Wallace was one of the keenest wits that ever yielded obedience to a Speaker, and did not Lord Elcho, when he was with us, send us into shrieks of laughter in the inimitable speech in which he moved the adjournment of the House over Derby Day? He repeated the operation in the following year, when he opposed a similar motion, and answered his own speech of a year earlier. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, too, had a "pawky wit" which was irresistible. The Saxon, however, still refuses to believe in the existence of Scottish wit—and all because Sydney Smith once wrote something about "Surgical Operations."

In the Gilded Chamber.

We still have "two Houses a night" at Westminster, but the Upper House is even duller at present than the Lower Lord Morley, who had just begun to congratulate himself on attaining to "greater freedom and less responsibility," has had to step into the breach caused by Lord Crewe's illness; and his opening encounter with Lord Ampthill suggests that he may give his adversaries more of the mailed fist than of the kid glove. Lord Ampthill had not spared the Radicals, and had assailed them all in the fiercest invective, and with a voice so stentorian as to make some of his humane friends around him apprehensive as to its effects on the patients in the Westminster Hospital. His supply of adjectives was colossal and, apparently, inexhaustible, but Lord Morley disposed of the elaborate indictment by an anecdote of his journalistic days.

A young man seeking an engagement on the staff of the *Pall Mall* was asked what he excelled in, and replied that his strong point was invective. "Any particular form of invective?" queried the future peer. "No; just general invective," was the confident reply; and there Lord Morley left Lord Ampthill. It was one of the neatest retorts in the House of Lords since the day when Lord Rosebery replied to a similar oration from an obscure Irish peer, Lord Muskerry, against the Home Rule Bill of 1892. "The noble lord has told us what he knows about Ireland," said Lord Rosebery, "but I think it would have been more to the point if he had told us what Ireland knows about him."

("Under Big Ben: By an M.P.," will be continued week by week.—Ed. "L.O.")

4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET FREE

It Makes the Skin as Pure and Clear as a Lily.

GREAT DEMAND ON CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY FOR DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS "VEGETINE."

Free to-day to readers of this journal is a wonderful 4-day Beauty Secret—the most famous Beauty Secret in the world.

In every part of the country the effects of this splendid Beauty Secret are being shown in the pure skins and lily clear complexions of those who make use of it.

The leading chemists throughout the country report a large demand for boxes of this great discovery by ladies and gentlemen whose skin and complexions are not at present quite as pure and clear as they would like them to be.

In some cases the local surplus of the "Vegetine" Beauty Secret have run right out and many have been disappointed in their efforts to secure this wonderful secret for themselves.

Any reader of this paper who would like to try this safe and certain remedy for all Skin and Complexion defects can do so to-day free. To-day is this opportunity given. Now is the moment to seize it before it passes by. Write to the address below—enclosing a penny stamp to cover the return postage—and at once you will be sent—free of all cost or obligation—a box of "David Macqueen's Vegetine," a truly wonderful creator of Skin Perfection and Complexion Beauty.

Here are some of the common Beauty blemishes rapidly and permanently removed by this 4-day Beauty Secret:

—*Pimples*	—*Spots and Eruptions,*
—*Greasy Skin,*	—*Rough Red Skin,*
—*Blackheads*	—*Unhealthy Pallor,*
—*Dull, Discoloured Skin*	
—*Sallowness,*	—*Muddy Complexion*
—*Skin Rash,*	—*Red Nose Pale Lips,*
—*Carbuncles,*	—*Dull Glassy Eyes,*
—*Lack of Colour,*	—*Tired Appearance and General Lassitude*

If you are troubled by any of these disfiguring defects write at once for a free 4 days' trial supply of "David Macqueen's Vegetine." It is the only cure and you will be absolutely delighted at the improvement this famous Beauty Secret will work in your appearance.

DEVELOPS BEAUTY FROM WITHIN.

What is the secret of the astonishing success of David Macqueen's Vegetine? It is this—

David Macqueen's Vegetine "Develops Beauty from Within" and cures the *outward blemishes* by banishing their INWARD CAUSES.

Each one of the above visible skin and complexion defects is the visible outward sign of an invisible trouble working inside the system in the blood.

The blood becomes impure and forces the impurities with which it is laden through the skin. Impure blood is the cause of all these eruptions and appearance blemishes. Purify the blood and these defects will vanish automatically. This is what "David Macqueen's Vegetine" does. It mixes with the blood. It improves the digestion. It stimulates the circulation. It drives out the impurities and the eruptions, rashes, pimples, rednesses and greasiness which so disfigure your appearance vanish almost immediately.

But "David Macqueen's Vegetine" does more than this. It not only banishes these skin and complexion blemishes, but it improves the appearance directly and positively—it purifies the blood and cleanses the skin—it imparts new energy to the whole system—it gives a freshness and brightness to the looks that were absent before. Your eyes sparkle with a new light. Your skin is refined to the delicate purity of the lily, and your cheeks assume that delicious colouring which makes everyone exclaim "What a charming complexion!" And in addition to this you feel better altogether in yourself, brighter and happier in every way.



The beauty of a woman is the same in nature as the beauty of a flower. Just as the tint of a flower proceeds from the root, so does a clear peach-blossom complexion proceed from the purity of the blood flowing through the capillaries of the skin. Both spring from within. To plaster the face with cosmetics can only be compared with a foolish attempt to paint a lily —both result in spoiling not improving the appearance. Pimples, skin eruptions and complexion blemishes are due to impurities in the blood. The famous Beauty Secret described in this article purifies the blood and thus creates a flower like complexion from within. You can try this secret for four days free of expense. The coupon entitling you to this Free Trial is given below. Use it to-day.

DELIGHT OF USERS OF THIS WONDERFUL BEAUTY SECRET.

The hundreds of letters which reach the offices of the David Macqueen Co. every day show how delighted are those ladies and gentlemen who have applied for and received this great Beauty Secret.

"*You will be pleased to hear that after taking Vegetine my complexion has become most beautiful and clear,*" writes one gentleman.

"*It has cleared my complexion wonderfully,*" is a lady's comment.

"*My complexion, which used to give me great trouble, is absolutely without fault or blemish of any kind,*" writes a third.

These extracts are taken quite at random from hundreds of communications daily received. And this remedy you can now test for yourself absolutely free.

Why waste your money on useless creams, lotions and other outward applications and preparations?

They cannot remove complexion defects which come from within. They simply "cover them up" for a very brief period and ultimately they make matters worse. And they are costly. "If you want to get the best results from a face cream," says a well-known writer on hygiene, "buy a quart and rub it with both hands into your favourite tree. It may not hurt the tree, but it will do your complexion far more good than if directly applied."

But David Macqueen's Vegetine works *from within* and in the way that nature intended it to. [illegible] Both [illegible] It contains no drugs. It contains no mineral substances. The principal ingredients are vegetable [illegible] containing [illegible] beautifying qualities of Spring, Summer sunshine and rain (the "warm sweet rain" of June) and it is in this form that its [illegible]

Vegetine is sold by leading chemists and stores including BOOTS' CASH CHEMISTS, TAYLOR'S DRUG STORES, TIMOTHY WHITE CO., LEWIS and BURROWS, PARKES' DRUG STORES, or if any difficulty, direct from the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., post free, at the following prices:—

ONE MONTH'S COURSE	1s. 1½d
THREE MONTHS COURSE	2s. 9d
SIX MONTHS' COURSE	4s. 6d

TRY THIS WONDERFUL BEAUTY SECRET FREE.

But first of all try it free. See what it will do in four days and judge from this how wonderfully you will be benefited by a month's treatment.

Fill up the coupon below. Send it (with the one penny stamp to cover return postage) to the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C. and you will be sent a free four days' supply of this wonderful Beauty Secret which will banish all blemishes from your skin, give you a perfect complexion and make you look years younger than you do at present, all absolutely FREE.



At all Chemists. In Boxes at 1/1½—2/9—4/6.

"4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET" FREE COUPON

To THE DAVID MACQUEEN CO., 340 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me free of all charge a 4-day Trial Supply of DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS VEGETINE BEAUTY SECRET.

I enclose a penny stamp to pay the postage of same to the following address:—

Name

Address



Lest the fact escape you and you grieve when too late, permit me to mention as a reminder that the Testimonial Matinee for the widow of the late Harry Hitchins, of the Empire, is to take place at that house this very Thursday. Also, I may remark, the programme is one of really extraordinary interest, pretty well everybody of note in the theatre and the music-hall figuring in the bill. Seats, I am told, are going like Old Age Pensions, so if you want to help a good cause and put in a peach of an afternoon, step lively and book.

• • •

In the reference I made last week to Granville Barker and the Little Theatre, I was, it seems, a little off my course. It is Lillah McCarthy's season, and G. B. figures merely as producer of, and actor, in the *Anatol* dialogues with which the venture opened on Saturday evening.

Under conditions giving every promise of success, Miss Lillah McCarthy opened her season at the Little Theatre on Saturday evening with five of the delightful *Anatol* series of dialogues. *Anatol—quelle noisette!* It is all such light and gently amusing entertainment that it is difficult to say which of the series is more delectable than another. For my part, I like *A Christmas Present* better than any, partly because the underlying sentiment of it makes strong appeal, and partly because it is most admirably played by Katherine Pole and Granville Barker. As a matter of fact, the acting of all, in which Dorothy Minto, Alice Crawford, Gertrude Robins, Nigel Playfair, A. B. Tapping, and Lillah McCarthy shared the honours was of the first class. Each of the series was received with enthusiastic applause. As they say on the boulevards, *Anatol is un des g'harcons.*

Being like the rest of weak humanity, liable to error, I am always grateful for being reminded that I have, so to speak, wandered up the wrong street. Recently, I wrote of Fred Bowyer as the author of that imperishable classic, "Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle," which many of you, sweet readers, are much too young to remember, but which, believe me, was a famous chant of its day. Here was a mistake, and I am indebted to T. S. Lonsdale, of Southsea, for pointing out that *he* was the author and composer of the lay in question. In view of the facts, I hereby take back from the said Fred Bowyer the unearned renown which he has been enjoying for a whole week, and with all the pleasure imaginable hand it over to T. S. Lonsdale, of Southsea, who, I venture to hope, is enjoying health and a fair measure of prosperity.

• • •

Ochone! and very likely Wirrasthru! As to the precise meaning of these words I am not altogether clear, but the latter, I believe, is an exclamation of lament not unknown among the Irish. As such it matches in its implied sadness the little play, *Falsely True*, by Johanna Redmond (daughter of John), which now figures in the fine bill at the Palace. Bedad, 'tis a sorrowful story, as most of the modern Irish stage plays are, and from the rise of the curtain even unto its fall, the rich ripe brogue of the players is pitched in a cadence of sadness. Its dramatic value is slight; the best of the thing is in the acting of it, for which W. G. Fay, Sara Allgood, and Fred O'Donovan are responsible. As I observed before—Wirrasthru!

• • •

In a speech recently delivered to her audience at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Miss Horniman said that she hoped that Manchester would one day become a civilised town. Optimism is so strongly characteristic of theatrical folk.

• • •

It is interesting to observe the name of Katherine Pole among those of the company at the Little Theatre. I remember seeing this accomplished player for the first time some years ago, when Bert Coote brought that fierce drammer, *The Fatal Wedding*, to the Princess's, and for a good many weeks filled the old house with enthusiastic crowds. Miss Pole played the sorrow-smitten wife and played her with considerable charm and feeling too. After that she went abroad, and I think I am right in saying that her present appearance at the Little Theatre is the first she has made in the West End for a long time.

• • •

Another experienced actress, formerly well-known on the London stage, who has returned to town after a long absence abroad, is Emily Fitzroy who, I recall, used to be leading lady with George Rignold in the stock days at Her Majesty's, Sydney. Miss Fitzroy has acquired a fine patriotic sketch which should be just the very goods for use at Coronation time.

• • •

Who started the catch-phrase, "Not in these Trousers"—which, by the way, is the title of the song which Millie Hylton is booked to sing at the Coliseum? Dan Rolyat, as Simplicitas in *The Arcadians*, has been saying it for two years, and I am wondering whether Daniel is the originator of this enrichment of the national humour.

• • •

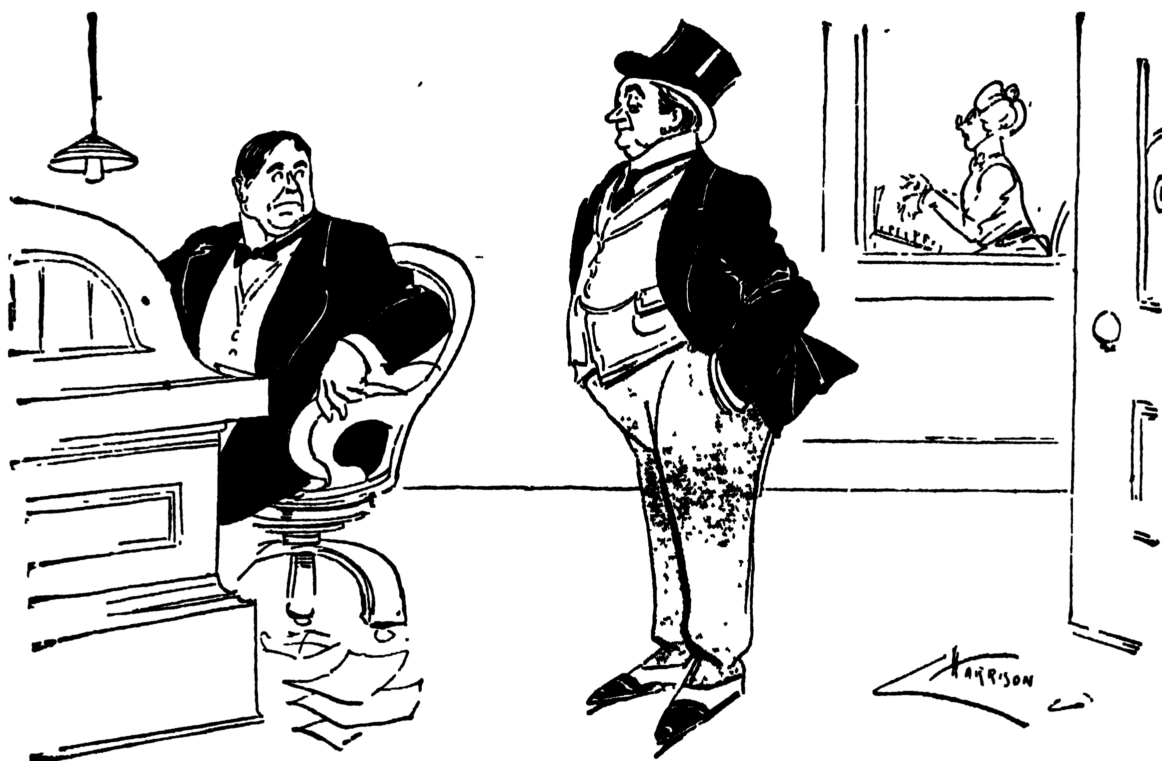
When you hear of Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and John Galsworthy going into business together, don't turn your thoughts to the little house in John Street, but to a theatre in another quarter.

• • •

Rudolf Bezier, happily forsaking tragedy, has written for production at the Haymarket a light comedy entitled *The Soul of Patricia*, in which Mrs. Pat Campbell is to play the lead. *All that Matters* ends on Saturday.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"The Lily."



IN THE CITY.

Brown: "Did you see Shiner, the blacking-maker, had to make a composition with his creditors?"
Jones: "*For* his creditors, you mean—they only got a few tins of blacking!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

THE PEDESTRIANS.

(The Suffrage party proposes to boycott the census, and, to avoid trouble with the authorities, it is suggested that women should walk about all night.)

WITH footsteps weary and slow,
Through highway, byway, and lane,
A woman walked when the sun was low,
In dark and (probably) rain.
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Singing with strident note,
The song she'd learnt in the Suffrage camp,
This plaintive Song of the Vote.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Till the census night is o'er,
And tramp! tramp! tramp!
Till we're free to sleep once more
The sleep of those who squeeze
Through the statistician's net.
Alas that colds are caught with ease
And votes so hard to get.

Striving by hook or crook
To burke the census scroll,
Because we have found (like Dr. Cook)
That we may not reach the poll.
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
And e'en as we walk and sing,
We know that our end will not be earned.
Since most of our number will be returned
With the "homeless and wandering." THETA.

• • •

THE LIMIT.

(The agitation for the trouser skirt is nothing less than the assault of the advance guard on the stronghold of masculine authority.—*Daily Paper*.)

PHYLLIS, when you took to wearing
Collars of a manly cut,
Secretly I thought it daring,
Yet I merely murmured "Tut!"
And with quite unruffled brow
Was as placid as a cow.

Even when you showed a liking
For my shirts of brightest hue
(Some *were* really rather striking –
Notably the peacock blue'),
I remained serene and calm,
Never suffering a qualm.

Thus I viewed the annexation
Of my collars, shirts, and ties,
With no feeling of vexation,
Simply with amused surprise.
Now your "lord and master" speaks:
You shall *never* have my breeks! E. L. R.

• • •

BELEAGURED.

(The present is an age of leagues, societies, associations, and federations.—Archbishop of Westminster.)

I'VE joined the Anti-swearing League,
The Woollen Waistcoat Wearing League,
The Fasting Friends, the Non-week-ends,
And Anti-waste Fraternal;
The Soda-water Brotherhood,
The Cause for Hints on Motherhood,
Banana Band, Back to the Land,
And Guild of Baths Diurnal;

The Pinks of Prude Propriety,
The Saints of Smart Society,
The Guild of Phlox in Window-box,
The Sleep Association,
The Clique of Silent Travellers,
The Edwin Drood Unravellers,
The Lodgers' Lodge, the Friends of Hodge,
The Fur-less Federation.

As round my walls young Tommy sees
My pledges, vows and promises,
He little knows why thus I chose
To blazon forth my virtue;
But, reader, you, my measurer,
Have guessed the post of treasurer
To all is mine; and I opine
A crown to each won't hurt you. A. W.

MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A Positive Means that takes away Superfluous Hairs for ever.

"LONDON OPINION" COUPON FOR READERS.



No woman with a moustache, or unsightly hair disfiguring her face, neck, arms, or bust need suffer this mortification any longer. To relieve all such unhappiness arrangements have been made for 1,000 copies of the complete literature describing the way to permanently remove superfluous hair to be given away to readers of LONDON OPINION who are constantly annoyed because of such an unnatural unsightly growth. This literature tells how the women of Ancient Rome kept their skins free and clear from superfluous hair, and how a Parisian woman discovered the secret. You are found to be surprised and delighted after sending the coupon to the ROMAN SOLVENE LABORATORY, Dept. 105 G, 85 Great Portland Street, London W. Cut out and send this Coupon without delay, as the supply is limited.

No matter how heavy or light the growth it can now be permanently destroyed in a few minutes on the face, neck, arms, bust or any portion of the body. This is not merely temporary relief for once the hair roots are destroyed the growth cannot return.

The Viscomtesse de Fremineill, of St Malo, writes: "I am astonished, as I have tried so many things in vain. Your discovery, I believe, is the real means for removing superfluous hair and I am delighted."

Mlle Julie Rivaz of Le Raincy, says: "I no longer have superfluous hair, although before I had a great deal. I have up to now tried everything in vain to remedy it. I would not have thought it possible to find a means of removing so completely the superfluous hair."

Just fill out the Coupon below and

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Name

Address

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The American Market. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

AT least a myriad of wealthy or well-to-do families from the United States will be over here this year for the Coronation spectacles; and that will have its effect on the stocks of London curio dealers, no doubt. Travelling Americans like to wander in the provinces here, also, and most of them peep into the pleasant curio-shops which are to be discovered—with effort—in our cathedral cities and market towns. It may well be worth while to write something here upon the prices which American collectors are accustomed to pay for antiques purchased in the United States.

The chief American market for curios lies in New England, Virginia, and the Eastern States generally, and therefore I take the prices I am about to mention from those which are quoted occasionally in *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*—"Ledger" meaning newspaper here. But the liking for art and for home decoration which curio-collecting indicates is spreading further West in America each year.

A Discount.

I must, however, utter two cautions to readers of the following prices. Some of these prices have strict and peculiar reference to what are called American antiques—relics of the "old colonial days"—by which is meant the furniture, porcelain, earthenware, glass, brass, etc., which was in use before or at the time of the War of Independence which severed New England and Virginia from British rule. And in the second place, the following prices refer to a period which, though very recent indeed, was anterior to the change in the Customs tariff, which now permit antiques to enter the United States almost duty-free. One or both of these considerations must cause a discount in the prices realisable in the American market now, by curios which have never entered America so far.

Some Prices.

An ordinary shield-back Heppelwhite mahogany chair, £20. A straight-front escritoire, late Queen Anne or early Georgian, £45—I am translating the prices out of dollars into sovereigns. A bow-fronted mahogany sideboard, late Heppelwhite period, the front legs set diamond-wise, £70. A quite ordinary oaken early Jacobean arm-chair, upper part of the back sunk-carved, £40. A Charles II. tall-backed chair, with carving and caning, £25. A lacquered Sheraton arm-chair, £30. A plain, late Cromwellian chair, turned wood and leather, £20. A Heppelwhite mahogany sideboard, tambour-front, the brass furniture not antique, £70. A fine Vauxhall girandole and mirror, carved and gilt, date about 1800, £70. A pair of brass andirons, urn-design, 21 in. high, £6. An Adam and Heppelwhite style bedstead, urn-topped and posts reeded, £140. Six Chippendale chairs, nothing extraordinary, £200. A Windsor chair, £5. A Chippendale chair, £40. Bureaux-bookcases and *secretaires* of latter half of eighteenth century, from £100 to £500. Commoner mahogany veneered *secretaires*, £20 to £40. "Pie-crust" tables, from £200 to £1,400. So much for furniture.

Pottery Prices.

"Old blue Staffordshire" arouses much enthusiasm the other side of the Atlantic. Plates by Clews cost about £2, cups and saucers by Wood from £1 to £3 the pair. As much as £50 has been given for a Mayor plate bearing the arms of the State of Ohio within a border of "trumpet flowers." Wood's "Battle of Bunker's Hill" plate is in great demand. For a good bit of lustre-ware as much as £10 may be expected. As for Lowestoft china, prices have risen cent. per cent.



"Well, Bill, 'ave you given up any bad 'abits this Lent?"
Bill: "Yes. I've lent you the last bob I'm going to!"

since 1892, and a bit may now be worth £5. "Old Wedgwood" not very old commands high figures.

Addenda.

Sheffield plate is particularly fancied, so are Georgian looking-glasses, brass lamps and candlesticks, old fire-irons, cut glass, old pewter, and old silver, of course. The faking of old silver hall-marks is carried to great lengths in America, we are told, and in "The Lure of the Antique," a book by an American collector, it is said that "nine-tenths of the antiques offered for sale in the open market are questionable, and many pieces are certainly fakes." I am glad to know that the proportion of falsities is not anything like so high as nine-tenths, or, indeed, five-tenths over here, I mean, in particular, pieces that sell for something like American prices, over here it is the collector in shillings who has much need to beware.

Dealers here have told me that American purchasers are particular about having "marks." One of them insisted on buying a faked Chelsea basket, offered at £1 'But it is a counterfeit," said the dealer "Never mind,' said the purchaser, "it's *got* the anchor-mark, it's for a present, and they'll never know" A good deal of spoiling the Egyptians will go on this Spring

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MR. FRANKFORT MOORE, the novelist, has taken the public into confidence concerning his collecting experiences, and in *The Commonsense Collector* (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d net) has produced a book of great interest, especially to collectors of old furniture It is well illustrated, too.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks [illegible] send answers by post [illegible], when stamped envelope is [illegible]

It will save time, and secure a [illegible] valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed [illegible] inquiry

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and then sent [illegible] name and address must be enclosed The proprietors of LONDON OPINION will endeavour to take all reasonable care [illegible] but they [illegible] accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, [illegible] losses [illegible]

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question and enclose full name and address

H F (Northampton) —The publications of this firm are not important The etchings are worth 5s to 10s each

C S (Forest Gate) Your volume of Raphael's cartoons is of nominal value There is no particular manner in which to mount a sepia drawing it is a matter of personal taste Most of the high class print sellers however use a rather deep cut Whatman mount with drawn lines round

J K (Folkestone) Your Queen Anne half crown is worth 4s, the other coins face value only

E S (Londonderry) The number is simply the factory mark It is impossible to pass an opinion on your china from description Send one of the pieces carefully packed, for inspection, inclosing complete list and we will advise

M N D (Ashtead) —Your volume, "The Temple of Flora," 1812, is worth from 35s to £2

A H. T (Croydon) The mark given is not correct, it should have a crown above

HILL TOP —Your autograph letter of Lord Byron is worth from £10 to £15, and might even fetch more at a favourable sale Sotheby's Auction Rooms, Wellington street, Strand, would be the best place to dispose of it

K M H (Risca Mon) —It is impossible to value china correctly from sketches As far as can be judged, your tea service, which is incomplete, is Crown Derby If you will send one of the pieces, carefully packed, for inspection, will advise definitely. Your violin is a copy of Stradivarius, who died twenty-five years before the date on your label. Copies of this sort usually realise 15s to 60s

P. M. (Dunoon) —We do not know of such a firm as being now in existence. The pictures of silk you refer to were sold largely about fifteen to twenty years ago There is very little sale for them, and they are of practically no commercial value.

A. M. (Bedford) —Your engravings are not rare, they are worth 5s. to 7s 6d each

W. S. W. (Fulham).—Painting on copper by Filippo Lauri, if genuine, is worth £6 to £8 Cannot value painting on glass definitely from description, but, if well executed, subjects such as described realise about £2 to £3. Male portrait by Hogarth, if genuine, worth £15 to £18

L. B. (Stratford) —Your steel engravings are of nominal value only

J. M. M. (Glasgow).—If you will send your picture for inspection, will advise.

L. O. C. (Dublin).—Water-colour by Woodside of nominal value only; artist is of no repute. Your edition of "Barnaby Rudge" is worth 15s to 20s., others mentioned are of no particular value.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

THE hereditary system in legislation is abhorrent to the charioteers of State who dispose of patronage and revenue. Both sides tumble over each other in their eagerness to disavow their belief in the breeding of law-makers Personally, I do not believe that the House of Lords is unpopular. On the contrary. If put to the touch it would probably be found that the House of Commons, with its stucco pretences and garrulous vanity, is the more unpopular body of the two However that may be, there is enough confusion of thought on the subject of heredity as applied to law-making or any other desired object, to justify a glance at the subject.

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LONG after it was discovered that man could mould and fashion the qualities and colours of animals and plants by selective breeding, curious results followed. Take the case of the pointer dog. A sporting dog that could scent a game bird at a distance of forty or fifty yards was a valuable aid to a gunner when muzzle-loading was in force. As guns were improved in penetration and rapidity of fire, dogs were improved in pointing. In due time the breeders produced a pointer who pointed at anything and everything. He had lost his brains, having exchanged his former intelligence for an over-specialised faculty of pointing. Canine monomaniacs cease to be of use as sporting dogs, and the Kennel authorities have wisely reverted to the plan of field trials as the true test of a prize pointer's capacities.

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THE passion for breeding things for qualities that are not admirable in themselves, but only remarkable, runs riot. The potato forty years ago, in Ireland especially, was delicious eating. It had a palatable flavour which is now lost I asked a great potato authority in Ireland the other day what had become of the old murphies, with their delicious flavour. He said that they no longer existed, because the growers bred for size, for prolific production, and for freedom from disease. The result is that the modern potato, like much else, is tasteless and symmetrical.

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A PROTEST against the futile monstrosities that are now produced in the way of flowers and fruit is long overdue. The monster fruit, perfect in shape, appearance, and colour, which is served on the dinner-tables of the idle rich, has lost the flavour of the old days. Size and colour, not flavour, is the bull's-eye aimed at by the modern grower. No diner really prefers size to flavour, but convention compels fruit farmers to ignore flavour and breed for size.

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LOOK at the modern carnation. Big as a dahlia, it is scentless and rickety. Half the new sweet peas of which we read so much are destitute of perfume. The scent of a sweet pea such as "Lady Grizel Hamilton" is something so exquisite that the pleasure of smelling it each returning summer increases as the years roll by. Phil May, a great soul, if ever there were one, once gave me a picture of the late Jane Cakebread. Under it Phil May wrote the following lines—

No snows fall lighter than the snow of age;
Yet none fall heavier, for it never melts.

There is no reason why old age should be handicapped by scentless flowers and tasteless fruit, since perfume in flowers, aroma in fruit, sporting ability in dogs are qualities more desirable than size, colour, or ability to point at a turnip. It is always well to consider what we are doing with the machine of heredity if we employ our selective powers to modify plants, animals, or ourselves. The "boys of the bulldog breed" may reflect that the seizing capacity which formerly distinguished the British bulldog has been bred out of existence in some of the prize-winning specimens. When the bulldog was taken in hand by the breeder he was adapted for exhibition on a bench, not bred for seizing and holding his foe.

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THE mistakes clever men have made in the breeding of animals, fruits, and vegetables suggest considerable caution in the application of compulsory eugenics to the breeding of man. In the first place, few people would agree as to what kind of man it is we want to produce It is not enough to suggest Julius Cæsar, Captain Webb, or the Admirable Crichton, and marry them to the mother of the Gracchi, to Joan of Arc, or to Nell Gwynne It is not enough to know what we want in the way of superman, it is essential that we should know beforehand the effect of our interference with natural selection in our attempt to get him That there are strains of blood—like Sheridan's, for instance—which impart a sunny character to the fortunate possessor of anyone with a teaspoonful of it in his veins, cannot be denied We all know such stock.

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ONE notices the working of heredity in the naval families, which form almost a caste in the British Fleet.

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THE grandfather of Captain Troubridge, R.N., commanded a ship at Trafalgar; when the *entente cordiale* was ratified by the visit of the British Fleet to Brest the advantage of heredity in the case of Captain Troubridge was remarked on by hundreds of sympathetic Frenchmen. A calling that becomes hereditary produces facility. Vine-dressers are not produced under three generations. Capacity to remain under water a long time is the result of hard practice for hundreds of years by a caste of pearl-fishers on the Paumben Channel. If pearl-fishing, vine-dressing, the catching of herrings, or the fighting of Frenchmen are performed better by men who have been bred to the business as a family tradition, why should we suppose that well-handled heredity should operate badly in the case of law-makers? We may not want good law-makers, but if we do, why not go on breeding them, knocking out the bad ones?

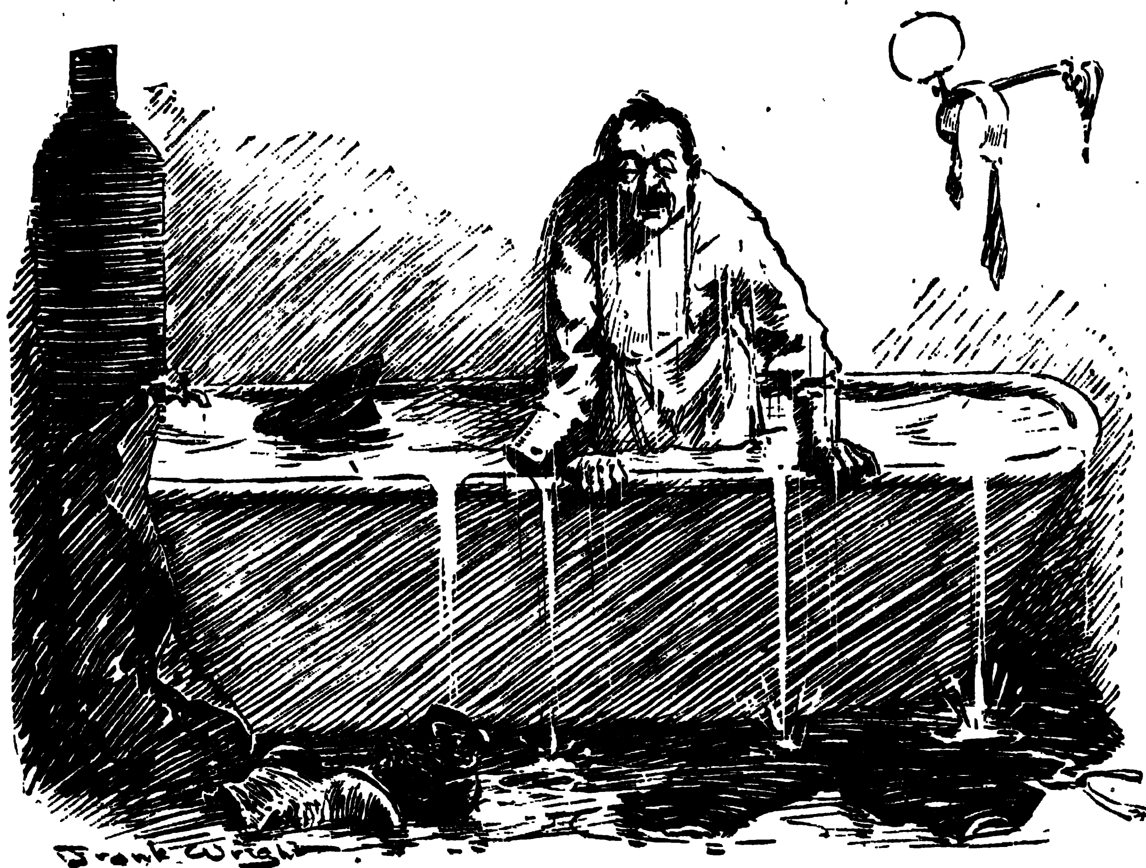
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WE do not really despise heredity, because it is always at work, especially in the House of Commons. Few forces are more elevating than the force of fine tradition, though "tradition" on both sides of the Atlantic is almost invariably used by the wage-earning classes as being synonymous with "prejudice." This question of heredity in relation to the Second Chamber may yet divide the Kingdom into two camps and bring Englishmen to blows. Those of the peers who are thinking of something more than their own skins are bound to stand for the hereditary principle even in a modified form If they refrain from doing so the King will bear the burden of the hereditary principle

There is no record in history of monarchy without aristocracy.



The Conductor "Pass along in there You can't all stand on this platform!"
A Small Voice: "They aren't—one of them is standing on my feet!"



Jones (who has returned home somewhat mixed): "Well--hic--I don't mind 'em putting tubsh of water at th' bottom of—hic—stairsh, b' when it comesh to putting water in th' bed, thash—th' limit!"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SPRING CLEAN.

By ARMIGER BARCLAY.

THE March sun flashed out and quite offensively drew attention to the state of the room.

You know how it is. All the dust, pipe-ash, torn paper, burnt matches, crumbs, and bits of coal, that you haven't noticed during the gloom of February, come out quite prominently. That's the worst of Spring. It seems to make things bud and multiply—those things I mean. In the cellar it's different, somehow. No amount of Spring has anything but a wasting effect on the coals there.

Personally, I didn't care whether the room looked dusty or not. Every third week I had to take my turn at being housemaid, and, like the other fellows, I carefully swept the odds and ends into neat little heaps in the corners. Once I tried chasing them into a dustpan. Cinquevalli might have made a good job of it, but I'm no juggler.

It was Bingley who made the fuss. He is one of those fellows who pretends to know all about housewifery. I suspect now that a good deal of his knowledge is assumed; but he owns a married sister, and always uses her as an argument for having unnecessary things done about the house. George and I loathe her.

It began like this:

BINGLEY (sententiously): What we ought to have is a spring-cleaning.

GEORGE (emptying clinkers from his pipe on to the carpet): Ought we—why?

BINGLEY: Well, look at the place! It's in a filthy condition.

MYSELF: My dear chap, you've lived in it like this for weeks, and never complained before. What's the matter with it now?

BINGLEY: My married sister wouldn't——

GEORGE (surrendering at discretion): Well, how do you spring-clean?

BINGLEY (in the tone of a high-class charlady): We ought to begin with the chimney.

MYSELF (indignantly): We? You mean a sweep ought.

BINGLEY: It was an understood thing when we took the place that we were to save expense, and do without outside help.

GEORGE: If you think I'm going to smother myself in soot——

BINGLEY: Not at all. Simplest thing in the world with a Fury.

GEORGE and MYSELF (together): What's a Fury?

BINGLEY (gloating in superior knowledge): Merely a powder in a packet. You place it on the fire, and in a couple of minutes it does the trick. (George gets up and hurriedly collects his personal belongings, beginning at the mantelpiece. I reach for my hat.) There's no hurry.

GEORGE (witheringly): Isn't there? I don't want my property buried in the ruins, thanks!

BINGLEY: Don't talk rot. My married sister always uses Furies. You've only got to look at the thing.

Before we could escape he had rummaged in the sideboard drawer among our assorted groceries, and brought out a packet of powdery stuff. He explained that it only cost fourpence ha'penny, and that a sweep's charge was one and six. The difference in price did, I confess, partially reassure us. Bingley isn't always as economical as he tries to make out. He said he knew we should want a Fury, and had bought one in readiness. George, still somewhat suspicious, pointed out that the wrapper with the directions was missing, but Bingley waived the objection aside. He knew all about Furies,

he said, and before we knew what he was up to, he had dropped the packet in the fire, and covered the grate with the tea-tray. It was too late to fly. I stood with my shoulders hunched waiting for the shock. George disappeared under the sofa.

We heard a fizzle, and a most horrid smell pervaded the room. But, thank goodness, nothing else happened. At the end of a lifetime Bingley removed the tray, and with a grandiloquent "There you are!" assured us that every atom of soot was burnt clean out. Neither George nor I felt like going up the chimney to investigate, so we took his word for it. Anyway, judging by the look of the tray, that Fury must have had a noxious effect on anything it met on the way up.

Bingley was so pleased with himself that he voluntarily took on the cooking that afternoon, leaving George and myself to finish the spring-cleaning. The sun had gone in again, so it didn't take us long, and we had time for two hundred up at the village club. When we got back dinner was ready. It began with soup—a purée from a recipe invented by Bingley's married sister. At first I thought that accounted for its odd taste. After a cautious sip or two I looked up at George. George, I may mention, is a bad sailor. He was swallowing with difficulty. Bingley was gulping his soup down at 40 h.p. on the brake. But then, of course, he'd made it. All the same, he wore an abstracted look. When he had quite finished, by which time a green pallor overspread his face, we gave him our opinion of his soup. At least, George did. Among other things, he called him a wicked poisoner. All Bingley could do was to feebly assert that something must have happened to the lentils. He had only used ground lentils he insisted.

But if you ask me I'm prepared to make an affidavit that what Bingley put up the chimney was the lentils, and that infernal Fury into the soup! Anyway, when the sweep came he said he'd never got so much soot out of one flue in his life, and when George and I tasted the remainder of the soup on the fire we were sorry that his Majesty's Inspector of Explosives wasn't there to see the effect. Squibs were not in it!

DUMPED DRAMA.

I HAVE seen plays from the East of Mount Athos;
Plays from Japan, where they eat with no fork;
Ibsen and Maeterlinck; also the pathos
That pleases New York.

I have seen farces in Anglicised jacket,
French in their bone and their sinew and joint,
Robbed in the Straits (through the heave of the packet)
Of half of their point.

Actors who show how they do things in Sicily
(Wonderful centres for spirited crime!)
I have sat watching dumbfounded and dizzily.
(Rotten bad rhyme!)

Yielding my hardly won shillings in payment,
I have seen dancers with ecstasy drunk,
Naiads and Bacchanals, Russians whose raiment
Appeared to have shrunk.

This is a matter for Austen's endeavour,
This is the duty for which I shall storm,
Taxes on alien mimes, if we ever
Have Tariff Reform.

E. V.

A DOMESTIC SERIAL.

MRS. LITTLETOWN: "This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

Mrs. Neartown: "Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

Mrs. Littletown: "Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one."

Mrs. Neartown: "Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."

THE NEW GAME.

By T. HODGKINSON.

"FRIEND, Roman, countryman," said May suddenly, "lend me your ears," and, taking the loan for granted, she began to read a description of the new game of "Who Was Baby."

As far as I could gather, each player brings a photograph of himself at an early but none the less interesting age, and the game consists in seeing who can identify the most pictures after they have been shuffled.

"Don't they say that the ugliest babies make the prettiest adults, and *vice versâ?*" I asked when she had finished, and I resumed the reading of my book without waiting for an answer.

It is true that I have some sort of a recollection of a voice announcing its intention of giving a "Who Was Baby" party, but that hardly justifies May's assertion that I knew all about it, when I protested, some days later, on being told to come home early because our party was fixed for that evening.

The party was a great success. May—have I mentioned, by the way, that she is my sister?—acted as umpire, and by identifying one photograph (my own) I managed to tie for the booby prize.

As soon as the result was announced, I engineered the nearest approach to a *tête-a-tête* with Amelia that could be managed in a crowded room. I found her idly turning over the photographs which had been left lying on the table.

"Isn't this one sweet?" she asked enthusiastically.

Have I mentioned, by the way, that she is not my sister?

"Positively saccharine," I assented.

"Who did you say it was?"

"Oh, you," I said promptly. "I saw the resemblance at once."

"Really!" she said, so coldly that I had to misunderstand her.

"Yes, really and truly," I put in, but her manner still remained so cold that I was quite glad to see May approaching.

"I'm surprised at you," was her remark to me. "You ought to have won the first prize instead of the booby with your brilliant theory. I was telling Amelia about it yesterday."

"I haven't got a brilliant theory," I protested. "You can search me, if you like," and I appealed to Amelia. "Do I look capable of harbouring such a thing?"

"Fully," she said spitefully.

"At any rate," I implored May, "tell me what the theory is. I can face a direct accusation, but innuendo unmans me."

"You said that the prettiest babies made the ugliest adults."

"That," I said, as I thought of the handsome child I had identified as Amelia, "is a very old idea, and lost its brilliance in the Stone Age."

It hardly met the situation, perhaps, but I was feeling rather inane at the moment, nor did the feeling wear off when a little later I had to buy a wedding present for the beast Brown.

Why is he a beast? He married Amelia.

IRREVERENT.

ROBERT, aged ten, was playing with the other boys, when his mother, who had been listening to his conversation, called him.

"Robert," she began, in a grieved tone, "I never thought I'd hear you swearing."

"Why, I wasn't swearing, mother," the boy defended himself. "I only said 'the devil.' That isn't swearing."

"Well," replied the mother quickly, "maybe it isn't exactly swearing, but it is making light of sacred things."



Mistress (discussing the maid): "Yes, she's leaving to get married. I asked her to get the man to postpone it till I could get another maid; but she said she didn't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that!"

"A Beautiful Form and No More Hollows."

HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST 6 INCHES IN 30 DAYS.

When my chest was flat and my shoulders thin and hollow, I thought that I must have been destined by Nature to go through life without knowing the charm of a full, beautiful bust. I faithfully tried every method I could hear of, but without obtaining any result, and I do not believe I would have ever possessed my present superb development had I not accidentally discovered a simple process which enlarged my bust six inches in thirty days, and wrought a complete transformation in my appearance. If every lady who longs for a beautiful bust could have seen me before I used this remarkable process, and then look upon me again to-day, she would surely feel that nothing less than a miracle could have produced such a marvellous change in so short a time. Yet this same treatment was tried by ten other ladies with undeveloped busts, and the results obtained within a few days utterly astonished the medical and scientific investigators, and in a few weeks each of the ten ladies had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried by fifty ladies and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained. Mme. C. Sire, of Montreuil, Bellay, says: "The result that I have obtained from the Venus-Carnis treatment convinces me that it can always be used with success."



This is a simple, easy process that any lady can use at home without the knowledge of anyone, and I am so grateful for what it has done for me that I feel I should reveal my secret to all my sisters who need it. Simply address, Margarette Merlain, Dept. 808B, 85 Great Portland Street, London, W., and I will send you particulars by return of post in a plain sealed envelope. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large should stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.

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FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Her Chief Hallucination.

"It is the one certain persuasion of the female mind that it knows itself."—*Impatient Griselda*, by Laurence North. Martin Secker. 6s.

Army Ways.

"One of the best regimental colonels I ever met nearly lost his command through an unfavourable confidential report because he failed to answer correctly the inspecting general's question, put in the regimental coffee shop, as to the precise number of currants which should be found in a penny bun."—*Sir William Butler:* An Autobiography. Constable. 16s. net.

False Pretences in High Places.

"A lawyer was defending a man charged with obtaining money on false pretences. 'False pretences!' exclaimed the lawyer with fine scorn. 'Why, we all make them every day, barristers and solicitors and judges, the whole lot of us. Talk of the purity of the judicial ermine'—here he pointed derisively at the learned judge who sat scowling on the bench—'why, it is only rabbit skin.'"—*Pie Powder*, by a "Circuit Tramp." John Murray. 5s. net.

Studies in Kissing.

"Lady Casterley's kiss, once received, was never forgotten; neither, perhaps, was Barbara's . . . . In the case of Lady Casterley, the old eyes, bright and investigating, could be seen deciding the exact spot for the lips to touch; then the face, with its firm chin, was darted forward; the lips paused a second, as though to make quite certain, then suddenly dug hard and dry into the middle of the cheek, quavered for the fraction of a second as if trying to remember to be soft, and was relaxed like the elastic of a catapult. And in the case of Barbara, first a sort of light came into her eyes, then her chin tilted a little, then her lips pouted a little, her body quivered, as if it were getting a size larger, her hair breathed, there was a small, sweet sound; it was over."—*The Patrician*, by John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

Bellinger Hall.

"The roof was upheld by heavy carved pillars of imitation marble which would not have deceived a fly. An eminent British artist had adorned the ceiling with a scene representing 'The Banquet of the Gods,' the latter being depicted as stout, *décolleté*, improper-looking individuals, apparently attempting to stay the pangs of divine hunger with ambrosial food of a particularly unappetising kind. The full beauty of this masterpiece could only be appreciated by lying on one's back on the floor, an attitude which few of my grandfather's guests cared to adopt.

"One day when old Sir Percy Bellinger was showing the Duchess of Bognor round the building, he flung open the door of the boudoir with pardonable vanity. 'This,' he said, 'is our Louis Quinze room!' The Duchess gazed thoughtfully at it for a moment. 'What makes you think so?' she inquired, pleasantly enough."—*Lord Bellinger*, by Harry Graham.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.

The Waiter.

Stuff a hired dress-suit with an effort to please,
Add a half-a-dozen stumbles and trips,
Remove his right thumb from the Camembert cheese,
Roll in crumbs, melted butter, and tips.

Wordly Wisdom.

"If a woman is silent, it is always because she has a headache or wants her tea."

"Outrageous things are always delicious—they are the salt of life."—*The Riding Master*, by Dolf Wyllarde. Stanley Paul. 6s.

The Unknown Correspondent.

"James Payn received a letter from an unknown person praising his works. 'I liked to hear my books called "works,"' said Payn, and I replied. He wrote me again, and I wrote in return a jocose letter. He replied in like terms. I again wrote telling him a funny story. He sent me a funny story. I capped it, and in a short time got a Roland for my Oliver. . . . Finally, I got an indignant letter, commencing, 'Sir, are you aware that I am a woman!' 'I often,' said Payn, 'blush under the bed-clothes when I think of the stories I told that woman!'"—*In Castle and Court House*, by Ramsay Colles. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

From "Breakers of the Law."

"A man occasionally goes on making love when he is thoroughly bored; but having discovered that the other person is not, he keeps it up, out of pure kind-heartedness."

"A pretty and attractive woman takes it as a matter of course that you should admire her, but your neglected wallflower is so dumbfounded at the attention that she is grateful ever afterwards."—*Breakers of the Law*, by Stodart Walker. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

A Thorough Maid.

"Eliza says that whatever else people may say about our girl, at any rate, she is thorough. I suppose she is. At any rate, she always makes a point of doing more than you say, and it frequently works out all wrong. For instance, I told her as plainly as I could that I wanted her to place a finger-bowl before me after dinner. Next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found not only a finger-bowl filled with water of a heat that might have cracked it, but also a towel, and a soap-dish with a new cake of carbolic."—*Eliza Getting On*, by Barry Pain. Cassell. 1s.

From an Editor's Letters.

"The output of genius is no more to be governed by expediency than is sensibility by a Waterbury watch."

"Manufactured epigrams are the 'heavier-than-air' machines that fail to fly."

"Women can't shoot or aim straight with anything tangible, but for launching the barb of rancour into the bull's-eye of scandal, commend me to a woman."

"When knowledge does not seek innocence, innocence seeks knowledge."—*Letters from Fleet Street*. Frank Palmer. 5s. net.

* * *

The Red Symbol, by John Ironside, and *The Black Spider* by Carlton Dawe, are two sensational novels just issued by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash at 2s. net each.

Leila, by Antonio Fogazzaro, a companion story to *The Saint*, has just been published by Hodder & Stoughton—on the day of the author's death, as it happened. Full of thought, and teeming with pictures of Italian life and character, it is a work worthy of one of the greatest of modern Italian novelists.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

Something About the Greatest Woman Detective of Our Times.

"WHO is she?" people invariably asked when first the charming personality of Miss White flitted across their horizon.

She was essentially a person who captured one's interest. Her slender little figure was always gowned in that expensive simplicity which is the outcome of a happy union between taste and wealth. Beneath her soft brown hair her eyes played chaperon to her lips, and so gave her dainty little face a seriousness which one did not perceive at first glance.

"Who is she—eh?" those who knew would reply. "Why, she's Miss White—'Miss White, of London,' she calls herself."

"Miss White, of London? Rather a vague address, what? Doesn't explain much."

"Miss White is one of the cleverest detectives in England—that's what she is."

"No—really?" would come the drawling, incredulous reply. "Do you mean to say that that's her profession?"

"No; I rather fancy it's her hobby. She's some big pot's daughter, I believe—got any amount of money to play with. 'Miss White' is only her assumed name, you know. No one knows for certain who she really is."

"Well, she doesn't look much like a detective, any way," was always the final comment.

The relations between Miss White and the Scotland Yard force were of the friendliest. We might give many instances of this quite unusual intimacy; but perhaps it would be better to let this phase of her career reveal itself in the course of the experiences we shall have to relate of her adventurous life. Naturally a young lady of her social position could be of great assistance to the authorities in circles where otherwise the said authorities could not easily penetrate; and, not unnaturally, a young lady of her personal charm could occasionally help the Secret Service people in a manner in which no mere male operator could hope for success.

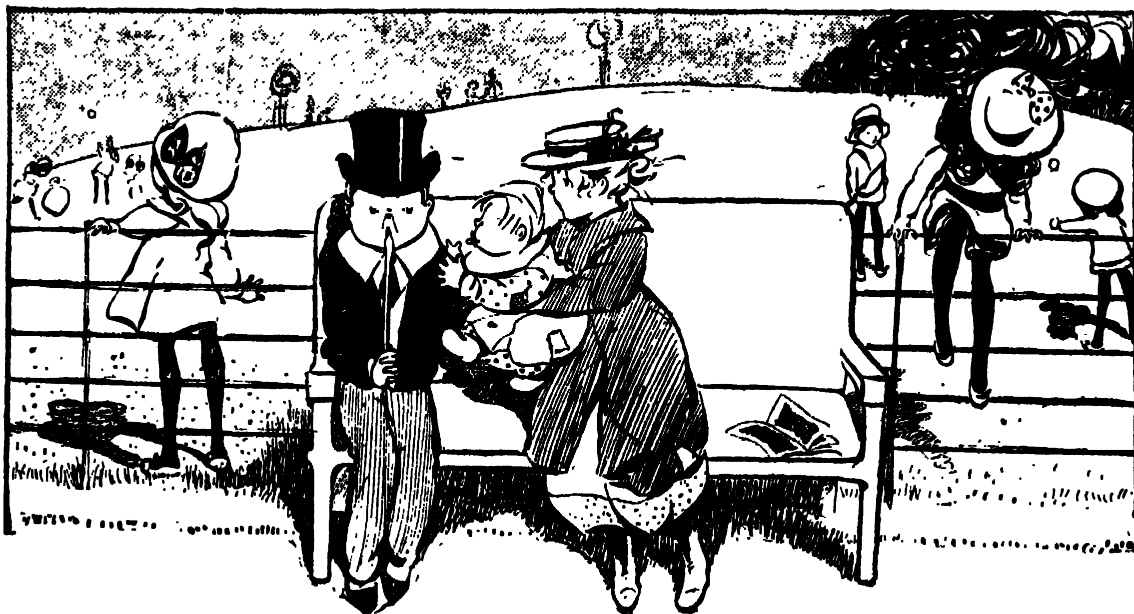
When recently Miss White returned from the South of France one of the great London dailies received an astounding report concerning her visit there. It was to this effect: A week after the execution of Dr. Crippen the Lady Superior of a convent, in the Riviera or thereabouts, an old friend of Miss White's, had summoned her over there by cablegram; and that on Miss White's arrival she had been apprised of the appearance at the convent, a few days earlier, of a woman who declared herself to be the person for whose "murder" Dr. Crippen had been hanged—Belle Elmore!

Thereupon Miss White had seen the woman, and had found she bore, in spite of her now haggard and mind-tortured appearance, a convincing resemblance to the published photographs of Belle Elmore. With the explicit assent of this woman herself Miss White had then held a long interview with her, and had heard a confession which had literally and physically staggered her hearer.

The substance of this was that the execution of her husband, Dr. Crippen, had been the specific object for which she, Belle Elmore, had calculated and plotted her disappearance. She had long detected the relations existing between Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve, and had yearned for revenge. Hundreds of times she had sat brooding over the faithlessness of which she was the victim, reviewing scores of methods by which she could slake the thirst for vengeance which consumed her. But nothing appealed to her as satisfying and secure, until the idea came to her—why not let the Law, which will not punish these two for the sins of which they are guilty, rend them for a crime of which they could be made to appear guilty?

Once harboured in her brain, the potentialities of this unique revenge never left it. To kill these two, who flouted her daily, without raising her finger against them! To utilise not the criminal cup of poison nor the pistol, which must need more nerve than she could command at the last moment, but to stand aside and watch the machinery of the Law itself relentlessly crushing her enemies. What a satisfying retaliation! Circumstances favoured the carrying out of her great obsession.

With the husband away all day from home—spending



Little Nursemaid (to Awful Masher): "Would you be good enough, sir, to catch hold of my baby while I look for its ball!"

how many hours she knew not with her hated rival—it was not difficult for her to preserve perfect secrecy while she pulled up some of the cellar bricks and prepared a revelation for the police to make in the fulness of time. Broken as she was with remorse now, yet she had at the time revelled in carrying out the little details which were to give verisimilitude to the discovery—the quicklime, the fragments of clothing, the wig, and the traces on these fragments of the very poison which her husband would afterwards be proved to have purchased.

That was the report conveyed to the great daily. But when its representative called upon Miss White to obtain verification, she had laughed it to scorn. Not a word of truth in it, she said. She had only been to the Riviera for her health. She knew no Lady Superior. And had not Crippen himself confessed in a most convincing document, published in a most trustworthy journal?

The reporter had jibbed at this; but Miss White, declaring that, whether the confession was or was not credible, she knew nothing of any resurrected Belle Elmore, had peremptorily declined any cross-examination, and had closed the interview. We must, therefore, take the lady's word. But supposing, for the sake of argument, that Miss White had happened to be the repository of a secret so disconcerting to the authorities in charge of the Founts of Justice, and supposing, further, that she had hushed the matter up and screened the Home Office from the disclosure of a horrible miscarriage of justice, you can see the kind of influence she would have with the great police officials and with those above them.

We accept unreservedly her statement that there was nothing in the Belle Elmore report. But we do know that, somehow or other—perhaps from some other acts of reticence and discretion in some totally different set of circumstances—she had an enormous "pull" over the unlikeliest people in the official world, and in the most unexpected circumstances.

To Messrs. F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall, two well-known writers in London Opinion, Miss White has given notes of some of her most interesting investigations, and these will be recorded in the succeeding issues of this journal, commencing next week with "The Wardour Street Mystery." The cases immediately following will be:

"The Mystery of the Pebbles."
"The Case of the Missing Witness."
"The Mystery of the Opal Earrings."
"The Incident of the Actress's Jewels."
"The Incident of the Limchester Express."



IF TRUTH CAME IN FASHION.

If the use of truth were to come into fashion we might hear the following instead of the customary conventionalities:

"Bridget, you needn't tell him I'm not at home; just say I don't wish to see him."

"I may as well tell you, Mr. McCreary, that I am not buying this hair dye for an elderly friend; I expect to use it myself."

"I won't pretend, Mrs. Kawler, that the reason why I never have any photographs taken is because they never look like me; they always do."

"Gentlemen, I'm not going to lie to you; my friends have not asked me to be a candidate for this office. I'm a candidate for it because I want the salary!"

"Mr. Hilker, there's no use in pretending that I can wear a No. 4. I am not ashamed of the size of my foot. Show me a No. 6½."

"I don't know why I'm lending you this money, old chap; I do it with great reluctance."

"Dear Sir,—We return this story to you for the reason that it is absolutely worthless. We wouldn't publish it even if you paid us for doing so."

"I am not surprised, Mr. Wellon, to learn that you are fifty-nine years old. You look it."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SUFFRAGISTS.

By CHARLES McEVOY, *Author of "All That Matters," etc.*

WOMEN have had a queer reputation ever since—well, the Garden of Eden, let us say. And their queerness, all that philosophers have had to say about it, has generally come down under one clear heading—their unreasonableness. And not all their emancipation to date seems to have altered this little trait in their character.

The Suffragists might safely be taken to represent (to date again, for we are only just beginning with them) the last word in Woman's emancipation. Yet here they are spoiling themselves in a big fight for the want of a little reason. Their unreasonableness is no argument in itself why they should not have a vote, but the fact remains, that by not acting a little more logically at this crisis in their affairs, they are industriously placing a very mighty spoke in their own wheels, and somebody ought to talk them out of it.

Ordinary Women Left Out.

There is not the least doubt—indeed, it is an indisputable fact—that to-day all fearless, intellectual representatives of women want the vote, and anyone who wants to be on the right side had better become a Suffragist as quickly as possible: but there is something obviously and radically wrong if ordinary, homely women are left to suppose that "Votes for Women," is a mere parrot cry, meaning nothing in particular and hopelessly associated with mob law and unwomanliness. And what is wrong is this, that they do not openly declare a policy and say what it is that they want the vote for.

They know perfectly well why they want the vote, and they have a reason that would sweep every womanly woman in the country into their ranks, if they would only take the bit out of their mouths and say it.

Why They are Wanting Votes.

They want the vote because of the power that it will give woman to force upon the State, in the name of Public Morality, an alteration in the present disgraceful economic condition of her own sex. Because they believe that it is this economic condition, taking one of many obvious shapes in the inadequate wages of women and girls, that is the great main factor placing women on our streets.

Believing that women can best protect their own sex, they seek the vote. It is a crusade by women for all that womanliness stands for.

What Women Ought to Know.

The pity is that thousands of good, kindly women, suppressed from any knowledge of the truth by the "conspiracy of silence," do not in the least know, or even suspect, how many women fall from curable economic causes; and it is the plain duty of those who want the vote to *make them know.*

The belief in the appalling superstition, that the process that brings women to the streets is entirely the absence of some moral factor in such unfortunate women, is a monstrous obstruction in the path of progress. It can only be removed by the constant demonstration to unawakened minds of the real facts of the case.

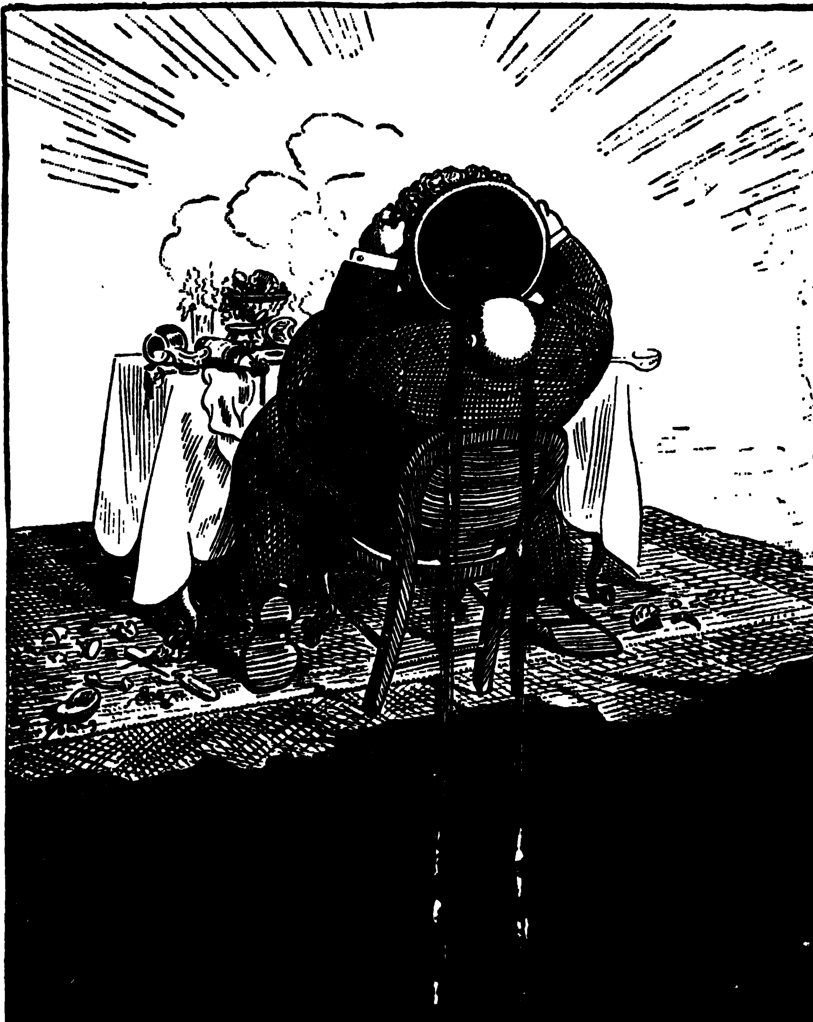
That such a colossal force as the combined Woman's Suffrage Leagues represent, so prodigiously advertised, so uniquely able to make themselves heard, should neglect to use their one invincible weapon, is unbelievable. At least, it would be if they were not women.

What the Leaders Say.

Let them speak out. Let them find all the gentle, amiable ladies they can find, and shock them into activity by demonstrating that a vote for Woman's Suffrage is a vote for the purity of their own sex.

Yet they seem to prefer to walk about with their little flags and excite laughter by the repetition of that, to thousands of people, empty phrase, "Votes for Women!" instead of "Life for Women!" or "Decency for Women!"

I have talked to many prominent militant "Suffragettes," and they all tell me the same thing; the great majority of the executive have agreed to "get the vote first!" Oh, woman, woman!



CAPITALISM.

EMBARRASSING.

"YOUR wife wants you on the telephone," announced the new boy in an office where the 'phones of two separate companies were installed.

"Which one?" inquired the boss, thinking of the two telephones, of course.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "I don't know how many you have."

"PERSONAL DOUBLES."

A Competition About Celebrities with Five Pound Notes for the Winners.

For Competition 363 four £5 notes are awarded to:

M. Hope, 49 South View, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.	H. A. Hoare, 64 Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone, N.E.	J. Murray, 52 Waterloo Road, Ramsey, I. O. M.	William Ness, Westvale, Port Glasgow, N.B.
Frank Wootton (p. 326) *Flourishing "Waster."*	*Hubert Latham* (p. 325) *Lifts Humanity.*	*Tim Healey* (p. 326) *Trenchant Humorist.*	*Sam Langford* (p. 326) *Sequel, Liniment.*

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

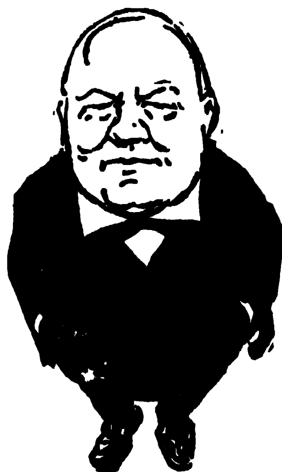
EVERYONE who can find a use for a "fiver" should have a shot at "Personal Doubles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition.

We offer this week **Five Five Pound Notes** to be divided among those who send in the best Personal Doubles.

Select any of these names:



Vesta Tilley.



R. B. Haldane.



G. B. Shaw.

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 402 to 407); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double. You may reverse the initials if you like.

The Twenty-Five Pounds offered this week will be divided among the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself. Obviously, in such a competition it must happen that, beyond the prize-winners, there will often be others running them very close: they and their friends will say, "Hard lines!" but, as good sportsmen, will "try again." It is good fun, anyway; and all have equal opportunities.

Each Personal Double sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The selections are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your "Personal Double" underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 365, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 21st March. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 29th March.

P.O. No. .... Personal Doubles Coupon. 365.

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Personal Double" below for Competition No. 365, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... From page........

Double..

PAYMENT BY RESULTS.

By T. HODGKINSON.

"I'VE found out how to earn an honest living," said George, when I called in response to his invitation. "I thought you'd be glad to hear it."

"I am,' I assented. "The last time I saw you you were trying to live by borrowing off me."

"Well, I'm a marriage agent now. Here's my catalogue. A selection of my exclusive designs."

"Do all these ladies really want husbands?" I demanded.

"Oh, no. Only two of them. I simply tell the applicants for the others that I regret that Item 29 is sold, and express my readiness to report as soon as I hear of another copy. Like the second-hand booksellers, you know."

"Very nice," I said. "But why print 'Remember you only pay by Results' at the bottom of each page?"

"That's the cream of the idea. They pay exactly what they like."

"They *do*?" I asked.

"Well, they *will*, if you insist on accuracy. You catch the notion? You know how enraptured the dear young things are for the first few months. Their gratitude to me will know no bounds. Every time Edwin looks at Angelina he'll want to run out and send me a postal order for sixpence, and every time Angelina——"

"George," I said severely, "do you realise what you are doing? You will ruin all the prospective happy homes of England. Angelina will spoil Edwin's digestion by petty housekeeping economies in order to send the money to you. Really, you deserve said about you some of the things that have been said about the Peers."

"Il faut vivre," he said cynically.

"Je n'en vois pas la necessité," I retorted, to show that I had not forgotten all my classics, and we parted.

It was some months before I saw him again. He was doing the lock step down the Strand between two sandwich boards. So, of course, I took him to lunch, and there he told me his piteous story.

"It was all because Maud *would* marry James," he explained. "I told them that the Book of Fate proved the folly of such a union. Maud had particularly flighty ears, and James' nose was all against domesticity. But they would marry,"

"And would not pay?"

"Worse than that. As soon as they saw that marriage was a failure, they sued me for damages, and the judge held that 'payment by results' meant that I was liable. You don't happen to have a shilling that would like to see life, do you?"

THOSE INDIAN CRIMES.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—Has the young man who perpetrated the Indian crimes mentioned in your last issue escaped ass-ass-ination? Yours faithfully,

AN EARNEST ENQUIRER.

• • •

THE ONLY PIECE.

FOND FRIEND: "Was there much cut glass among the wedding presents?"

Jealous Cat: "Only her engagement ring!"

• • •

IMPORTANT PRODUCTS.

"WHY trouble to discover the North Pole?" said the utilitarian. "What does it produce?"

"The world's greatest supply of magazine articles," replied the publisher.

• • •

AT THE TERMINUS.

"LOOK here," said the lady to the booking-clerk at the railway station, "I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes."

The clerk, a grey, withered little man, answered gently:

"Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

New Spring Models.

One of the most important features of the new spring models that are on view this week at all the leading dress-makers' establishments in London, is the much-debated question of what is to be the correct length of the new coats.

As in everything else appertaining to dress, all kinds and styles have been displayed for the public to make their choice from. One well-known Parisian firm is trying to introduce long picture coats, cut on directoire lines, while a rival firm is making a decided effort to revive the vogue of the bolero. So far as can be ascertained at this moment, the choice of the public seems to have fallen on coats that strike the happy medium between these rival models. As regards length, the popular coat will reach but a few inches below the normal waist-line, and a feature of this year's models is the mass of braid and ornamental buttons used on smart coats, which in several instances have an inner waistcoat of a contrasting colour. Sleeves in nearly every instance will be loose, and of three-quarter length.

Favourite Materials.

Striped serges and smooth cloths and tweeds, striped silks and satins, and even striped foulards are all being used for fashioning the latest tailor-made costumes. Indeed, before very long one and all will be heartily tired of plain-coloured surfaces, ornamented with a narrow white line. For not only are these materials being used for making all sorts and conditions of coats and skirts, from smart town toilettes to those destined for country wear, but striped materials are likewise being used for those smart "dress-walking costumes," which are the novelty of the present moment. These are whole toilettes made with either short or long coat effects, suitable only for street wear. Many of them are very smart, and, such costumes having had a popular vogue in Paris for some months past, a great many of the London tailors are trying to introduce them over here. Certainly such toilettes seem more suitable for town wear than the ubiquitous coat and skirt, which has to be worn over a lingerie or lace blouse. The dress-walking costume does away with the blouse altogether, and it is usually fashioned so as to render the removal of the coat impracticable.

Millinery of the Moment.

Millinery grows more elaborate and more expensive every day. Prices that range from eight to twelve guineas are being asked and paid for the new model hats, trimmed with enormous ostrich plumes, which are decidedly first in fashion just now. That such ridiculous prices in any way represent the value of what is bought is clearly out of the question, but apparently the modern woman is content to spend any sum of money on the contents of her wardrobe. The result is that feathers, like the hats they adorn, grow bigger every succeeding month—and all the newest models shown by the smart milliners consist of hats of finest straw, laden with three or four huge feathers, the favourite colours of which are pale grey, mole colour, soft blues, shaded browns, fawns, and pinks.

Floral Effects.

Smaller toques are adorned with huge upstanding branches of coloured stocks, which are the flower that stand first in favour for millinery purposes this season. One very becoming model on show at a London milliner's is a big wide-brimmed picture hat of purple straw, which is trimmed with an upstanding wreath of velvet stocks that shade from palest mauve to deep purple. Massed bunches of heliotrope, set in a flat frill of pleated satin, which gives a rosette effect, is another very smart and effective type of trimming which just now is being largely used for adorning coloured straw hats for morning wear, which invariably show a lining of a paler coloured straw. Long imitation quills made of tulle, edged with coral beads, are another novel trimming which adorn several of the smartest hats on view at the present moment.

Veils.

Veils are scarcely less important than millinery nowadays. The lightly-patterned lace veil, both in black and in colours, is still enjoying a great popularity. Other new veils show an open design of a very large wide mesh, worked with a chenille square. Light tulle meshes patterned with a design of leaves is a popular design, while black patterned lace veils, on a very fine background of brown tulle, are a novelty that prove vastly becoming to the majority of wearers.

Evening Fashions.

The revival of short lace veils, made of silver or gold net, which are fixed over the hair with a gold or jewelled fillet, is a new idea in coiffure ornaments for evening wear. These new veils are the outcome of the Juliet theatre cap, made of plaited strands of metal braid of jewelled lace, or a network of pearls or coloured beads, which are generally fastened off with a twist of tulle, fastened at one side with a coloured bunch of satin roses.



THE HAREM SKIRT.

Short-sighted Mariner (as Haremite passes): "Avast there, matey—what ship?"

TIT FOR TAT.

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I knew I said 'no' to someone last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

"LONDON OPINION" FREE INSURANCE

undertaken by the

MIDLAND & TEXTILE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

39/41 NEW BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Nominal Capital, £500,000. Subscribed Capital exceeds £185,000. Paid-up Capital, £70,000.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached, but the paper need not be carried on the person.

The Midland & Textile Insurance Company Limited will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket —

£2000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's passenger train in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any tramcar in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any public omnibus in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any four-wheeled or hansom cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger-steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare paying passenger; or

£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury, caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal, but cause the loss of both arms or both legs, or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle: or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such non fatal injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract, viz.—(a) That such death or loss result within three days after the accident.—(b) That the holder shall prior to the accident have written his (or her) usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath.—(c) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its principal Offices in London within fourteen days after its occurrence.—(d) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request for the same by the Company, and (e) That this insurance applies only to persons over 12 and under 70 years of age is limited to one coupon-insurance-ticket for any one holder and hold good for the current week of issue only.—(f) That in the event of more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amount of insurance granted as above set forth, shall be equally divided among such claimants, whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with foregoing conditions.—(g) The decision of the publisher of this journal regarding any claim made in respect of this coupon shall be final, and binding on all parties. This insurance holds good in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass as a passenger in a passenger's compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium.

Signature of holder...

This insurance extends from and including Wednesday, the 15th day of March, 1911, to the morning of Wednesday, the 22nd day of March, 1911.

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Stocks and Shares

By EAGLE.

Will Home Rails Go Higher?—Egypt and Oil—Brewery Securities.

Not unnaturally, the recent steady advance in Home Rails has brought forward a large number of queries from readers anxious to know whether the stocks are likely to reach a still higher level during the current year. Well, let us briefly examine the factors. At present prices yields of 4½ per cent. are obtainable—an excellent return, remembering the high-class character of the security. But let us assume that current quotations completely reflect the fine performances of the lines last year. The whole point now, therefore, is—are dividends likely to be higher for 1911? I think they are. Already traffic receipts show substantial advances in the majority of cases, and it is likely that our foreign trade this year will grow to record proportions. Working expenses should not increase, but, on the contrary, bear a less proportion to gross revenue than they did in 1910. For these reasons distributions and quotations should advance, and I think desirable purchases just now are Great Easterns, Great Northern Deferred, North-Eastern Consols, and Great Westerns.

A Bold Bad Bear.

Ready as I always am to oblige readers, I really cannot supply the wants of a Leeds correspondent who asks me to name half-a-dozen South African Mine shares of which it would be advisable to "go a bear." What is more, I cannot name one share. A bear of this kind would be highly dangerous, for, in my opinion, quotations are already at rock bottom, and I know none but favourable factors likely to affect the outlook.

A Five per Cent. Debenture.

The net earnings of the Para Electric Railways and Lighting Company for the year to 30th November last equal nearly 20 per cent. on its Ordinary share capital, but the actual distribution was 10 per cent. I merely cite the figures to show how well covered the company's Five per Cent. Debenture Stock is, which now stands at just a shade under par. The company issues an official statement of net revenue every month, so that holders of its securities can tell in a moment what the position is. It cannot happen, therefore, as with some companies, that although gross revenue has kept up well, you are suddenly told at the end of the year that increased working expenses have greatly reduced the amount available for distribution.

South African Mines.

The little revival in Kaffirs, to which I referred last week, is likely in my opinion to make further headway during the current account, but, of course, a substantial march forward by the "favourites" is necessary before the low-priced shares, the names of which I gave last week, can begin to move upward to any extent. That they will move before long is my firm opinion, for they are all £1 shares fully paid and stand now in the neighbourhood of 10s., as against much higher prices last year. And, if anything, conditions have improved since then.

Brewery Securities.

Just as *inter alia* the new era of economy amongst our railways has brought about very great improvement in the dividends of the companies, so is the policy of retrenchment, now being largely followed by our brewery undertakings, likely to cause a restoration of confidence in the industry. It is felt that the worst, so far as legislation is concerned, is now known, and very wisely the directors have given up the unprofitable occupation of kicking against the pricks, and, instead, are devoting themselves to making the best of things in the altered conditions. Some of the prior securities of the company offer good yields at the present time. For instance, the Three and Three-quarters per Cent. Perpetual Mortgage Debenture Stock of Smith, Garrett, & Co. stands now at about 70, thus affording a return of about £5 7s. 6d. per cent., while Cannon Brewery Four per Cent. "B" Debenture Stock yield 5 per cent. at the current quotation of 78. Of course, I am not arguing in favour of putting all your money into the brewery trade. Far from it. But I certainly think that one of these stocks might be selected when forming a little trust.

A Foreign Railway Debenture.

When a company for ten years past has paid a dividend of not less than 10 per cent. for every year, it is not an unreasonable assumption that its debentures are pretty amply secured. Little wonder is it, therefore, that the recent offer at par of £2,500,000 of Sul Mineira Extensions Five per Cent. First Mortgage Sterling Bonds by the Mogyana Railway Company was received satisfactorily. The bonds are still purchasable at round about par, and are a desirable investment. When the contemplated extensions are completed, the company will own over 1,100 miles of railway, and the total bonded indebtedness is only £160,000 in excess of the issue just made, whereas the net earnings for last year are expected to have been about £500,000.

Rubbers.

When I spoke last week of the "inevitable reaction" in rubbers I did not mean to convey that prices would ultimately go back lower than ever. In my opinion, quotations, after the collapse of the boom of last year, fell much lower than was warranted, and I believe that a permanently higher level will be attained either now or later. The "inevitable reaction" I meant was the set-back which is caused by the usual profit-taking by speculators. Retrograde movements of this kind do not frighten the investor with sound shares in his portfolio.

Britannic Assurance.

The annual report of the Britannic Assurance Company shows that during 1910 a larger addition was made to the company's funds than in any previous 12 months, the increase being no less than £260,000, bringing up the total to £2,669,000. In ten years the company has quadrupled its accumulated funds—a really excellent achievement.

Mexican Situation.

A very sudden change has come over the Mexican situation just when everything appeared most promising. Amidst the many rumours which are being widely circulated, it is difficult to gauge the real facts of the situation. It is, in fact, doubtful if those who know are in a position to judge as to what will be the results of the present outbreak, owing to many outside influences at work. President Diaz is not the force he was, or the outbreak would have been stopped long since. This means that many complications may arise, and the conflict of American and European interests may cause trouble. There are likely to be very severe fluctuations in Mexican stocks, which have always been somewhat volatile, and although double options at the moment appear expensive, I think they may well be worth all they cost, and pretty certain to give an opportunity of making profits.

West Africans.

The revival in West Africans is being treated by the Stock Exchange with great scepticism. Because South Africans and Rhodesians have proved disappointing, and the public interest has not been aroused, they do not see that West Africans are likely to prove any more attractive. I think this pessimistic spirit is wrong, and is likely to make one miss good things when they come along. I do not say we are on the eve of a boom in West Africans, but am confident we are about to see a better appreciation of the many good properties which exist in this section of the Mining Market.

Elements for a Rise.

A lot of good news has been accumulating, and those in touch with the properties are enthusiastic, and getting

their friends to take an interest, which is bringing fresh buyers into the market. The big financiers who acquired interests about two years ago are not sellers at anything like present quotations, so that all the elements necessary for a rise are in existence. I should not for the moment look beyond the leading shares such as Taquah Exploration, Gold Coast Amalgamated, Abbosso, Ashanti Goldfields, and Prestea Block A. These will be first to feel the benefit of any revival.

* * *

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

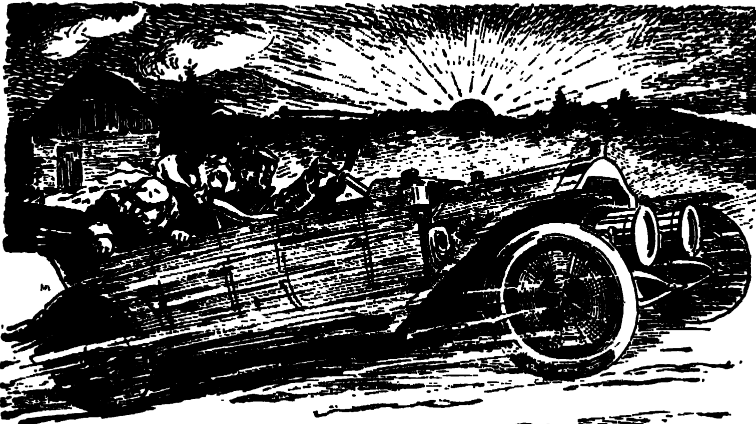
SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*W. J. D., Brockley.*"—The Djasinga Rubber Company is under good management, and should be a good holding, although it appears amply capitalised, and I should not think there is much room for improvement. Seaport shares are one of the producing campanies, and a good holding; at the same time, if the price advances sharply I should sell out and watch the market to buy in again lower down. "*E.*"—I consider Dunlop Pref. an excellent Industrial investment, and often recommend them. "*Cash.*"—I think of the list you name I should prefer Boot's Cash Chemists. I think, however, that Hollins & Co. (Viyella) would be preferable to any, as they have a better market, and are more progressive. "*Enough.*"—I am not in favour of the shares you mention, at the same time I should not condemn them altogether. They have speculative possibilities, and I should advise you to hold for a recovery before selling. "*Grocer, Laurencetown.*"—Do not have anything whatever to do with the firm named. Do your business with a member of the Stock Exchange; I shall be pleased to give you an introduction if you wish. If the rubber market goes better, Chersonese and Merlimaus will improve, and I think it better to buy these shares in which there is a free market than to buy the out-of-the-way description. "Jumbo" is a cheap lock-up in the Rhodesian market. "*Edge.*"—South Village Deep is not in a position to develop its own property, but it has sufficient income to cover expenses, and will hold the property until it gets some good offer for it, which will happen as the Rand gets more developed. The shares are, of course, quite a speculation, but are worth holding as the price is so low. "*J. E. H., Cricklewood.*"—I think the reason that the Pictorial shares are lower than the others is the risk in connection with their holding of Anglo-Newfoundland Development shares. If this venture goes on well there will be a considerable improvement in Pictorial Newspaper shares. "*Standard.*"—You can, of course, only regard Merlimau as a speculative investment. I consider the company has prospects. I think, however, that if you cannot afford to run risks you would be well advised to sell and put the money into a dividend-paying Industrial stock. "*Armada.*"—For a sum such as you suggest the best investment is a sound Industrial Preference share, such as Imperial Tobacco Prefd. Ordy., which would yield you £4 12s. per cent., and is perfectly safe. "*L. D.*"—If you have not already bought, I should advise you to leave Van Dyks alone. Brakpans are a good "lock-up," as they will shortly reach the producing stage. London and West Australian is a fair investment, and their assets are good, but I know of nothing to cause an immediate rise in value. "*A. H. W.*"—It is a small lot to purchase, but if you wish, it can be done. Boots is a very well-managed company, and I think their shares are quite safe purchase. Am sending name of broker by post. "*P. T. E.*"—The drop in Harmony Props is due to the general dulness of the market. I think you might average if they go to 4/-. William Whiteley Pref. and Ord. dividends are payable in April and October. The Harmony Proprietary is registered under Transvaal laws, and no meeting or report has lately been issued. You might write to the London agent, 3 Budge Row, E.C. "*V. H. M.*"—I do not think you will find that Rupee Paper will yield you any better than India 3½ per cent. if you make allowance for the fact that the quotation of the former does not include accrued interest. All the Corporation County Stocks yield within a few shillings the same per cent., and I think that London County Council 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. or the Corporation of London 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. are as good as any, being the most free market to deal in. Metropolitan W. Middlesex Deb. yield £3 14s., and is a Trustee Stock. "*G. S.*"—Canadian Pacific is quite a solid stock, but is standing at a high price at the moment. If you let me know the amount of money and the return you wish to obtain, I could advise you better as to an investment. I am sending you the name of a Stock Exchange broker by post, as requested. "*E. T., Mansfield.*"—I do not think you will find anyone willing to buy Esmeralda shares. "*P. B.*"—The laundry company went into liquidation in 1889, and the liquidator in March, 1890, registered the final meeting, and the company has been dissolved, so your certificate is absolutely worthless. "*Elastic.*"—I do not think Peru Corporation is a very good Stock for an option at the moment. I believe in the future of the Corporation, but do not see anything that is likely to cause a sharp advance. "*Nemo.*"—The amount is in order, but think that you are being charged heavy contango rates. Naturally a local broker cannot deal quite as well as in London, as his business has to go through the London Stock Exchange. "*F. A. F.*"—Black Sea Oilfields. The Pref. shares are entitled to 7 per cent. dividend non-cumulative, and also to receive equally with any distribution made on the Ordinary. I regard the shares as a good speculative holding, but do not know anything to cause an immediate rise. I am sending name of broker by post.

(Other replies next week.)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.



IN AT THE DEATH.

Sentimental Daughter "Oh, father! Look! isn't the dying day beautiful?"

Practical Parent (awakening from nap): 'What? Where is it? I didn't know we hit anything!"
"Puck," New York.

WHAT can't be cured supports the doctor.—*Tribune*, New York.

• • •

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

• • •

"Money is not at the bottom of everything," sadly remarked the college man as he plunged his hands deep down into his pockets.—*Home Herald.*

• • •

THEIR LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Lo! Zona Dare gives up the stage,
Preferring, quaintly, wars alarms;
And, as for me, I come to see
That Lent is not without its charms.

While Phyllis gives up motor-cars,
And thinks that she could do with less
Of County Courts and kindred sports.
(You see, I read the daily Press.)

And Asquith (Hal) and Redmond (Jno.)
Each gives up what he least affords.
Say Hal and Jno., "We will forego
Our luxury, the House of Lords."

—*Books of To-day.*

• • •

Congratulations to the Earl of Chesterfield on obtaining judgment for the return of his valuable suit of armour. We were about to suggest that the armour might come in very useful for its owner when presiding over City meetings, but recently the Earl has resigned many of his directorships.—*The Critic.*

• • •

The pen may be mightier than the sword but both are capable of putting up a pointed argument.—*Chicago News.*

• • •

"Slow and sure" was the maxim true enough in a former age, but at the present day to be slow is to lose all.—*Guardian.*

• • •

Our attention has been drawn to an advertisement of a "Hand Laundry" This is a capital idea. We know several little boys who need it badly—*Punch.*

• • •

The premises of a religious newspaper at Oporto have been found stocked, against an assault by the Republicans, with sulphuric acid, automatic pistols, and quantities of ammunition. Doubtless this sort of thing lends an excitement to journalism, but for ourselves we are for a quiet life and the favour of the public. We don't even keep enough vitriol in stock to dip a pen into.—*Evening News.*



"A Stage Fright."
—"Judge," New York.

The great ambition of an Englishman is not to be himself but like everyone else.—*Black and White.*

• • •

A woman's fingers are all thumbs when she attempts to get money out of her purse for the purpose of paying another woman's car fare.—*Chicago News.*

• • •

It is an easy thing to work for the greatest good of the greatest number if you start out with the conviction that the greatest number is Number One.—*Puck,* New York.

• • •

Beneath the moon, he told his love.
The colour left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up plain for weeks.

—*Columbia Jester.*

• • •

Our attention is called to the registration of the Garden City Tailoring Company, and a wag reminds us that it was a superfluity in the garden city inhabited by the original parents of the race.—*Outfitter.*

• • •

He who finds he has something to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Is not so apt to collar the dollars,
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

—*The Advertiser*, New York.

The chorus young man is not a thriller, even to the unjaded maiden of tender years. He is nothing but an arm for the show-girl to cling to, a knee to sit on, and a voice to lean on. He is, in fact, a male background to battalions of decorative feminity. He is generally vealy in mien, and nobody looks at him twice.—*Argonaut*, San Francisco.

• • •

[Mrs. Randall Davidson, the wife of the Primate, recently launched the Dreadnought *Thunderer* from the Thames yards.]

The good Archbishop speaks of Death
In language for a monarch fit;
Then, when His Grace is out of breath,
His smiling lady launches it!

Incense and lyddite! Shell and prayers!
The sinners now are surely done!
If he can't drag them up the stairs,
She'll blow them skyward with a gun.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*



Bridegroom: "Do you know, dear, that when he looks at us through the camera he sees us upside down?"
The Bride: "How fortunate I am wearing my hobble skirt!"
"Melbourne Punch."

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

[A few days ago several ladies were seen exploiting the latest vagary of fashion, the harem skirt.]

AGES ago, when on the shining bay
Of Salamis the Persian galleys fled,
And war-tanned faces turned sick away
To see each wave weighed heavy with its dead,
Fair Artemisia ploughed her daring bark
Where ev'ry Persian counted foemen ten
Xerxes, upleaping from his throne, cried "Hark!
My men are women and my women men!"

'Tis a far cry from Greece to London town,
Two thousand years since Salamis was won;
Yet, Xerxes, wert thou living, thou shouldst own
(Else know me for the offspring of a gun)
That England boasts her Artemisim
In the forlorn hope of reckless fashion.
They stood in Oxford Street the other day
Filling the breeches, man-like, ev'ry one!

W. P. COLLINS.

• • •

BETRAYED MASONRY.

"DOES your husband keep his Masonic secrets from you?"

"He thinks he does—but he talks in his sleep."

• • •

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

"MARY, is there a single good thing about these great wide hats that women are wearing?"

"Yes, John, there is. When two women meet they can't kiss each other now."

• • •

A VALUABLE PAPER.

WIFE (reading): "After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child."

Husband (with a deep sigh): "I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child!"



VETO PEERS COMPETITION.

Do You Possess Sagacity and Foresight?

WE offer up to £500, at the rate of £1 per name which proves to be correct, for predictions of those who will be created Peers for the purpose of providing a majority in the House of Lords for passing the Parliament Bill (to limit the Veto of that House).

To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided; and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once, that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this special creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill, and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost, have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics. Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections—there is *no* entrance fee—and put in for your share of the £500.



Mark Envelopes **Peerage**, *and post immediately to 35 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.*

I, ...

of ....

enter the following name as one selection for "London Opinion" Peerage Competition, and hereby undertake to accept as final the award to be published in that journal.

....

....

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All applications for Advertisement Space to be made to Fredk. E. Potter Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

25th MARCH, 1911.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 366.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

FROM WAITRESS TO COUNTESS. See page 401.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 461.

MISS WHITE OF LONDON. No. 1. The Wardour St. Mystery See page 458.



KATHERINE KAELRED,

The American star, who is playing "The Vampire" in "A Fool There Was" at the Queen's Theatre.

London Opinion.

Proprietors: The L. O. Co., Ltd. Sole Directors. Bertram B. Van Praagh (Chairman). Lincoln Springfield (Editor) Louis Meyer (Art Editor) Managing Directors.

No. 366. Vol. XXVIII. 25th MARCH, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

SOCIETY women are still going on the stage, although the stage is overcrowded. But so is society.

• • •

Mr. Harry Furniss, the eminent caricaturist, is championing the harem skirt. You can guess his motives.

• • •

Dr. Josiah Oldfield says that love is a wonderful health-tonic. Yes, but suppose it's a married man who feels seedy?

• • •

People have been complaining of the bitter weather; but we often get winter in March. Not to say May and June.

• • •

Parasols are to be fashionable again. In our climate it is as well to be prepared for any eventuality—even for sunshine.

• • •

Mr. Frank Richardson's new book is called "Shavings." Which gives opportunity for the unkind critic to murmur "Very thin stuff."

• • •

Father Vaughan says that standard morals are more important than standard bread. He evidently plumps for the "white flour of a blameless life."

• • •

Mr. Winston Churchill has called the Women's Social and Political Union "a fountain of mendacity." The allusion to "spouting" is very neat.

• • •

A three-mile telephone wire has been hung on trees for the convenience of Mr. Lloyd George during his stay near Folkestone. A branch line, in fact.

• • •

Coin testers for the protection, presumably, of conductors are being fitted outside all L.C.C. trams. It might pay the passenger to carry one, too, in case he should get the "wrong 'un" back.

• • •

The cruiser *Blenheim* was stranded recently. People who remember what the Duke of Marlborough said about Mr. Lloyd George think it lucky that the Chancellor can prove an alibi in this case.

• • •

A morning paper quotes it as a sign of spring that several birds in Hertfordshire are already (*sic*) sitting on their eggs. As a matter of fact, we believe they are still waiting for last summer to begin.

• • •

Lectures are to be given on "How to Use the British Museum Library." It is to be hoped that many regular *habitués* will now learn which are the most comfortable tables to sleep at, and where to put sandwich papers.

• • •

Mr. Dickson, Crown Prosecutor, stated that the prisoner was a native of Victoria, and, in addition to this offence, had committed several others.—*Brisbane Courier*.

But perhaps not such flagrant ones.

Lady Selborne is to be thanked for enriching the language with the phrase "borrowing a signature."

• • •

Among the best plays for the deaf, it is stated in an interview, are those of Mr. Hall Caine. Very possibly.

• • •

The Census, says an official report, presents a new lodger problem. This ought to be great news for the comic singers.

• • •

The trouser skirt has been seen in Hyde Park. Somehow the word Hyde doesn't seem appropriate to the exhibition.

• • •

Children are being invited to write an essay on Standard bread. In case of blots cut the slice off and start again.

• • •

In China, observes a correspondent, the actor is socially on a par with the barber. Here he is generally *in* a par by himself.

• • •

One of the charms of the American, it is claimed, is his unquenchable optimism. Ah! that's before he gets his London summer hotel bill.

• • •

The "four-quarters" skirt is the newest American development of the trouser-skirt. We have heard, in heraldry, of arms being quartered, but——!

• • •

There is to be a wooden annexe to the Abbey for the peers to robe in at the Coronation. Backwoodsmen ought to be able to knock up a little thing like that for themselves.

• • •

The practical joker, Horace de Vere Cole, is a merry young soul, but when he gave it out that he was dead, and his friends discovered that it was only a hoax, they must have been exceedingly annoyed.

• • •

Doctors, we are told, will soon be able to make a nose grow to any desired shape. When the time comes, Alexander Duncan Gordon Ross McTavish, the moneylender, will be harder to tell than ever.

Some newspaper derision appears to have been directed against a witness who inadvertently stated that "by birth" he was a cabinet maker. Still, we have no doubt that, at birth, he made a case for the doctor.

• • •

Earnest souls are protesting against the expenditure of the people's money on battleships. However, so long as war indemnities are wrung from the vanquished, it must be either hard ships or hardships.

• • •

Concerned in the trial of the Camorra, in Italy, are 36 prisoners, 42 barristers, and 723 witnesses. How much careless handling of the truth this bunch is likely to produce would be an interesting computation.

THE SWEATED HERO.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

MR. HALDANE shook his head last week when Mr. Walter Long suggested that his great speech on the Army was his swan song. I hope Mr. Haldane is not going to desert his post, for there is nobody fit to take his place and carry on his work. He has done much for the Army, and he can do more. We are a queer race. We ignore the Army in time of peace. We trust the Territorials to defend us, but we take very little interest in them. Mr. Haldane has taught us to be proud of the Territorials. But our pride is not yet as full of ardour as it might be. It is not enough for the Territorials to be keen about their country. The country must also be keen about the Territorials. It ought to be a feather in any lad's cap to get into the Territorials. Everybody ought to do honour to them. The more highly we respect them the better they will be.

• • •

ANOTHER thing the Army needs is officers. Mr. Haldane is making it easier for the man of moderate means to send his son into the Army. He is instituting cadet scholarships which will reduce the expenses by a half. That is to say, he is encouraging our boys to choose the Army as a career and not as a pastime. There is no end of pathos in the privations which the poor young subaltern has to endure who enters the Army out of pure love of soldiering. The British public does not see this side of the Army. It does not realise the sacrifices which the keen professional soldier who has no private fortune is forced to face. There has been no rise in the pay of the officer for a hundred years. Mr. Haldane says that it would cost a million to bring the pay of the officer up to the level of the engineer officer. Even then it would not be equivalent to the rise in civil life. The country can afford to pay the British officer, and it ought to do so.

• • •

IT is not the subaltern with a private income who makes the best officer. It is the subaltern who means to carve out a career for himself. During the South African war the War Office was in despair about the dearth of officers. Now, after ten years, it finds that there is a serious shortage. Why? The cause, says Mr. Haldane, is not that the young men from the public schools do not come forward, but that they are plucked at the examinations. That, surely, is the fault of the public schools and their classical curriculum. Mr. Haldane proposes to take the boy into Sandhurst at seventeen instead of eighteen, and let him complete his education there, giving him three terms instead of two. He is also going to ask headmasters to nominate boys who have a real capacity for leadership. That is a splendid reform.

• • •

I KNOW public school men who go into the Army in debt rather than be forced to deny themselves the privilege of serving their country. Let me paint a portrait of a young subaltern of this type. His parents are not wealthy. They have pinched and scraped in order to pay for an expensive public school education. They have pinched and scraped in order to pay the fees at Sandhurst. The lad is keen as mustard. He does well. He is ordered to go out to India. But before he goes he must purchase an elaborate outfit. I have seen the list of indispensable things. It is as long as my arm. Here, then, is a young subaltern burning with martial zeal, ready to go anywhere and do anything for his King and country. But before he can gratify the desire of his heart he has to find about £150.

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GO and talk to the outfitters, and they will tell you that the young subaltern often is forced to get his outfit on credit. It seems to me a very grim joke that the wealthiest nation on earth should be so stingy in its treatment of the men who guard its honour and uphold its prestige. We are all ready to babble about the splendour of our Indian Empire. We shall probably spend a million on the Coronation Durbar. But the poor young subaltern who may leave his bones in India has to pay for his outfit or to get it on tick. We ought to blush at the mention of our parsimony. We are the richest nation in the world and the meanest.

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I WAS dining not long ago with a boy who was about to join his regiment in India. He told me with a shy grin that he had not been able to afford a first-class sword. He was so hard-up that he had been compelled to buy a cheap sword. He did not make a song about it. All he said was that he hoped that it would not cost him his life. Also he would have given his eyes for a Mauser pistol. But it was beyond his means. He had to be satisfied with a cheap revolver! And this gallant boy was thirsting for active service. He was almost doleful because he thought that we were in for a long spell of peace. He begged me to tell him whether I thought there was any chance of a good war. He was honestly sick because he had been born too late for South Africa. As he talked with shining eyes and innocent eagerness, I could not help feeling ashamed. Does a nation that pares cheese and counts candle-ends deserve lads like him? I hated the thought of his cheap sword.

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THE poor young subaltern is ready to lay down his life for us, but we hold his life so cheap that we economise on his outfit. What is £150 to the Empire on which the sun never sets, which can spend millions on a ring of contractors, and which can throw away £40,000 a year for ten years on a stamp contract? The truth is that we are wasteful in big things and mean about little things. We pay a monopoly profit of £180,000 on a Dreadnought's armour, but we stint and starve a young subaltern who asks for nothing but the privilege of dying for us. I do not say that we are callously and consciously stingy. We are merely indifferent. We muddle through. We trust to luck. We leave everything to chance. But if the day of wrath finds our Army without first-class officers we shall have only ourselves to blame.

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DURING the coming festival, we shall hear much about the glory of Empire. But there will be several skeletons at the Coronation feast. One of them will be the sweated British officer. Lord Kitchener has spoken plain words about him. He has asked for fair pay. He has pleaded for justice. He has urged us to make the Army a profession which will attract the best men. We have not heeded Lord Kitchener. We have shirked our

THE NEXT GREAT "WAR."



With America proposing arbitration, all parties in the United Kingdom in favour of it, and the German Press and Parliament approving, the next great "war" ought to be conducted as above.

duty. We have clung to the delusion that we can run the Empire on the cheap. We have no shame. The young subaltern with his cheap sword does not sicken us. We count on his bravery to save our nostrils from the smell of powder. He does not whine about his poverty. But when Lord Kitchener hears our cheers in the streets I think he will despise us. And if we all could see the young subaltern with the cheap sword I think we should despise ourselves. But the sweated hero will not be seen at the Pageant of Empire.

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SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

All successful men are great holiday-makers.—*Sir Thomas Dewar.*

A telegram is a miracle, only we've got used to it.—*Albert Sheriff.*

It is good advocacy to laugh when the judge jokes in court.—*Cyril Renton.*

The story of the evolution of civilised mankind is the story of the domestication of man by woman.—*Dr. Slaughter.*

The average man, as soon as he wins a woman, tires of her. There is only one way to keep a man's love, and that is never to return it.—*John Crump.*

You cannot solve all your problems by building churches.—*Rev. Silvester Horne.*

We send the Americans parsons and they send us pork.—*Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett.*

So many people say that justice means giving the decision in their favour.—*Sir Edward Grey.*

Recent decisions in the courts on points of libel have gone very near to making literature impossible. —*G. K. Chesterton.*

Some visitors to the blind always want to read the Bible to them, whereas *Punch* would be much more acceptable.—*Rev. H. G. Hills.*

Women have been growing so much of late that they are not finding men capable of being mates of both heart and brain.—*Ellen Terry.*

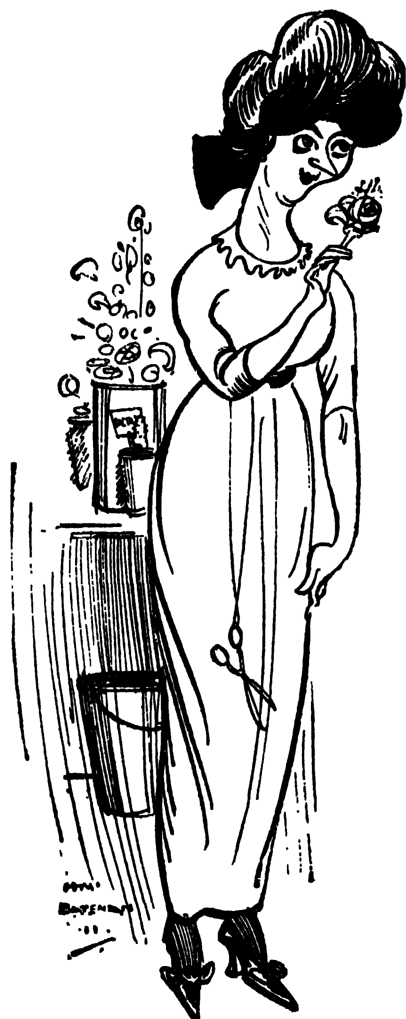
"Sentiment is sometimes spoken of as one of the weak things of life, but, properly understood, it is one of the strongest."—*Professor Muirhead.*

Roosevelt told King George bluntly that until home rule is conceded there would always be the obstacles of fraternal reunion between Great Britain and the United States.—*W. T. Stead.*

"It is a mistake to bother overmuch about the faults of others. Where is the sense of getting over and pulling up the weeds in your neighbour's garden?"—*Mayor Gaynor, of New York.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 21.—The Florist.

From Abroad.

According to the newspapers—and ourselves—this is to be a very British year. According to the music-halls—and some of the theatres—it is to be very Russian. Steppers from the Steppes, or their vicinity, are to abound in our places of amusement, which, true to their sheep-like policy, must each do what the others are doing. In the days of Benjamin Lumley the ballet at the Opera periodically threatened to eclipse the popularity of the main entertainment. I do not expect that will happen at Covent Garden this year. Meantime, the bills of fare elsewhere are all to be *à la Russe*, and, as the visits of the new-comers are to be long ones, it will be some time before we can say "Ta-ta" to the gentry from the land of sledge and snow. No doubt the spirits of Tartar will be well pronounced. But where is our patriotic insularity? A month or two since I lamented the poverty of our home dancing talent. Since then an eminent impresario has repeated my sentiments. Verily we look like waiting a goodly while for an All-British Hopping Week.

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A Command Performance.

The selection of *Money* for a "command" performance at Drury Lane, in honour of the German Emperor, is very suggestive of "cold meat." Of course, an old play has been chosen by the King (who cannot be expected to be much of a connoisseur in these matters) because he desires to avoid an invidious selection from among modern dramatists. *Money* did not satisfy Macready, for whom it was written in 1840. He said he had "nothing great or striking in situation, character, humour or passion to develop." His description of Alfred Evelyn was "an ineffective, inferior part." The first act of the comedy is the best. The "club scene" is as out of date as the club scene of *Society*—this last always foolishly overpraised and overpuffed. The key to Bulwer Lytton's work is expressed in the "old saying," invariably printed on the play-bill:

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

My own experiences of *Money* are not of the veteran order, for my earliest glimpse of it was no earlier than 1873 when Leonard Boyne and Alice Ingram undertook the leading characters.

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No Odds.

At these so-called "command" performances, where the spirit of snobbery and servility and sycophancy must be rampant in the breasts of a large section of the audience, the play is distinctly not "the thing." Most of the folk go to see the "nobs." Instead of listening to the hero's bombastic vapourings people will be watching the attitude of the Emperor—those who can see him. "Oh, my dear, there's the Queen a-nudging of him." "There, see, see—the King laughed at that." "My, I wonder what her diamonds cost!" These, and similar observations, showing concentrated interest in the merits of the dramatic performance, will be freely heard on the night. And the irony of it is that *Money* was written to satirise humbug and the worship of wealth and position!

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An Alternative.

Poor Samuel Phelps knew from sad experience what a "command" performance was for the actor. Macbeth might be an important person—on the stage—but he was nothing to Queen Victoria—in the audience. The house assembled at Drury Lane in May would be just as large if the management revived Joe Cave's fine and crusted drama, *The Old Toll House*, which our friend William would enjoy far more than *Money*, for it is a real Victorian specimen of the full-blooded melodrama beloved of the English public. What a pity it is that the Christmas season is over. A pantomime would be a treat for the German suite, who are sure to be as much bored with *Money* as an English suite would be with *Die Rauber*. Nelson Lee, showman and manager, once strove to get a pantomime commanded at Windsor Castle. It was said that his application to Charles Kean, master of the Royal revels, afflicted the latter with an attack of gout. Graves in *Money* may be all right, but George Graves in *Jack and the Beanstalk* would be certain to tickle the German Emperor.

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A Mistake.

The policeman who told the Westminster magistrate that he thought a woman was drunk "because she talked such a lot about her ancestors," would probably have locked up the Marquise de St. Maur, with her everlasting glorification of Froissart, on the same principle. Few people are fond of talking about their ancestors at this stage of the world's progress. When aristocrats dance on music-hall boards, or run milliners' shops, or keep dairies, they may be excused for not wishing "Debrett" to howl about them. Women usually talk about other women's ancestors. If ever one is attracted by a pretty girl who has made a good marriage there is always a kind female to remind you that the lady's father was a market porter, her mother an expert in gin, and her great grandfather hanged for horse-stealing. It is a human weakness to admire

a class, or a people, but to depreciate the individual. Lord Northcote told the London Devonian Association quite truly, that beautiful women, beautiful cider, and beautiful cream are the chief products of Devon. He prudently said nothing of the beautiful rain. And the Western county, to my knowledge, has—in common with quite unpicturesque places—produced some beautiful liars.

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Exacting Eaters.

ONLY recently a body of workhouse inmates objected to the supply of a new style of bread on the ground that their stomachs revolted against "bran mash." Now some of the dwellers in a large establishment at Hull have pronounced against tripe as an article of diet. I am totally ignorant of the merits of this delicacy, for, during the run of a troubled life, I am not conscious of the taste of tripe. From what one gathers it is associated, in a kind of Damon and Pythias partnership, with onions, and may, therefore, be assumed to form a strong and formidable item in British dietaries. There are persons of undoubted common sense who positively rave about tripe—a succulent and dainty dish, I am assured, and possessing, as its sole disqualification the quality of cheapness. Our workhouses, however, are beginning to set the fashion for us, and I am daily expecting a revolt against boiled beef and carrots.

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Toujours la Politesse.

A LEAGUE of Politeness is being organised in Germany. We could do with one in England, especially in London, where, with the strain and stress, and rush and roar of traffic, politeness is becoming a minus quantity. There are bye-laws against orange-peel and banana skins being thrown on the pavements, yet there is ever a lot of fools ready to do one or the other, or both. There are the rules of common sense which forbid a man entering an omnibus with an umbrella under his arm, the ferrule inviting somebody's eye to come into collision with it. If you addressed such an individual in the language he deserved you would be thought a rude and vulgar person. The giving up of a seat in a tram or train to a woman is not regarded as worthy of the slightest recognition or acknowledgment. Day by day, with all this suffragetting and labour competition, woman is getting to regard man as an enemy rather than a friend. To add to the joys of outdoor life youths wearing skates are at liberty to cannon into you, none daring to make them afraid. Perhaps when Mr. Winston Churchill has been knocked into the middle of next week he may be induced to get some intelligent view of the fitness of things. London as a huge skating rink is not a consummation devoutly to be wished.

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In the Cab.

A SIMPLE-MINDED citizen calls attention to the lack of lights in cabs at night, and suggests that the omission should be remedied. I long since called attention to the necessity of having a red light outside the "taxis," for at present it is impossible to tell whether a vehicle is disengaged or not. But to have a brilliantly-lighted interior would never do. You do not wish to be driven along the streets illuminated like a figure in a lighthouse. The charm of a cab at night is the charm of segregation. Should a young lady be with you, the last thing in the world desired is for the public to behold you squeezing her lily white hand, what time she coyly whispers, "O, Albert, give over!" Occasionally—in the twi', twi', twilight—I see a devoted swain embracing the love of his life. Fancy his being so indiscreet with an arc lamp blazing upon him! No, the lighted cab will invite its own boycott. Myself and other geniuses—if it is necessary to mention the others—often go to sleep in cabs before we can reach home, to draw around our aching heads the curtains of repose. Nobody is impressive with his head drooping on his chest and his hat tilting at an abnormal angle. And for the public to observe one in that position might blast a reputation for ever.

A Sleepy Senate.

MR. EDWIN JAMES—a famous lawyer in his day—once said that he had a clerk who could run the British Empire better than the Government. Probably that clerk would not have been such a prime ass as to sit up all night wasting the nation's gas and earning a character for natural imbecility. The "we won't go home till morning" sittings of the House of Commons are sheer absurdity. They give no advantage to any party. They do not influence a single vote at the General Election. Apropos a recent ridiculousness of this kind; a man asked me the following idiotic conundrum, "When do we find Church mice? When Churchill rats." We are an intellectual nation.

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Great Thoughts.

WHILE the masses are being urged to purchase encyclopædias and other historical tomes at prices within the reach of everybody, they run a risk of missing many great and solemn truths not vended on the instalment system. A brainy journal, in describing an interesting wedding, relates that the best man dashed up to his own house in a cab, and opened the front door with a latchkey. The statement will bring great comfort to the public conscience. Allowing for the agitation pardonable in the breast of any gentleman entrusted with the grave responsibilities of a best man, it would not have surprised us to learn he had worked the trick with a "jemmy," a hatchet, or a pick-axe. This is the sort of healthy literature we should preserve in a fumed oak bookcase.

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A Temperance Lesson.

[VESUVIUS has lost the crust around his crater, and presents the appearance of being decapitated.]

Volcano, with thy glory shed,
  Thy crust all burst—bad "biz"!
You're not the first to lose your head
  From having too much "fizz."

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Inspired.

WHAT a wave! The lady responsible for the brilliant stratagem of driving Suffragettes about London on Census night, to evade the reckoning process, deserves a gold medal. Let us hope the weather may be propitious. "A starry night for a ramble, down in a flowery dell," ran the old song, and, though there be little flowery dell about the forthcoming arrangement, the starry night—if the heavens possess any feeling of gallantry—should be a certainty. Why don't the ladies arrange for an *al fresco* ball on Hampstead Heath, where they can follow the example of Claude Duval, and mingle in the giddy coranto? This, at least, would be picturesque. Perhaps, with an effort of imagination, they might fancy themselves fairies gambolling round Herne's oak. Well, the determined women may be relied on not to be out of their reckoning, although the Government looks like being out of theirs.

ROUND THE TOWN.

News about Interesting People, and Doings Behind the Social, Literary, Sporting, and Theatrical Scenes.

SOME of the flickergraph exhibitions are showing a Royal "shoot," in which the King is engaged in slaughtering the flurried birds as they are driven on to his gun. If an enemy had done the thing it could not represent a more disagreeable butchery. There are better ways in which his Majesty might be exhibited to his loyal people than in a scene which is not sport but just wholesale poultering.

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THE political gossips have it that it is Mr. Churchill's ambition to change places with Mr. Birrell, in order to pilot the Home Rule Bill, and that this arrangement may come off.

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THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, who has been staying with the Duchess and their children at the Château St. Maur, near Nice, for the past fortnight, returned to London on Monday. His duties in connection with the Coronation prevent him from taking a longer holiday now; but he hopes to go there again for Easter. The Duchess and her children will remain until the end of April.

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SIR EDWARD STRACHEY is a practical agriculturist, and he should feel at home, as representative of the Board of Agriculture, in the House of Commons. But he doesn't. He is a nervous, jerky speaker, and he is pursued persistently by a group of Radical agricultural Members who are incensed at the tardy working of the Small Holdings Act. Supplementary questions are his *bête noire*, but his tormentors open on him, day after day, a battery of such interrogatories, and he can only stammer in reply: "I must ask for notice of that question," or, "I shall consider that matter."

IN fact, for all practical purposes, the clerks at the Board of Agriculture might as well talk their answers into a gramophone, and place that instrument of torture on the Table of the House. "How did he get to the Treasury Bench?" is a question which his critics often put to one another. The answer is that, despite his excessive shyness and nervousness, Sir Edward has really a big resource of organising and administrative power, and has done much valuable "spade work" in the West of England for his Party. But if Mr. Beck and Mr. Morrel, and the rest of them, are not careful they will drive him to a premature political grave.

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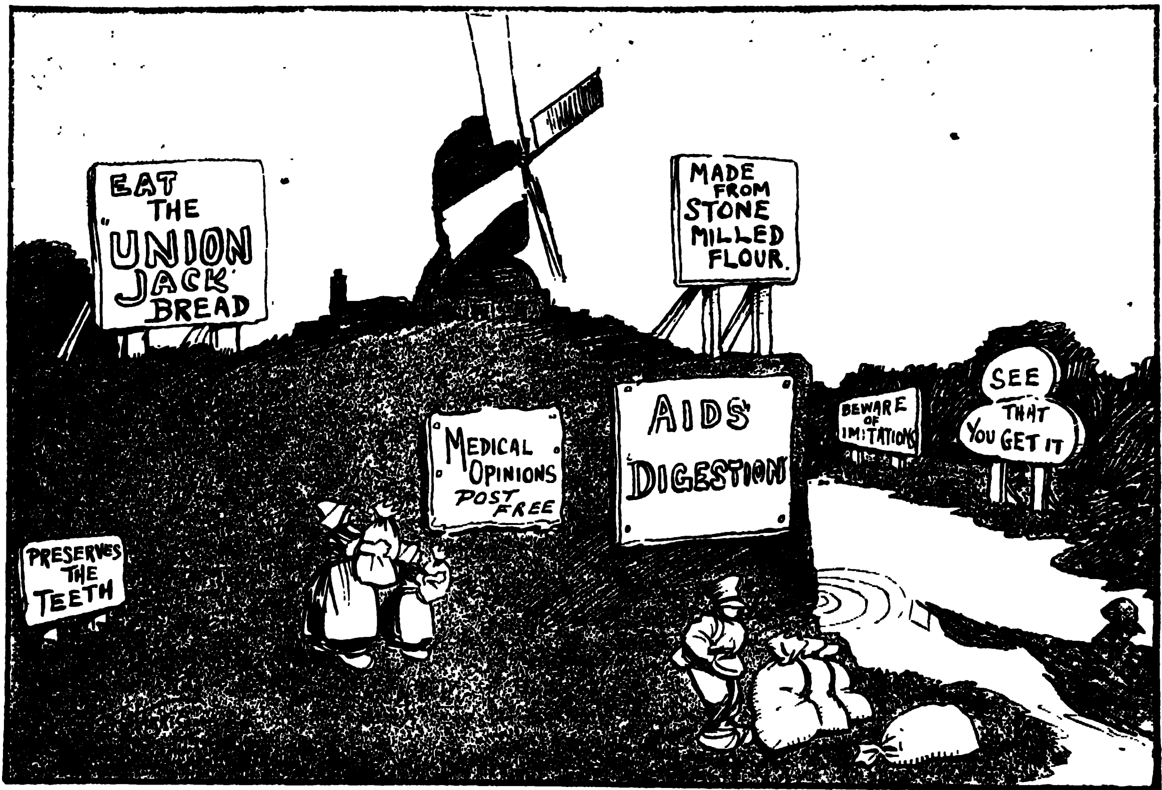
MANY readers may, recalling their Harrow or Oxford days, remember the Maharajah of Kapurthala. Preferring Paris to London in after life, he was taken up by French society, and is now returning hospitality on a princely scale. For his son and heir, the Tika, who was also educated in England, is going back to Kapurthala to be married, and over a hundred of the French aristocracy have accepted invitations to the wedding, and sailed on the boat he has chartered, the P. and O. s.s. *Persia*, to be the guests of his Oriental magnificence for a month or two.

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THIS incident brings into sharp contrast our English way of treating the Indian of high birth. "While I was in Calcutta," writes Mr. Melville Stone, in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), "I attended a ball at Government House, and noted that while one or two native princesses were on the floor dancing with white men, there were twenty or more native gentlemen standing about as 'wall flowers.' I called the attention of Lady Minto to the fact, and she explained that no



Extract from a letter: "She quite enjoyed the sensation she made in her harem skirt, until she discovered that her braces had come down, and——"



A SUGGESTION.

Why don't the Bread Promoters buy Lord Lansdowne's celebrated painting, "The Mill," and run it as a poster?

white woman would think of dancing with a native; it would certainly result in ostracism.

"THE son of a Maharajah goes to England, is educated at Oxford or Cambridge, is lionised in the West End of London—mayhap he is honoured with an invitation to Windsor. When he goes back home he may enter no white man's club; if he be fortunate enough to be invited to a white man's function, no white woman will dance or associate with him, and if by any luck he should marry a European, he, his wife, and his children become outcasts."

THE death is announced of Mr. Alexander Yorke, a former groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. He it was who was sent by the Queen at Windsor once to inquire the name of the air a regimental band had played. He had to explain to her that the tune was Charles Coborn's song, "Come where the booze is cheaper!"

THERE is trouble in the Post-Office. The higher permanent officials are alleged to be determined to keep the subordinate ranks in the estate to which they were born. The Fawcett Association sees, in the scheme heralded as one for the improvement of the prospects of boy messengers, what is really a danger of a return to the bad old days of favouritism and class domination, an abolition of the principle of open competition as a means of recruiting the Post-Office service.

UPON an *ex parte* statement like that sent to me by the Fawcett Association, and upon so technical a subject, I should not like to express a hasty opinion. But certainly a case is made out for the consideration of our legislators. The Post-Office is the main door through which the sons and daughters of working-class people can enter into the Civil Service, and if the boy labour difficulty is really being used to kill open competition in the minor branches of the Service, the private member has a rare chance to serve the State by exposing the game.

A MAN in the Sunday morning Pullman to Brighton found, occupying his numbered seat, a lady who declined to budge. "Do you know I am one of the directors' wives?" she asked. "If you were the director's only wife," he replied, "I should still ask for my chair."

MANY evidences of high spirits, but very little poetry, appear in the volume of verses, "Shavings," by Mr. Frank Richardson, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash has just issued at half-a-crown. Indeed, the Frankness of Richardson tempts him to jeer at his own Muse. Having, as he puts it, failed in many occupations (he was, he says, perhaps the least successful of all the pupils of Sir Charles Matthews, who now so charmingly prosecutes the public), he produces this book to prove that he is a failure as a poet, for "to be a successful poet is, for all practical purposes, to be a hideous failure as a man."

I GOT badly stung a day or two ago. Picking up a new book, *The Day After To-morrow* (by Cora Minnett; F. V. White), I read that Lady Emerald Verney, bad and beautiful, was "a queen of repartee." But after a patient search through the three hundred pages for

instances of her gift, I drew absolutely blank. That's the worst of the new lady author. She thinks nothing of leaving you bilked, baffled, and bewildered.

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MR. STANLEY PAUL, the publisher, turned out of Clifford's Inn by the demolitions now in process there, is philosophically getting what he can out of the adversity by preparing a History of the Inn, where, as he reminds me, Coke and Selden learned elementary law, and where George Dyer gathered Scott, Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb around his board.

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A SAVOY supper dialogue: "Are millionaires common in England?" "Yes, many of them are."

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MANY foremost British scholars have been enlisted by Williams and Norgate for a bold literary venture, under the editorship of Professor Gilbert Murray. This will consist of a series of original volumes specially written by authorities in the various departments of modern knowledge, intended not for the student only, but for the general reader, and issued at one shilling per volume in cloth. A hundred volumes have been designed, and the first ten are due shortly.

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JOHN LONG will shortly publish a new novel by Frankfort Sommerville, entitled *A Parisian Princess.* The author is a distinguished young journalist living in Paris, and in this exquisitely humorous picture he has endeavoured to present French life as he sees and knows it.

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MR. NORMAN LINDSAY, the Australian artist who has been in London sketching, had his notebook seized and confiscated by a policeman at the Tower. The artist wrote expostulations to the authorities, who replied that they did not know of anything which would prevent the artist from sketching the Tower. Lindsay retorted by asking if they had never heard of the police, and hinted that anybody who wanted anything larger than a London policeman to prevent him doing something was a glutton.

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RAPID progress is being made in the construction of over 300 buildings in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in connection with the Festival of Empire, the All-British Exhibition, and the Pageant of London. The buildings range in size from the £40,000 reproduction of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa down to decorative kiosks.

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A NOTABLE display in this All-British Exhibition will be that of the De Beers Mines, who will show diamonds to the value of between two and three millions sterling. This, the greatest collection of diamonds ever seen in this country, will include specimens from every one of their Kimberley Mines, and will also embrace fancy and curious gems discovered during the past forty years. There will be diamonds of every colour; the purest white, various shades of red, yellow, blue, green, and even black.

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THE Suffragettes' resistance of the census is to embrace dances and whist drives at private houses on census night, with secrecy as to the numbers present, and entertainments at the Scala Theatre, the Kingsway Rink, and elsewhere, both in town and country.

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BUT an official I know points out that many of the enumerators who will be put to trouble by this movement are women. Their remuneration being proportionate to the number of persons counted, every person evading the census will inflict a pecuniary loss



"It's a wonderful costume, old chap. Why didn't they give you the prize?"
"Said I'd got too much to carry already!"

on the enumerators, many of whom are women who are temporarily out of work.

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WHAT will happen if the protest is carried out? The unfortunate registrars and enumerators will (no doubt vainly) use their powers of persuasion on those who openly refuse to fill up census schedules, and after being put to much trouble, may eventually have to prosecute the defaulters. But will the fear of trouble to the census officials exercise any pressure on the Government? I can better imagine Ministers adopting the argument of the Irish landlord, who said that moonlighters could not intimidate him by shooting his agents.

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TOD SLOAN, the famous ex-jockey, is staying at the Hôtel de France, at Nice, where he frequently indulges in aeroplane trips with Legagneux, the well-known French aviator.

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FOR the first time for many years Mr. Frank Bibby will not be present at Aintree to see the Grand National run. For some time past his health has been far from satisfactory and I learn that his doctors have ordered him abroad. The victory of Glenside would surely do Mr. Bibby more good than the contents of a dozen chemist shops.

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YOU will remember *A Woman's Way*, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle played so brilliantly at the Comedy a few months ago. Its author, Mr. Thompson Buchanan, relates that he found another play of his, *The Castle Comedy*, was being submitted to managers, by another man, and under a different title. So in the name of Steinberg he wrote to this pirate, saying he was a manager who had heard about the play and would like to buy it. An appointment was made, the play was read, it was found to be Buchanan's own, and the author and the friends he had thoughtfully invited to the reading, grabbed it and threw the plagiarist violently into the street. A speedier method than a more legal procedure, certainly.

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SENSELESS (trained by Butters) has wintered remarkably well, and is expected to win a nice handicap or two early in the season. The little horse is a tremendous favourite of Butters', who tells me that he is one of the most intelligent thoroughbreds of which he has ever had charge.

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MET Bombardier Wells, England's best heavyweight, a few days ago, looking none the worse for his gruelling contest with Flynn, at Olympia. Wells is, naturally, very delighted at having reinstated himself, and he is continuing his course of physical culture with renewed vigour. 'Gene Corri is now more confident than ever that, with more experience, Wells will train on into a real top sawyer.

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THE pencillers raked in a lot of "dead money" over the scratching of Jerry M. for the Grand National. The race now looks like falling once again to Lutteur III., whose shrewd trainer told me a few days ago that his horse was very well indeed; so the spoils of the blue riband of the chase will probably go to France. I regard Caubeen as the chief danger, with Fetlar's Pride worth a trifling investment at an outside price.

THE LOOKER-ON.

Under Big Ben



By AN M.P.

NOT being a military expert, I did not spend much time in the Debating Chamber last week. There was too much Haldane about it.

The Secretary for War is the proud possessor of the most massive intellect in the House of Commons, and his power of assimilating detail is phenomenal; but when he starts to speak, he seems like the brook—"he goes on for ever."

He held the floor for nearly two hours and a half; and if he had not succeeded in almost emptying the House he would probably still be at it. Mr. Haldane now forgets that he was once a leader at the Chancery Bar, and knows so much about the art of war that he thinks of himself only as "a plain, blunt, soldierman." He is also a great diplomatist, and could lead the House of Commons with conspicuous success; but he is not regarded as a leader of *men*, for he lacks that magnetism of human sympathy which is essential in such an office. After all, there is but one Haldane; and it is only when he is afflicted with the *cacœthes loquendi* that one is tempted to add: "Thank Heaven!"

Lord Haldane?

When I last heard him, he was discussing learnedly and eloquently on Gas-Bags! Mr. Walter Long subsequently congratulated him on his "Swan Song," which is a graceful, Parliamentary way of saying that we may next hear of him as the Government Leader in "another place." Mr. Haldane shook his head; but what the soldier thus sought to imply is not evidence.

Counting the Bawbees.

It was in the fitness of things that the leader in the demand for a reduction in armaments should be a Scot, and that the seconder of the motion should also hail from a part of the Empire in which the Almighty Bawbee holds sway. Mr. Murray Macdonald looks the part of a man of peace. He might almost have been addressing a meeting of the Society of Friends, so mild and meek were his utterances; but Mr. Arthur Ponsonby was cast in a different mould. His father, Sir Henry Ponsonby, was Queen Victoria's trusted secretary. He is a chip of the old block in ability, integrity, and diplomacy, and he has also unbounded courage—as witness his outspoken condemnation of the Tsar's visit to England, with the subsequent penalty of temporary disfavour at the Court, of which his father was such a prominent personality. The sensational talk about a "crisis" on the Economy motion was "buncombe," for the Government was assured of an overwhelming majority; but it was possible that, if the problem were not delicately handled, the Government might find itself in the ignominious and untenable position of leading a minority of its own party. Hence Mr. McKenna's apologetic and even cringing attitude to the revolters, and hence Sir Edward Grey's bold and momentous appeal for a better understanding between the Powers.

A Chartered Humorist.

"When did I ever make a joke?" was the distressful reply of the Chief Secretary of a distressful country, in reply to the complaint of Earl Winterton that Mr. Birrell is too fond of jokes. The answer is, of course, that he is always making jokes. The House loves him, and never tires of him. The makers of epigrams, the authors of carefully prepared impromptus, the burners of midnight oil, soon pall upon the imagination of Parliament, and are quick to jade its palate; but Mr. Birrell deals only in honest impromptus, his wit is natural, and its supply inexhaustible.

"The Noble Triplets."

Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Helmsley, and Lord Castlereagh have been immortalised in the witty description of one of the Nationalists. These three sprigs of nobility always sit together in the corner of the Front Opposition Bench below the gangway, and are, therefore, not contaminated by proximity to the common herd of the Unionist party. They come down early every day lest some envious comrades may seize the coveted coign of vantage; and they are credited with an ambition to form another "Fourth Party," on the lines laid down by Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and Sir John Gorst "in the salad days."

Lord Hugh's brilliant intellect would almost tempt a Radical to wonder whether, after all, there may not be something in heredity; but, truth to tell, the Unionist rank and file are not extravagantly enamoured of his aloofness and conscious superiority to ordinary mortals. The other triplets follow him at a distance—a long distance; but, according to the latest bulletin, all three of them are "doing well." But there are difficulties in the way of their ever becoming the leaders of their leaders. The child may sometimes be the father of the man, but the time of the triplets is not yet.

Bombastes Furioso.

My friend Captain Craig is nothing if not original, and his considerate offer, "if it would help the Chairman," to "clear the whole Irish Party out of the House," produced such a roar of merriment as I have never heard at Westminster. Since Horatius held the bridge, there has been nothing to surpass the heroic feat which the doughty Orangeman professed himself ready to undertake. By all the laws of Parliamentary practice and by all the Celtic traditions, the Orangemen and the Nationalists should have been "in one another's wool" forthwith; but, instead, they collapse with merriment! The explanation is that they all like the Captain, and enjoy his Boanerges attitude; and, personally, I have a suspicion that, if any Britisher were to attempt to lay violent hands on the Nationalists, Captain Craig would be the first to defend them.

Will You No' Come Back, Tim?

Au revoir, Tim Healy; but I think not "good-bye." You have broken the monotony of many a tedious sitting, contributed at times innumerable to the gaiety of nations, and made all people with a sense of humour your debtors. You lashed us all with scorpions, and distributed your attentions impartially amongst Conservatives, Liberals, and Nationalists; and, taking you for all in all, we may not look upon your like again. We shall, doubtless, hear of you often from the Law Courts, whose gain will always remind us of our loss; but you will come back to us, for Tim cannot do without his Westminster any more than Westminster can do without its Tim.

Linger Longer, Lulu!

The House of Commons is none too rich in humour. Bernal Osborne is only a memory, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has left no successor, Mr. Labouchere has retired to private life, Mr. Healy has encountered an adverse political fate. We still have the natural humour of a Birrell, and the hot-house humour of a Harcourt; but that lying jade, Dame Rumour, wants to rob us of Lewis Harcourt, and inter him in the House of Lords. If the Commons have any voice in the matter they will certainly forbid the banns, for we all love Lulu, and have only one complaint against him—that we don't get enough of him.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

A FAIRLY wide experience of theatrical entertainment furnishes me with no parallel to the extraordinary show which Cyril Maude kindly invited us to see at the Playhouse last Saturday evening. It is entitled *One of the Dukes*, by George Pleydell, and is described as a three-act farce: but the description is accurate only in so far as the thing is in three acts, for it bears no closer resemblance to anything in the nature of a play of any kind than does a proposition in Euclid to a braized onion.

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To call it silly is to do its astounding fatuity much less than justice, but even the quality of arrant nonsense was not so much which made us gaze at each other in perplexity as the quality of the taste displayed in some of the lines. I'll give you a small sample if you think you can stand it. The Duke of Rye, a vacuous and penurious peer, has a hatred of artificial aids to feminine attractiveness, and he explains to his friend Lord George Thurburn how he tested the genuineness of the magnificent hips of a lady whom he thought of marrying. He couldn't very well ask her, so he hit upon the ingenious idea of prodding her with a sharp pointed stick, and when she screamed he knew that it was the real goods. This is but a fragment of the line of talk that the author has given to Cyril Maude, Allan Aynesworth, and Alexandra Carlisle—three clever people squandered on piffle. How it even came to be done I cannot for the life of me imagine.

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A hearty welcome was given to Winifred Emery on her appearance in the first piece *The Hand on the Latch*, which isn't half as good on the stage as it was in magazine story form.

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Miss Lillah McCarthy, who is having a highly successful time at the Little Theatre, tells me that the *Anatol* dialogues of which her extremely interesting programme consists are not only serving to draw crowded houses, but are in book form selling briskly in the vestibule, where, you may be surprised to learn, is a bookstall for the sale of all published plays. This is a real novelty, and that the theatre-going public appreciates the innovation is proved by the trade which the attendant does during every interval. On Saturday evening was added to the series of five dialogues another, entitled *Keepsakes*, a deadly serious little piece in which Granville Barker as Anatol discovers in a drawer belonging to his *fiancée* certain incriminating gifts from an earlier lover. It's a sordid slice of life, but very strong, and both Barker and Aimée de Burgh play it admirably.

The Follies go merrily on their way, not quite so merrily, in my judgment, as they used to, but merrily enough to make an evening at the Apollo a bright and cheering interlude in a world of worry and care. Concerning their new, or rather partly new, programme, the best numbers in the first part are the earlier success, "My Moon," the anecdotes of Lewis Sydney, and the altogether excellent mimicry of Morris Harvey, the last-named being best of all. Pelissier's burlesque of Maud Allan would have hit 'em much harder if it had not been unduly spun out; as it was, the spoof orchestra was the funniest feature of the turn.

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Under Royal patronage, a special dance *matinée* is to be given at the globe on 31st March, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, the charity for which the Duchess of Somerset works so hard. Tickets may be obtained from her Grace, 35 Grosvenor Square, or at the Globe Theatre. The programme includes Lady Beerbohm Tree and Miss Marie Löhr in a duologue, dances by Lydia Kyasht and other Empire stars, and the first performance of a new mimo-drame, *The Abbé's Garden*, founded by Dora Bright on a Guy de Maupassant story.

• • •

Matheson Lang and his wife, Hutin Britton, who are booked for South Africa, are this week at the Palladium in a one-act highwayman play called *The House On The Heath*, which the said Heath is Hounslow and not Hampstead. Lang as Claude Duval and Miss Britton as Lady Catherine.

• • •

Evelyn D'Alroy, who gave us a taste of her quality as a singer in *The Chocolate Soldier* (ask Lionel Monckton to give you his title for it), has, I am told, been engaged by Sir Herbert Tree to play Oberon when the knight of His Majesty's shall on 15th April give his promised revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. From another quarter I get the whisper that, for Titania, Tree has his eye upon no less bright a star than Maggie Teyte. Whether negotiations have or have not been brought to a satisfactory conclusion I cannot yet tell you, but we all know what a fine catch Maggie would be for the show.

• • •

A correspondent whose opinion I value sends me an interesting letter upon the subject of dancing, with special reference to the art as it is practised by English exponents. He is particularly severe upon what he terms the acrobatic performances of certain foreign ladies whose entertainment is most absurdly described as "dancing" when their writhings and contortions bear not the very faintest semblance to a most beautiful and much abused art. So far as the home-grown and trained dancers are concerned, my correspondent becomes enthusiastic. He says we have the best material, both physical and temperamental, in the world, and that if managers would encourage English dancers by once in a while engaging one for real money we should presently discover to a grateful public some more Kate Vaughans and Sylvia Greys. I hope so.

Anyway, the great thing, as any dancer will tell you, is constant practice. Ask Cicely Courtneidge how in the course of a few months she has made such wonderful progress, and she will tell you that apart from a natural aptitude she has got there by desperately hard work. Dancing practice is one of the chief duties of the crowded day, and Miss Courtneidge devotes every possible opportunity to learning more of an art to which she is passionately attached.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"One of the Dukes."

LET ME CURE YOUR CATARRH.

WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How You may obtain Immediate Relief and Ultimate Cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking, to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago I was stricken with Catarrh that bid to rob me of my life. Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent physician, insisted on my leaving England, and I went to Australia. There I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago. To-day, despite my age, my breathing organs are in as fit a condition as they were twenty years ago. The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer afflicted with breathing troubles to give it a trial.

I implicitly believe in my remedy, and I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed in the fact that it would accomplish all that I claimed for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei that I guarantee to return your money if the remedy does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)

If your nose is stopped up.
If your eyes often water.
If you sleep with your mouth open.
If crusts form in the nose.
If you catch cold easily.
If your hearing is affected.
If you have head noises.
If your throat is dry.
If you are tired on rising.
If you have much discharge from the nose.
If your sense of smell is affected.

If you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure before the trouble gets worse.

CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION,

it impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, weakens the mind, and renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull, and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to Consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only, however, am I convinced as to the undoubted superiority of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones as to the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their case.

Below I give a letter recently received from a well-known London clergyman.

THIS MINISTER SPEAKS OUT.

Rev. W. J. Jobling, 109 Brockley Rise, Forest Hill, S.E., on December 22nd wrote to Mr. Booth:

"I write to thank you for the Hyomei outfit received last Friday. This is the least one can do. I am most grateful for it. Already my catarrh is practically cured, although my duties have made it necessary for me to go about quite as usual.

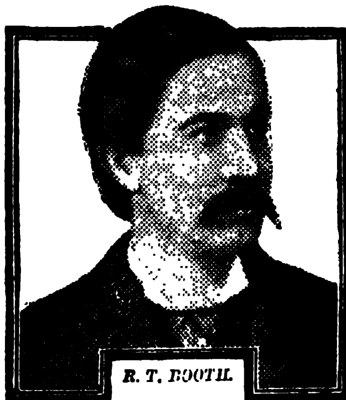
"From a sense of duty to one's neighbours, I shall be bound to recommend this simple but splendid remedy to my friends. And the same sense of duty would compel me to send you a substantial cheque were I better off as regards money. Please send two more outfits (payment enclosed). With many thanks, from yours gratefully,

"(Rev.) W. J. JOBLING."

Their experience may be yours if you will but give Hyomei a trial. Remember, no Cough Mixture, no Lozenges, no Drops; indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure breathing troubles. Hyomei will cure you for the same reason that it cured me. It is so devised that it gives you in your own home dry, pure air, impregnated with all the healing and cleansing balms, just as you would get it and breathe it if you had lived as I did in Australia.

Whether your trouble is in the head (nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the throat, with constant hacking soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the lungs, with congestion, and constant threat of Consumption—there is not in the world a treatment at any price that should be compared with Hyomei.

R. T. BOOTH.


R. T. BOOTH.

(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei.)

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsilitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it; but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

To Mr. R. T. Booth, 322 Reycroft House,
96 Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment.

Name ....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address ....

....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me, giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.



Counsel (cross-examining): "Your chief occupation is drinking, isn't it?"
Witness: "That's *my* business."
Counsel: "Yes; but have you any other?"

TOPICAL VERSES.

TO A WINKLE.

[Winkles having been held by a Kent bench of justices to be wild animals, the Board of Fisheries has now ruled that their cultivation on private grounds would render them tame, and make stealing them punishable.]

IT seems you have long been contriving
To live in a manner as wild
As amateur motorists driving,
Or elderly people (when riled),
Till the clutch of the maritime toiler
You finally finished within,
And ended your life in a boiler
En route for the pin.

But now all the owners that claim you
(I grant that the prospect is hard)
Are making arrangements to tame you,
For wildness in molluscs is barred.
No doubt for revenge you'll be burning,
In private captivity placed,
Still, don't get your own back by turning
Too tame to the taste. THETA.

• • •

IN THE SPRING.

"IN the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns"—we know the rest.
Thoughts of love and sweet romance he
Cherishes within his breast.
But the ranks, increasing ever,
Of fair maidens quite unsought,
Seem to show that young men never
Get much farther than the "thought."
E. A. S.

• • •

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.

(Doncaster and district will soon be one vast coalfield.—*Daily Paper.*)

THOUGH, thanks to coal-pits, we may see
St. Ledger—where no "d" should be,
There's this to say, we shall have then
Good openings for our young men.

THE COMPLEMENT.

[A contemporary describes a dress as "carried out wholly in lace and cream."]

HEY diddle diddle, pray read me this riddle,
Now, who was this daughter of Eve's?
Supposing the wearess a fair million-heiress,
The cream suggests strawberry leaves.

Ho, doodle doodle, pray who was the noodle
To "carry her out": did she swoon?
This creamy confection could have no objection
To carrying out by a spoon! A. W.

HIS FORCE OF CHARACTER.

"I THOUGHT your wife forbade you to marry again when she died?"

"So she did; but now I'm going to show her who is master in this house."

• • •

THE WRONG LIST.

ONE of Lady Reay's recollections is of a dinner party at which she had for her neighbour Gladstone, in happiest mood. He told her of his Eton experiences and tales of terrible little Dr. Keate. The latter always had the names of those doomed to be flogged written down on a narrow slip of paper.

One day, picking up such a list, he called up for flogging the boys whose names were inscribed upon it. Upon such occasions the delinquents were not permitted to offer explanations, so boy after boy was castigated, and returned sore and savage to his seat. Not until the operation was complete did he learn that, instead of the flogging list, he had picked up the slip on which were the names of the boys about to be confirmed.

494 DOCTORS,

out of 514, declare that "an increased consumption of OAT-FOOD would greatly benefit the Nation."

Read the startling Food-Facts discovered by the National Food Enquiry Bureau's broad investigation.

What the Doctors told the Investigators:—

Representative doctors—514 of them—doctors in general practice, educational doctors and medical officers of health, gave their views regarding the value of Oat-Food. Almost all of them use it regularly and 494 declare that the health of the Nation would improve if more oats were eaten by the public. Only 9 say there would be no benefit; 11 give no decided opinion.

The doctors were practically unanimous in declaring Oat-Food to be exceptionally nutritious and economical; that Oat-Food promotes the physical and mental development of children; that it is excellent for sedentary workers, and especially advantageous for people of limited means (because of its great economy).

The Opinion of Nurses.

School Nurses and General Nurses gave their verdict in favour of Oat-Food with an equal eagerness. A further point emphasised by the School Nurses was that children fed on oats are better nourished than the non-oat eaters.

The Reason for Oat-Food.

For your money you get in oats more proteids, organic phosphorus, and lecithin than in any other food. Proteid is the body-building, the energy-giving food. Phosphorus is the brain-food; lecithin the food of the nerves and nerve-centres.

Oat-Food at its Best.

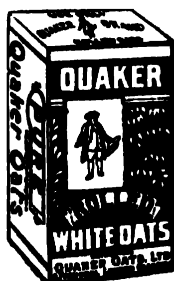
The whole world knows that Oat-Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily.—The delicious flavour impossible to any other Oat Food.—

The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats—never touched by hand through all the unique process of milling.—The SEALED packets—

The economy proved by "40 Meals for Sixpence."—These are a few of the reasons why Quaker Oats is

The one Perfect Oat-Food.



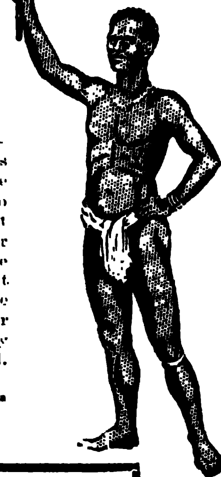
Quaker Oats

The food that builds brains and bodies.

Through the courtesy of the Bureau, we can send a copy of the Report to you if you are interested. Address, Quaker Oats, Ltd. Dept. 392, 11, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.

A Tobacco Discovery

HILL'S Nyasa



Smoking Mixture

Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it to-day, you will be delighted.

Price 5d. per oz. Cartridges, 5½d.

Nyasa Mixture can also be had in an extra coarse cut "**Scotch Blend**" at the same price.

NYASA Cigarettes 10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's NYASA send a postcard to the sole makers,
R. & J. HILL Ltd., 177d Shoreditch, E.,
who will supply list of agents and free tasting samples if desired.

S & P

THE SIMPLE WAY



of cleaning footwear is the "NUGGET" way!

FOR BLACK LEATHERS.

Just a smear of "NUGGET" applied briskly with the brush and a light finishing touch given with the "Selvyt" Pad or soft cloth.

Result:—**A Rapid, Brilliant, and Lasting Shine.**

FOR BROWN LEATHERS.

Just a smear of "NUGGET" applied with a clean rag, a little brushing, and a finishing touch given with the "Selvyt" Pad or soft cloth.

The "NUGGET" Brown Polish Shines and also Cleans the Leather.

'NUGGET' BOOT POLISHES

The above directions are printed on the back of each "NUGGET" tin. The "NUGGET" way is so satisfactory, simple, and rapid that a busy man or woman will cheerfully, when travelling, clean his or her own boots, and look proudly at the brilliant result. This task would be made still easier by the use of the "NUGGET" POLISHING OUTFITS, which are sold at 1/- and 1/6 (cardboard box), and 1/3 (metal case). The Very Best Value on the market.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

"Apple-green." By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

APPLE-GREEN! It sounds like the name of a village, a Worcestershire hamlet where elm-shadowed cottages outline a triangle of ancient turf, or a Home County village where the green is a part of a common. Ham Green and Rowney Green in Worcestershire I know, and Kew Green and Paddington Green in Metroplitan latitudes—but what of apple-green?

"Apple-green" is the name of a colour, a colour used in soft English china. Sèvres had its *pomme verte*, but that was not the true apple green. Vainly you will look for apple-green on Oriental porcelain; the Ming, celadon, and *famille verte* greens are metallic, peacocky, and chilly greens. As Miss Deane well wrote, "it is when we come to the more homely English wares that we get the underlying warm yellow suggestion, that recalls the greenness of an English landscape when the trees unfold."

Much Sought For.

Now it is just that delicate, warm, comfortable eye-resting, clear tint of green in English china that is so sought after by many collectors of English porcelain nowadays. Apple green they *will* have, and up go the prices for apple green. In step the counterfeiters—a tea-service in "Coalport" apple green nearly took me in the other day. But the time when you could buy it in sets at the price of new crockery is past. In her "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist," Mrs. L. B. Walford tells how, somewhere about the year 1840, her parents purchased a mansion in Scotland, and "bought it as it stood, furnished, and stocked with glass and china." The china "proved to be Crown Derby of the best period"—"Derby," I think, is the best "apple-green"—"and Worcester with a glaze that made collectors stare"—"Worcester" is often good "apple-green"—"and Lowestoft. And these were the ordinary breakfast, tea, and dinner-sets, put down in the house-agent's list as table china!" Mrs. Walford exclaims. Her mother never dreamed of such china being "too good for human nature's daily food," and only when Mrs. Walford came to be "much in contact with people who pursued the supremely fascinating study of the moment" did she discover "the real status of the cups and platters so lightly esteemed. Now they are in a glass case"; she adds, "I like the old way best."

A Fascinating Line.

The study of the moment, Mrs. Walford? The cult of old English china is not for the moment, but will come to be "for all time." Soft English china, as a whole, is steadily appreciating in the market, because the number of collectors of it increases every month. I can well understand a collector confining his or her acquisitions to "apple-green," though I have never limited myself to one line. And because apple-green is so much sought for now, and its price has so much increased, I look with a double complacency upon some apple-green bordered bread-and-butter plates, which I bought for five shillings each seven years ago. They are marked Bloor Derby, gadroon-edged, and "painted with Billingsley's flowers," as it says in the old pattern-books of the old Derby China works.

"Worcester" apple green is slightly darker than "Derby" apple-green; it resembles the hue of a ripening apple—I mean the green part of it—and it is a very translucent green. The "Davenport" apple-green resembles the hue of the "Worcester" apple-green very nearly, but is not so fine, smooth, and translucent under the glaze. "Coalport" apple-green is rather pea-green



Genial Visitor: "Well, I will say as Matildar '*ave* growed a fine figger of a girl since she's been to service with them eatin'-'ouse people!"

in tint—I do not mean pea-soup colour, but peascod colour, not unlike the green of "Chelsea." "Swansea" produced a darker apple-green, but the whiteness and transparency of the paste and glaze at Swansea and Nantgarw caused the Swansea and Nantgarw apple-greens to be very vivid. "Rockingham" green is not quite an apple-green, it is more like the green of some "Chamberlain Worcester," and it is often spoiled by being flecked with gilt. And only minor parts of "Longton Hall" porcelain can be considered apple-green at all.

Earthenware Apple-green.

The bases of Walton figures in Staffordshire earthenware are often the true apple-green; Whieldon ware and Ralph Wood figures are tinted a paler, cooler hue than that. Wedgwood and other Staffordshire dessert-services, leaf or fruit shaped, are a darker green than the true apple-colour, which one has to know very well, by visual memory, when hunting for the real, the exquisite, the inimitable rare old thing.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks, but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address must be enclosed. The proprietors of London Opinion will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

G. J. W. (Folkestone).—Your volumes are interesting, though not rare. Worth 7s. 6d. to 10s. the two.

F. E. A. (Sheffield).—Your Rembrandt, "Old Lady," is not a very valuable one, worth from £2 to 50s.

H. F. W. (Bristol). It is impossible to value furniture unless photograph is sent, but from description and sketch your table does not appear to be an old one, or worth more than £2 to £3.

W. H. E. (Heybridge).—If you will send a photograph of the wooden mantelpiece, will value. Examine it carefully first to see whether it is plaster or carved wood. If the former, it is of little value only; the latter are valuable if the carving is good.

E. M. R. (Clapham). Cannot say from description if your figures of Lord Roberts and Baden-Powell are bronzes or Spilter imitation of bronze, as they have been cast in both metals. If the former, they are worth £2 to £3; if the latter, a few shillings only.

J. P. (Chester). Your coats of arms painted on old oak panels are worth 25s. to 30s. If you send a photograph of them to Herald's College they will most probably tell you whose armorial bearings they are.

Dilletante (Stratford).—Could not say if your painting by Morland is genuine unless inspected, but do not think it likely, being painted on Bristol board. Morland did not use this medium for his work. Could not recommend you to go to any firm unless the picture was undoubtedly genuine.

W. G. (Durban, S.A.).—Your Georgian embroidered coat is worth £4 to £5 in condition described.

A. R. M. (Hampstead Road).—Your engraving is worth a few shillings only. There is very little demand for religious subjects.

Verax (Lewisham).—Your books are worth—"The Athanasian Creed," 1735, 5s. to 7s. 6d.; "Hoyle's Games," 7s. 6d. to 10s. Engravings are of nominal value only.

A. E. M. (Leytonstone).—None of your pictures are of any value.

W. R. G. (Johannesburg, S.A.).—Your volume is of nominal value only. The complete set is only worth a little over second-hand book price.

T. O'R. (Merthyr Tydvil).—Cannot value your prints from description; send for inspection unframed. Books are of no particular value.

• • •

UNREGENERATE.

"It was to satisfy your extravagant tastes," cried the desperate man, "that I committed the forgery. The crime is upon your head!"

The woman started and gazed at him wonderingly.

"Is my crime on straight?" she asked.

• • •

EXPLAINED.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

I.—THE WARDOUR STREET MYSTERY.

MISS WHITE, returning from a *matinée* at six on a foggy evening, found a caller anxiously awaiting her return.

He was a young man of six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, and an apprehensive excitement marked his bearing.

"My name," he said, "is Mollenson. I—I came here because I want you to help me, Miss White. I'm in a fearful position—my uncle has been found murdered. I was the last man to see him alive—at least, to see him before he was murdered. The police—I don't know what they think. You see, I——"

"Suppose you steady yourself and try to collect your thoughts, Mr. Mollenson," suggested Miss White, "and then just give me an outline of what has happened?"

"I—I'm too flustered—too worried—to tell you properly," said the caller. "But here's the *Evening Herald*—that has an account. Here it is."

Miss White took the paper and, at the place indicated by Mollenson, read as follows:

SHOCKING DISCOVERY.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN WARDOUR STREET.

A terrible discovery was made this morning in Wardour Street at an early hour, when Mr. Henry Bates, an elderly curio dealer, was discovered dead under tragic and mysterious circumstances.

From what can be learned, Mr. Bates lived alone in his shop, employing an assistant, who slept away from the premises. It was the habit of Mr. Bates to open the door every morning to his assistant, but this morning Frederick Leach, the assistant in question, knocked and rang for some time without response. Growing alarmed at last, Leach called a constable, and together they forced the shop door.

Seeing nothing of Mr. Bates, they passed upstairs. Mr. Bates was not in his bedroom, nor had the bed been slept in. The front room on the first floor was used by Mr. Bates as a sort of study. They now approached this room, but found the door locked on the inner side. Forcing this door, a dreadful sight met their gaze.

Lying on the floor in the middle of the room was the body of Mr. Bates, fully dressed. In his right hand was a fully loaded revolver.

Medical aid was at once sought, but the doctor could only say that Mr. Bates had been dead some hours. At the back of the skull, on examination, was found a wound apparently caused by some heavy instrument with a blunt edge.

The affair presents many mysterious features. The door was locked on the inside, and the only other apparently possible entrance to the room was by way of the window. This, however, was also shut and fastened.

The theory of suicide seems to be put on one side by the wound being at the back of the head, and so, obviously, not self-inflicted; and the revolver being undischarged.

Yet, on the other hand, the motive of robbery seems lacking, for a quantity of valuable curios and jewellery were in the room, including several rings on the dead man's desk, and, so far as can be ascertained, nothing has been taken.

It would seem a feasible theory that Mr. Bates was alarmed sufficiently to take out his revolver, but struck down from behind before he had time to use it. His assailant would then appear to have made his escape, but by what means he entered and left the room, and the motive which led him to make the attack, are mysteries at present which the police are endeavouring to unravel.

"And when did you see your uncle last?" asked Miss White thoughtfully.

"I left him at eight o'clock last night. I called on him at about half-past seven."

"And what time does the assistant leave?"

"At—at half-past seven."

"Then you were alone in the house for at least half an hour with your uncle?"

"Yes; that's why I feel so—so scared. That's why I've come to you."

"There's nothing that necessarily incriminates you at present. Were you on good terms with your uncle?"

"Splendid," he said eagerly. "We were on excellent terms—the best of friends."

"Now tell me just what happened after the assistant left."

"My uncle went down and locked the shop-door. We were in his study. He came back and we sat talking for about half an hour, and when I left he came to the shop-door and let me out. That was the last I saw of him."

"Did you notice if anyone—a neighbour, for instance—happened to see you leave?"

"I—I didn't see anyone."

"Have you been to the police yet?"

"No—I wanted to see you first."

"You ought to have gone to them. I shall go down to Wardour Street at once. Where can I find you when I want you?"

"20 Friar's Road, Bow."

In a quarter of an hour Miss White had arrived at Wardour Street. She found a policeman on guard at the door of the curio-shop, but the constable knew her, and she was admitted to the premises.

"I'll come up with you, miss," said the policeman, and led the way to the room where the body had been found.

Miss White looked about her carefully.

"The window looks out on the street, you see, miss," pointed out the policeman. "And it's impossible to climb in without being seen, even if there was any way of getting up to it. Besides, the window was clasped inside."

"And the door locked?"

"Yes! Key still in the lock, inside," said the policeman.

"Anything found on the floor?"

"A half cigarette, just under the gasolier there in the centre of the room. And, of course, the velvet cap he was wearing—that was found in front of the fire-place. His desk was just as he left it, except that the inspector's taken all his letters away to look through 'em."

Miss White crossed to the desk. Three or four rings of antique patterns, a short length of gold chain, and a gold seal lay on a piece of cotton-wool, with a small square carved ivory box.

"That third drawer of his desk is open, just as we found it," pointed out the policeman. "That's where he kept his revolver, the assistant tells us. There's a lot of other things in the drawer as well—old watches and brooches and things."

"He had time, by the way, to get his revolver out," mused Miss White. "That shows that he wasn't struck down quite unexpectedly, doesn't it? About that cigarette—it's cork-tipped; are there any more like it in his case?"

"Three. On the quiet, miss, this is our idea—Mr. Bates had someone here with him, and smoked cigarettes with him—there's several ends in the fireplace, you see, some like and one not. Presently him and his caller quarrelled, and Mr. Bates, while getting out his revolver to protect himself, was knocked down. What the other fellow hit him with, and how he managed to lock the door behind him, or how he left the room at all is a bit of a puzzler!"



'Arry: "I 'eard you've got a job, Bill. Is it a fac'?"
Bill: "Yus, it's true; but there ain't no cause for anxiety. It's only tempery!"

"I'll see the body," said Miss White, "and then I must think it all over."

The papers next morning were full of the mystery, but none could help in elucidating it. Only one fresh thing had transpired—during the evening, a nephew of the dead man's had been taken to the police-station and detained. The assistant's account of how he had spent his time was satisfactorily corroborated.

Miss White called at the police-station, and, after a chat with the inspector-in-charge, was admitted to the presence of Mollenson.

"I knew they'd suspect me—I knew it!" he declared. "And I'm innocent—innocent!"

"One moment," said Miss White. "Yesterday you told me you and your uncle were excellent friends. The inspector here tells me he has come across some angry letters from you in your uncle's desk, and in one of them you wrote you were going to call the evening before last, to 'have it out with him.' Why did you lie to me?"

"I—I didn't want to make matters look any blacker against me."

"Then you *were* bad friends, and parted bad friends?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "It was a family business—a matter of a legacy."

"Did you threaten your uncle at all?"

"I—I may have done. No one would have heard me, though. That's why I kept quiet about the row between us."

"Well, you can't expect me to be of service if you're not frank with me. I'm going back to Wardour Street now. If you can think of anything which may throw any light on the affair, the inspector will let you send for me."

At Wardour Street, Miss White found the policeman on guard in conversation with a shabby-looking man.

"It's hard on me," said the seedy man. "Mr. Bates told me he'd pay me for the stuff next time I called, and now I can't have my money or the stuff back either."

"You'll get them back later on," said the policeman. "I'll make a note of them now. When did you leave 'em?"

"The day before yesterday. I picked 'em up at a sale, and brought 'em round for Mr. Bates to make me an offer for 'em; he's often bought such things before."

"What was the lot?"

"A bit of gold chain, a gold seal, and five rings, one in a little ivory box. They were some odds and ends of jewellery left by a funny old Eye-talian dancing-master."

"That would have been the lot Mr. Bates had on his desk," pointed out Miss White.

"There's only four rings there, and the box is empty," said the policeman.

He was still talking to the shabby man when Miss White left. For a time she remained at home, immersed in thought.

Presently there arrived an urgent message for her to come down to the police-station.

"It's this Mollenson man wants you," explained the inspector. "We caught him just now trying to hang himself with his scarf. Looks bad, eh? Then he begged and prayed us to send for you. I shouldn't be surprised if he confessed any moment now."

"I shall be very surprised if he does," said Miss White.

"Then you don't think him guilty?" asked the inspector.

"No, I don't. I don't think it's a case of murder. The body was found in a room where entry and exit were impossible by the window, and where the door was locked on the inside, remember."

"And yet he was struck on the back of the head," pointed out the inspector sceptically. "And this attempted suicide of Mollenson's?"

"Mollenson is a nervous, hysterical fellow, and this affair has pretty nearly turned his brain."

"Then how far at present do your theories carry you, Miss White?"

"Not to a conclusion, I'm afraid, at present. This is about as far as I've got. I fancy, after his nephew left, Mr. Bates went back to his study, locking the door after him. He sat down at his desk to examine some old jewellery, which had been brought to him that afternoon—the things that were on his desk, you know. Presently he got up to examine one more



EXPLAINED.

"I can't think why you always cut Dr. Talbot. You told me once that he saved your life."

"Saved my wife, I said!"

closely under the gas, when he was startled by something."

"And dropped the cigarette found on the floor under the gasalier?"

"Exactly. It fell from his lips when he started. It was something that kept his attention, or he would have picked up the cigarette and thrown it into the fireplace with the others."

"Possibly," suggested the inspector, "he heard noises in the shop, and, getting his revolver, was going to investigate."

"Possibly. But he did not unlock the door."

"No. Well, I'm going round to Wardour Street," said the inspector. "Will you come with me? Something fresh may suggest itself."

But the constable on duty at the curio shop thought nothing important had happened.

"Before he went," he said, "that chap gave me a description of the missing ring. He sticks to it there were five, but there were only four on the desk. He says it's in the form of a snake, coiling round about six times. There are two rubies for the eyes, and the mouth is open and hollow."

"That may be very useful," said Miss White eagerly, "let's look again carefully for it. If it's not in the house it may be a most important clue."

The search did not take long, for, after a few moments, the ring was discovered in an old watch case in the corner drawer which had held the revolver.

"He must have put it in there when he got out the revolver," observed the inspector.

"He must have been holding it, then," added Miss White. "It looks a curious sort of ring. That's why he wanted a better sort of light to examine it by."

She took the ring to the window, and turned it over carefully. Suddenly she put it down, and went across to a case of books which stood in the corner.

"You see, this one looks as if it had been put back rather hurriedly," she pointed out, drawing attention to a volume which was sticking out from the shelf. She took it out and opened it.

Rapidly she turned over its pages, and suddenly gave a little cry.

"I'm just going to look at the body again," she said. "Suppose, while I am away, you just glance down these two pages—here, where the spot of blood is," she added significantly.

"Obviously, from the description in this book," said the inspector, when she returned, "the ring may have been a poisoned one."

"Exactly," she agreed. "It is a very old one, such as the Borgias might have used. It came from the sale of a private person's effects, not from a collection, remember—where its dangerous properties would have been recognised."

"It says here," said the inspector gravely, "in this account of how these Italian princes used to do away with people, that a mere prick from one of these rings would kill anybody, and I see the poisons they used generally caused horrid agony."

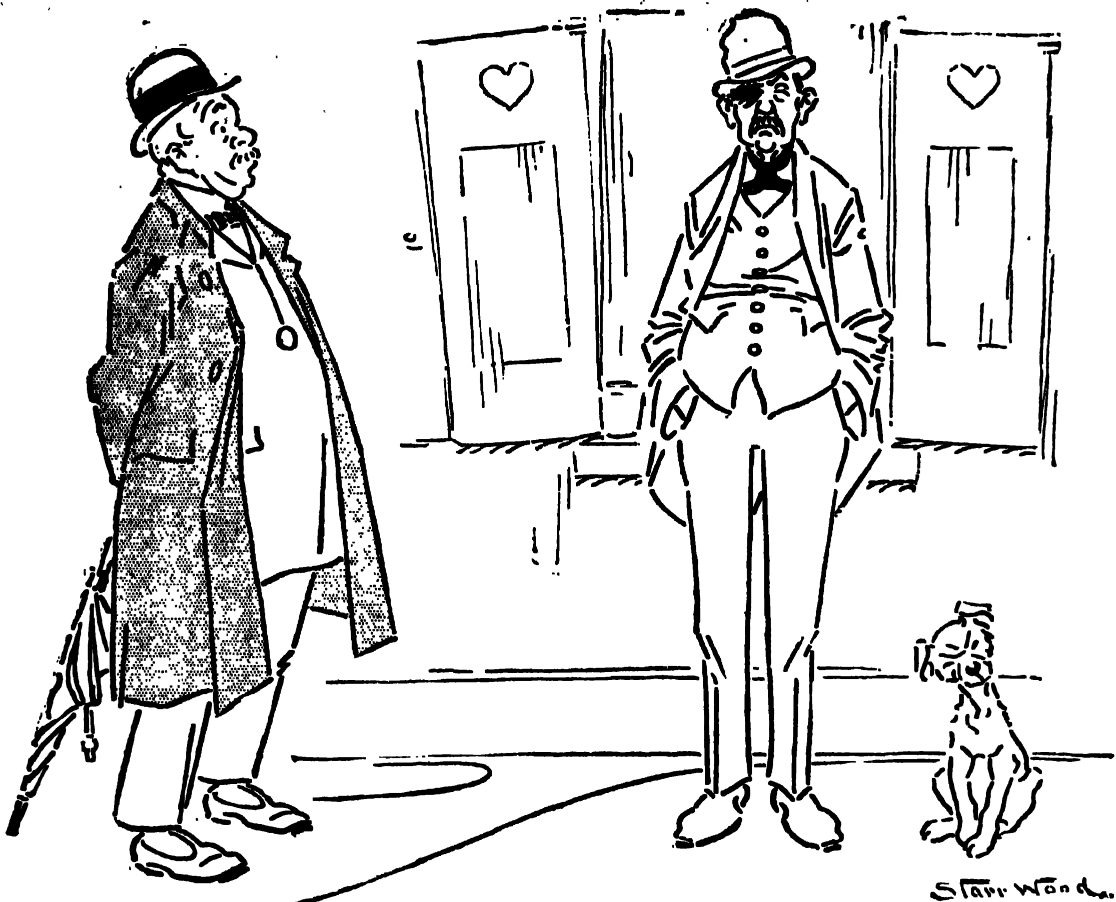
"Yes. Mr. Bates must have been examining this ring. Apparently he put it on, touched the secret spring, and felt the prick as the poison was injected into his system. I've just found a small puncture on the knuckle of the first finger of his left hand. As a man skilled in his business, he would probably guess what had happened. To verify his apprehension, he turned up the subject of poisoned rings in that encyclopædia. His worst fears were realised, and, being a man of strong character, he determined to shoot himself, and so spare himself dreadful agony before what he realised was inevitable death. He got his revolver, dropping the ring into the drawer at the same time——"

"But that blow?" asked the inspector.

"Well, I suppose he had spent some time in finding and reading the article, and, the poison beginning to reach his brain, he grew dizzy, and before he could raise his revolver reeled and fell to the ground, striking his head terribly on that high steel fender."

"There is no mark on the fender, and he lay under the gasolier."

"Yes—he was wearing a velvet skull cap, you recollect. The blow stunned him, but he turned over



"Hullo—been fighting?"
"Yes—lover's quarrel."
"You don't mean to say your young lady gave you that black eye?"
"No—her other fellow!"

once or twice—involuntary muscular contortions produced by the poison. That's how he came to be in the middle of the room. Mind you, Mr. Inspector," she concluded, with a whimsical glance, "this is only my theory. If the police care to follow it up—well, of course, the credit will be theirs entirely."

* * * * *

Medical and other examinations abundantly proved the truth of Miss White's theory, though the police and the doctors got all the kudos. But this was quite to Miss White's liking, for it was her policy to keep on the most friendly footing with the police.

(*Next week: "The Mystery of the Pebbles."*)

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NAMES IN FICTION.

To the Editor of London Opinion.

Dear Sir,—Having to-day received by mail my London Opinion, I hasten, even at this late date, to offer my name, with no reservations, for the use of your writers of fiction stories.

I hereby solemnly assever that I will not institute proceedings against you for libel or any other crime should you so use my name.

I will be a burglar, anarchist, drunkard, suffragette, or even murderer—all I ask is *please* don't make me a politician or a member of any Board of Guardians.

Yours truly, Thomas* Kelly.

Castilla del Correo No. 61,
Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.
15th February, 1911.

* Affix "ina" if used for heroine.

THE NEW CALLING.

By R. TITHERLEY.

The long-haired person entered the Editor's den with an air of expecting something to fall on him.

The Editor looked at him and waited.

"You advertise a new serial to begin next week."

"Yes?"

"It is a startling record of crime."

"Well?"

"What is the villain's name?"

A spasm of pain contracted the Editor's forehead.

"Why—Do you want to execute a deed-poll and make yours the same, so that you can claim damages for libel when he does things? No go, my friend: there isn't time before publication, and you can't post-date a libel action."

"Sir, you mistake me. I am proud of my name, and would not part with it. Jabez Sniffkins* it is; and there's not another like it in any directory published."

The Editor sat up, alert and keen.

"Well?" he said, expectantly.

"Put me on your staff at a guinea a week, and you may call your villain Jabez Sniffkins; and all your villains in the stories that follow after this one."

The Editor rang his bell with a whack that was eloquent of the removal of a load of anxiety from his burdened mind.

"Give this gentleman a contract on the terms he'll tell you; and then wire the author of Our New Serial that he can make his villain do what he jolly well pleases. No more libel actions on that score."

And he went out to lunch with a better appetite than he had had for a long time.

* No relation to the Sniffkins you know.—Ed. "L. O."

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£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury, caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal, but cause the loss of both arms or both legs, or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle; or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such non-fatal injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract, viz:—(a) That such death or loss result within thirty days after the accident.—(b) That the holder shall prior to the accident have written his (or her) usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath.—(c) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its principal Offices in London within fourteen days after its occurrence.—(d) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request for the same by the Company, and (e) That this insurance applies only to persons over 12 and under 70 years of age, is limited to one coupon-insurance ticket for any one holder and holds good for the current week of issue only.—(f) That in the event of more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amount of insurance granted as above set forth, shall be equally divided among such claimants, whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with foregoing conditions.—(g) The decision of the publisher of this journal regarding any claim made in respect of this coupon shall be final, and binding on all parties. This insurance holds good in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass as a passenger in a passenger's compartment.

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Flippant Facts.

"Age is like marriage. It can be arranged."

"A dear friend is a woman who tells you that what you want to do is right."—*The Romance of a Woman of Thirty*, by Louise Mack. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Our German Admirers.

"The most salient feature of modern Berlin society is open and undisguised Anglomania; everybody tries to look English: English books and magazines are as plentiful as in England, or very nearly so. English plays in a German translation are performed at the theatres, the ladies all drink afternoon tea, and everybody plays lawn tennis, from the Emperor downwards."—*The House of Hohenzollern*, by C. A. Brayley Hodgetts. Methuen. 15s. net.

A Detective's Theory.

"It's my belief if I was to go up to almost any man in London, take him by surprise, and say, 'I'm a detective. You're wanted,' he'd run away at once. You see, most of 'em have done something a leetle on the cross, one time or other."—*A Man With a Past*, by A. St. John Adcock. Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.

From "The Lion's Skin."

"Vengeance is a dish best relished when 'tis eaten cold."

"The difference between a Frenchman and a South Sea Islander was a thing never quite appreciated by his lordship. Some subtle difference, he had no doubt, existed; but for him it was enough to know that both were foreigners; therefore, it logically followed, both were kin."—*The Lion's Skin*, by Rafael Sabatini. Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.

Modern Manners.

"Men are like children—they need to be looked after all their lives."

"The average up-to-date woman seems to prefer to snatch where she would be given, push where room might easily be made by a polite request, and shout when modulated tones would be just as effective. Manners may become extinct if woman tries to elbow and push her way through the world."—*Adam and Eve of To-day*, by Murray Meath. John Long. 1s. 6d. net.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.

The Baby.

Clean and dress a wriggle, add a pint of milk,
Smother with a pillow any sneeze;
Baste with violet powder and mark upon its back—
"Don't forget that you were one of these."

From a Witty Story.

"An agnostic is a person who declares he knows nothing about anything, and gets very angry when you agree with him."

"Heat is as an effectual a bar to conversation as a chaperone."—*The Swing of the Pendulum*, by X. Marcel Boulestin and Francis Toye. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

Verse—or Worse.

"There's many an unknown hero
Who lies in a pauper's grave,
And many a man wears whiskers
Who *must* have the means to shave."

"I never knew a little Willy yet
Who hasn't somehow prematurely died.
To same boys 'Willy' very soon will get
Regarded almost as Infanticide."

Shavings, by Frank Richardson. Eveleigh Nash. 2s. 6d. net.

Five Epigrams.

"Generosity is a full knowledge of the things we can give away without feeling the want of them."

"A woman's way—to be either on somebody else's knees or her own."

"A man's reputation depends on what he is, a woman's on what she isn't."

"There is honour amongst thieves . . . that is why ordinary business pays better."

"Repentance only becomes genuine when the opportunity to sin has gone."—*The Starlit Mire*, by J. Bertram and F. Russell, with drawings by Austin Spare. Lane.

A Bath—in 1975!

"A huge basin of pink marble was sunk in the floor, and around palms and ferns waved. Two small fountains, which could be utilised as sprays, seemed to tinkle the ghost of some lullaby. Lady Emerald threw off her green silk gown, and stepped into the delicious water with a sigh of pleasure. Then she lay quite still . . . her long red hair sweeping the pink marble. She looked like the reincarnation of some pagan goddess."—*The Day After To-morrow*, by Cora Minnett. F. V. White.

Backwoods Peers.

"Among the more notorious peers were Lord Slangham, with whom divorce has become more of a habit than an event (his marriage with his fourth wife was quite one of the most interesting of last year's functions); Lord Thrapstone, who absent-mindedly wrote a friend's name on a cheque, was found guilty, and bound over to come up for judgment if called upon, it being rightly considered that the disgrace of being found out was a sufficient punishment for a man of his social standing; Lord Blisworth, who, on the strength of possessing an acre of land and two gum-trees in the West Indies, floated the Yumata Rubber Company, whose collapse ruined so many domestic servants. Here, too, was Lord Lythe and Saythe (formerly Sir Benjamin Salmon), who so generously offered to subscribe £50,000 to the scheme for a National Opera House, on condition that a thousand other people would do the same; and Lord Dunbridge, famous as the husband of Lady Dunbridge, whose enthusiasm for the cause of Woman's Suffrage has caused her to cut her hair off, and to take her meals in a liquid form and exclusively through the nose."—*Lord Bellinger* by Harry Graham.

A Hint to the Fair Sex.

"I've never yet met the woman who looked pretty when she was cross or when she cried."—*The Wisdom of Folly*, by E. T. Fowler. Hodder. 6s.

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Messrs. Nelson & Co. have earned the gratitude of the reading public by their admirable series of pocket volumes; and are now placing us all under still greater obligation by bringing out, uniform with the Nelson Libraries, a comprehensive and up-to-date Encyclopædia in twenty-five octavo shilling volumes, to be published at fortnightly intervals. So that within a year, at an outlay of sixpence per week, one may possess an epitome of the world's knowledge—compact, accessible, and portable.

FROM WAITRESS TO COUNTESS.

Romance of a Girl who Charmed an Archduke and Caused a Minister's Fall.

FEUDAL Europe offers scanty chances to the aspiring and ambitious to rise in the world—unlike London, with its chorus-girl peeresses. Still there are exceptions.

Quite recently, for instance, the transformation of Rosa Wallenstein into Countess Sternau und Hohenau is the latest incident in an altogether amazing career—a career which began as café waitress, culminated as mother to an Archduke's child and spy on an Imperial Court; and has now effloresced in the almost unattainable ranks of Europe's blue-blooded aristocracy.

It is thirty years since the wife of a certain petty wine-seller in Hungarian Szegszard bore to him a particularly vivacious black-eyed baby. This was Rosa Wallenstein. At the age of ten little Rosa had developed a wild Hungarian temper; and at the age of fifteen she shone with such transcendent beauty that for love of her two Szegszard peasants stuck knives in one another's throats. Papa Wallenstein disliked blood being shed into his wine casks. It spoiled the bouquet. So he packed his fascinating Rosa off to a petty town in South Hungary, and made her waitress in a café.

Rosa's eyes burned up the whole locality, and when Archduke Otho of Austria came along, they burned up him. Otho, then married and with children, had come to Hungary with manœuvring troops. He expected to stay a week. The black-eyed waitress inspired him with one of those frenetic passions which surge periodically through Hapsburg blood. He stayed in Hungary a month. When Otho next appeared in Vienna, he was bound hand and foot to Rosa. She bore him a little girl. The romance was brief. Shortly afterwards the Archduke died—as people said, of love—and he left her in his will the sum of £800,000, or twenty million kronen in Austrian gold.

Rosa was rich now, and she aspired to politics. She played a *rôle* in certain Vienna salons; and her black eyes gained her a sort of "backstairs" *entrée* at the Hofburg. What people were saying and doing at the Hofburg she knew better than Franz Josef himself. This made her a power. The immemorial crisis between Austria and Hungary was then in one of its bad fits, and Geza Polonyi, Hungarian Minister of Justice, had the brilliant idea to use Rosa as spy. He offered her a large sum if she would write him letters reporting what the Hofburg was thinking and saying about Hungary. Rosa agreed. She developed into a first-class political spy. This game was brief. When the revelations came, Minister Geza Polonyi got into such boiling water that he had to resign his post.

The Affaire Polonyi made Rosa's reputation international. Her vanity was appeased, and as she had much money she could afford to live for love. She fell in love with the director of an important bank, and threw him over in order to fall in love with the son of a Secretary of State. The latter was Rosa's first real love, so she affirmed, and she quickly proved it. For when her young lover turned cold, she ambushed him and put a pair of revolver bullets into his faithless body.

Rosa's pretty name was again in the newspapers. She was condemned to eight months' gaol. But the Court influences which had protected her so far—and also, it is said, the efforts of Geza Polonyi—secured her a pardon. Rosa, however, was not content with her position, and decided that a husband was needed to



Rider (about to hire horse): "I hope your beasts are not frisky. The last horse I hired ran away, and I just escaped with my life."

Ostler: "That wouldn't 'appen with one of our 'orses, sir!"

restore her to her place in Austrian society. She wedded, therefore, Baron Bela Schoenberger.

Schoenberger was the son of an Austrian Lieutenant-Field-Marshal, who had been expelled from his regiment for debts. He was to give, it was contracted, his baronial name to Rosa, but the wedded pair were to live apart, he in a flat in Buda Pesth, she in her palace in the Johann Strauss Gasse, Rosa giving him a fair allowance.

For a time this agreement worked well and the ex-waitress, ex- (left-handed) Archduchess dazzled Vienna. Austria's gilded youth thronged her salon, and fought duels for her smile. She developed into a patron of art. As "Fraulein Rosa" she kept racehorses; but the Vienna Jockey Club objected to her way of racing, and the horses were sold.

Meantime Baron Bela Schoenberger was doing ill. His allowance, he held, was not enough. Shadows, too, began to fall on Rosa. The unchivalrous Austrian government suddenly arrested her at her château near Pressburg, and bundled her across the frontier. The Baron lost his allowance. He took to drink, obtained the useful position of fiacre driver, and in April, 1910, died in the Buda Pesth Red Cross Hospital. The widowed Baroness made a triumphal tour of Europe, where everyone who for but an instant saw her black eyes fell in love with her. And the Baroness herself fell in love for the last time—up-to-date.

The happy man this time is Hugo Alexander Benzel zu Sternau und Hohenau, Count of the Empire, and representative of one of Central Europe's most famous lines. The acquaintance came at a fortunate time for the Count. It began in a Swiss valley. The Count was up to his neck in unpaid bills, and angry creditors in Zurich and Lucerne were thirsting for his blood. He fled from Switzerland, and made for Rosa's flat in Kantstrasse, Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. A horse-dealer in Basle to whom he owed 11,000 francs lost patience, and the Basle Courts condemned the fugitive to four months in gaol.

The Count laughs at the Courts. He is in the jurisdiction of the Courts of Love, which refuse extradition; and it has just been announced in the Berlin newspapers that he has wedded Rosa Wallenstein. The flat in Kantstrasse is closed, and the happy pair have flown away on a honeymoon in some creditorless Arcadia. Rumour has it that they have come, or are coming, to London.

DISCRIMINATION.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"
"From £1 up."
"But I'm a student——"
"Then it's £1 down."

• • •

THE CERTAIN WAY.

Mrs. Binks: "The people in the next suite to ours are awfully annoying. They pound on the wall every time our Gertie sings. I wish we knew of some way to drive them out of the flat."

Mr. Binks: "Why not have Gertie keep on singing?"

• • •

TRUTH ABOUT THE SUFFRAGISTS.

Mrs. Thomson-Price, of the Woman's Freedom League, sends an extract from the League's weekly organ *The Vote*, to prove that the League is not afraid of disseminating the view to which Mr. Charles McEvoy drew attention in last week's London Opinion, that women want the vote because of the power it will give them to force alterations in the economic condition of the sex—a condition that is the great main factor in forcing women on our streets.

The extract is part of a powerful article by Mrs. Nevinson, and *The Vote* containing it is published at 148 Holborn Bars.

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

The Spring Field Trials.

WITH the spring comes the Field Trial for pointers and setters. These are competitions for certain gun dogs, and they are held generally on partridges which have paired. While the Earth is budding into her gloriousness, all Nature is glad. So it is indeed invigorating for those fond of country life to watch the dogs in their quests. No game, of course, is killed. The idea is to find out which is the best of the better dogs finding or locating feather or fur, under almost the same conditions as prevail during the shooting season. The dog which wins will have to own the best of powers of scent and ideal manners. For the rules are so framed that only a magnificently self-possessed, natural hunting dog can get to the end of any stake. Many of the leading sportsmen of the world patronise these events, and much money is spent in preparation of competitors. The prizes are quite valuable.

Field Trials near London.

The trials of the International Gun Dog League will be held close to Ipswich on 18th April. On the three following days the Kennel Club will run their events over the same property. Mr. E. W. Jaquet, 2 Saville Row, will give all particulars as to the Kennel Club fixture. Later, there will be important runnings near Thrapston, Shrewsbury, and Three Cocks. These meetings are free, and any well-disposed person may attend them.

The Sealyham Terrier at Home.

It is only meet and right that the Sealyham Terrier should be made a lot of in his own country, North Pembrokeshire. Therefore, all will commend Mr. Jack H. Howell, M.F.H., who tells me there will be classes for Sealyhams in connection with the Foxhound Puppy Show of the Pembrokeshire, at the Kennels, Slade, Haverfordwest, on Saturday, 8th April. Let us remember that Sealyhams run with the Pembrokeshire, and are liked because of their ability to go to ground to foxes and badgers, and they will use their teeth when they get to their quarry. A couple of classes for hunters would make this novel show complete. Mr. Howell, likewise, introduces a new style of judging. The dogs will be judged in three separate rings by three different judges. The dog securing the most points, according to the scale, wins. That appears a fair and satisfactory way. No terrier over 10in. at the shoulder is eligible. Thus does the popular master once more point the way. And such innovations are certainly good for terriers and their owners.



Charitable Lady: "I gave your father the money to buy you a coat last week. I see you are not wearing it."
Boy: "No, mum; 'e put it on a horse."
Charitable Lady: "On a horse! But he should have thought of your comfort before that!"

The Season of Otter-hunting.

It will not be so very long before those rivers and brooks close to their estuaries, in certain parts of our islands, will yield the late spring, summer, and autumn sport in connection with hounds. For when the water warms and the grass is getting ready for the scythe, then do the vales and hills resound with the full-tongued voices of otter-hounds—the deep-mouthed notes of the very bloodhound. For the otter-hound is simply a rough-coated bloodhound with more stamina than the long-lineaged hounds of St. Hubert and the Normans. By the way, King John was very found of his otter-hounds which gave him much sport. Otter-hunting is a most health-giving sport, and in these days of motoring, it will be very easy to reach the most out-of-the-way trysting-places, which, during the season, are always notified in the *Field*.

Following a Continental Lead.

There are Badger Clubs in England, the members thereof taking part in occasional hunts or diggings, using their terriers to locate this carnivorous animal of nocturnal habits. The Kent and Sussex Badger Club will hold a meeting at Aldrige's Repository, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., on Friday next. All who are interested in badger-digging and suitable terriers for the work, are invited. The badger is a very hard-bitten beast. No dog of his own weight can kill him. It is thought that the North American badger is a tougher customer than the European one. I have seen the former, in Canada, leap out at a dog and commence the attack. A decent badger weighs 28lb. Badger Clubs have long been quite the vogue in Germany, Belgium, and Holland. In those countries dachshunds are considered the correct dogs. There are public trials or baitings, but such would not be allowed in England.

The Least-Known English Dog.

Probably the least-known British dog is the Truffle dog. It is true he might be anything, but the old breed was of the small poodle kind with a short curly coat. It was best known in Hampshire, Wilts, Dorset, and Kent. For in these chalk-counties will we find at the roots of the beech, the lime, the hazel, the oak, the cedar, and the Scotch fir, the delicious subterranean fungus, for which the Truffle dog hunts. The puppy receives his first lesson at three months. He is taught to retrieve a truffle, and when he does so, he is rewarded with a tit-bit of something he likes. Later the truffle is put in the ground and covered over with a little soil. The dog is urged to search, and when he is successful, he is again made happy. The third and last lesson is when the dog is taken to where truffles are plentiful—where some have been located by an experienced dog and the spots marked by the trainer. Nothing can be too good for the young dog when he successfully accomplishes the task set him. And so he wins again. The man digs up the tuber, and in this way such a dog has been known to support a family of fourteen from September to March. Many years ago the Truffle dogs were, more or less, all of the same family.

FIVE FIVE POUND NOTES

For "Doubles" and "Trebles"—A Competition About Celebrities.

For "Personal Doubles" Competition 364 a £5 note each is awarded to:

C. E. Ogden, c/o Messrs. P. & J. Arnold, Aldersgate Works, Benwell Road, Holloway.	Chas. W. Palmer, 16 High Street, Godalming.	Miss Constance Marsh, 129 Amhurst Road, Hackney.	J. Kendall, 45 Lady Somerset Road, N.W.
Father Time (p. 367)	*Barry Pain* (p. 365)	*Pett Ridge* (p. 365)	*Winston Churchill* (p. 388)
Femininity's Terror.	*Banishes Pessimism.*	*Plebeian's Romancer.*	*Warranted Cayenne.*

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find use for a "fiver" should have a shot at "Doubles" and "Trebles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is an interesting and entertaining competition.

We offer this week **Five Five Pound Notes** to be divided among those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:



Gilbert K. Chesterton.



Mr. Arthur Bouchier.



Sir Rufus Isaacs.

or the name of a person mentioned in the "Peep Show" and "Round the Town" pages in this week's "L. O." (pages 442 to 447); then use the initials of that name as the first letters of two or three words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The Twenty-Five Pounds offered this week will be divided among the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself. Obviously, in such a competition it must happen that, beyond the prize-winners, there will often be others running them very close. These may get into the prize list another week when the same name occurs again and the other entries don't happen to be so good.

Each Double or Treble sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The selections are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your Double or Treble underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 366, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 28th March. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 5th April.

P.O. No. .... Doubles and Trebles 366.

I .... Signature

of .... Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 366, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... From page..........

Double or Treble ....

HIS LITTLE HOUR.

By ERIC BARKER.

THE taxi wheeled out of the Strand, flashed past the "Satiety" and stopped abruptly at the "Walford."

The manner of his exit from the cab suggested a lord of Imperial Rome descending from his chariot at the Circus Maximus. Pedestrians concluded that he was the scion of a noble house. Two or three little shop-girls whispered in the rain. An expression of admiration—of awe almost—was written on their faces.

He handed the fare to the driver with the air of a mediæval baron bestowing largesse on a retainer. Beneath the umbrella of a gold laced janitor he strolled slowly into the palatial hotel, and passed through into the Palm Court.

"The Walford" is always crowded for tea, and it was with difficulty that he threaded his way through the labyrinth of little tables. His advent brought the business of eating partially to a standstill. The buzz of conversation grew less, laughter became more subdued, the clatter of tea-cups was silenced. Everyone was looking at him.

As he sauntered through the *matinée* "crush," the women were obviously fascinated. They whispered of his perfect, clean-cut features, his dark curling hair, and tall, well-shaped figure.

They observed the splendid details of his attire. His lounge coat (a wonder of sartorial architecture); and the slightly peg-topped trousers which spoke eloquently of Saville Row; the silk handkerchief (a poem of loveliness), which peeped from his breast pocket; his tie, which soothed their eyes with its subtle colouring and filled their hearts with yearnings.

If he were conscious of the interest he had awakened he did not betray the fact. Some would have quailed under that broadside of inspection. *He* was sublimely indifferent. A waiter obsequiously piloted him to a table. Lounging in a low chair he let his eyes travel over the fashionable throng. Nonchalantly he opened a gold cigarette case, and lighted a "Diplomat." He sat with one leg thrown carelessly over the other, blowing rings into the air. As the languorous strains of "Valse Ravissante" stole on his ear, he swung his foot, gently keeping time with the music.

The head waiter brought him tea, and a crowd of underlings ministered to his slightest need. They tempted him with dainty sandwiches, wooed him with fragile wafers, and beguiled him with appetising scones. A tray heaped with cunning confections and absurd pastries was brought before him. With his little finger he delicately indicated his choice. With infinite grace he drank his tea. He smiled indulgently at some lovely show ladies from the Satiety who were "making eyes." But the smile was quite impersonal. He did not wittingly encourage them in the least. Little Julie Walters, trying vainly to catch his glance, confided to her friends, Queenie Roper and Eileen Morris, that he was "just too sweet for anything."

Presently he asked for an evening paper. One was handed to him. He turned pale. His hands trembled slightly. He muttered something that sounded like "Also ran."

In a flash all his self-possession had vanished. Gone was the cynical indifference, gone the *distingué* manner, gone the wonderful charm. The metamorphosis was tragic in its suddenness. He rose from his chair with a harassed look, and walked unsteadily into the foyer. He hastily took his hat and stick and dashed out.

A man who was standing by the door sniffed, and drew the attention of a friend to the retreating form. "Did you notice him?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "One of the idle rich, wasn't he?"

"No," said the first speaker, who happened to be Secretary of the General Legitimate Insurance Society; "he's a clerk in our City branch—thirty bob a week."

And outside in the street some itinerant musicians were singing a music-hall melody:

"Playing the game in the West,
Playing the game in the City.
Leading the life that's gay,
Flirting with Maudie and Kittie."

But it had been well done!

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Frock Coats or Morning Coats.

There has been quite a little controversy in some of the papers lately as to whether the frock coat is likely to be more fashionable than the morning coat in London this season. The subject interests many people who are not Londoners, partly because the fashions of London soon become the fashions of what Londoners are pleased to call "the country," and partly because everybody is expected to be in London in June and will therefore want to know what to wear to be correct.

A Compromise.

My own opinion is that both sides are right. I think that both kinds of coats will be worn this season, but if you ask me which will be the more popular of the two I vote for the morning coat. At the same time, some of the smartest men will undoubtedly wear frock coats. The Lord Chamberlain has decreed that that is to be the right coat for civilians at the Coronation ceremony. I have seen it suggested that when the Lord Chamberlain said this he did not really mean it, and that what he really intended was that a man should wear a town coat of some description, and that a morning coat would do equally as well as a frock coat. I disregard that suggestion altogether, because I feel quite certain that when the Lord Chamberlain said frock coat he meant frock coat and no other kind of coat. If he had meant morning coat he would have said so, for the regulations as to dress at Court functions are not decided in any haphazard way, and therefore people are expected to obey them. You cannot get away from the fact, therefore, that frock coats will be worn at the Coronation ceremony, and it is reasonable to suppose that some of the men who wear frock coats then will wear them at other functions in this gay and festive season. Shall I suggest that some men will have frock coats this year in order to give some of their acquaintances the impression that they had them in order that they might be suitably dressed for the Coronation—in other words, that they were among the select company who received invitations?

A Wrong Idea.

Many hard things have been said about the frock coat lately, and I think some of them have come from men who have not appreciated the little alterations likely to be seen in the style of the frock coat this season. It will be what I may call a common-sense coat, without any extravagances of style. For instance, the skirts will not be so full as to give the impression that the wearer of the coat has sported a pair of stays and that he had the skirts of the coat put on in pleats after the rest of the coat was made. (We have had coats of that style) The waist of the coat will be there, but it will not be unduly pronounced. If the coat is made to button it will have three buttons, but, being made with soft lapels, faced with silk, it will be so arranged that either one button or two buttons can be fastened without upsetting the hang of the coat. A better plan with a frock coat that is to be worn in the summer is to have the buttons on the coat but to have the coat made in such a way that it cannot be buttoned; the fronts are held together by means of a link made of two buttons joined together. This link is, of course, detachable. Some of the morning coats are being made to fasten at the waist line with a link in the same way, but in their case there is no button on the front of the coat. The frock coat is being made rather short; it is, in fact, quite a smart coat, eminently suitable for a middle-aged man, whether he is tall or short. It has been suggested that the frock coat suits very few men, but it seems to me that the frock coat can be made to hide little faults in a man's figure which the morning coat does not conceal.

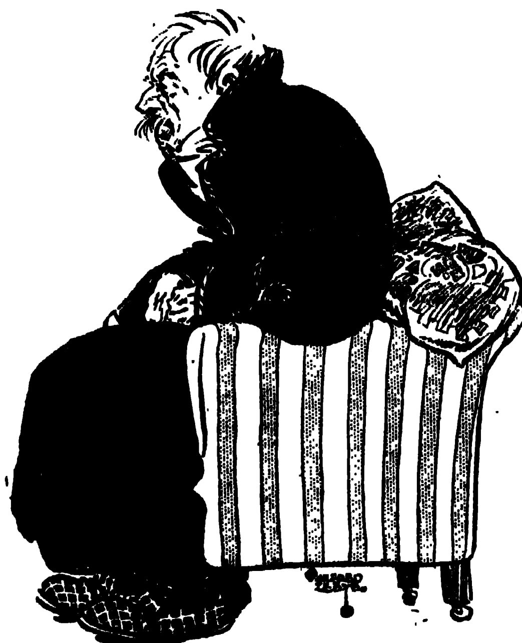
The Popular Coat.

Notwithstanding the above, there can be no doubt, of course, that the average man will stick to the morning coat as a coat for wearing in town generally. It is less cumbersome than the frock coat, and if it is well cut no man can complain that it is not a smart coat. I have seen some men wearing morning coats that were just a trifle too smartly cut for them. The morning coat is very "waisty," the opening at the neck is long and narrow, and the coat is cut away below the waist leaving a good piece of the fancy waistcoat in view. The coat must fit very closely round the chest and shoulders, and character is given to the coat by means of the lapels, which should be bold and of the double-breasted kind, that is to say, with a good "step." A coat of this kind on a man with a good figure wants a lot of beating. Some of the smartest morning coats are being made with very narrow corded edges. They improve the appearance of the coat, at the same time they do not make it look too heavy for the summer—an effect that is sometimes noticeable in a morning coat bound with braid or ribbon.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper. A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post, but he cannot have his question answered by return of post.





The Patient: "All my money cannot give me health, doctor."
The Doctor: "No, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value nevertheless. (To himself): It gives your physician great confidence!"

You can tell at a glance

the man who worries along just brushing his suits, and the careful man—the man who takes pride in a smart appearance and has his suits Achille Serre'd—that is to say, expertly dry-cleaned and tailor-pressed. The former looks smart only when his suit is new, the latter looks smart always. Our charge for a suit is only 3s. 9d., and the time taken never exceeds Four Days.

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Stocks & Shares

By EAGLE.

North Easterns—In the Jungle—Coronation Finance.

Pacific Oils.

At their present price of 12s. 6d., the £1 shares of the Pacific Oilfields are less than half what they stood at a year ago. The fall has been, to some extent, warranted by the plant difficulties experienced by the company in the early part of last year, but in all probability the company made up some of this leeway during the latter portion of the period, and when the report for 1910 appears I believe it will be found that the adverse influences have been over-discounted by the market. The outlook for the current year is good and I believe that the shares are worth buying as a speculation now.

Scottish Rails.

Much improved results are shown by the Scottish railway companies for the past half year, but even so the dividends on the deferred stocks look very mean when placed alongside the distributions of the English lines. The Caledonian Company pays 1¼ per cent. per annum on the Deferred, which makes ⅝ per cent. (actual) for the whole year, and, as the price is now about 27, the yield is under 1½ per cent. The Glasgow and South-Western distributes 2¼ per cent. per annum on its Deferred, which brings the rate for the whole twelve months up to 5 per cent. (actual); the stock stands at about 42, so that the yield in this case is the much better one of 5 per cent. In all the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the interest shown in the securities south of the Tweed is very little.

Aluminium Debentures.

At the present price of round about 94 the Five per Cent. Prior Lien Debentures of the British Aluminium Company afford a yield of £5 5s. per cent. To anyone in search of a security to make up a trust the stock should be attractive. The Debentures which are a first charge on the property of the Company, fixed and floating, are repayable by 1951, but the directors may discharge them before at 5 per cent. premium on giving a half-year's notice. Thanks to the higher price of aluminium the company is earning very good profits and, on the whole, a rise in the quotation is probable.

North-Easterns.

For the first two months of the current year the North-Eastern Railway has enjoyed an increase of £120,000 in gross revenue, and, with the shipbuilding and coal trades in a satisfactory position, revenue should go on expanding for some time to come. For the whole of 1910 North-Eastern Consols received 6 per cent. and an extra 1 per cent. for this year is pretty sure to come in the absence of untoward factors. I think the stock is one of the best bargains in the Home Railway market at the present time.

In Need of Correction.

If, encouraged by the excellent results shown by Swan, Hunter, & Wigham Richardson, the well known Tyneside shipbuilders, for 1910, an investor turns to the official list of the London Stock Exchange and sees that the price of the company's Four and a Quarter per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock is given at 88, he will probably think that he has come across a bargain. When he tries to deal at the price, however, he will, colloquially speaking, wake up, as the real quotation is in the neighbourhood of 95. The curious thing is that the price of 88 has been given in the official list for at least 12 months.

Coronation Finance.

Various small companies are being formed to erect and let stands for the Coronation ceremony, but I would warn readers that these are sheer gambles, and are best left to private enterprise. The railway and catering companies ought to do well in connection with the event, however, if all goes well, and purchases of stocks or shares in such undertakings now might turn out well. Only don't leave it late, or the factor will be fully discounted.

A Prosperous Trust.

The Deferred stock of the Mercantile Investment and General Trust ought to advance appreciably from its existing price, as the company's investments are actually worth £400,000 more than the whole of the Debenture and Share capital. An advance of ten points is quite within the bounds of probability. The company's earnings during the past year rose £30,000, and the dividend on the Deferred stock was raised by ½ per cent. to 5½ per cent. The reserve fund totals a quarter of a million.

"In Chancery."

Over £1,700,000 is lying in Chancery awaiting claimants at the present time, this being in respect of nearly 3,000 separate estates. My reason for mentioning the fact is to warn readers against the blandishments of persons who circularise offering to obtain money out of court. Very often the hopes held out are utterly false and the real object is to secure fees from possible claimants.

The Recording Angel.

No surer guide is there to the chances of a company's success than the knowledge of who is on the board of directors. The presence of some gentlemen on a board is a guarantee of good management, but—well there are others. Mr. Thomas Skinner edits many useful publications, and his "Directory of Directors" is a book which deservedly ranks high in popularity. The latest edition contains a list of over 22,000 gentlemen who are directors of joint stock concerns, and against their names are placed the companies whose fortunes—and misfortunes—they help to control. The volume is published at Gresham House, E.C.

The Rustle in the Jungle.

There are a few signs of a renewed interest in the shares of West African Mining Companies, but whether the present little movement will develop into a good old fashioned roar or not is hard to say. Prophesying in connection with the Jungle market is a thankless task, but I have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that those who buy good shares at present levels and have the patience to bide their time must make profits. The Consolidated Gold Fields Company and other big interests have large holdings in the mines and—well, they don't usually do these things for their health. Gold Coast Amalgamated, Prester Block A's and Abbontiakoons look to me to be good lock ups.

Insurance for the Million.

A wonderful showing is made by the valuation report of the Prudential Assurance Company for 1910. In the ordinary branch the number of life policies in force is 903,896, assuring, with bonuses, the huge total of £99,726,500, and producing a premium income of £4,789,686. The Life Assurance fund amounts to £41,725,962, the reserve for policies £38,703,109, and the reserve for annuities £1,271,739. The net liability is therefore £39,974,848, and the surplus, including the sum brought forward is £1,751,114. In the industrial branch there are 18,820,427 policies assuring £190,837,433, and the annual premiums are £7,712,016. In addition to other benefits a bonus varying from 5 to 15 per cent. was paid during the year in connection with claims, the amount so paid having been £222,506.

Wesleyan and General Assurance.

A successful year's work is disclosed by the report of the Wesleyan and General Assurance Society for 1910, the total number of members and policy holders having increased by 46,583 to 1,351,087 in the twelve months. The Society has now paid no less than £5,798,540 in claims since it commenced operations and the accumulated funds total £1,059,840. The annual valuation shows a healthy state of affairs.

Merits of Atchison Common.

Whilst I cannot adopt the strong optimism regarding American Rails which is indulged in in many quarters, I hear there are sound and substantial reasons for buying Atchison Common. Those who have followed the American

market in its ups and downs during the past year or so will no doubt have been struck with the remarkably small fluctuations which have occurred in this stock. This may be accounted for by the steady accumulation of the stock which has been going on by those who know the enormous amount which has been spent out of earnings in betterments. The line, as a matter of fact, has been double tracked, and this work is nearly complete. It will in future be a big competitor with the Union line, as it will be able to carry passengers on a much more rapid basis.

The management of the Atchison has been conducted on conservative lines, very different from the heavy financing policy pursued by most of the American railways, and the shareholders are now on the fringe of receiving the benefit. Those who fancy the American market will, I think, find more profit and safety in this stock than any other.

The Omnibus Rise.

A good many financial writers seem disposed to look upon the recent rapid rise in London General Omnibus stock as something in the nature of a rig. They seem to overlook the enormous drop which previously occurred, and, further, the strong position which has recently been obtained through the amalgamations which have given the company the virtual control of the London traffic.

Whilst I do not wish to join those who are talking the stock to over 200, I am strongly of opinion that the present year will see the company make great strides, and that it will be in a position to take full advantage of the enormous Coronation traffic, and, if found advisable, to raise the fares temporarily to benefit with others out of this rare occurrence. Anyway, shrewd judges are giving fifteen points for the call over the Coronation, and we regard it, in the circumstances, as a good chance for a big profit.

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*R. H.*" North Sheba and Geldenhuis Main Reef are extinct. African Gold Recovery still exists. The secretary is L. J. Langmead, 3 London Wall Buildings, E.C. I think the shares are about 6d. to 1s. If you write to the *Standard*, Fleet Street, E.C., and send a couple of stamps, they will send you an edition of their paper, which gives a large number of advertisements of houses and farms. "*Sussex.*"—I think now that Waihi shares have depreciated so severely, it would be the wisest policy to hold. All the bad news has been discounted, and any good news would cause a recovery. I think United Lankat Plantations quite a good holding, and think you may keep them without anxiety "*A. E. H., Edinburgh.*"—The shares are of no value, and unsaleable, but the company still exists. I am afraid, however, that there is little hope of it ever doing any good. I thank you for your kind remarks. "*Mal. Pref.*"—Malacca Company is under good management, and should show good results for the present year, and the best judges have confidence in the future of the company. Any immediate movement in the price depends on the general tendency of the Rubber market. Personally, my opinion is that prices will be manipulated higher temporarily. If the price rises to above what you gave, I should be inclined to sell, and look elsewhere for an investment. "*S.*"—Do not put any more money into the concern. It is better to cut your loss now. "*J. W.*"—I do not think you could do better than put your money into Great Eastern Ordinary Stock, which would yield you £4 5s. per cent., and will probably pay more this year, and increase in value. "*Parcel Post.*" The Kebwezi is an East African Rubber Company, and should turn out satisfactorily in the long run But I do not advise a purchase, as the shares are not likely to rise much in the near future. "*Burton.*" Maypole Dairy Cum. Pref. would yield £5 16s. 9d.; the Deferred would yield £10 10s. 6d. There are only Preference shares issued in Lever Brothers. The 1st Pref. would yield £4 10s., the "A" Pref. £4 18s. 9d., the "B" Pref. £5 5s. 3d. All these issues are safe. The Maypole Deferred are, of course, risky I should not advise Van den Berghs, and Hudson Bays only yield £3 14s. 3d. I think a good investment at the moment is Great Easterns. It yields 4½ per cent., and will pay more this year, and is almost certain to appreciate in price. "*Pipe*"—I do not think you need be at all alarmed about Anglo Java Rubber position. They are a very fair holding. I think the Rubber market generally looks like going better. "*Mainbar*"—Malang Rubber have fair prospects, but the other share is rubbish. Do not do any business with the firm mentioned. If you do not know a member of the Stock Exchange, I shall be pleased to give you an introduction. "*Brook Street.*"—I am not in favour of limited companies dealing with London properties. Property is seldom well managed unless it has personal supervision. Further, there is a very limited market in the shares. Should prefer the Preference shares of the Charing Cross and City Electric Light Company; they would yield £5 per cent., and are well secured, as 8 per cent. is paid on the Ordinary. The consumption of electricity is greatly on the increase, and this is a progressive investment.

(Other replies next week.)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

THE "flours that bloom in the spring, tra la" must now apparently be of the standard variety.—*Starchlight.*



THE HONEYMOON.

(Scene: Swell Hotel.)

Wife (as the sugar is passed): "Use the tongs, William."

Bill (from Wayback): "'Tain't 'ot, is it?"

—"Sydney Bulletin."

Just when a fellow begins to think the business couldn't possibly go on without him, he gets fired.—*Puck,* New York.

• • •

Of all sad thoughts of bacholor men,
The saddest are these, "Sho might have been."
—*Judge,* New York.

• • •

Exhibition buildings will be commenced on the island site in Aldwych towards the end of June. Thus one by one our cherished antiquities disappear.—*Globe.*

• • •

The motor-car goes whizzing by,
The aeroplane floats through the sky;
But the man who walks, his cares are few—
He gets where he is going to.
—*Washington Star.*

• • •

Perhaps it is our blind conceit of success that makes us think we can dispense with free competition in economics and with the Ten Commandments in politics.—*New York Evening Post.*

• • •

Bertram Mackennal, the Australian who modelled the portrait of King George now trickling into circulation, will not be able to complain of public lack of appreciation of his work. Everyone wants as many replicas as he or she can collect.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

• • •

The following question was addressed to "Chatelaine":

Brick.—Can anyone tell me what to do with a cake that, put aside and forgotten, is now as hard as a brick?

A correspondent signing himself "Who Frew Dat Brick?" replies; "Sell it as Standard bread."—*Star.*

• • •

But why are English crowds so set against the harem skirt? If only each member of these crowds could be locked into a room and made to put down on paper his precise motive in abandoning his legitimate occupation to hoot a lady about the streets! Was it curiosity? Was it caddishness? Was it indignation? Or was it simply the common detestation of the unfamiliar?—*Observer.*

The busiest thing in the world is idle curiosity.—*The Smart Set.*

• • •

Standard bread is a bran new feature of our everyday life.—*The Comet.*

• • •

Liberty is a far more complicated problem to deal with than tyranny.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

• • •

To run an Irish election without a band is an up-hill and depressing business.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

• • •

People can fall in love without any capital, and only two are required to form a quorum.—*Black and White.*

• • •

The harem skirt is nothing new, but it will be adopted if only women think it is. Fashion, like history, is ever repeating itself.—*Art et la Mode.*

• • •

Milady, with the harem skirt
Dame Fashion now allows her,
Has no more need to fear the dirt
Than if she wore a trouser.
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

• • •

People are willing to pay high prices for useless articles of luxury, but are satisfied with poor and cheap goods when it comes to objects of daily use and necessity.—*Munchner Nachrichten.*

• • •

When you are eating in the Dining Car
Try not to use the Knife. A sudden jar
May cause the Knife to slip and cut your Mouth,
No matter how experienced you are.
—*Chicago Tribune.*



"Mrs. Stoppel seems to 'ave got over the death of 'er first husband."

"Yes, but 'er second old man can't get over it!"

"Meggendorfer Blätter."

A STUDY IN SPELLING.

WHEN I engage a servant it is always my desire
To pay a decent wage—for one is "worthy of his hire."
It matters not to me at all if he's a perfect "flyer,"
His labours, not his morals, make him worthy of his hyer.
I pay him for his work. If he should care to join the choir
On Sundays, let him! In the week he's worthy of his hoir.
Or else, perhaps, in orchestras (when "off") he'll play the lyre.
And make a little extra (if he's worthy of his hyre).
This point of view, it's sad to say, is not shared by Maria,
Who says she's never met a girl yet worthy of her hia.
She "sacked" the nurse the other week, engaged an Indian ayah,
Hoping that (being foreign) she'd prove worthy of her hayah.
She proved a dismal failure, proved a thief and proved a liar;
She proved, indeed, that she was quite unworthy of her hiar.

* * * * *

And this is why the Editor has proved himself a buyer:
A poet, he must recognise, *is worthy of his buyer!*

THE LITERAL TRUTH.

"OH, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archæologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

• • •

VETO PEERS COMPETITION.

Do You Possess Sagacity and Foresight?

WE offer up to £500, at the rate of £1 per name which proves to be correct, for predictions of those who will be created Peers for the purpose of providing a majority in the House of Lords for passing the Parliament Bill (to limit the Veto of that House).

To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided; and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once, that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this special creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill, and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost, have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics. Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections—there is *no* entrance fee—and put in for your share of the £500.



Mark Envelopes **Peerage,** *and post immediately to 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.*

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of ....

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....

....

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London Opinion, 1st April, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
1st APRIL, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 367.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

NEW SERIES OF DETECTIVE STORIES. See page 20.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 35.

THE BEST COMPETITION. See page 22.



THE HEARTLESS GIRL (TO CUPID): "APRIL FOOL!"



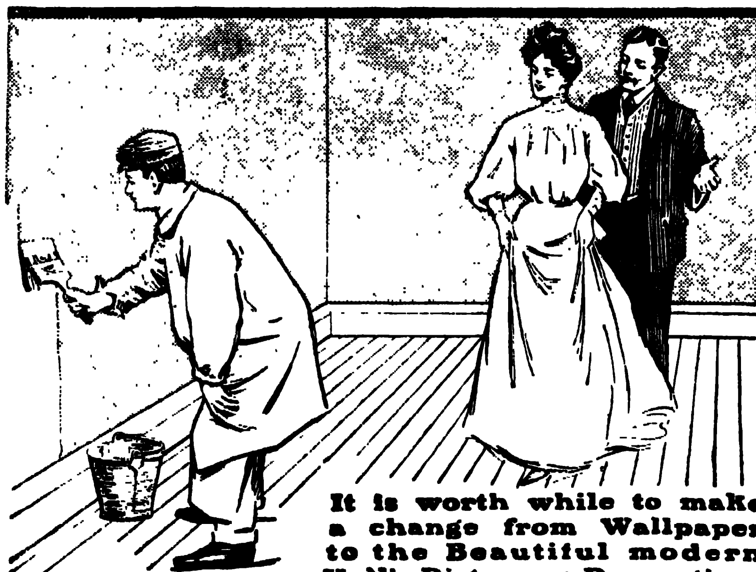
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No. 387. Vol. XXIX. 1st APRIL, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

NATURE Note for 1st April: jays are caught in great numbers on this date.

• • •

A new sash for army officers is announced. Perhaps now they will be more satisfied with their inadequate pay.

• • •

According to Mr. Lansbury, M.P., the House is "the most delightful club in the world." And yet they're going to be paid to join it.

• • •

78,000 halfpenny stamps were recently bought in one bunch by a City firm. This stamp-collecting craze is getting a great hold on the nation.

• • •

A man has been charged with stealing "old masters" from a peer's mansion. It is a day of fakes, and—who knows?—he may have meant it kindly.

• • •

The American telephone companies are seeking for a suitable word to describe the sending of a telephone message. We know one—but they couldn't use it.

• • •

Intending visitors to Scotland are advised to go in May or June "if they wish to avoid the wet season." The warning, of course, applies to nothing stronger than rain.

• • •

An interesting feature of a recently published official return is the remarkable increase in the number of women inventors. Bless her heart, she has a natural aptitude for invention.

• • •

Street musicians are to appear in large numbers in a concert hall shortly, to give a concert, in the interests of charity. Charity to the distracted suburban householder certainly. They will enjoy a rare day of rest.

• • •

"Do Americans spoil their wives?" asks a contemporary. Well, if we are to judge by some of those ladies who come over here while "doing Yurrup," some one must have spoilt them. They couldn't grow like that naturally.

• • •

A theatrical manager estimates that women comprise 65 per cent. of the average theatre audience. He might have added that the charms of the ladies on the other side of the footlights usually accounts for the presence of the remaining 35 per cent.

• • •

Out of respect for a great engineer, the subway trains of New York all stopped for two minutes during his funeral. If this sort of thing accounts for the stoppages on some of our suburban lines, the mortality amongst engineers must be frightful.

Although English and French time have now been equalised, Paris is still thought to be a little fast.

• • •

Some in the crowds who went to see "The Mill" regarded it as a saw mill. So it is, for those who saw £95,000 in it.

• • •

Something "fresh" in connection with the Boat-race—the string of joyous youths thrown out of the Empire on the evening of the race.

• • •

Fountains will be one of the special features of the Festival of Empire. We hope this will be the only cold water thrown on the scheme.

• • •

A weather-poet writes "Spring is here for I can feel it." So can we, especially when it drips off the umbrella and tricles icily down our back.

• • •

The country is suffering from a plague of pigeons. Detectives believe that during the coming Coronation celebrations London will be plagued with "rooks."

• • •

A printers' strike caused the Chicago papers, which are usually about forty sheets, to come out with four pages only. They were all great improvements.

• • •

The Crystal Palace, during the Coronation celebrations, is to be sheltered under a waterproof awning. Why didn't it put up its umbrella when the reign began?

• • •

"Life in the Loaf" is the title of a pamphlet telling the story of "Standard" bread in language suitable for our mites. With life in the cheese they are already familiar.

• • •

A man who has been thirteen times in an asylum, and on each occasion was discharged as "recovered," has had five children. Not even Standard bread can save a race from every peril.

• • •

A French doctor proposed to brand criminals by injecting paraffin under the skin so as to form a hump. Our Mr. Churchill, on the contrary, with his prison concerts, seeks to rid them of it.

• • •

The Suffragettes' resistance of the Census is, although the line of reasoning is obscure, intended to keep forward the Woman's Franchise movement, and not to enable the ladies concerned to avoid recording their age.

• • •

How strangely sunshine and shadow chequer the lot of the small boy! One day lately a hygienist declared washing to be bad for the skin; the next day an equally prominent medico condemned chocolate and butterballs as bad for the teeth.

A PLEA FOR VAMPIRES.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE other night I saw the Vampire vampiring in *A Fool There Was*. I looked round the theatre and sought in vain for a seeing eye or a hearing ear, or a beating heart. I gazed on the sky-scraping foreheads of London's brainiest playgoers. But in all those polished edifices I failed to detect one wrinkle of intelligence. Not one of those mighty intellects suspected that Mr. Porter Emerson Browne is a great satirist. The scarlet screams of Katharine Kaelred did not pierce those ligneous skulls. Her long white fingers did not squeeze one tear of pity out of those withered eyeballs. They wept over Margaret Halstan's lilies and languors, but not over the Vampire's raptures and roses. I alone sat sobbing and sorrowing for the Vampire. I alone filled my opera hat with scalding tears of compassion for the Scarlet Woman.

• • •

THE Vampire deserves our sympathy. She is a conscientious Vampire, and I think she vampires beautifully. It is not her fault that her admirers blow out their brains or take to drink. But everybody blames her for everything. The Vampire is really a satirical caricature of masculine hypocrisy. When a man makes a fool of himself, it is the poor Vampire who gets all the abuse. It strikes me that it is nearly time for somebody to say a word for the Vampires. They have been treated unjustly ever since Adam told tales about Eve in the Garden of Eden. There is no doubt that vampiring is a dreadful trade, but there is an enormous demand for vampires. Men dote on them. They are an institution. If men like to be vampired, why blame the vampire? Why not blame the men? But when a lovely and lonely vampire is forced to wade about in blood nobody is sorry for her on either side of the footlights. Everybody moans and groans over her "victims," even when they are sodden with drink. No one dreams of pitying the poor vampire who is doomed to pass her life in the society of dipsomaniacs and self-murderers.

• • •

THE Vampire is shockingly treated in drama, in fiction, and in poetry. The moment she appears the air is thick with bricks. Take Cleopatra, one of the leading Vampires in history. Mark Antony gets all the sympathy, Cleopatra all the execration. The man is a noble hero enslaved by a siren. The woman is only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." It has taken us thousands of years to realise that there is something to be said for the Vampire, and something to be said against her prey. The Vampire is supposed to be born a Vampire. We pretend that she is a Vampire from her cradle. But even a Vampire has to serve her apprenticeship. She has to be taught the gentle art of vampiring. Who teaches her?

• • •

WE do not know much about the natural history of the Vampire. We never see the tiny Vampires that are learning to toddle. We never see the tired old Vampires that are gaunt and grey. We see only the theatrical Vampire, the Vampire that wears red roses and crimson plumes, that laughs long and low, that undulates and glides, that smokes cigarettes, that wears shoulder-straps, that is quite heartless, and wholly inhuman. Katharine Kaelred is that kind of Vampire. But she is a stage Vampire, and she is there to show that there is nothing like her in real life. Yet she has her counterpart in our illusions. The man is the everlasting fool and the woman is the everlasting Vampire. That is our boyish way of looking at things. Being an incurable boy, it is also Mr. Kipling's way. It does not occur to him or to us that the song could be re-written thus:

> A fool there was and she made her prayer—
> Even as you or I—
> To a beast in his den or a brute in his lair.
> We called him the clod who didn't care,
> But the fool, she called him her hero fair,
> Even as you or I.

The tables are turned, you see. The Vampire is a man and the fool is a woman. But, you may say, there are no male Vampires. Vampires are always women, just as angels are always men. But why are vampires always women? Why does Katharine Kaelred play the Vampire and not the Victim? Why doesn't Mr. Frank Cooper play the Vampire? Well, the explanation is very simple. Art has been dominated by the male point of view ever since the first saga was sung or the first epic was recited or the first statue was chiselled or the first painting was painted. We all take our theory of life from art. As a rule, we take it from novels. Although women write novels, they still write from the male point of view. They have hardly begun to fight their way towards a readjustment of values.

• • •

IT is not easy to jump out of the past. We have got to scrap all our fictions and all our poetry and all our plays. We have got to create a new art in which facts will not be distorted. And one of the things we must do is to destroy the Vampire theory of woman and the Victim theory of man. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, in her clever novel, "Jane Oglander," surrenders to the Vampire theory. Her hero, General Lingard, is the old-fashioned lamb led to the slaughter by the blood-sucking Vampire, Lady Maule. Mrs. Lowndes does not let us see the Vampire side of Lingard, but we know it is there. There is a Vampire in every man and a Victim in every woman. Man is not a tame rabbit who is gobbled up by a boa constrictress. He does his full share of the gobbling. And when his turn for being gobbled comes he has only himself to blame. When I meet a hero in a play or in a novel I feel inclined to scratch him, for if you scratch a hero you find a villain. Conversely, if you scratch a villain you find a hero. Also, if you scratch a Vampire you find a Victim, for Vampires are avenging Victims.

• • •

WHEN I saw the Victim strangling the Vampire in the last act I applauded the stroke of satire, for here was Adam at his old trick of blaming Eve for his own folly. But Eve is taking Adam's measure. She is firmly riveting his sins on his soul. When he lectures Lady Selborne on the male code of truth, she laughs a silvery laugh and points a delicate finger at baldheaded pundits and pompous mandarins lolling on front benches. She quotes Taper against Tadpole and Tadpole against Taper. And when the indignant male babbles about Vampires, she hints that when woman turns Vampire she gets the worst of the deal in nine cases out of ten. Even Cleopatra paid as dearly as Antony, and very few Vampires are queens with golden barges and silver oars. In the war of sex the feminine Vampire is usually vanquished and the male blighter is seldom blighted. *A Fool There Was* ought to be called *The Blighter Blit*.

THE MILCH COW.



[The Osborne judgment, preventing the remuneration of Labour M.P.'s by trade unions, has led, inevitably, to payment of Members all round, provision for which is expected in the forthcoming Budget.—*Daily Paper.*]

The Cow: "What-more milk! Isn't there *ever* going to be a limit?"

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

THERE never was a finer school for manners than the Army.—*F. D. Bone.*

Intuition is what woman uses instead of brains.—*Porter Emerson Browne (in "A Fool There Was").*

What does it matter whether Dickens' clerks talked Cockney now that half the Duchesses talk American?—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Personally, I can see no objection to the "harem" skirt. It is more cleanly than many of the fashions for women's dresses in the past.—*Mr. Cluer.*

There is nothing like getting one's name in the Press. This is an age in which it would be rather better to become prominent in connection with the Clapham murder than to remain obscure in a monastery.—*Dr. Forbes Ross.*

There is a good deal of laughter in London, but there ought to be a great deal more.—*Pett Ridge.*

No man can understand the cold, abject terror with which an unmarried woman realises that she is no longer young.—*Mabel Urner.*

The English weather is one of the causes of England's greatness. It sends us abroad to steal the countries with good climates.—*Morley Roberts.*

Man has an innate and glorious capacity for loafing, a delight in looking on while others toil, which is unknown to woman.—*Ella Hepworth Dixon.*

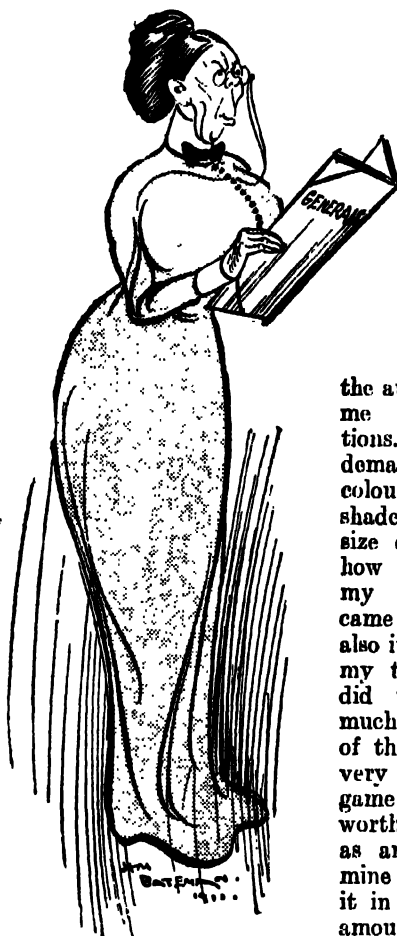
Courage, like panic, is infectious.—*Walter Killick.*

A penny saved is a penny earned, but it is frequently at the expense of a dollar's worth of time.—*J. Henry.*

Women find less difficulty in defending their virtue against men than their reputation against women.—*Eva Tanguay.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.


IN THE TRADE.
No. 22.—The Registry Office.

The Census.

LADIES must make up their minds what their age is to be. The census is upon us. I am asking a half-day off from work to fill my paper up. What I complain of is the omission of the authorities to ask me sufficient questions. Why don't they demand to know the colour of my hair, the shade of my eyes, the size of my feet, and how long it is since my first grey hair came? They might also inquire how I got my trousers on, and did they hurt me much. The utility of the census is not very apparent. The game can hardly be worth the candle, or, as an old friend of mine once expressed it in an article, "The amount of game bagged is not equivalent to the candle consumed." An army of enumerators, checkers, and collectors is engaged and will have to be paid for, and despite the expense, doubtless the conscientious objector will crop up as usual and refuse to violate his principles. I can quite appreciate and sympathise with his feelings. As to trousers, have you noticed a discussion in some of the papers about a song called "Not in these trousers!"? Why make a fuss? The idea is not brilliantly original. Well do I—and thousands of your readers—recall the ditty of the "lion comique":

Not in, not in these boots;
Not in, not in these boots.
Some other day perhaps I may,
But certainly not in these boots!

Boots and trousers have a common drawback. One can look shabby enough in a bad pair of either.

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The World's Peace.

GOOD news comes upon the wings of the Coronation year. The proposal of Mr. Taft for a Court of Arbitration to decide questions involving the material interests and the honour of nations is a splendid move towards the world's peace. The suggesters and provokers of discord—and there are many in this as in every other country—will be furious at the chorus of favour greeting the proposal. Is it possible that at the close of the twentieth century "grim-visaged" war will have become a shuddering horror of the past? Hitherto it has been supported by large and extensive class interests, and by a crowd of militant agitators hungering to rope the masses into the meshes of an autocratic and tyrannical "discipline." The Labour organisations have, to use a vulgarism, "kyboshed" that. King George takes his Crown under a smiling sky. No gold, tinsel, or woven robe could form such a precious Coronation gift as the promise of universal peace.

Saponaceous.

AN elderly lady of my acquaintance was wont to observe, "People must be a great deal dirtier nowadays than when I was a girl." This reflection was borne in upon her through the modern mania for taking baths. A certain species of lunatic fills up his spare time with this recreation. He might seek to improve his mental barrenness by studying "The History of Alley-Tors," or a rollicking treatise on "The Natural Resistance of Iron Bolts," or "How to Make Money on the Turf—as a Gentleman, by a Gentleman." Instead of which he rushes home to his flat at every opportunity, plunges into a hot bath, and then goes out and brags about the number of times he has done it. If men and women were meant to live in water and to be constantly wetting their skin, they would have been provided with fins. Of course, it is heresy for a layman to say this, because there are thousands of indignant individuals ready to exclaim, "Oh, what a dirty person!" A distinguished medical scientist like Sir Almroth Wright is a different proposition, and his common-sense talk about the perils of washing deserves earnest attention.

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Overdoing It.

SOME people are washing mad. I have known landladies with such a fondness for scrubbing floors that the tenants declined to stand any more of it. As to the other process, it is obvious that the skin is not given a natural chance with the everlasting tinkering at its pores, the drastic Turkish treatment, and kindred violent attentions. The skin wants to revel in its oil and not be reduced to a condition of abnormal and cold-catching sensitiveness by perpetual meddling. I am glad a gentleman of repute and learning has told the truth in a plain way. He need not fear the laborious chaff of halfpenny papers. Having no humour in themselves, they are ever solicitous to find it in somebody else.

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To Sir Almroth.

To morning dip I sing my song—
A scrub is my delight,
Yet, when good-tempered, I am wrong,
And, when I am wroth, right.

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In June.

THE Coronation draws nigh. What shall we do with it? The "official" element will have a look in—the public must be satisfied with processions and illuminations. Visitors will come to London and spend their money here. What shall we show them? Will the Coronation be a cold formality, or will the English people let themselves go a bit? Mr. Rutland Barrington favours the latter programme, and offers the excellent

suggestion that Trafalgar Square—the hunting ground of mob orators—should be yielded up for a vast café chantant, the proceeds to be devoted to a benevolent end which the King himself may nominate. I can picture a number of killjoys drawing long faces, but the notion is good. London, for a big city, is a very dull place. And, as it is a poor heart that never rejoices, surely a Coronation is a suitable excuse for letting go the painter—and the music-hall artist (or is it "artiste"?) likewise?

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A Coronation Ode.

IN glory blows the dust of June,
The Town an aching roar is,
Subdued—*pro tem.*—the noisy tune
Of clamouring Rads and Tories;
The crowd is there, with "Wot cher, Sam?"
And "Now we shan't be long!" too,
And myriad swarms the old Square cram,
To cheer the dance—and song, too.

O hear the voices as they rise
To greet the giddy pro's art,
The "serio"—on her no flies—
And japes of Tich and Mozart,
The titled lady, scant of skirt,
In chaste and classic poses,
The "comic" cacklers, much alert,
With red and ruddled noses.

What rushing waiters, anxious, hot,
With "Gents, please, give yer hawders!"
The acrobat in tortuous knot,
The would-be Harry Lauders,
And, while, as an especial treat,
We "Coming thro' the rye" get,
There lifts, in a crescendo sweet,
"'Igher up, there! Nag's 'Ead! 'Ighget!"

Al fresco humour—cut in chunks—
The dance on toe fantastic,
Mayhap the great Victoria Monks,
In ditty un-monastic;
Or lady with the walk of cake,
Without reserve or qualm—her
Crude steps will ne'er the biscuit take,
No Huntley e'en could palm her.

Soft shines the sky, the moon comes out,
The evening dim and dusk is—
A mighty cry, a gathering shout,
What ho! the brave Poluskis!
Then flurried girls, in nervous fuss,
For space and fond home yearning,
Find, to their cost, they choose a 'bus
Which taketh the wrong turning.

The cause invites—pray, book your seats—
Avaunt the playhouse—hang Tree!
Give us a sketch—the mad pulse beats
In hopes of Lily Langtry;
Forget your woes, your work, your crafts,
You are both blind and deaf, or
You soon would feel the west wind's wafts
Are just as soft as zephyr.

O will one Monarch help that day
'Ere London troopeth bedwards?
Can Ray and May each deign to play
At friendly nod of Edwardes?
Napoleon, wave thy ruling hand,
Inform us what thy will is—
Transform the Strand to Fairyland,
And Dare to lend us Phyllis.

And Teddy Payne, thy sylph-like frame,
On "bike" refrain to ballast,
Thou stage conspirator! Thy game
Would flout the pen of Sallust;
The sparks of light from thy bright "phiz"
Are struck by no morose smith—
Thy pal, too, no delusion is,
Although he's called a Gross myth.

Long live the latest of our Kings!
And hail the Court of Momus!
In summer, Shakespeare ruin brings,
And "bankruptcy" spells *Comus*;
So in old London's fiercest press
May this glad, novel show be,
To make George, in his Regal dress,
A Coronation Robey!

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From Austria.

SOME of the Austrian critics have complained that Bernard Shaw's *Misalliance* has too much talk and too little plot. The same objection is applicable to the lives of nearly all of us. We cackle a great deal in going through life, but the romance of an average existence is in the same proportion as that of the currant in the penny bun. How few do things which will be remembered by posterity—how little plot mingles in the daily round, the common task? Fancy a haberdasher's assistant with his everlasting "This is the style much worn this season," or the draper's young man, blandly accommodating his statements to suit the ever-shifting moods of the brainless young woman who cannot for two minutes together resolve whether she wants a true blue, a navy blue, or a Royal blue. Fancy a shopkeeper selling cigars or bundles of firewood all day. There isn't much plot about that. I like Bernard Shaw for his originality and his daring, for his splendid disregard of the conventional, for his glorious contempt of the screaming newspaper gang, who merit his contempt. I should say he was a "good sort," taking nothing too seriously, not even himself.

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Rare Humbugs.

THAT benefactor of mankind, Mr. Maskelyne, is just now favouring the rising generation with an exposure of the humbug which rather fogged some of our fathers and grandfathers. Many will remember the tricks of the Davenport Brothers—tricks attributed to spiritualistic agency, but ruthlessly "bust" by our Prince of Magicians as garden—if not common—conjuring. Ira Erastus and William Henry Davenport were two impostors, born at Buffalo, and they came to England in 1864 to "do it" on the British dog. Their first seance was given, privately, at the residence of Mr. Dion Boucicault, the dramatist, before twenty-five people, among them being the late Charles Reade, the novelist, Dr. Robert Chambers, Viscount Bury, the late Lord Glenesk, and several physicians. The *Morning Post* writer opined "it is possible that some new physical force can be engendered at will to account for what appears on the face of it absolutely unaccountable." Perhaps—and perhaps not. Most of the other papers were "not taking any." The stormy provincial adventures of the Davenports, and their scuttle from these shores, form amusing reading. They were plentifully "exposed" at the time. But Maskelyne was ever their chief enemy. In his useful life he has cured hundreds of superstitious fools and saved hundreds more from falling victims to superstition. More power to him!

ROUND THE TOWN.

The Chief Magistrate Retiring: Uninvited Guests at Social Functions: a Violinist's Invention: Charlie Slater's Bull-Terrier.

THAT King George will become as keen a patron of the Turf as was his father seems certain, for in addition to the Derby, and, of course, Ascot and various Newmarket meetings, arrangements have been made for Their Majesties to be present at a special race meeting to be held at Leopardstown during their visit to Dublin in July. I hear it is extremely likely, too, that the Royal livery will be carried in Ireland this year.

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THE aged Chief Magistrate of London, Sir Albert de Rutzen, now in his eightieth year, is about to retire, after thirty-five years as a Metropolitan stipendiary. Mr. Curtis Bennett is his second in command at Bow Street, but it is thought likely that the vacant post may go to Mr. Plowden.

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AN experiment with cotton-growing is being tried by the Duke of Westminster in North West Rhodesia, where he owns 10,000 acres.

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THE gossips are busy guessing what post in the Ministry is going to be given to Mr. Chiozza Money. He is regarded as being quite ripe for office. He was rather upset when a wicked cynic called him Mr. McKenna's "bonnet." But his defence of the much-abused First Lord has certainly established a claim on Ministerial gratitude. The man who proved that Dreadnoughts are cheap is too useful to languish on the back benches. But the wags maintain that the love of Money is the root of all evil.

THE statement which has been published in another paper that Mr. Claude Lowther, M.P., intends to present Hurstmonceux Castle to the nation was made, Mr. Lowther tells me, without any authority. In restoring the Castle, Mr. Lowther is taking the utmost trouble to preserve its antiquity, and is using only old brick.

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I HEAR that Mr. Max Beerbohm is about to pay a visit to London. He has been residing in Italy since his marriage, and his friends began to fear that he would never brighten a London dinner table again. But the Coronation season would scarcely be complete without the sprightly "Max." I hope he is bringing with him a new sheaf of caricatures for the Carfax Gallery.

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BACK in London from their honeymoon, Lord George Cholmondeley and his bride (ex-Mrs. Stirling) have been putting in some time at the Welcome Skating Rink, Earl's Court. Both are keen rinkers; in fact, it was at a rink that their courtship was developed.

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IT is thought that the Government will not follow Mr. Redmond's suggestion that Ireland should be exempted from the payment of members scheme. The reason given by the Party's resolution—that the members, being in the English Parliament against their will, preferred to depend on the voluntary contributions of their own race—breathed a lofty sentiment. But the real reason is that the leaders of the Party fear that the general payment of members from the public funds



COLD COMFORT.

Hostess: "I don't think she's a nice woman at all. She's said some horrid things about me."
Caller: "Never mind. She only repeats what she hears others say!"



A DARING WORM.

Possible Lady Bountiful: "But I can't see why you are shivering a mild day like this. My little boy wouldn't wear his coat."

Cadger: "W'll, lidy, praps the young swell's got more vittles in 'is innerds than me."

Possible Lady Bountiful: "If you're going to be coarse and offensive, I shall not give you the ha'penny as I intended!"

would weaken or destroy the discipline of a splendidly organised and disciplined political machine.

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"YOUR remarks about big shoots with their driven birds," writes a correspondent, "are aptly designated wholesale poultering rather than sport, and remind me of a certain magnate's order to his butler: 'Serve the champagne in earthenware mugs, Jenkins; my guests at these shoots like to rough it a bit.'"

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I RECENTLY commented upon the measures to which London hostesses have been driven to check the incursion of uninvited guests to their parties. But I did not imagine that things had gone so far as alleged in the following communication, which I quote more for its vein of playful exaggeration than by way of adopting it as altogether veracious:

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"AT a big crush, the hostess rarely knows more than a quarter of her guests by sight. Some she has sent cards because she or her husband owes them money; others are bidden in the hope that they may ultimately become creditors. Stockbrokers and their families are asked, with an eye to useful tips. All these, and hundreds of others who troop into the ballroom, are accorded a smile of bogus welcome and passed on to an excellent supper and much sound champagne.

"FOR years past it has been the custom of hungry and impecunious young men to patronise any big ball that was going. Later, growing bolder, they started taking their young women along for company. The limit is said to have been reached when half-a-dozen young roysterers came on from a Covent Garden ball, with the ladies they had met there, to Lady Somebody's hop, and danced a vinous measure, to the horror of the guests. Now each guest at a big London party has to supply proof of identity. It is likely that a butler who is quick at reading finger-prints will yet command a high figure in the halls of the nobility."

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A FEW days ago I was in Bronislaw Huberman's rooms, chatting over his forthcoming concerts at the Queen's Hall, when he dropped the case containing his priceless Strad. To my amazement the wooden box not only fell without a sound, but bounced about the floor like a ball. "Ha!" exclaimed the wonderful Russian, noticing my surprise, "that's a little invention of mine to avoid all risk of damage to my violin. It's quite simple. Just a light double cover which I blow up with air before I go out. It makes the case very little larger, and renders breakage either by dropping or in the course of travel impossible."

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TO give me further proof, he threw the case about the room, and it bounded noiselessly and with cheerful resilience all over the place. Of course, a man might

blow the cover up too much, and then he'd probably have to shoot it before he could get at the fiddle.

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"THERE'S many a true word spoken by accident," says Mr. F. H. Smith, the artist.

"I dropped in at a picture sale. The auctioneer displayed a daub and said:

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this superb Velasquez, probably the best Velasquez that ever came from the master's hand?'

"There were no bids whatever, so the auctioneer took up another picture.

"'Very well, ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, 'I now offer you a Titian by the same artist.'"

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THE memory of Henry G. Bohn, friend of all students of Latin and Greek, through his excellent translations, was celebrated recently at a banquet in a parody on "Home, Sweet Home," as follows:

"Through Wergil and Kikero tho' we may groan,
Tho' it's binding be humble we put faith in Bohn.
Bohn! Bohn! Sweet, sweet Bohn!"

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FRANK HARTIGAN'S horses are very forward in condition, and the Weyhill stable will win plenty of races during the early part of the season. In particular, make a note of Prester Jack, who is better now than ever he was in his life. This is a really useful horse over any distance up to a mile.

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THE actor who was so good as the dog in *The Blue Bird*, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, was recently introduced to a man who, discussing the performance somewhat superciliously, professed to be able to bark much more like a dog than the actor could. "Well," replied Mr. Hendrie, "but I had to learn"—with the accent on the personal pronoun.

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MR. C. B. FRY, whose absence from first-class cricket last year was due to the illness of his wife (who is, I am glad to say, now much better), tells me that he hopes to play a lot this season. He has now taken over entire control of *Fry's Magazine*, and as he is still "skipper-in-chief" of the training ship *Mercury*, "C. B." looks like having a busy time during the next few months.

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THERE is appearing at the Shepherd's Bush Empire this week the holder of a record in the musical world, Miss Katie Moss. She is an associate of the Royal Academy of Music, and during the time she was there won eleven medals and five certificates. She was awarded the Rutson Memorial Prize for singing, and before she was seventeen she carried off the Hine Gift for composition. She also won the Dove Prize for general excellence.

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A THROGMORTON - STREET conversation: "What! Ten years in an office and you've never once been promoted. What kind of a man do you work for?"

"A promoter."

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EVERY week I get anxious appeals to decide bridge disputes, from all over the country. I trust these will become fewer now that an excellent shilling book



"Edward! Do you know the time?"
"I really couldn't help it, my dear. You see, when Jones——"
"Can't you answer my question?"
"Yes, my dear, but I had to——"
"Idiot! I want to know the time, because the *clock* has *stopped!*"

"Bridge and Bridge Playing," by S. M. Gluckstein (Francis Griffiths, 34 Maiden Lane, W.C.), is out. While this is well adapted for the beginner, it is also meant for those who have made progress, and should save those who study it many a rubber they might otherwise lose.

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CHARLIE SLATER, of the Coliseum, was presented with a very handsome bull-terrier a few days ago. Wishing to do the noble animal justice, he at once purchased a licence, quite a costly thing in the way of dog-collars, and a brand new kennel of palatial dimensions. On his return home half an hour afterwards the dog had disappeared, and of his whereabouts nothing has since been heard.

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THE announcement has been made elsewhere that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who has forgotten more about racing than most people learn in a lifetime, proposes shortly to publish his racing reminiscences. But Mr. Rothschild tells me that he is far too busy, at present, to undertake anything of the kind.

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TECLA of New York and Paris, who started a branch in Bond Street about a year ago, and is moving to larger premises, gave a demonstration a few days ago, showing how reconstructed gems are made. You see a bottle of pink powder, in reality ruby quartz ground to dust. This is dropped very gradually on to a cone in a miniature furnace, and in a quarter of an hour—*voilà*—there is your ruby, which when cut is hard to tell from the natural article, except in price.

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A WELL-KNOWN professional backer, who has forgotten more about racing than many of us ever knew, writes me that Cyllius is the best three-year-old Taylor has in his stable. You may expect to hear a lot about Cyllius nearer Derby Day.

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LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON is one of the most enthusiastic lady patrons of boxing, and has been present at several of the big matches held at Olympia. She was particularly interested in the match between Burns and Bronson last week.

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MR. AND MRS. MAURICE BRETT (Zena Dare) have taken a house in Thurloe Place, South Kensington. A few days ago the atter received a wonderfully tempting offer for a six weeks' tour in South Africa, but she declares she has now said good-bye to the stage for ever.

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AM told that Charlie Hibbert won well over £20,000 through the victory of his horse, Mercutio, in the Lincoln Handicap. The win, of course, was immensely popular, as the owner made no secret at all of his strong fancy for the son of Forfarshire—who will win again soon.

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FRANK WOOTTON told me at Lincoln the other day that he had been having a very "tough" time wasting lately, owing to having grown considerably since the recess. He avoids Turkish baths as much as possible, owing to the weakening effects of too much of them. On the other hand, Bernard Dillon, who looks wonderfully well after his South African trip, has to spend hours daily in the hot room.

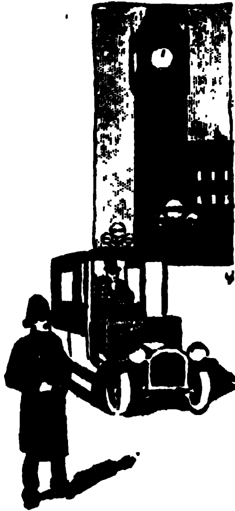
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BE on the *qui vive* for Hasty Pudding if slipped in a Selling race in the near future. This four-year-old got very badly away at Lincoln last week.

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



THE House has been as "dull as ditchwater" for a week, but when we renew attention on the Parliament Bill matters may be expected to become more lively.

It was not merely that we have been engaged in the humdrum business of voting millions of money for the running of the machine of Empire—an operation which is seldom of interest either to legislators or to the public; but there was the added inducement to apathy that most of the leaders have been out of action, and that the tail has been wagging the dog.

That Caudal Appendage.

The Palace at Westminster is, in fact, one of the most insanitary of structures, despite the enormous sums lavished on its construction and "improvement"; and when one considers the long hours and the irregular ways of legislators, it is not surprising that both Front Benchers and Back Benchers have an unhappy knack of "catching" any malady that may chance to be floating around. Such, however, is the fascination of Parliamentary life that nothing short of the imperative command of trusted medical advisers—or the still more imperative command of a fickle constituency—can induce any of the Casabiancas to leave the burning deck. They may know that the greatest of their treasures, their health, is being steadily undermined, that public gratitude is the airiest of phantoms, that no portfolio awaits them; yet they will cling to the caudal appendage, "M.P.," with a fidelity that is sometimes pathetic —and sometimes ludicrous.

A Man of Weight.

Good-bye, Mr. Haldane! We shall miss you in the House of Commons, but if you be half as successful a political hypnotist in the House of Lords as you have proved in the Lower House, your career is only beginning. You will yet realise your early ambition—the Woolsack; but your Party says it cannot yet afford to allow you to leave the front firing line. Philosophers are seldom successful politicians. Mr. Balfour and yourself are the exceptions that prove the rule.

Charlie is Our Darling.

Oh, those sea-dogs! I like to think of the cheery, breezy style of ex-Parliamentarians like Admiral Field and Tommy Bowles, who used to delight us with their chatter on Admiralty affairs. The "shiver my timbers" attitude of the admiral was always irresistible, but Tommy was more troublesome, because he knew so much, and was able to say it in such a satirical way. Both have gone the way of all senators, but we have in their place Mr. Eyres-Monsell, who has a great contempt (so he says) for "treaties and agreements and things of that sort," and would settle everything by securing merely that Britannia should keep on ruling the waves; and Lord Charles Beresford, whose outspoken disregard for any other admirals who don't agree with him is delightfully refreshing. But there are times when he reminds all of us of the juryman who complained that the other eleven jurors were the most stubborn set of men he had ever met with.

"Pretty Polly."

The pronunciation of the names of some of our aristocrats is notoriously bewildering, and in the good old days of "Spelling Bees," would have provided conundrums innumerable for the enthusiastic contestants. General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, for example, is Polly Carey, and as he had the reputation of being the handsomest man in the Army, he is known to some of his intimates as "Pretty Polly." We learned during the South African War (and we have not been allowed to forget it since) that these generals do not love one another, and there is evidently no affection wasted between Polly and General Sir Ian Hamilton. Anyhow, he let himself go at Sir Ian the other night, and trounced him mercilessly. What it was all about I have only the remotest notion, and knowing absolutely nothing about either of the generals, or about their quarrel, I felt invested with judicial impartiality. Your readers are my jury, and my charge to them is that these generals should not wash dirty linen in public; and that if one must besmirch another, it should be done in an arena in which General No. II. would be at liberty to reply to General No. I.

Hymen's Torch.

Congratulations to our Canadian M.P., Mr. Hamar Greenwood, on his resolution to enter the United State! A downright good fellow he is, with a smattering of knowledge of everything under the sun, and with a breezy, well-informed style of platform oratory that is all his own. His sudden and unexpected incursion last week into the Army Estimates spread havoc for a moment amongst the Ministerialists, and stampeded even the immobile Mr. Haldane. Writing of Mr. Greenwood's platform gifts, reminds me that in the last Parliament there sat another Liberal member who bore a remarkable resemblance to him. Let us call him Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson enjoyed great popularity, but he was a comparatively poor hand at a speech, and he was therefore surprised one night when one of the magnates of the Liberal Party implored his presence at a meeting in the magnate's constituency. Robinson very reluctantly consented, and the mystery was solved only when, at the end of the conversation, he heard the words: "Thank you very much, Greenwood." "But I'm not Greenwood—I'm Robinson," was the reply; "so I suppose you don't want me now." Crœsus was embarrassed for a moment, and then departed, muttering: "I'll see Greenwood; that will be all right."

The Dénouement.

It so happened that Mr. Robinson went forthwith to a dressing-room to don his dining attire, and reappeared shortly afterward, resplendent in starched shirt and dress coat. Again he was buttonholed by the man of wealth, with the announcement: "I say, old man, I've just had a very funny experience. I went up to that blithering ass Robinson, thinking it was you, and asked him to take a meeting for me; and when I found out my mistake, I had the devil of a job to get out of it." The gentleman thus addressed smiled a cruel smile as he retorted: "Very likely; but do you know that you are still talking to that blithering ass, Robinson?"

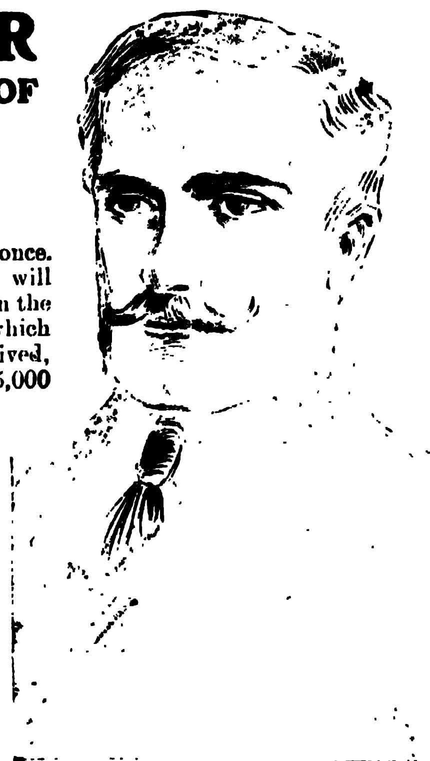
Earl Winterton.

Which anecdote reminds me of a similar experience that befel that promising and boisterous youth, Earl Winterton. Before succeeding to the earldom, he was known as Lord Turnour, under which name he figured in some noisy scenes in the House. A few months after his father's death, he was thus addressed at dinner by a fellow guest: "I ought to know you, but I can't recall your name." "Oh, I am Earl Winterton," was the reply. "Of course, of course," said his neighbour at table; "why, I have been confounding you all the evening with that *ass Turnour!*" Earl Winterton tells the story himself, for he has a lively sense of humour.

GIFT OF £7,875 FOR

MENTAL AND MEMORY IMPROVEMENT OF 5,000 READERS

"To Double the Working and Earning Power of Every Brain."



Mr. C. L. PELMAN,
The donor of the Endowment Fund of £7,875 for the Doubling of the Working and Earning Power of 5,000 Readers.

Increasing the Capacity of the Mental Machine.

As is well known amongst brain workers of the highest class the Pelman School is devoted solely to that most practical of all branches of education, namely, that which increases the working and earning capacity of the mental machine.

For this reason the highest Educational authorities in the world, greatly impressed by the wonderful work of the Pelman System of Mind-Training, are earnestly advocating its adoption as the basis of Education in all Schools.

From such a reform would proceed results of the highest value to the rising generation. For the Pelman method forms a broad and firm foundation, whereon can be built brains of double, or even treble, the Originating, Thinking, and Earning capacity of those evolved as a result of the present unscientific Educational system—if system it can be called.

The Vicious Cramming System and Its Evils.

That our present educational methods are faulty in the extreme, is the one thing upon which everyone is agreed. They have been condemned, both by experts and by the "man in the street." Education in this country centres round a vicious system of "cramming," harmful to both pupil and teacher alike. Only here and there does a pupil, endowed with an exceptionally strong individuality, rise superior to the system. The vast majority of them become literally stupefied by the "cramming" process of the system. It is a system which aims at a monotonous dead-level of machine-like efficiency, and text-book exactitude. This is not true education. Education means leading upwards. A right system should aim at developing the native inborn powers of the brain. This is what the Pelman method does, as everyone who has taken the Course of Mento-Memory will most heartily and enthusiastically agree.

> **"The inherited qualities of a hundred brains differ as widely one from another as did the brains of Shakespeare and Napoleon, Darwin and John Wesley. Orthodox educational methods tend to make all these brains the same, to form them into one mould. True education aims at developing each man and woman's mental faculties along the particular lines indicated for each in the first place by Nature, bringing out their inherited tendencies, of making the most of their respective qualities. I believe my gift will enable 5,000 readers of London Opinion to attain this double-working and earning power."—C. L. PELMAN.**

That is why it is so useful and successful. The difference in the products of these two widely-separated Educational systems is the difference between the leader and the led. The one petrifies the mind, the Pelman System perfects it. The one runs into a mould, the other raises it to the full majesty of mental mastery and maturity.

This is why the generous gift-offer announced above has fired the enthusiasm and awakened the ambition of all who desire to get on and to succeed in life.

PARTICULARS OF THE £7,875 PLAN

The plan is as follows:—

Under this £7,875 Endowment, 5,000 readers of London Opinion are to obtain a full three guinea course of Mind and Memory Training under the famous Pelman System on payment of the much reduced fee of £1 11s. 6d.

There will be no favouritism of any kind in enrolling the first 5,000 readers.

Nor can there be any delay.

Those who accept this offer must send in their names at once. Applications will be accepted in the order in which they are received, and after 5,000 readers have been enrolled the list will be definitly closed.

A Passport to Wealth and Success.

On the next page will be found an enrolment form. This form may prove your passport to such a measure of success as perhaps you now consider almost beyond your reach. In fact it may really be quite beyond your reach NOW, and yet well within it *after* this Pelman Mind and Memory Course.

A small child cannot reach the bough of a tree. But when he has grown in stature the same bough is well within his reach. Just the same is it with Success. In a competitive age, Success is won by "brains." The man (or woman) whose brain has not been trained and developed in the right way and on scientific principles cannot reach to that height. But when his brain has been developed and trained by the Pelman System, Success is well within his mental grasp. So do not miss the opportunity that is given you to-day. Make use of it at once. Don't let another hour go past. Cut out the Enrolment Form, fill it up, and send it off to-day.

To the man or woman whose mental powers have been trained and developed by the Pelman System the attainment of success is not a difficult thing at all; it raises you at once to the first stage of mental efficiency after which further progress is astonishingly easy. The lower rungs of the ladder of Fortune are thronged with a climbing, fighting mass of individuals, whilst a still larger crowd struggles around its foot. But the upper rungs of the ladder have but a few occupants and these fortunate people have it all to themselves. In fact there are more first-class jobs going round than there are first-class men to fill them. But there are 100 applicants for every inferior position. There are big, well-paid positions going absolutely begging for good men and women to fill them. And all the while tens of thousands of people are fiercely competing for the small £2 a week or £3 a week situations. It is not

the £20 and £40 a week man who fears "dismissal." He can practically dictate his own terms. It is the clerk with his £2 or £2 10s. a week who is always on the edge of unemployment.

Every great epoch-making invention is the outcome of an idea springing from a receptive, fertile, and original brain. The Pelman System develops this quality, and many other gold-earning qualities, in every brain. It develops in your mind those various faculties which make for and win Success. It builds better brains and creates magnificent memories. Accept this offer of a course of this wonderful Pelman System (it is yours at a very small cost to-day as the result of Mr. Pelman's generous gift to readers of this paper), and you will prove this for yourself.

Highly-paid posts gained by Pelman Students.

In "Memory Training," the free Booklet of the Pelman School, pupils tell their own stories of what this wonderful system of Memory-Development means. These are real "experiences," genuine "slices of life," and they show how big, highly remunerative positions have been gained by those who have taken the Pelman Course of Memory Training and Brain-Building.

Every day sees the post-bag swollen with such communications. They come from men and women in every rank of life.

Amongst the writers of these letters (praising the System) we find the following:—

Statesmen,	**Politicians,**	**Salesmen,**
Business Men,	**Orators,**	**Architects,**
Lawyers,	**Authors,**	**Naval Officers,**
Barristers,	**Financiers,**	**Army Officers,**
Doctors,	**Journalists,**	**Engineers,**
Bankers,	**Clerks,**	**Builders,**
Clergymen,	**Students,**	**Mechanics,**
Lecturers,	**Teachers,**	**Working Men.**

All have found the Pelman System infinitely valuable to them—all owe their present success to the "getting on" qualities developed by this wonderful method of mental training, which is *recommended to readers by the editors of over 500 British and Foreign newspapers.*

Write for this helpful Free Book.

All you want to know about this marvellous method is carefully detailed in this book. It shows exactly what the Pelman System does and how it does it. Everything is here explained. It is a book to read over and over again.

A copy of this most interesting volume will be sent gratis and post free to every reader who writes for it to-day. Write and get this book for yourself. It will interest you immensely and tell you just what you want to know.

Here are a few interesting facts about the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training.

1. Small Cost.
The whole Pelman System can be taught in five short lessons. The usual fee for this course is three guineas. But by making use of the accompanying application form you can be enrolled for the complete Course for only £1 11s. 6d.

2. Little Time.
The complete Course only takes up a few minutes' time each day for a few weeks.

3. Postal Tuition.
There is no attendance at any School or Building. You follow the course in your own home. Everything is done through the post. So it matters not where you live, you can take the course all the same, and benefit by it exceedingly.

4. What the System does.
Whilst amongst the many results of following out a course of the Pelman Brain and Memory Training System are the following:—

Any tendency towards "Mind-wandering," "Forgetfulness" and "Brain-fag" is gradually cured. You no longer forget things, dates, messages, faces, appointments, etc. You remember everything.

How to Acquire Decision and Will Power.

The Pelman Course will increase your mental grasp and quickness. You know the man who grasps the whole complexity of a problem directly it is put before him, whose mind takes, in in one instantaneous but comprehensive glance every varying aspect, every differing detail of the matter. Well, this Pelman Course makes you like that. It makes your brain rapid, alert, and powerful. It enables you to grasp in a moment the salient points of any controversy, the main facts of every business proposition.

Thus the Pelman System gives you Decision. Understanding the whole thing at a glance you can make up your mind rapidly and decisively. There is no wavering, no indecision—no "leaving it for a few days to think it over." Prompt in action you gain a great advantage over those who have never had the opportunity of learning this system.

Students working up for an examination are enabled to remember all the various difficult points that are certain to be asked, and thus to pass high up in the list.

Clerks, cashiers, and accountants are shown how to add up long "tots" of figures rapidly and accurately.

Politicians, Statesmen, Clergymen, Lecturers, etc., are enabled to speak fluently and to deliver their addresses just as they wanted to speak them.

Barristers write that they can now get up their briefs in half the time they formerly took—simply through the adoption of the Pelman System.

Think of the time saved in business—time that means minted money—by this increased rapidity of mind-working. You save time at every point. You get through your work with speed.

However difficult or complex the subject you can soon learn it if you practise the Pelman System. And with the practice of the System the quality of your brain improves until it becomes brilliant with money-earning "ideas" and originality.

Your chance is here and now.

To secure a course of this wonderful system at the terms provided under Mr. Pelman's Endowment Fund all you have to do is to fill up this application form and send it to-day to the Secretary, Pelman School, 35 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. Send it to-day, or you may be too late. Your chance is here NOW. Don't let it slip by.

£7,875 GIFT

Enrolment Form.

To Mr. C. L. Pelman, ... 1911.
Pelman School of Memory,
35 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as one of the 5,000 Readers of LONDON OPINION to whom you are allowing half the fees for Complete Course of Mind Development and Memory Training for which the usual charge is Three Guineas.

I enclose £1 11s. 6d., this being the specially reduced fee allowed to the first 5,000 readers of LONDON OPINION who enrol.

Signed ....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title)

Address ....

....

Remittance payable to The Pelman Schools Ltd., crossed & Co. Occupation ....

Readers abroad may address this Form to the Pelman Schools at Melbourne (47 Queen Street), or Durban (Club Arcade), or Bombay (28, Esplanade Road).

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

THE prospect of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a comedy part aroused pleasing anticipations for all of us who attended the production of Mr. Besier's *Lady Patricia* at the Haymarket, and our hopes were satisfied. In a light, witty, gossamer play, ridiculing the simultaneous philanderings of a husband and wife with a girl and a boy, "Mrs. Pat" gave a series of brilliant burlesques of her own languorous emotionalism; and Mr. C. V. France, Miss Rosina Filippi, Mr. Charles Maude, Miss Athene Seyler, and the others, all assisted admirably in the presentation of a comedy which, in the word of the boy lover, was absolutely "corking."

• • •

Whatever the status may be of *A Fool There Was* as a play—and it is one of those dramas which divide people into camps of diametrically opposite opinions—Mr. Herbert Sleath's production at the Queen's Theatre has given us some of the best acting seen in London of recent years. Miss Katherine Kaelred's power makes the Vampire woman a beautiful creature of dreadful charm and most eerie fascination, a star who has lost no lustre in her transit from American spheres. Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr Frank Cooper are both great—finer even than expected, and that is saying something. And the child, Miss Mattie Block, is a little darling. It's not the kind of play I should write home about, personally; but the production of it is terrific.

• • •

Certain American papers have recently contained more or less cryptic references to an alleged proposal on the part of Charles Frohman to revive *Madame Sherry* at the Globe. Said paragraphists are, I fancy, up the wrong alley, if I may employ an elegant figure, for Frohman will hardly take any chances of that sort. Absolutely between ourselves, however, I did hear the other day that if George Edwardes could get just the right people he would produce the piece in question in sketch form at a variety house. That's the whisper of the moment.

• • •

Talking of Charles Frohman, what does this letting of all his London theatres signify? Does it mean that Charles is quitting the London game permanently, or is merely pulling out temporarily so as to give himself time for reflection? It is to be hoped that he does not intend to withdraw from participation in the theatrical activities of the West End, for his influence has been of great benefit to the profession, more especially to those members of it who have been so fortunate as to have served under his management. That his enterprises have not met with adequate reward most people are aware, but he has played the game on the level, and taken the knock as stoically as he has met success. Also he has given us opportunities of seeing plays which but for him would, probably, never have been brought to this country, and we are proportionately grateful.

• • •

Meanwhile, it is interesting, and perhaps not altogether uninstructive, to observe that all Charles Frohman's theatres have been rented to other people, George Edwardes being at the Comedy, Lewis Waller at the Globe, and Laurence Irving at the Duke of York's. Edwardes is about to produce, with the help of Robert Loraine, Franz Molnar's comedy, to be called here *An Actress*; Waller has a new play in preparation, and Irving is making ready for something with which to follow *The Lily*, although I'm glad to say the piece is playing to fine business.

• • •

The next production at the Scottish Repertory Theatre, Glasgow, will, I am informed by Director Wareing, be a three-act eccentric comedy by Keble Howard, entitled *The Girl Who Couldn't Lie*. Whether or not the poor dear was dumb from birth, and if she was why she couldn't write it down, or tell the tale with her fingers, I wonder. Anyway, if it makes the stern and wild Caledonians laugh with sufficient frequency and heartiness we may see the piece in London.

• • •

In a recent issue of LONDON OPINION, I ventured to speculate as to the origin of the beautiful phrase, "Not in these Trousers." Within the past week correspondents from all parts of the Kingdom, and even from the Continent, have written to solve the mystery and set all doubts at rest. A careful perusal of the various letters leads me to the conclusion that Dan Rolyat, in *The Arcadians*, was not the originator, but that the expression was used at least a year previous to the production of that piece by Wilkie Bard, in a song entitled "All Day—and Martin." This may save generations yet unborn much research.

• • •

From Chicawgo, as the Illinoisy inhabitants of that paradise pronounce it, comes news of a sure-thing winner for Rose Stahl, who is good enough to send me the rapturous outpourings of the critics concerning her new comedy of department store life. It is entitled *Maggie Pepper*, is the work of Charles Klein, and provides Rose with a great chance in the title-rôle, that of a shop assistant who has a love affair with the son of her boss. Maggie, not unlike Patricia in *The Chorus Lady*, is a girl with a keen and most observant sense of humour, a heart of gold, a taste for expressive slang, and a wholly beautiful nature. In due course we shall see Maggie in London.

• • •

We are promised a visit in May of Claire Waldoff a Continental star of considerable magnitude in vaudeville. She is known as the Yvette Guilbert of Berlin, and is the bright particular ornament of the gay night life of that city. She will appear in London under the management of Charlie Cochran, who introduced Hackenschmidt to England.

• • •

Quite an interesting departure is that promised by Mr. Robert Arthur for Coronation time. He is going to stage at the Coronet a series of new plays from Dickens' novels—*Dombey and Son, Bleak House, David Copperfield*, and *Great Expectations*. The adaptor of the first named, which is to be produced on the 24th of May, is Mr. Metcalfe Wood, the actor who was part author of *The Elder Miss Blossom*.

• • •

Next Monday is fixed for Miss Ellaline Terriss' appearance as Joan of Arc at the Coliseum. It is to be an imposing spectacle, with six principals, an army of supers, music by Frank Tours, and scenery by Hemsley.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Peggy."



"Now, Mrs. Brown, I have pinned up your new almanack."
"Oh, thank 'ee, miss, thank 'ee; but my corns tell me the weather far better than any of they 'ere almanacks!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

THE LATEST "CURE."

[At a recent medical meeting in London, it was stated that falling in love is an efficacious remedy for disordered nerves and other forms of ill-health.]

ENFEEBLED and lank and splenetic,
A prey to corporeal ills,
I envied the hale and athletic,
And nurtured a passion for pills.
My pulse unconvincingly fluttered,
And eminent specialists gave
Compassionate glances and muttered,
"One foot in the grave!"

But, conceiving a warm admiration
For a fluffy enchantress called Kate,
I noted, with secret elation,
A material growth in my weight;
And as the attachment grew stronger,
And my arm found its way round her neck,
I felt fit as a fiddle—no longer
A physical wreck.

My landlady can't understand how
It is that I eat with such zest,
And ardent disciples of Sandow
Look glum on observing my chest.
A nature once fretful and touchy's
As gentle as that of a dove.
I've eluded debility's clutches
By falling in love! F. J. WHITMARSH.

THE NEW DRESSMAKING.

THEIR hobble skirts are out of date,
No more the twins may wear 'em,
Unless—ah, good to contemplate—
They pool their stock and pair 'em;
A stitch or two the trick will do,
Two into one—a harem! A. W.

THE BITTERNESS OF YOUTH.

["By a merciful provision of Nature, when a man is too old to be welcome in society he is also too old to care."—*Weekly Paper.*]

FULL many a time, while struggling hard,
Our suburb's social scale to mount,
I've wept to find folk treat the bard,
As one of little (bank) account;
Though in my heart I own I've felt
Ashamed of sorrowing so distressfully,
At "outs direct" serenely dealt,
By those who've mongered cheese successfully.

But now I can distinctly trace,
A pleasure mingling with the sobs,
That rend me when I'm taught my place—
A lesser breed that knows no "nobs."
For silver 'neath my brilliantine
Is hinting at the sere and yellow,
Yet, while my social sorrow's keen,
I know I'm still a youthful fellow. THETA.

A SECRET OUT.

MUSICIAN (after much pressing): "Well, all right, since you insist. What shall I play?"
Host: "Anything you like. It's only to annoy our neighbours."

• • •

BAD FOR THE MULE.

SOME of the stories of football are, in fact, almost incredible. A sporting editor returned one recent Saturday with a pale, frightened face. "Many accidents at the game?" a reporter asked him. "One frightful accident," replied the sporting editor, "A powerful mule from the neighbouring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages, and got killed."



News of the Curio World



Pictures Incognito.

By SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

It lay forlorn, "a gem of purest ray serene," incognito—like the necklace of black pearls that was recently sold as glass beads. It had for neighbours three or four napless tall hats, some chipped enamel saucepans, a pair of dingy corsets, and a few odd table-forks from which the electro-plating was gone. Chalked on the back of it were the figures which signify eighteen-pence. And yet it was a painting in oils by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

It was, in fact, a fair-sized portrait-study of Eleanor Siddall, who afterwards became Rossetti's wife; the likeness, as well as the art, is recognisable. She rests in a window-seat, looking into the room; her pensive face—she was poet and painter herself—her high brow, her wonderful coppery hair, her full, long, drooping eyelids, her rich lips, her graceful shoulders and simple dress, her shapely arms, and one hand, are all here. Yes, this was indeed the woman in whose coffin Rossetti buried his manuscript poems, an oblation of woe.

Her other hand, the cushion upon which it rests, the window which frames her, the curtain at one side, and a tassel, are sketchy and unfinished, while the rest of the canvas is hardly tinted at all. But stretching away to a hilly horizon behind the figure is a moorland landscape, just glimpsed, and tinted with the last level rays; while over it all is one of Rossetti's blue-green twilight skies. I think my eighteenpenny Rossetti must have been painted at Matlock, when Eleanor Siddall was there in 1857.

Unsigned.

The canvas is unsigned, as many studies and sketches are, that none the less are signed all over to the recognising eye. And it is not studies and sketches alone that thus may go incognito. Some of the most famous great pictures, complete, and for centuries enshrined in galleries and collections, bear no painter's name. Among the list of great artists who signed their work very seldom, or never signed it at all, are Correggio, Domenichino, Giordano, Gorgione, Guido, Palma Vecchia, Raphael, Rubens, Tintoretto, Titian, da Vinci, and Van Dyck. Only the Dutch, Flemish, and German painters systematically signed their work; great English artists have been chary of signature. It is true that signatures have been put on *for them*, upon canvases which they may or may not have seen.

Signed.

Signatures and monograms of artists have only a secondary value in authenticating pictures; they may even be disproof. A signature in *itself alone* is hardly more worthy of notice than a mark upon porcelain; forgers have been rather more busy with pictures than with old china, in fact.

All the same, a painter's signature is not to be



"I say, you always look confoundedly well-dressed. How much do you give for a suit?"
"Oh, about £8 10s., including the cost of the writ!"

sneezed at; Rembrandt's, for instance, is highly characteristic, and so are the dates he added. A real judge of Rembrandts knows the three Rembrandt periods of style, the contemporary signature, and the appropriate date in each case. If any contemporary signature appears on a picture which answers to the signature in the known respects, the signing adds to the collecting value. Like the gold anchor mark upon a sumptuous bit of "Chelsea," a real signature is worth much, in authenticity and money. And the question whether a signature is contemporaneous or posthumous can be tested; for—*a signature of the same date as the painting will be incorporate in the substance of the painting, but a little spirits of wine or turpentine will soon loosen and remove a modern forgery of the name.*

Yet that is a dangerous process in unskilled hands; used by inexperience upon a genuine signature or monogram, the methylated spirit may soon bring away not only the name-marks but that part of the picture too. Some artists signed with paint so fluid and unstable that too harsh a rubbing in of the spirits, in bringing off the varnish, will bring away the signature also.

Indeed, the fraudulent sort of dealer, and sometimes the too-enthusiastic collector, will often have a second-rate artist's signature removed from an old picture, so that it may be assigned to the chief master of the artist's particular school. That is the way in which a Van Oost becomes a "Rubens," and a Hoogstraaten a "de Hooge."

Incognito.

Not signatures, therefore, alone and in themselves, but the study of known pictures and famous artists' styles, are what can enable a not too pecunious collector to rescue from neglect a picture that has gone incognito and little thought of for years. Eyesight, knowledge, and judgment may still acquire a good old picture for next to nothing now and again, and surely one may be prouder of finds like those than of canvases bought by force of guineas at Christie's.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

J. A. (Coventry).—"Chats on Old Furniture," by Arthur Hayden, published at 5s. net by Fisher Unwin, Adolphi Terrace, London, should suit your purpose.

G. T. V. (Portsmouth).—Your prints of "Wellington" and "Nelson" are worth 15s. to 20s. each.

J. O'M. (Strabane).—Cannot express an opinion on your bookcase unless photograph is sent. The glass sugar-bowl is of nominal value only.

HOWARD P. (Euston).—Your Testament is worth 15s. to 20s.

E. E. (Ulverston).—If your print of "The Army and Navy" is genuine, it is worth about £4; but the plate is in existence, and the reprints are sold at £1 1s. to 25s.

H. C. C. (Liverpool).—Your china, if genuine Worcester as stated, is worth: scale blue saucer, £3; blue saucer, floral decoration, £2; three cups and saucers, blue with exotic birds, £4 each, cup and saucer.

CALEDONIA (Ashton-on-Mersey).—Your chairs are Chippendale style, early nineteenth century, worth £4 to £5 each.

R. M. L. (Calne).—Your picture is not likely to be the work of W. Muller, as this artist was born in 1812. You may send it for inspection unframed.

T. B. (Liverpool).—The best rooms for disposing of your Baxter prints are Sotheby's, Wellington Street, Strand, or Puttick and Simpson's Auction Rooms, Leicester Square, W.

J. W. (Burnley).—Your Sunderland ware, cups and saucers, are worth about £3 the lot, teapot 25s., willow pattern gravy boat 7s. 6d. to 10s. Christie's do not take unimportant small lots of china.

S. J. W. (Selsey).—Before advising as to disposal of your prints, they would have to be inspected to see if genuine. If you will send them for inspection, will advise. The other set mentioned are worth about £4, if genuine.

J. H. C. (Derby).—Your volumes of Shakespeare are worth second-hand book price only. Publications of the firm mentioned are difficult to dispose of.

T. B. F. (Broughty Ferry).—Your Barker Bible, in condition stated, is worth 10s. to 15s.

EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

II.—THE MYSTERY OF THE PEBBLES.

MISS WHITE, seated at breakfast, was glancing tentatively through the newspaper when her attention was caught by two stimulating headlines.

"'Mysterious Murder in a London Suburb,'" she read. "'What Do the Pebbles Mean?' Sounds interesting," she commented, and disposed herself to study that particular column with care.

"Late last night," it stated, "a shocking discovery was made in the London suburb of Bexton when the body of an old man was found under circumstances which point undoubtedly to murder.

"Shortly before midnight, a policeman was strolling the Heath, a large, unenclosed recreation ground, when he found the body of an old man lying on a side-path.

"There were two deep knife-wounds in the body, either of which might have caused death. In the opinion of a doctor, who was immediately summoned, death had taken place about an hour previously, though, from the quantity of blood lost, the murdered man may have been unconscious for some while before death actually supervened.

"That there was something of a struggle is evidenced by the slipping footmarks on the gravel path. The victim's cries for help had been stifled by a scarf wound tightly round his mouth.

"A mysterious feature of this terrible affair is that, by the side of the murdered man, a small patch of the pathway had been swept smooth, and in this clear space were found four little heaps of stones, and a broken twig carefully placed in the form of a cross. What meaning this may be intended to convey is at present a riddle which we must leave to the police to unravel. In the opinion of one officer, the murderer arranged the stones as a message or a warning from some secret society to which he belongs.

"As we go to press, we learn that the murdered man has been identified as Aaron Clawford, an old man who was living in the neighbouring suburb of Malsham."

An hour later, Miss White entered the police-station of Bexton. A sober, tailor-made costume and a note book conspired to give suggestion that she was a lady-journalist.

"Yes, we've applied to Scotland Yard for assistance," the inspector on duty told her. "We're expecting Mr. Locking at any moment. The deceased was identified by his landlady. There was a tab with his name and address sewn inside his coat."

"Can she suggest any motive?" asked Miss White.

"None. She assures us that Clawford was quite poor, having only an annuity to live on, and, as a matter of fact, stinted himself in food even. Besides, robbery as a motive doesn't agree with the facts. His pockets were untouched apparently—there was two and sevenpence in his trousers pocket, and his watch and chain was left in his waistcoat."

"What else was found on him?"

"A copy of a yesterday's newspaper—the *Evening Herald*, three-thirty edition—a handkerchief, tobacco, and matches——"

"No pipe?" questioned Miss White.

"No pipe. But there's Mr. Locking—you must excuse me now, miss."

The inspector rose to greet the man from Scotland Yard.

"Hullo, Miss White!" said Locking, with the smile of tolerant superiority which the professional always accords the amateur. "Going to help us find the murderer, eh?"

"It struck me as an interesting case," said Miss White, apologetically.

"And so it is," agreed Locking. "These secret society cases always are. Well, you won't get in my way, I'm sure," he said genially, "I don't see any harm in your working out some of your theories."

"Thank you so much," said Miss White. "I should like to see the body, if I might?"

"Well, you're a gruesome sort of young lady," commented Locking. "However, I'm just going along to the mortuary."

"I'll get the key," said the inspector.

"You mustn't mind me speaking sort of off-hand to you, miss," said Locking when they were alone. "You see, I've got my position to keep up before strangers, so to speak. But I know how successful you've been in the past, and if you *can* give me a bit of a hint about something I've overlooked at any time, I'd take it kindly. Ah, you ought to have been a man, miss!" he conceded, handsomely.

The inspector returned and led them to the mortuary. Miss White, with no apparent emotion at sight of the body, turned her attention particularly to the clothes.

"There's a tear at this corner of the breast pocket," she pointed out. "It looks as if someone had been trying to drag something out of it, doesn't it?"

"Just what I was thinking," said Locking. "Evidently there was something there the murderer wanted. He fought for it, trying to get at that pocket. That rent isn't due to wear; it's a tear."

"It may have been some letter which the old man had got hold of—a secret of some society, for instance," suggested Miss White, thoughtfully.

"Quite possible," agreed Locking; and after a little more examination, which, however, brought nothing further to light, they went on together to the scene of the murder.

They found the spot guarded by policemen, for the usual morbid crowd had gathered to gape stupidly at the site of the crime.

"Two buttons have been found close by," a constable informed Locking.

"There's the scarf which was twisted round Clawford's mouth, and these two buttons, then; that's about all the clue we've got," said Locking, thoughtfully.

"Except for them pebbles," the constable reminded him. "We've protected them most careful. They ain't been moved."

On the swept patch of path were the four little clusters of pebbles the paper had mentioned. There were two stones in the first cluster, five in the second, nine in the third, and four in the fourth. The little cross was made from a twig of dead wood from a bush; a number of such twigs littered the ground near by.

Miss White made a note of the pepples and their position, and returned to her flat.

For some while she sat with a pencil and paper, endeavouring to interpret the riddle of the pebbles.

"There were two in the first cluster," she mused. "B is the second letter in the alphabet. Five in the second—that's E. Nine in the third—I. And four in the fourth—D. B—E—I—D. Doesn't seem to imply much—it looks German to me. Backwards? D—I—E—B—that looks German, too. I wonder if it's an anagram? B—I—D—E? B—E—D—I? Possibly it's a word in cypher. . . . Two in the first—then five—then nine—then four. And then there's the cross."

Suddenly she started, pencilled down something rapidly, and then hurried from the house.

Within an hour she was reconnoitring a little printer's shop in the neighbourhood of Malsham. It was quite a small establishment; over the door was the name "Narbisher and Co."

At last Miss White entered. Obviously the place did but little business, for only a small boy was visible and he was immersed in a comic-paper.

"I want some cards printed," said Miss White.

"Cards, miss—yes, miss," replied the small boy, waking to activity. "I'll fetch Mr. Narbisher, miss."



PERVERTED PROVERBS.

"Look before you sleep."

He was absent some moments; at last he returned, followed by a tall, thin man.

"Cards, miss?" said Narbisher, glancing round doubtfully at his stock. "I think I can do 'em for you. Which style will you have?"

"They're for my sister," explained Miss White, glibly. "She's a singer, you know. She wants some professional cards."

"Like this?" asked Narbisher. "Or like this?"

"This would do I think. But that other one's very neat," said Miss White, with an assumption of doubt. "I hardly know which to say. Perhaps I'd better ask my sister. She works at an office in the City—she'll be home this evening. Or perhaps you'd let me use your telephone? I could ring her up and ask her to give me the exact wording."

Armed with pencil and paper, Miss White took her stand at the telephone. Presently, after a conversation, she put down the receiver and came away.

"She'll have them done in this style," said Miss White, indicating a specimen. "With this wording," and, scribbling down a few words, she handed them over, and, after arranging terms, left the shop.

It was an hour later before she rang at the door of a florid red-brick villa in Bexton.

"May I see Mr. Drummond, please?" she asked.

"Master's just going out," the servant informed her. "Is it on business?"

"Yes," said Miss White, and presently was ushered into a room which was half office and half sporting-man's smoking-room. A stout, prosperous-looking man came to see her.

"Mr. Drummond?" faltered Miss White, who seemed a prey to shyness.

"That's me," affirmed Mr. Drummond.

"I don't quite know how to put it," confessed Miss White, "but do you make bets?"

"That's my living, my dear," said Drummond, eyeing his visitor with appreciation.

"I—I heard you did. You see, me and some of the other girls at our shop would—would like to know if you would let us make bets with you?"

"Delighted," said Drummond, genially. "Not more than ten thousand pounds or so, you know."



"You women bear pain more heroically than men.'
"Who told you that—a doctor?"
"No, a shoemaker!"

"Oh, no! You see, some of us thought we might put our money together sometimes and—and make a bet and double our money," confessed Miss White ingenuously.

"I see! Regular syndicate, eh? Well, let 'em all come. Dick Drummond's got money for everybody."

"And do you pay as soon as you lose?" she asked innocently.

"Let me know what horse you want to back, and, if it wins, the money's waiting for you as soon as you like to call for it. 'Pay when you like—receive when you like'—that's my motto to approved clients, missie."

"But surely you wouldn't pay out at once if it was quite a lot?" artlessly asked Miss White.

"Yes, I would. Why, look here, yesterday a blooming outsider won at fifty to one. There was a fellow had two pounds on, and he got his hundred pounds in notes last night. There!"

"How lucky he was! But I don't suppose you often have to pay out as much as that. Anyway, I never seem to hear of people round where I live having any luck like that."

"And where do you live, missie?"

"Malsham."

"Then they do have luck like that, for that hundred quid I paid out yesterday went to a man who lives in Malsham, or very near it."

"Fancy that, now! Well, good-day, Mr. Drummond, "I'll tell the other girls what you said, and we'll try to get a hundred pounds for two, too."

Miss White left the house and hurried back to the Bexton police-station.

"They've found Mr. Clawford's pipe," Locking told her. "About thirty yards away from the spot."

"Full or empty?"

"About two-thirds full of tobacco."

"Evidently dropped when the quarrel or onslaught became fierce," pointed out Miss White. "Up to then he was smoking placidly—had only replenished his pipe a few minutes earlier."

"But suppose he were attacked unexpectedly there?"

"I don't think a man would drop his pipe thirty yards away from the point where he was struck down. No, my view is that he was quarrelling with someone. The affair became very heated where he dropped his pipe; the climax came where the body was found."

"Yes. Wonder what should he quarrel about? He seems to have been a poor, inoffensive old chap. Unless, of course, he got hold of some Anarchist secret and——"

"I think," said Miss White, very definitely, "that we may put that secret society idea out of court."

"What is your theory?" asked Locking.

"It needs an arrest to prove it. If you can get a search-warrant, I shouldn't be surprised if you found a coat to which one of these buttons matched. You would then find at the same time the owner of the scarf with which poor old Clawford was gagged."

"The address," asked Locking, eagerly.

"29 Benton Street—name, Narbisher."

"It's worth looking into, if you suggest it," admitted Locking. "Is it a pretty straight job?"

"A sure thing, I fancy," replied Miss White.

"Then we'll have a look round Benton Street," said Locking.

* * * * *

"Now that no one's listening, miss," said Locking, a few hours later, "I don't mind admitting you're a marvel. The button fitted—we got the scarf identified—and Mr. Narbisher is in a cell. But you'll have to help us with the evidence, miss—on the quiet, you know."

"Certainly. Well, that afternoon newspaper set me off at first. There was no general news of importance, but the column of racing notes—on form, you know the style of thing—had been pencilled here and there. That set me off on a theory—that the old fellow liked to 'back his fancy' now and then. He studied form—but I presumed that he had bought the paper to see the result of a race. I came to the conclusion that he had been saving up to back a horse that day."

"The landlady said he stinted himself in food," remarked Locking.

"Having arrived at that conclusion, I wondered how he backed his fancy. Eventually, guided by something I thought of, I decided that he entrusted his money to someone else to put on for him. You see, a feeble old man like Clawford would not want people in his neighbourhood to know that he had money to put on horses. It is a rough 'saving-up,'" pointed out Miss White, "to put something substantial on a horse. This is where Mr. Narbisher comes on the scene. I went to that gentleman's shop this morning, and, under pretext of ringing-up my sister, took a careful note of all the numbers written on the telephone-index hanging against the instrument. Most of them were business firms' numbers, but the very first one was that of a bookmaker."

"Which seems to show," said Locking, "that Narbisher was in the habit of making bets."

"Exactly. I went to the bookmaker, and, from him I learnt that yesterday night he paid out £100 to someone—and it seemed to point that that someone was Narbisher. Now, Clawford knew Narbisher. It struck me as quite feasible that Clawford would get Narbisher to place his bets for him.

"You think then that Clawford landed a winner yesterday?"

"The result of the three o'clock race was given in his paper. The winner was at fifty to one. I think, from what I heard from Drummond, that Clawford had, through Narbisher, two pounds on that race. I think Clawford and Narbisher went to draw the winnings that night. My theory is that, returning from the bookmaker's at Bexton, the pair crossed the Heath—which is on the direct line between Bexton and Malsham. Here my theory leans to the idea that Narbisher—who obviously is doing none too well in business—tried to persuade old Clawford either to give or lend him some money."

"Yes," agreed Locking. "From what we've found out already about Narbisher, he's pretty hard pushed for money. I expect the idea of old Clawford having so much money on him roused him a bit."

"Clawford would have taken the money and put it in his pocket. They would have walked amicably enough homeward till Narbisher became aggressive. Then old Clawford dropped his pipe—possibly it was there that Narbisher made a snatch at his pocket. A score of yards further on, there was a struggle—where the button from Narbisher's coat was found. Then old Clawford was stabbed. I think he was gagged *afterwards*, to prevent him shouting for help. But that is immaterial. He was gagged."

"Then Narbisher took the money and bolted," put in Locking. "But the pebbles? Why did Narbisher put them down? To provide a false scent? And, anyway, how did you come to associate Narbisher with the affair at all, Miss White?"

"Old Clawford told us. At least, he gave us the clue. You must imagine him there, lying bleeding to death, feeling his consciousness going. He was muffled, and too weak to untie the gag. How could he give a clue to the murderer? He saw a way—he feebly brushed a space of the path clear, and placed those pebbles there."

"And they told you about Narbisher?"

"I puzzled over them a lot at first; then I saw the solution. There were two stones, then five, then nine, then four. The crossed sticks represented an X. Now do you see? Two—five—nine—four X—it was a telephone number!"

"Why, of course!"

"I went to the nearest exchange. They told me there was only one number 2594X on the metropolitan list. It belonged to the Malsham Exchange, and was the number of Narbisher, a printer. It now only remains for you to fill in the details of the evidence."

"We shan't find that a difficult job," said Locking cheerfully. "Thanks to you. And to think some of these local police wonder why we don't resent you poking round our jobs! Ah, Miss White, you ought to have been a man—I can't say fairer than that, can I? You ought to have been a man!"

(Next week: "The Mystery of the Opal Earrings.")



Eliza's Difficulty.

"'I CAN understand most things,' said Eliza, 'as long as you don't try to explain them. That's what sews anybody up.'"—*Eliza Getting On*, by Barry Pain. Cassel. 1s.

Love.

"Love is more than the finest writer has ever said, and not quite so much as the humblest lover has ever thought it."—*Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, by Hugh Walpole. Mills. 6s.

Legends of the Rain.

"At Maram is current a legend concerning the Rain Deity, who is said to have been a man of the village specially cunning in the art of rain-making. The thunder and lightning which accompany the rain storms in the hills are believed by the Kabuis to be caused by the flash and clang of the massive bracelets on the arm of an unmarried girl, Kidilumai, who dances in heaven, as she danced on earth, for joy at the welcome rain."—*The Naga Tribes of Manipur*, by T. C. Hodson. Macmillan. 8s. 6d net.

A Monument of Discretion.

"The hall porter of a certain London club was instructed by an absent member to forward a packet of photographs. No photographs were forwarded. After two months the member returned. Much to his astonishment he was handed a proof photograph which had arrived six weeks before. The porter was interrogated as to his reasons for not obeying instructions. 'You said photographs,' replied he. 'Seeing there was only one, and knowing you were away with your wife, I was not going to be such a fool as to send it.'"—*London Clubs*, by Ralph Nevill. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

A Duke's Philosophy.

"The late Duke of Devonshire, at that time the Marquis of Hartington, was sitting nearly opposite King Edward, but at some little distance; and this colloquy took place · 'Hartington, you ought not to be drinking all that champagne.' 'No, sir, I know I oughtn't.' 'Then why do you do it?' 'Well, sir, I have made up my mind that I'd rather be ill now and again than always taking care of myself.' 'Oh, you think that now, but when the gout comes what do you think then?' ir, if you will ask me then I will tell you.' I do not anticipat *Anglo-American Memorie* by George W. E. Smalle M.A. Duckworth. 12s. 6d. net.

A Tragedy.

"After an evening party, the, on the whole, most beautiful young woman in society asked if she could give me a lift home. To drive in an open carriage with such a creature under the summer stars was a tit-bit of good fortune. But it was quite marred by my getting hold of another man's hat by mistake, which was too big for me, and whenever I felt romantic came down over my nose, acting literally and figuratively as an extinguisher."—*Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal*, by A. G. C. Liddell, C.B. John Murray. 10s. 6d net.

Sayings of the "Woman in the Firelight."

"'All women have theories about men.' Both the theories and the women are apt to be wrong."

"No woman has a soul until she loves."—*The Woman in the Firelight*, by Oliver Sandys. John Long. 6s.

Beauty's Handicap.

"A 'dear' wins many more hearts than a mere 'beauty.' A beautiful woman starts a hundred yards ahead of one who is merely pretty, but she does not always come in ahead at the finish."—*Creatures of Clay*, by W. Teignmouth Shore. Long. 6s.

From "Lord Richard in the Pantry".

"People always like to talk about things they haven't got. When women get souls and get the vote, they'll have nothing to talk of except other people's husbands."

"What is the good of morals if you can't dispense with them amongst friends?"

"In my young days everyone had a heart. Nowadays they have an appendix."—*Lord Richard in the Pantry*, by Martin Swayne. Methuen. 6s.

Man's Days.

"A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin'
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys and a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power of faith in gert to-morrows.
Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid;
Wan glorious hour as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears;
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.
Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin',
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in."—
Wild Fruit, by Eden Phillpotts. Lane. 5s net.

A Judical Reminder.

"A man was being tried (at Newcastle Assizes) for murdering his wife, and was defending himself. He kept on cross-examining the witnesses as to what they had had for breakfast on the day of the crime. Bowen at last stopped him in his gentlest Oxonion tones, and said, 'Prisoner, you must allow me to remind you that the question which we are trying is not whether you or any of your friends had red herrings or even smelts for breakfast, but whether you beat your wife's head to pieces with that poker.'"—*Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal*, by A. G. C. Liddell, C.B. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

• • •

JOHN LONG has just published a shilling edition of Tom Gallon's novel, *The Great Gay Road*, a dramatised version of which is now on tour.

• • •

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.'S latest six shilling novels include *Where Truth Lies*, by O. Madox Hueffer, and *His Will and Her Way*, by H. Louisa Bedford. The former is particularly amusing and well written.



Grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breaks the blows of circumstance. *Tennyson.*

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This phrase, taken from a report made by Dr Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, may be regarded as a positive assurance to our lady readers that their busts can now be developed to exactly the size they desire. Up to the present there was nothing known which could be relied upon to safely enlarge and beautify the bust. The creation of new flesh was something promised but never actually obtained. This is probably because others have ignored the true means to revive the mammary glands, strengthen them and promote their growth. It was only by a lucky sort of accident that Margarette Merlain discovered this secret, which is doubly marvellous because of its combined simplicity and efficacy. After careful investigation of the results produced by Venus Carnis, the Comite des Savants of Paris awarded it the Gold Medal and Grand Cross of Honour. The discoverer was consulted by a great number of ladies who had been disappointed in the use of the various creams, lotions and vacuum methods on the market, and who were anxious to find the true and positive way of beautifying their busts. The passage quoted above from the report of Dr Colonnay is in itself convincing evidence of what Venus Carnis will do; but the discoverer desires to make this treatment known to all the world, and as ladies who have actually experienced its remarkable benefits can best recommend it, she authorises that the free premium coupon below be issued to readers of this paper. This entitles you to free information about this wonderful accidental discovery for the bust, if you send it within ten days, enclosing a penny stamp for reply, to Margarette Merlain, Institute Venus Carnis, Dept. 808C, 85 Great Portland Street, London, W. Your correspondence will be regarded as strictly confidential.



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Dear Sir,—Please send me a shilling box of Zox. It has given me great relief from Neuralgia, and is the only thing I know of which has the slightest effect. I enclose P.O. 1s 1d —Yours sincerely
(Signed) (MISS) LENA NETHELLION.

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"L O." 1st April, 1911

THE MATINÉE GIRL.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

IN the spring, a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of matinées.

Gone are the discomforts of winter waiting by theatre doors. Cold, biting winds no longer prevail to turn dainty noses an unenviable shade of blue.

Soft, warm air and bright sunshine lure the real matinée girl into being. Those mackintoshed maidens who have shivered at pit-doors during the winter months no more resemble the real matinée girl than the all-the-year-round bather in the Serpentine resembles the ordinary swimmer.

A real matinée girl would decline to be seen in a mackintosh. Smartness of appearance is one of her strongest characteristics. Only in the confidence inspired by "looking one's best" would she venture into the fierce light of publicity which beats upon a theatre queue.

The matinée girl never troubles about *what* she is going to see. It is *who* she is going to see that matters. You will never hear her say that she is going to see such-and-such a piece. Instead, she says she is going to see Mr. Lewis Waller, or Mr. Martin Harvey.

She has vast enthusiasms for her favourite actors. She becomes ecstatic over mere mention of them, clasping her hands, and murmuring "sweet" in a way that is monotonous . . . for a man to listen to. Whether her favourite actor is making love to the heroine, or adding to his tally of corpses with each thrust of his sword, he remains "sweet."

So long as her favourite actor has plenty of opportunities to monopolise the limelight, the nature of the play itself is but of secondary consideration to her. Still, her preference goes in favour of "romantic costume drama"—a form of entertainment which gives her idol opportunities, you observe, to appear in pretty clothes. She likes a plot which offers plenty of exciting moments, is not averse from witnessing a little genteel fighting, and, behind her handkerchief, thoroughly enjoys brief moments of pathos.

The essential is that the play must have a happy ending. Despite the pangs it must cause her, she longs to see the heroine safe in the hero's arms as the last curtain falls.

There are, however, other minor essentials to her enjoyment. She must, for instance, have a small bag of chocolates into which she dips at stimulating moments. She must have a bosom friend, who shares her admiration for the leading man, with whom to compare notes.

"Do you remember him in *The King of Trumps*?" you hear her say excitedly. "Wasn't he sweet? You remember, all in black velvet, with lovely long hair? Wasn't he a dear?"

"Oh, a dream," coos the other. "And do you remember him in *Love Before All*? Wasn't he divine? And in *The White Pansy*. Wasn't he too lovely for anything, and the way he stood up when she came in."

And so on, till one can quite understand the veteran philistine playgoer behind them intervening with a disgusted "gr-r-rh!"

There are quite a number of peculiarities about the matinée girl. For instance, you never see her appeasing her hunger with sandwiches, though often you may see her eating buns. This preference I cannot attempt to explain. I merely state it.

An entire audience of matinée girls would be the finest audience imaginable. Not a point passes them; they are enthusiastic and eager. Though she may have seen hundreds of plays, your matinée girl never becomes a mere jaded play-goer. Her interest is always at its height . . . in the "star."



The Son: "Fader, there's a man outside with a barrer full of oranges. Gimme a 'apenny to buy one."
The Father: "Go an' stand on der doorstep an' make faces at him, mein son. P'raps 'e'll t'row one at yer!"

THE NEW BEAUTY SECRET

MADE BEAUTIFUL IN FOUR DAYS.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF SCIENTIFIC COMPLEXION TREATMENT.

A FOUR-DAY TREATMENT FREE.

A beautiful complexion, soft and creamy, absolutely free from spot or blemish, is obtained by the use of David Macqueen's Vegetine.

This statement may be tested to-day free of all cost.

Write now to address below *for a free trial box* enclosing a penny stamp for postage.

David Macqueen's Vegetine actually creates Beauty because it removes from the face every kind of skin blemish. It does this in the only scientific way. These blemishes are the outward and visible sign of inward impurities in the blood. Vegetine collects these impurities and sweeps them out of the system.

This is the simple explanation of the extraordinary success of this treatment.

Pimples, spots, redness, greasiness, blackheads, and similar blemishes vanish in a few days.

People who use David Macqueen's Vegetine may have irregular features, but they *cannot have a bad complexion.*

Every kind of complexion defect has yielded to this Treatment. If you suffer from any of the following, David Macqueen's Vegetine will rapidly remove the trouble.

Pimples,	*Unnaturally high colour,*
Greasy Skin.	*Blotches,*
Blackheads.	*Pasty Complexion,*
Roughness of Skin	*Coarse Skin,*
Sallowness,	*Want of Colour.*

In all cases David Macqueen's Vegetine will improve the complexion. In some cases the improvement is astonishingly rapid. Faces positively disfigured have been cleared and rendered beautiful in a few days.

In all cases some improvement is at once perceptible. That is why we ask you to make a 4 day trial free.

Do this, and if you see no improvement the experiment has cost you nothing. But you *will* see an improvement. A most marked improvement will be apparent to you on the third and fourth days.

Then without any persuasion from us you will continue the treatment and rapidly grow into beauty with shining, lustrous eyes, and exquisite clear complexion, white as the lily tinged with the delicate pink of the blush rose.

Just as the tint of a flower proceeds from the root, so does a clear peach-bloom complexion proceed from the purity of the blood flowing through the capillaries of the skin. To plaster the face with cosmetics can only be compared with a foolish attempt to paint a lily—both result in spoiling—not improving the appearance. Pimples, skin eruptions, and complexion blemishes are due to impurities in the blood. The famous Beauty Secret described in this announcement purifies the blood, and thus creates a flower-like complexion from within. You can try this secret for four days, free. The coupon entitling you to this Free Trial is given below. Use it to-day.

WHAT THIS BEAUTY SECRET HAS DONE.

Since the appearance of David Macqueen's Vegetine thousands of ladies have banished entirely from their toilet tables face-creams, lotions, washes, cochineal, and similar "aids" to Beauty. Such things are no longer needed. Vegetine creates natural Beauty. It produces by natural means a soft, delicate, creamy complexion free from the slightest blemish.

Thousands of people have proved this—men and women alike—and many hundreds of them have written to say what Vegetine has done for them.

Read what some of them say.

"You will be pleased to hear that after taking Vegetine my complexion has become most beautiful and clear," writes one gentleman.

"It has cleared my complexion wonderfully," is a lady's comment.

"My complexion, which used to give me great trouble, is absolutely without fault or blemish of any kind."

Vegetine will do for you what it has done for others.

It cures from within, it draws impurities away from the skin surface, and it creates that beauty which only a perfect complexion can give.

Send for the 4-day trial box at once. It costs nothing. It will convince you.

WHAT IT IS MADE OF.

David Macqueen's Vegetine contains nothing harmful. In spite of its almost magical powers it contains nothing that will injure the most delicate constitution. *This we guarantee.*

It is free from injurious drugs and all its ingredients are to be found in the vegetable kingdom. That is why its effects are permanent. It creates Beauty by natural means.

WHERE TO GET VEGETINE.

David Macqueen's Vegetine is sold by all Chemists and Stores, at every branch of BOOTS' CASH CHEMISTS, TAYLOR'S DRUG STORES, TIMOTHY WHITE CO., LEWIS and BURROWS, PARKES' DRUG STORES, or direct and post free from the David Macqueen Co. Paternoster Row, London, E.C., at the following prices:—

ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT ... 1s. 1½d.
THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT 2s. 9d.
SIX MONTHS' TREATMENT ... 4s. 6d.

THE FREE OFFER.

But if you have any doubt don't buy Vegetine, but try it Free.

This you can do by filling up the coupon below. Send it, with a penny stamp for return postage, to the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and you will receive at once the Beauty Secret for a four days' experimental trial. After the four days there will be such an improvement in your appearance that you will be astounded.

David Macqueen's Vegetine is the Beauty Secret thousands have been seeking for years.

Send for it now. You can try it to-day Free.



At all Chemists. In Boxes at 1/1½—2/9—4/6.

"4-DAY BEAUTY SECRET" FREE COUPON.

To THE DAVID MACQUEEN CO., 405.
Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, free of all charge or obligation, a 4-day Trial Supply of DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS VEGETINE BEAUTY SECRET.

I enclose a penny stamp to pay the postage of same to the following address:—

Name..

Address..

....



SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

HOUSING.

By ARNOLD WHITE.

IF the housing of the people is not a burning question it shortly will be. By the "people" I mean all the people. The industrious rich as well as the idle poor; and, above all, the middle-classes and the efficient craftsman who brings up a family in self-respect on thirty-five or forty shillings a week. The subtle influence of one's home surroundings moulds character by forming habits. Although it is true that if you transfer slum dwellers from slums to palaces, the palaces will shortly be slums, the effect of good housing is irresistible if accompanied by the conditions that create pride in one's home.

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THE chief advantage of a great house over a little one is the absence of quarrelling. Friction between members of one family is almost inevitable when they sit in one another's pockets from January to December. After an absence from England of a year or two in sunnier lands one returns from Dover to meet the advancing tide of mean houses of greater London with abiding wonder as to how the inhabitants can find happiness in such abodes. But they do find happiness. The grey and drab monotony of the mean streets where it is always washing day, and where the sun seldom shines, is blighting to the spirit of the spectator if not to the tenants.

• • •

IN all essentials the Basutos, the Zulus, and the strapping surf men of the West Coast of Africa, or the Kandyan villagers of Ceylon would seem to lead a far more desirable existence than the inhabitants of Bermondsey or the majority of tenants and lodgers living in houses south of the Thames rated at less than twenty-five pounds a year.

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THE bicycle, of course, has made an enormous difference to the mean streets, but the real country becomes more and more inaccessible as the octopus stretches forth his tentacl devours the green lanes, and the woodlands.

IN the households that can just afford to pay for one servant the pressure of life increases the difficulty of domesticity. The servant famine is the result of the death of feudalism. In those spacious lands which we are forbidden to describe as "Colonies" the simple life comes naturally. I remember a beautiful and charming girl in British Columbia excusing herself for retiring from a dance at an unusually early hour on the ground that she had to get up early to clean her father's boots. Her father was a Chief Justice.

• • •

THE awakening of democracy which restricts the available supply of domestic servants asserts itself by a determination to secure better conditions of life in workers' abodes. Why they have not done so earlier passes all understanding. A few of the great landlords in the country have acted on the family tradition that cottage accommodation on their estates should be adequate, healthy, and convenient. Few, however, of the territorial magnates act on this principle. It is now too late for individualist action.

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THE home life of the British poor in town and country, with certain marked exceptions, is a standing disgrace to our rulers for three generations. The conditions of housing in the Mid-Rhondda Valley, for instance, explain the unrest and insurgency of the wilder spirits there. Overcrowding in this climate is purgatory. Self-respect, cleanliness, decency are unobtainable luxuries under the conditions that actually prevail, not only in the great towns, but among the mining and industrial population. As the sun never rose upon these people, how can they be expected to care for an Empire upon which it never sets?

GENERAL BOOTH told me lately in discussing the housing accommodation of the United Kingdom, that a national loan of two hundred million sterling was required to deal with it. There is no reason why the Labour Party should have a monopoly of the miseries which surround the poor in their daily lives owing to the horrible character of the housing accommodation. The human tide has begun to flow in this country, and, as M. Jaures told the French public, the time has arrived when the masses were going to sit down at the banquet of life whoever suffered and whoever were excluded.

• • •

IN sunnier countries food and clothing alone form the irreducible minimum of existence. In this country food, clothing, and shelter form the irreducible minimum. Jerry built and dilapidated homes constructed of inferior materials devoid of beauty or convenience are the rule rather than the exception in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The failures of the Elementary Education Act are largely due to the impossibility of counteracting by any syllabus the noisome effect of slum homes.

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THE deterioration of children will continue until the housing question is handled in the same spirit as the Navy question is handled.

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IF the language of little girls and boys taught in the State schools is unprintable, if their bodies badly want washing, if their faces are white and wan, the reason is the impossible conditions of their homes. The mothers are blamed for not making and mending garments made of lasting material instead of buying cheap sweated goods with which the shops are crammed. Where there are no cupboards a family of six in a couple of rooms gives the mother little chance of making and mending garments for the little people.

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REHOUSING the people is an Imperial necessity. Without it the standard of national health and stamina will continue to fall. Already the housing of the poor in Britain exposes this country to biting criticism from the United States and the Dominions. When the homes are made sanitary and decent the Council schools might teach plain, practical education, the use of bones and lentils. The simple cooking of food with such saucepans as the poor can buy might well replace the ridiculous instruction carried on with costly apparatus provided out of the rates. The sifting of cinders is an Imperial question. The hygiene of the body, the cutting out and making of plain, practical garments are Imperial questions, provided the home is such that improvement is worth while and comfort possible.

• • •

THE reason why the housing question is a burning question is because hitherto it has not been treated seriously. It is too big to be tackled by any Municipality, even by the London County Council. It is too big to be tackled by any group in Parliament. The only thing that counts is the health and comfort in daily life of our people, and there is no reason whatever why the rehousing of the British should not pay itself over and over again by the diminution of the dead charges imposed on the taxpayer by hereditary paupers, criminals, and feeble-minded.

MILLIONAIRES' PROBLEMS.

What Should they do with their Embarrassing Wealth?

MR. FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN, actuated by the noblest motives, has been exposing the extravagance of the frivolous but fashionable millionaire. We are all actuated by the noblest motives when we expose things. Nothing gives us such a glow of conscious rectitude as the other fellow's methods.

Extravagance is a much misapplied word. Actually it means spending money that you cannot afford upon things that you can do without, and, therefore, it is one of the few genuine luxuries left to us. Mr. Martin tells us of a millionaire who gave a dinner to his dog and presented the animal with a collar costing £3,000. Another millionaire bought a motor-car with a living and sleeping room, bathroom, a kitchen, and hot and cold water fittings. There was still another millionaire who gave his guests cigarettes wrapped in £10 notes, another who spent £200,000 on an actress, and another who had a hat made out of paper money to the value of £4,000. These are only a few out of the many examples given by Mr. Martin, who thus proves his point that the ultra rich are charged a great deal too much for what they have.

You can get a very superior actress for less than £200,000, and even at this price the millioniare had her only for three years.

He could probably have married her for much less than that and made her do the washing.

But Mr. Martin has the wrong sow by the ear. Instead of telling us what the millionaire ought not to do with his money, he should tell us what he ought to do with it, and then we could pass a law or something. The millionaire must either spend his money or hoard it, and Heaven knows we don't want millionaires who hoard their money. But if they spend it what are they to spend it on? It is very easy to say that it should be spent for the public good, but it is not so easy to do it. Already we have a few millionaires who are in the public good business, and we have all we can use. When the average philanthropic Crœsus starts out on his devastating career of benevolence he finds only three or four courses open to him. Of course, there are lots of others, but he never sees them because the Almighty has deprived him of imagination. He can give his money to the churches, whose capacity for cash is about equal to that of the Atlantic Ocean. He can endow institutions for the practice of vivisection, commonly known as medical research. He can give a free library to every man, woman, and baby, or he can subsidise an organisation to prevent red-haired men from fighting or ladies from scandal. Of course, there are variations on these themes, but benevolent wealth usually runs along one of these lines, and there is hardly one among them that arouses the faintest glimmer of popular enthusiasm. On the whole, we seem to prefer that millionaire wealth should be spent in the time-honoured millionaire way, drivelled away and frivoled away, rather than in the establishment of vast charitable trusts that we should move Heaven and earth to get rid of in a few hundred years' time.

Just figure it out for ourselves. What will we do with a million pounds when we get them some time next month? What do we do now with an unexpected windfall of £5 or so? Why, spend it, waste it. Buy something that we don't need, just for the love of buying. That is exactly what Mr. Martin's millionaires are doing. And it is just as well to let them spend their money in their own way. At least it is spent. After the dog is dead and the actress damned, that money will still be marching on, and some of it may come our way and so give us a chance to put into practice those fine theories about the public good that we are so fond of. But if we lecture the millionaire too much some of him may be moved to go into the public library or vivisection business, and then we shall be sorry we spoke. Or the doctors will invent a new disease for us and get themselves subsidised to cure it. On the whole, we had better let the frivolous millionaire alone. His money is coming our way all right, and we shall have the advantage of deciding for ourselves in what way it will do us most good.



Chauffeur (noticing horse's legs): "Seems ter me it's wanting a new chassis!"

• • •

LIVING ON MISFORTUNES.

"A MAN, you know, said one day to a little boy: 'Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?' 'A receiver, sir,' Tommy answered, promptly. 'Ever since pa's been a receiver we've had champagne for dinner and two automobiles.'"

"DOUBLES" AND "TREBLES."

An Amusing Competition with £5 Notes for Comments on Celebrities' Names.

For "Personal Doubles" **Competition 365** a £5 note each is awarded to:

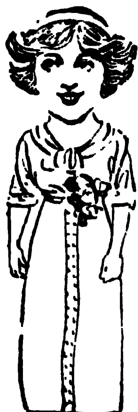
Miss Winch,	J. Slinn,	A. Sercombe,	J. Priestley,
Elmside, Church End, N.	6 Parker Street, Manchester.	Grove Hospital, Tooting, S.W.	65 Bridge Street, Sutton, Macclesfield.
Charley's Aunt (p. 405)	*R. B. Haldane* (p. 428)	*Bernard Shaw* (p. 428)	*Judge Parry* (p. 413)
Agile Centenarian.	*Beckoned Higher.*	*Britain's Shocker.*	*Judicial Playwright.*

And five Consolation prizes of £1 each to:

Arthur Butler, 110 Lowfield Road, Stockport; M. Hedderwick, 34 Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, S.W.; J. B. Brooks, Bank House, Bridgnorth, Salop; Charles W. Palmer, 16 High Street, Godalming; Miss M. Greer, The Uplands, Park Hill, Ealing, W.



Prince of Wales.



Miss Phyllis Dare.



Will Crooks.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find use for a "fiver" should have a try at "Doubles" and "Trebles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions. It is both interesting and entertaining.

We offer this week **Five Five-Pound Notes** to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five:

Prince of Wales. Miss Phyllis Dare. Will Crooks.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 6 to 15 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the initials of the name you choose as the first letters of two or three words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The Twenty-Five Pounds offered this week will be divided as above among the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself. Obviously, in such a competition it must happen that, beyond the prize-winners, there will often be others running them very close. These may get into the prize list another week when the same name occurs again and the other entries don't happen to be so good.

Each Double or Treble sent must be on a coupon, and each must be accompanied by sixpence.

The prize selections are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Cut out the coupon, fill in the number of your postal order and your name and address, and write your Double or Treble underneath.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 367, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 4th April. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 12th April.

P.O. No. .... Doubles and Trebles 367.

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 367, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... From page ....

Double or Treble ....

SPRING IS COMING!

(The following kind of correspondence may be expected at any moment now in the dailies.)

To the Editor.

SIR,—There are incontestible signs (for those who can read them) that nature is awaking from her long sleep, and that the pleasant vernal days are with us.

Yesterday, our village postman came to me in a state of great excitement, and I am sure your readers will understand the worthy man's emotion when I tell you that *a robin had nested in his hat the day previously.*

I have lent an old Gibus hat to Walker—the postman in question—and it is now doing duty pending the appearance of the new arrivals in his official headgear.

Yours truly,

Sussex. SEL-CUM-GRANO.

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SIR,—A most singular incident, which has just taken place in my house, may possibly be of some interest to your readers, as it demonstrates in a most striking way that spring is with us.

A few days ago my little daughter, Gladys, was playing in the nursery with an old cuckoo clock, which she had discovered in a cupboard where it had lain for a long time. Gladys, with the curiosity natural to her age, introduced a glove-stretcher into the interior of the clock's mechanism, in order to explore its secrets. Imagine the child's delight, and her parents' intense surprise, when the songster concealed within the time-piece emerged from his recess and ejaculated "Cuck-oo" no fewer than fifteen times, with a distinct and clear utterance!

A more convincing proof that we have left winter behind us could hardly be imagined.

Yours truly,

FATHER OF SIX.

Aquamarine Avenue,
Shepherd's Bush, W.

SIR,—This morning, my chest of drawers absolutely refused to open! In spite of the united efforts of my wife and myself, the drawer in which I keep my neckties remained hermetically sealed!

Our furniture is brand new (as we have only been married a fortnight), and I communicated at once with the Hymeneal Hire Furniture Company. They sent a man down in answer to my somewhat indignant letter.

After a careful inspection he declared that the sap in the wood is rising, as it always does in spring, and the inaccessibility of my neckwear is entirely due to that fact, and not to any fault in workmanship. He assures me that the inconvenience is temporary only and will automatically disappear later on in the year.

My experience, though somewhat annoying to myself, may be good news to those of your readers who are looking forward to the longer days and bright skies of summer.

Yours truly,

OBSERVANT.

Dulce Domum, Ealing.



DROWN THE NOISE.

"ANY suggestion as to the music at the dinner to-night?"

"Well, play something loud for the soup course. You understand."

• • •

A LOGICAL GIRL.

The governess had been carefully and laboriously expounding the first principles of morality to Muriel, and was proceeding to ask a few questions to see if her teaching on the subject of "Repentance" had made any impression.

"What must you do, then," she asked, "before you can have your sins forgiven?"

"Sin!" answered Muriel promptly

IN PETTICOAT FAIR

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

Hats of the Moment.

The question the new Spring millinery is of all absorbing interest. To be really smart and up to date one must of a necessity possess at least one hat of huge dimensions that turns boldly off the face and is surmounted with a gigantic ostrich feather set rather toward the back of the crown, and draped so as to fringe the upturned brim. Another fashionable hat that likewise follows the prevailing fashion and turns up in front is made of black Tagal straw trimmed with a single white ostrich mount set right across the front of the brim a little toward one side.

Picturesque Novelties.

For the woman who does not care about eccentric modes there are soft tulle veiled toques which are made with two shades of tulle, pale blue, draped over purple, being a favourite combination. Such toques are made of turban shape, somewhat high of crown, and trimmed with upstanding bunches of sweet peas or roses set at one side in front. Sailor hats of coloured Tagal straw lined with black are simply trimmed with a girdle of straw-beads made of long and round beads, set alternately and joined together with a thread of coloured glass beads; each straw bead being outlined with a tiny row of jet or steel.

Scarves and Wraps.

Scarves and wraps of all kinds are coming in for a great deal of attention just now. The newest are made of coloured chiffon of very bright shades covered with black spotted net. Others are made of two shades of grey ninon outlined with narrow velvet ribbon, or a border of feather trimming For evening wear some lovely scarves that almost answer the purpose of shawls, and take the place of opera coats are fast coming to the fore. These are made of tinsel brocade and of the new brocaded ninon lined with a contrasting shade of satin and trimming with gold or silver fringe and long tassels to match.

Evening Frocks.

Gold fringe likewise figures on all the newest evening gowns; one very lovely evening frock made by a prominent West End dressmaker is of ivory coloured chiffon over ivory satin. The chiffon forms a short tunic trimmed all down the front and round the bottom with narrow gold fringe while a beautiful design of gold bead embroidery adorns the corsage, and under either arm is set a narrow panel of chiffon embroidered in gold and finishing just below the waist in a narrow gold fringe These tiny panels hang loose from the tunic, and under them is passed a narrow black velvet Empire band that terminates in fringed tabs in front.

Fashions From Stageland.

Extremely beautiful and very up to date are the two frocks made by Paquin, of Dover Street, for Miss Alexandra Carlisle, which are worn in *One of the Dukes*, the new play recently produced at the Playhouse. The first is of pale blue charmeuse finely embroidered in old rose silk which is draped from the right shoulder across the front round to the back, showing an effective waist line of smooth black satin. The skirt follows the same graceful lines and is draped across from a little below the waist over a plain short underskirt of blue charmeuse and fastened at the back on to the black satin empiecement, with small blue buttons embroidered in old rose—to match the inner sleeves which are of old rose chiffon.

Shades of Pink

The second frock is of pale pink charmeuse veiled in pale pink chiffon This has panels of fine crême guipure lace arranged from the waist downwards on either side; while the lace is continued in a deep border across the back of the skirt

The bodice is very effective This is of chiffon and has the lace arranged across the shoulders, a special feature which strikes a note of novelty being the rounded neck which is outlined with a transparent collar of black tulle forming into a deep point in front. The waist of this toilette is belted with pink satin which is finished at the back in a large drooping bow—such as Paquin alone can make.

Fans

Fans are returning to favour this season—a fashion which owes its origin to Queen Mary's love of beautiful fans. In Paris an attempt is being made to introduce fans made of lace, which is dyed to match individual frocks. Such fans are very small, and mounted on ivory sticks which are ornamented with gold filagree and jewels.

Less elaborate are fans of palest coloured silks trimmed with gold sequins with a worked design in coloured silks and tinsel.

• • •

TWO DÉBUTS.

It was a feminine sightseer who left her hotel in a taxicab, directing the chauffeur to drive to the Museum The door of the cab was hardly closed before the machine started with a jerk and began to narrowly miss kerbstones as it proceeded on its way. Becoming frightened, the woman rapped upon the window of the cab and said:

"Please be careful. This is the first time I ever rode alone in a taxi."

The chauffeur reassured the passenger as follows:

"That's all right, ma'am! This is the first time I ever drove one alone."



Barber: "Did your mother say I was to give you a close crop?"
?: "No, but I got a teacher who pulls hair!"

"LONDON OPINION" FREE INSURANCE

undertaken by the

MIDLAND & TEXTILE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

39/41 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Nominal Capital, £500,000. Subscribed Capital exceeds £185,000. Paid-up Capital, £70,000.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached, but the paper need not be carried on the person.

The Midland & Textile Insurance Company Limited will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:—

£2000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's passenger train in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1000 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any tramcar in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any public omnibus in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any four-wheeled or hansom cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger-steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or

£500 will be paid to such holder in case of injury, caused by an accident as above defined which shall not prove fatal, but cause the loss of both arms or both legs, or one of each by actual separation above the wrist or ankle; or

£250 will be paid to such holder in case such non-fatal injury shall cause the loss of one limb under the aforesaid conditions.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are the essence of the contract, viz.:—(*a*) That such death or loss result within thirty days after the accident. (*b*) That the holder shall prior to the accident have written his (or her) usual signature in ink in the space provided underneath.—(*c*) That notice of the accident be given to the Company at its principal Offices in London within fourteen days after its occurrence.—(*d*) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon the request for the same by the Company, and (*e*) That this insurance applies only to persons over 12 and under 70 years of age, is limited to one coupon insurance ticket for any one holder and holds good for the current week of issue only.—(*f*) That in the event of more than one claim being made in respect of any one accident the amount of insurance granted as above set forth, shall be equally divided among such claimants, whose right to benefit shall be established in accordance with foregoing conditions.—(*g*) The decision of the publisher of this journal regarding any claim made in respect of this coupon shall be final, and binding on all parties. This insurance holds good in the case of a railway servant travelling with a pass as a passenger in a passenger's compartment.

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STOCKS & SHARES

By EAGLE.

English Oil Companies in Russia—Taltals—The Course of Raw Rubber Prices.

ONE of these days, I suppose, the oil share market will wake up in real earnest, and then some attention will be given to bull points. At present it seems the fashion to lay great stress on bear factors only. Good news is now to hand for the English concerns operating on the Maikop Field. The Russian Government has given sanction to the companies trading within the Tsar's dominions, thus putting an end to what was becoming an intolerable position. Hitherto, the populace have shown great antagonism towards English undertakings, and at times hostility has developed into acts of open and serious violence to life and property. Now that the St. Petersburg authorities have given the consent mentioned, police and military protection will, no doubt, be afforded to the companies' servants, and before long the natives will realise that the English concerns have come to stay, and allow them to trade in peace. There is an excellent field for business in Russia.

Meat Shares.

Eastman's profits fell away sharply in the past year, having been £57,000 lower than in 1909, but in the latter period they rose very substantially. The result is that the dividend for 1910 is 8 per cent., as against 10 per cent., and this reduction is seemingly causing uneasiness regarding other meat companies. As a matter of fact, I do not think there is any cause for alarm. Eastman's handled more produce last year than in 1909, but supplies were freer, and consequently prices and profits lower, and the company being in the retail trade, naturally it suffered rather badly. Concerns like the Smithfield and Argentine Meat Company and the River Plate Fresh Meat Company ought, however, to have done just as well as in the previous year, because retail factors do not affect them to the same extent, the bigger turnover negativing the fall in prices.

Neath and Brecon Railway.

The optimistic comments I have made on the outlook for the Neath and Brecon Railway Company are shown to have been fully justified by the report of the directors for the second half of 1910. For the whole of last year the Preference stock receives 2¼ per cent., as against 1½ per cent. only for 1909, ¾ per cent. for 1908, and ½ per cent. for 1907. There is every possibility of the full 4 per cent. being paid on the stock in respect of the current year, and for this reason I believe it is cheap at the present price of about 71. Moreover, as I pointed out some months ago, there is a chance of the line being bought by the Great Western Company, and in that event the quotation might easily rise to 90.

An Industrial Preference.

For those in search of a sound industrial issue, the £10 Five and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of Borax Consolidated, now standing at 12 are worth attention. The company paid 12½ per cent. on its Deferred Ordinary shares for last year, as against 11¼ per cent. for the preceding period, and 10 per cent. for the year before that. The profits, therefore, are progressive, and further headway is likely to be made during the current twelve months, as the company's products are coming into greatly increased demand.

North British.

The 1¼ per cent. per annum paid on North British Deferred for the past half-year compares with ¼ per cent. per annum only a year ago, but even so the full rate on the stock for the whole of the year 1910-1911 is only ⅞ per cent. (actual) --a poor pittance in all conscience seeing that the Deferred stands at well over 30. Of course in the current twelve months the company will assuredly do better than for some years past, but, in my opinion, the ruling quotation discounts a great deal of the future.

Furness Withy Ordinary.

Standing as they do now at 1¾ the £1 Ordinary shares of Furness Withy and Co., the well-known shipowners, are distinctly attractive as a speculative investment. The shares rose to nearly 35s. some years ago, but in the meantime, of course, the industry has gone through a trying period. As it is, however, 5 per cent. dividends have been paid since 1907, whilst in the financial year now coming to a close profits have probably been on a much larger scale than for some time past. It is rumoured that 8 per cent, or 10 per cent. may be declared before long in respect of 1910-11. The £10 Cumulative Preference shares can be bought at under par, and should also advance a little.

Taltals.

A year ago, it may be remembered, I was able to give accurate advance information regarding the dividend on the shares of the Taltal Railway. In the current year the company has not done so well, gross revenue having fallen off some £28,000. The company, however, carried forward a much increased sum at June 30th last, and this should help to prevent any serious decline in the distribution due to be announced next October. For practical purposes the shares have in recent years been on a 7 per cent. basis, extra profits being paid by way of bonus, 2 per cent. having been distributed in this way for 1909-10 as against 1 per cent. for 1908-9. It is early to speak with any confidence yet, but I look for a 1 per cent. bonus for the current period, bringing up the total to 8 per cent. for the year as compared with 9 per cent. for the previous twelve months.

Whiteley's.

A little time back I wrote optimistically regarding the then coming dividend of William Whiteley & Co. The directors now announce a final 4½ per cent. for the past year, making, with the interim distribution, 7 per cent. for the twelve months, as against 5½ per cent. for the preceding period. The Four per Cent. Debentures at the current price of about 90 yield approximately 4½ per cent. and constitute a sound investment. This is one of the companies which ought to do very well this year, in view of the Coronation festivities.

Forward Rubber Sales.

An excellent idea of the probable course of the price of raw rubber can be obtained from the forward sales just entered into by certain of the leading plantation companies. The Anglo-Malay has contracted to deliver 67,000 lb. this year at 9s. per lb., and various other quantities at from 5s. 11d. to 6s. 11d. per lb. The Cicely Company has sold over 80,000 lb. forward for 1910-1911 delivery at 7s. 6d. per lb., and the Pataling Company several tons at 6s. 11d. per lb. These prices do not lend much support to the theory advanced in some quarters that the quotation for the commodity will slump during the course of this year.

Five Per Cent. Debentures.

The successful way in which large issues of 5 per cent. bonds and debenture stocks have gone off of late corroborates the theory I advanced lately that the English investor now looks for a yield of about this rate for his money; and from what I hear he is likely to be well catered for in this respect in the future. Of existing securities of this nature I like the Five per Cent. Debentures of the City of Santos Improvements (Tramways) Company, now quoted at near par. The Debentures are redeemable at par by means of a sinking fund, but the company retains the right to cancel them at 105 per cent. on six months' notice. The issue is secured as a first charge on the tramway system and also on the electric lighting undertaking. The Ordinary shares for years past have received dividends of 7 per cent. per annum, so that the service of the Debentures is well secured.

The Five per Cent. Debentures of the Egyptian Markets Company, quoted now at about 98, also deserve attention. For 1910 an interim dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum has been paid, as against 6 per cent. per annum a year previously, so that the undertaking is not exactly one which stands still.

My Post Bag.

It is gratifying to find that correspondence from readers of this page is growing by leaps and bounds and that, particularly, advantage is being taken of my offer to reply by wire as to the advisability of applying for shares in new companies. Remember the truly golden rule—seek advice *before* you part with your money, not after.

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*Carbury.*"—There are many low-priced Rubber shares wherein your capital could be invested to better advantage. The company may, however, do well enough in the future, but it is impossible to give an adequate idea as to what price the shares may ultimately sell at. The present quotation is 1s. 3d.—1s. 6d. The present quotation for Bukit Sembawangs 2s. shares (1s. paid) is 3d. to 6d. premium, to which must be added, when purchasing, brokers' commission and stamps. "*F. B.*"—I do not think you could do better than Melbourne Harbour Trust 4½ per cent. stock, which would yield you 4½ per cent.; coupons are payable in January and July. Or you might put half in that and half in Metropolitan Electric Light 4½ per cent 1st Mortgage Debentures, which would yield £4 8s. 6d. per cent. These are both sound. "*Creditor.*"—I think the best Kaffir investments are Randfontein Central, Crown Mines, Rose Deep, but I should mix in a few Taquah Exploration (W.G.) with any South African investments. I consider Moss Empire Debentures—yield £5 19s. 7d.—likely to appreciate. London Electric Supply Pref. yield 6 per cent., and the Debentures 4½ per cent., and are both excellent. South Metropolitan Electric 4½ per cent. Debentures yield £4 12s. 6d. Union Cold Storage 1st 4½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures yield £4 14s. 3d. I think these should suit you. I do not now see any outstanding attraction in Arizona Copper, but they are good in their class. "*W. W.*"—I think there are speculative possibilities in Gwalia Prop., although I do not care for the "entourage." They would be put better in generally active markets, when you should take the opportunity to get out. "*G. F. H.*"—It is an American promotion. I have heard of it, but there are no dealings now, neither can I get any information regarding it. "*R. M. W.*"—I should not at the moment buy Van Ryn Deep. I would rather buy other good shares which are cheap, such as Randfontein Central or Aurora West. "*G. B.*"—I should not advise averaging by buying more Anglo-French. Average by buying a few Mozambique shares, which are a splendid lock-up holding. "*Dutton.*"—I should not advise you to buy any more Japanese Bonds. In any case it is always wise to spread your risks. There are plenty of Bearer Bonds to select from. You do not run any greater risk with Bearer than Registered Bonds, except that it is very difficult to replace Bearer Bonds if you lose them. Brazil 1883 yield £4 12s. 9d.; coupons payable June and December. Argentine 1910 yield £4 18s. 9d.; coupons payable July and January. Either of these should suit you. Reply was sent you by post, but was returned marked "not 17." "*J. M. B.*"—The London Wall Trust has made a big dividend, 60 per cent., out of profits on Rhodesian share dealings. There is no way of finding out its interests, and, although it is managed by leading Rhodesian men, there are other Rhodesian holdings I should prefer. Bukit Selangors are a good Rubber holding, and I should advise keeping. The Investment Trust Corporation is well managed, and has always been successful, and I think any shares they issue should be a good holding. "*Law.*"—Yes, I think the two shares you mention are good speculative lock-up purchases for improvement in capital value. I should advise you to be content with a reasonable profit. "*Warrior.*"—In your position you require to be very careful. I should not try to obtain more than 4 per cent. If this will satisfy you, I shall be pleased to send you a few selections. "*Observer.*"—Have nothing to do with any American Mining concerns which are being hawked about the country for sale, and for which there is no market on the London Stock Exchange. I know that very tempting terms are offered, but if the shares were given to you they would not be worth the trouble of taking care of. "*Sinbad.*"—You appear to have been very badly advised in all your purchases. You should sell any of the shares you can possibly get rid of at any price, and in future give the concern a wide berth. "*A. C.*"—I am afraid you will find it very difficult to sell Ferghana Oil shares at the moment, and you will have to hold for a better market. I think the company has prospects, and the price will improve when there is a recovery in the Oil share market. "*P. G.*"—No; have nothing to do with out-of-the-way Tyre concerns. "*W. F.*"—I think you might sell Hendersons, and buy Abosso or Presteas. I hardly care to advise Rubbers to buy for further profits after the recent advance. "*J. A. T.*"—Yours is a question which is rather difficult to answer, but, on the face of it, if the directors are men of sound standing and good position, and if the company is progressing well, they ought to have no need to go outside for assistance. "*J. L.*"—Yes; I think Knight Central are a good lock-up purchase at the present price, but do not see any attraction in Gwalia Consolidated. "*Namurob.*"—I consider the whole of the Electric Theatre business is a passing craze, and I feel sure you will only lose any money you invest in it. "*Yank.*"—Think you will find that you will obtain the stock cheaper by waiting. I do not advise American Rails at the moment, as too much manipulation is in progress. Think you would find it easier to arrange to buy the stock through a broker and obtain the loan than through a banker.

(*Other replies next week.*)

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

Matrimony would soon be a lost art if we could begin at the end.—*The Smart Set.*



ON THE TELEPHONE.

He: "Is that you, my darling?"
She: "Yes, who are you?"—"Fliegende Blätter."

Says a West-end costumier: "I don't think we shall hear of harem skirts much longer." But the point is, Shall we hear of them much shorter?—*Star.*

• • •

It is estimated in New York, the *Lancet* tells us, that "each birth causes, on an average, three hundred telephone calls." But surely a good deal depends on whether it is the first or the fourth?—*Observer.*

• • •

There is nothing like seizing the opportunity, and we admire Lord Lansdowne's shrewdness in offering Rembrandt's "Mill" for sale at a moment when everyone is so interested in the question of bread-making.—*Punch.*

• • •

Automobile ads. reminds us
Each machine's by far the best,
But the model that we purchase
Breaks down quicker than the rest.
—*Judge*, New York.

• • •

Trianon III. and Lutteur III. may meet in the Grand National as representatives respectively of the famous houses of Mumm and Hennessy. Mumm's the word, of course, but the stars in their courses should fight for Hennessy.—*The Looking Glass.*

• • •

Progress.

He always wears a dinner coat
When he sits down to dine:
Behind his chair a butler stands
And at the proper moment hands
Him cigarettes and wine.
His father in his shirtsleeves ate.
And sopped up gravy from his plate,
Ah, poor old sinner!
He drank his coffee from a saucer.
And at noon had his dinner.

His wife puts on a special gown
For every evening meal;
For dinner she must have her hair
Arranged with more than common care,
And all her gems reveal.
Her mother used to leave the tub
But long enough to cook the grub;
With hair all ropey
She hand'd things across the table,
Still smelling rather soapy.
—S. D. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald.*

Wife (hotly): "You insinuate that I don't know how to cook! Could you prove that in court?"
Husband: "No, my dear; I've swallowed the evidence."
—*Town Topics*, New York.

• • •

A description of a wedding explains that "the bride was charmingly though becomingly dressed." It reminds us of the reporter's note: "The patient is much better, though Dr. Brown is still in attendance."—*Black and White.*

• • •

In none of the fashion articles are we told how the harem skirt, or trousers, is to be kept *in situ*. Tapes and safety pins are all very well, but they cannot be relied upon for trousers. They have no real sense of responsibility, no realisation of the gravity of the issues depending upon them, none of that conscientious devotion to duty that one finds in braces. Tapes and pins have been tried in moments of extremity, but they give no sense of security, no peace of mind, no genuine tranquility There is always a certain lack of poise, of easy and confident dignity, about the man who knows that only a safety pin stands between him and calamity. We have no wish to be intrusive, but it is the duty of experience to come to the aid of the novices.
—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

• • •

Spring Arithmetic.

It was the busy hour of 4,
When from a city hardware store
Emerged a gentleman who bore
1 hoe,
1 spade,
1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went
Into a seed establishment
And for these things his money spent:
1 peck of bulbs,
1 job lot of shrubs,
1 quart of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way
And if he's fairly lucky, say,
He'll have about the last of May
1 privet bush,
1 ivy plant,
1 radish. —*Washington Herald.*



"What pattern will you choose for your spring trousers, sir?"
"Oh, the same as my wife's!"
—"Journal Amusant," Paris.

TRUTH ABOUT THE SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of London Opinion.

Sir,—The question raised can be largely settled by women themselves, without interfering with the delicate political machinery of the empire.

If women will refrain from purchasing and wearing the sweated products of female labour, will pay their bills punctually, will treat their maid-servants rationally, and will keep their daughters (who have good homes) from displacing girls who are compelled to earn their own livelihood, the moral condition of the sex can be improved forthwith in a manner we all desire.

Suffragists are *not* the only people who are concerned for the moral welfare of our daughters and sisters. And why is it that Suffragists have so lately taken the question up? Mr. Stead went to prison for it many years ago! C. L.

• • •

A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of London Opinion.

Dear Sir,—Some foreigners recently obtained access to the Mint.

They were watched. It was ascertained they were Mint Spies.—Yours faithfully, M. M.



VETO PEERS COMPETITION.

Do You Possess Sagacity and Foresight?

We offer up to £500, at the rate of £1 per name which proves to be correct, for predictions of those who will be created Peers for the purpose of providing a majority in the House of Lords for passing the Parliament Bill (to limit the Veto of that House).

To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided; and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once, that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this special creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill, and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost, have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections—there is *no* entrance fee and put in for your share of the £500.



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A PHOTOGRAPH PAPER DE LUXE.

The Spring issue of *The Amateur Photographer* is a special "Empire" and "World" number appealing to users of the camera in all parts of the world. It is full of fine pictures on art paper printed in colours, which demonstrate many of the modern advances of the photographer; and is a remarkable two-pennyworth that every amateur should see.

• • •

WHERE HAREM SKIRTS ARE WORN.

If you want to see the harem skirt being worn—and of course you do!—there are living models exhibiting it at the Homes of All Nations Exhibition which the *Daily Sketch* is now running at the Agricultural Hall. There are hundreds of other interesting things to see there, but the mannequins in the Theatre of Fashion are fetching the crowds.

CIGARETTES MADE HEALTHY.

There are numerous patents on the Market to prevent Nicotine from entering the mouth; some good, some indifferent. The latest is one which should prove of great value to those who desire, above everything else, a really pure cigarette.

The principle of the Cigarette is that it has at the end a card-board mouth-piece, and about a quarter inch from the end which is put in the mouth a fine linen mesh is tightly stretched. This acts as a filter, keeping back the nicotine, sandy substances, and tarry matter, which would otherwise be absorbed into the system. It can best be compared to a filter, which purifies water, as this purifies smoke.

The cost of the cigarette with this advantage is no more than ordinary high-class cigarettes, and with the above benefits it was proved that the tobacco tasted altogether cooler and sweeter, whether in Turkish or Virginia Blends.

There should be a good future for this cigarette, which has been very rightly termed by the proprietor—

"THE HEALTH CIGARETTE."

Write to L. Coen, 88 Piccadilly, W., for Sample Box of 25 Cigarettes, post free. Turkish, 1/8, Virginia, 1/- —[Advt.].

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ONE PENNY.

8th APRIL, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 368.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

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London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

WHAT'S in a name? A hundred of the best, says George Robey, even if it's an assumed one.

• • •

Judge Bacon says that every woman knows her legal rights. It's when she talks about her legal wrongs that she gets a bit silly.

• • •

Ireland, we are told, is England's chief poultry provider. Faith! we've been getting "the bird" from the Irish these many years.

• • •

Mr. G. B. Shaw upholds state pocket money for children. But we doubt if even that would make an appreciable difference to his sales.

• • •

An indignant traveller objects to the dirty practice of resting the feet on railway carriages. It *is* a dirty practice—frequently for the boots.

• • •

Two ladies in trouser skirts visited the House of Commons the other day. We understand that the members were present in full strength at these divisions.

• • •

"Alfonso XIII. was the son of Alfonso XII, who died five months before he was born."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Yet some of the books declare he lived to the age of twenty-eight.

• • •

In the opinion of some cynical folks the Suffragettes don't count for much. But it is entirely their own idea that they should, this week, count for nothing at all.

• • •

Talk about the disfigurement of our green spaces, the amazing thing, in view of the blatant utilitarian spirit of the age, is that there are any green spaces left to disfigure.

• • •

Lord Lansdowne declares it is time to give up calling the Referendum a mere crochet. Some people have thought all along it looked more like a quaver on the part of orthodox Toryism.

• • •

According to an eminent physician, the microbe affecting a certain hospital patient's throat could not be discovered until the man was told to sing a comic song. Then, we suppose, its laugh betrayed it.

• • •

When people ate unbolted wheat their jaws were stronger than ours, according to recent teaching. Yet we have seen quick lunchers at tea-shops making away with bolted provender, and their jaws looked serviceable enough.

• • •

"The modern system of dependence upon the public too often gives the prizes only to those most skilled in the art of advertisement."—*Daily News.*

But the advertisement manager of the *Daily News* is not so grief-stricken over this matter as is his editorial colleague.

One complaint against Sunday picture shows is that they are more attractive than churches. And whose fault is that?

• • •

No one, says an eminent art critic, can paint the sea like the Englishman. Nor the town either, when he really gets going.

• • •

This triangular scramble for the South Pole seems to suggest that "explorer" may now be added to the list of overcrowded professions.

• • •

A contemporary reports the case of a lady golfer who always takes her coachman to caddie for her. He is probably teaching her to drive.

• • •

The Chinese Foreign Office is, in the language of the country, called the Wai-pu-pu. The very sound of it savours of the Oriental retort contemptuous.

• • •

"Got any new weather to sell?" asked the rain-soaked humorist as he entered the shop. "No," replied the storeman, "it's All British this week."

• • •

At a certain ladies' club, it is said—owing to members quarrelling over sofa cushions—each sofa has its cushions attached by a cord, and accord reigns.

• • •

The Territorial returns for 1910 show a falling-off of 2,945 of all ranks. What can one expect when they do not see the same horse twice in the same year?

• • •

Nat Goodwin, the American actor, having been divorced four times, is not allowed to marry again. What a terrible blow for Nat. It was his only hobby.

• • •

Army Reservists with red badges are now employed to keep places in theatre queues. It should come quite naturally to spot the red after you have found your queue.

A German writer now finds fault with us because we consider the theatre as "only one of the possible forms of evening entertainment." We don't always consider it even that.

A Chinese anti-missionarist protests that our western religion is crudely presented to his childlike countrymen. Another complaint that British goods are not put up attractively.

A wife recently asked for a separation order because her husband complained of her cooking. Perhaps, if she had persisted in her cookery a separation order would have been unnecessary.

• • •

Talk of universal peace is in the air. It will be joined as soon as possible by 300 Russian war aeroplanes which, quite in the spirit of the All-British shopping idea, they are buying in England.

ARE WE SNOBS?

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

SOMEBODY ought to write a defence of snobbery. It would be a very popular book, for every human being is at heart a snob. You, gentle reader, are a snob. Your neighbour is a snob. I am a snob. We are all snobs. But we like to pretend that we are not snobs. I never heard of a snob who knew that he was a snob. Our conception of snobbishness is invariably based upon the behaviour of other people. But in the secret caverns of our consciousness we are all snobs. It does not matter whether we are rich or poor, well-born or ill-born, well-bred or ill-bred, educated or uneducated, patrician or plebeian. Whatever our station in life may be, we are all in one way or other tainted with the universal taint.

• • •

SOCIETY is based upon snobbishness. There is no such thing as equality, and there never will be. If you go among democrats and Socialists you will find as many snobs as you will find anywhere else. Theory is all very well, but men do not practise their theories in their private life. They bow to the laws of gentility. A Chinese sage or cynic said that a man is the son of the age he lives in rather than the son of his own father and mother. It is not possible to live and act and think unsnobbishly in an age of snobs. The most fanatical equalitarian finds himself licking the boots of his superior and finds his boots being licked by his inferior. The law of snobs is as irresistible as the law of gravitation. The Irish say that if you lift your feet they will fall themselves. That is to say, you cannot get off the earth you walk on. There has never been a consistent Socialist or a practical democrat. Socialism and democracy are never carried into private life. In our social relations we are all snobs. We may try to persuade ourselves that we are not snobs, but we act like snobs every moment of our lives. I am not sure that we do not sleep like snobs, for our very beds are made by our social inferiors.

• • •

LET us be men of humour, then, and face the comic truth about the world we live in. Let us not sneer at the Hampstead snobs who refuse to send their sons to a school in which the sons of poor men are received. Let us not deride others for doing what we ourselves do. Let us not blame our boys for being snobs like their fathers and mothers. Let us accept as a granite fact the incurable snobbishness of civilisation. The birds are not snobs. A blackbird does not refuse to mate with another blackbird because he came out of a nobler egg in a superior nest. The beasts are not snobs. The fish are not snobs. It is only man, that supreme animal, who has invented the rules of caste and the codes of gentility. Having the misfortune to be born a man and not a bird, I am bound to submit to the conventions of my tribe. I must be a snob whether I like it or not. If I were a donkey, I should not be forced to look up to other donkeys or to look down on other donkeys. A donkey can afford the luxury of perfect equality. A man cannot.

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IF you play a game you are bound by the rules of the game. Life is a game, and its rules are made by snobs for snobs. The joke is that you cannot help joining in the game, unless you can become a Robinson Crusoe, live on a desert island, and protect yourself against the arrival of a Man Friday. Unfortunately, desert islands are scarce and uncomfortable. You must put up with the hardships of being a member of a savage tribe. You must comply with its petty conventions. You must worship its absurd fetishes. In short, you must be a snob. The only balm you can pour on your soul is the balm of humour. You can smile at your own superior gentility or your own inferior gentility. You can laugh discreetly at the airs and graces of those who are your betters, and at the obeisances and prostrations of those who are not your betters. You can chuckle over the absurdity of a world in which chance is king and accident is emperor. You can console yourself by declining to take it seriously. That is the paradise of the humorist.

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THE worst of it is that you must be very lucky if you can laugh on the right side of your mouth. Alas! most of us are fated to laugh on the wrong side of our mouth, for a vast majority of the tribe are doomed to grin at the bottom, and only a minute minority are privileged to grin on the top. That, however, is the cream of the joke, for we are all in the great edifice of snobbishness, and, like Sterne's starling, we can't get out. And the jest becomes quite uproarious when we all assure each other that we are not snobs, and when we all unite in reviling the wretches who are caught in the act of being snobs. Indeed, it is the snob who is always ready to cudgel snobbery, just as it is the multi-millionaire who is always ready to rebuke the love of money. "I know of nothing," says Mr. John D. Rockefeller, "more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the working hours of the day to making money for money's sake."

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IT is a mistake to suppose that education is a cure for snobbishness. We are apt to rate the gymnastics of the brain ridiculously high. A wise man is as snobbish as an ignorant man. Great intellects are compatible with mean souls. The most perfect snob I ever knew was a man whose mind made me green with envy. He had the brain of a god and the soul of a flea. The intellect has nothing to do with character. Shakespeare was a snob. He insulted his wife by bequeathing her his second-best bed. Bacon, the master of those who know, was the most despicable of men. We all know great men of our own day who are loathed by all their friends. Of course, these things are kept out of biographies, but they are notorious. Let us not cherish the delusion that knowledge is nobility. You cannot become magnanimous by exercising your mind any more than you can become honest by exercising your muscles. Strength of mind is as non-moral as strength of limb. A great man may be a great cad.

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LET us not be hard on snobs. Let us not be embittered by their arrogance or irritated by their humility. Rather let us rejoice in the thought that all snobs are equal twice during their lives—when they are entering the world and when they are leaving it. If a snob snubs you, think of the

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.



Chorus of Brother Artists: "Isn't that picture ready yet, Lansdowne?"
Noble Draughtsman: "No, hang it! The title's all right, but I can't settle on the proper treatment of the subject!"

day he was not and of the day he will not be. For my part, I always encourage the snob. I draw him out. I revel in his *naïveté*. But there is a higher ecstasy than the discovery of snobbishness in others, namely, the discovery of snobbishness in yourself. That is a pure delight. Try it in hours of ennui. Take your soul between finger and thumb and hold it up to the eternal stars that saw the first snob and that will shine coldly over the grave of the last.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

Celebrity is what you put a hot plate down with.—*Gladys Freeman.*

Sabbatarianism is not necessarily an indication of a religious mind.—*Dr. Warschauer.*

The drama is sometimes fussed over to such an extent that it seems to require a rest cure.—*Pett Ridge.*

A lawyer is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight, and then runs off with their clothes. —*J. T. Oldfellow.*

I cannot see that it is worse for men to be under petticoat government than for women to be under trousers government.—*Mrs. Zangwill.*

Obedience is the Supreme Virtue.—*Canon Page Roberts.*

Obedience is not a virtue except in a slave.—*Cecil Chapman.*

Play is the great test of character.—*Bishop Welldon.*

It is a physical necessity for the English nation to laugh.—*Lord Rosebery.*

Memory is the singular feeling that steals over us while we are listening to the best "original story" of some friend whom we love but pity for trying to tell it.—*Chauncey Depew.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 23.—The Butcher.

Excelsior.

In the days we went a-gipsying—now a long time ago—there used to be sung a delectable ditty with the chorus, "Up went the price of meat—up higher." A vocalist, with a turn for the appropriateness of occasion, may see his way to revive it during the festivities of the coming Coronation. Philanthropy and five per cent. have been commended as an admirable blend. Loyalty, and all you can make, stand in the same category. The All-British instinct—the instinct of making money—is daily coming to the front. Everybody with a window to let, or a pork-pie to sell, anticipates a highly profitable time. Hotels are booked up, and in some cases their staffs will have to sleep out to provide extra rooms for visitors. Places of amusement—there are palpable signs that the number of these has been overdone in London—are looking forward to tremendous dividends. Lodgings will be dearer, and it won't be the want of will on the part of purveyors if penny buns are still kept to the price of a penny. Now come tidings that meat is to rise. Patriotism and good feeding and drinking usually form a partnership, but Britons with ostrich appetites will have to keep them under control. Good George and a good gorge will not go together. What if one result of the Coronation junketings were to turn us into vegetarians—to force green meat upon us against our wills until we come to love it for its own sake. For our loyal voices and "Up went the price of meat—up higher" are to swell in unison.

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Unromantic.

The Englishman is not, on the average, a romantic person. He is a heavy, selfish, beef-loving, unemotional, and unpoetical lump. He will affect sympathy at a theatre, if the girl he takes with him is provoked to tears by the death of little Willie or the woes of little Eva. But it is simply to please the girl. The life of the ordinary man has little to inspire admiration. First of all is the desire to make money—sometimes for the sake of the money itself, and sometimes for the sake of the enjoyment which money brings. The best enjoyers of real happiness are the folk who have given up money as a bad job. They see the rich man riding by in his chariot and they envy him not, because they regard him—though probably he has sprung from humbler clay than themselves—as something entirely outside their world. And the rich man, having nothing to worry him, except the ever-carking desire to grow richer—works his brain to find trouble. Wealth is like a red nose. It is of no use unless you can make it shine. And the rich man wants people to know that he is rich, and to envy him for being rich, and to talk about him for being rich. He comes to realise, in many instances, that, while his wealth is recognised, he is no better off for it. He is disliked; he is mistrusted. If he is ill, no one is sorry; if he dies, people speculate on what Lloyd George will get out of him. I know a few rich men with no friends. They may buy a companion for the dinner-table, they may unburthen their souls—before paying the bill—about their money and their wonderful business talent. But they go away with the galling reflection that they have simply purchased a sycophantic auditor for the evening. A dog, patted by his master, is more content.

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"In Digestion Souring."

When you have money in profusion you hunger for title or social rank. Thousands of men in this country find their money a mockery, because plenty of people don't know of it—or them. How frequently when a millionaire goes out we remark, "Bless us, we never heard of the man!" His much-vaunted bequests to old and faithful servants more often than not are calculated to inspire feelings of contempt. What point is there in raving over a few hundred pounds left to a manager or a butler? For a Crœsus, this sum bears the relation of a dozen crumbs to a threepenny loaf. I mention these things—and they are far from new—in support of my observation that the English are not romantic, except in the lower stratum of society. That layer of humanity can afford a little romance. It warms their hearts comfortably and cheaply, as the struggle for wealth—if it ever entered their minds—has long since been forgotten. There will be wonderful displays of portly dignity during Coronation week. Prosperous City men will hire expensive rooms and regale their friends with ostentatiously costly luncheons. They will do the thing well, because the Royal ceremony will enable them to advertise, in a limited circle, their own importance. But the real enjoyers of the festivity will be the careless crowd in the streets—merry, jostling, vocal—singing "All nice girls love the sailor," or "I wonder if you miss me sometimes." Ah, that we could!

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Where Woman Comes In.

The charm of being a woman is the capacity to appreciate romance. We sneer at the servant girl who swallows the penny novel, while a beneficent Government awards knighthoods, baronetcies, or peerages to the people who publish—and make fortunes out of—the penny novel. My lady in her boudoir, reading the latest erotic eruption from the circulating library, is merely doing, from

clean covers and a quarterly subscription, what the servant-girl is doing downstairs, when, very likely, she should be watching the potatoes in the crock and giving the cabbage a second water. "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart." That is true. It forms an item in the early years of his career. He soon gets over it, and often confides to his male friends a mild regret that bachelordom did not enchain him for ever. This is quite consistent with a benevolent interest in his wife and an affection for his children.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

We talk like that when we are young. The "old woman" seems a horrible phrase (in our courting days), and we are then convinced there is nothing half so sweet in life as another man's daughter. As we grow older we begin to calculate what that divinity—by that time a shade less divine—is costing us, and the Book of Verse is exchanged for the ethereal inspiration of a stock and share list, or passionate study of Ruff's Guide to the Turf. And woman, seeing how the land lies—for the instinct of woman is unerring—takes the situation philosophically. If she cannot have love she can at least have drapery, and she works out a bloodless revenge that way.

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Superfluous.

DRAPERYDOM would be tolerable—if it wasn't for its advertisements. These have been carried to a far too fanciful pitch. If I want a sixpenny-halfpenny collar I don't need to be tempted to the depôt where they sell it by philosophical and poetical columns of print, wherein Homer rub shoulders with Shantung and Cicero with all-shrunk serge. The draper should be content with his "marvellous bargains" and "appalling sacrifices." We can spare his (advertised) rules for daily life and his hygienic songs of the under-skirt. We are not deceived by his ponderous platitudinarianisms at so much a line. We know that he and his mannequins are out for money, and no more care about the life-giving qualities of your corsets, dear sisters, than for the invigorating properties of my ninepenny-three-farthings braces. We are content that our wives and mothers and sisters and cousins and aunts should shop with him, that they should storm his citadel on bargain days, that he should be an oasis in the desert of suburbandom. But we do not need him as guide, philosopher, and friend. Didactics and dimity won't wash. I don't mean that dimity—what on earth is dimity?—won't wash, but only that it doesn't go into the same copper, or stewpan, or whatever you call it, with didactics.

A Heavy Blow.

SPEAKING of blouses—wasn't I speaking of blouses?—it does not seem right to me that the difference in the prices of those articles should be so extravagantly pronounced. Recently I was lured into the Oxford Street district for the purpose of making a purchase in this department—not for my personal wear, I hardly need say. Seeing several charming confections marked at 5s. 9d., I immediately let my generous instincts go; told the girl to buy what she liked; and, presently, found myself with a bill for 59s. 11d., which scarcely left me a cab fare out of £3 to get home with. To my unpractised eye the two specimens looked as well as each other and I utter this word of warning to benevolent man who may find his quarter's salary suddenly mortgaged before he knows where he is. Let me say, in justice to the donee—don't print this "donah" for goodness sake, because it's so vulgar—that she bore the blow with striking equanimity, and was ready with any amount of reasoning to prove that I had picked up a bargain for her. Moral—when you buy blouses, beware of the accent resting on the "blou."

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"The Drama's Laws."

[MISS NANCY MORE wears a fifty-guinea hat in *Peggy*.]

The Drama lies in Fashion's clutch—
And, yet, you may be sure
We should not love that hat so much,
Loved we not Nancy More.

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A Possibility.

I WENT to the Empire the other evening and saw really marvellous pictures of the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool—a contest which will stand out in history as the most sensational chapter of accidents ever known on the Turf. The late Mr. Swindells always objected to betting on steeplechases on the ground that he disliked to "see his money flying in the air." At Liverpool most of the backers saw it in the water. I trust, for the sake of the folk who witness jumpers in various parts of the country on Easter Monday, that the number of casualties will be far fewer. If only one animal out of two bakers' dozens keeps on his legs, we are getting perilously near the period when the greatest 'chase in the world may be "declared void" through nothing finishing. Watching the exciting pictures, and horse after horse tumbling into the brooks and ditches, it struck me that the orchestra lost a chance of supplying topical music. They ought to play "Fall in—and follow me!"

A Tired Horse.

WHAT a flat affair Parliament is. Nobody speaks about it. The "man with the white hat in the corner of the omnibus," beloved of Lord Palmerston—we see comparatively few men in white hats at these times—never discourses upon its virtues or its iniquities. The House of Commons goes along like a tired horse, and interest has been recently braced up only on the proposal to spoil St. James's Park. Surely that game was not worth the Vandal! The truth is we have had too much politics and people are sick of them. Some of His Majesty's Ministers have aged visibly—almost under our very eyes. Mr. Haldane, like Bottom, is translated. He has been conveyed to that wicked place, the House of Lords. But the Radical Press assures us he will be as hard-working as ever. So, though hauled in among first-class earls he will not be known as "Haldane, the slack."

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"All British."

LIKE Kempenfeldt, the All-British Shopping Week is gone. What did it mean what did it prove? And what are we buying this week? I indulged in no British cigars: I bought no British wines. A visit to a music hall convinced me that I was not getting an all-British performance there. Stay—I did buy something, according to specification. That was an "all-British" bun. The dear girl in the shop assured me it was quite the real thing. Then I asked her where the currants came from, and the band played "Maid of Athens"

ROUND THE TOWN.

Mrs. Asquith as a Dancer: People who will "Paj": Latest Literary Gossip: Eugen Sandow's Appointment: Lewis Waller's Lost Case.

WILL the Tsar come to London for the Coronation? Although it has been stated positively in some Russian dailies that he has no intention of witnessing the crowning, yet for some reason the Terrorists do not accept these assurances. I imagine that Scotland Yard people pray nightly that he will give the ceremony a miss in baulk.

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FOR the stage-management of the Coronation ceremonies the Duke of Norfolk is appointing a large staff to assist him. Lord Richard Nevill is coming home from Australia to join this staff.

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IF the Premier has read Mr. A. G. Liddell's book, *The Life of an Ordinary Mortal,* just published by Mr. Murray, he cannot have been altogether pleased with the reference therein to Mrs Asquith. It is in a passage about Laurence Oliphant, and the author says:

> One night, going to bed, he was seized with a touch of wild spirits, and danced a furious can can with Miss Margot Tennant on the landing

It makes one wonder whether this exuberance ever breaks out at 10 Downing street.

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I SHALL be rather surprised if Mr Arthur Collins does not get a knighthood soon after the Royal command performance at Drury Lane.

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A CERTAIN well-known young man of title, although the son of a millionaire and reputed himself to be very wealthy, recently placed in the hands of a financial agent a bill of exchange for £10,000 to negotiate. This proved an easy enough operation The agent went off to Monte Carlo without first settling with his principal, and the principal, regarding this in his haste as fraudulent, obtained a warrant for his arrest.

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MEANWHILE the agent, who had been winning many thousands at the tables, duly sent his principal the proceeds of the £10,000 bill. The principal would fain withdraw the warrant, feeling now that there never was anything worse than casualness on his agent's part, but police magistrates do not countenance the withdrawal of warrants, except in court after public explanations. It is a pretty impasse, and the agent, kept there by these circumstances, is beginning utterly to loathe Monaco.

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AT the Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace next month Lord Howard de Walden will appear as the Black Prince, Viscount Hill will figure as the first Viscount Hill, and wear his ancestor's sword and hat as used in the Peninsular War, the Countess of Plymouth will be Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Melville and Lady Beachcroft will impersonate the Priest and Priestess of Lud in the pre historic London scene.

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FURTHER, it is pretty safe to expect to see the Duke of Westminster as Henry V in the episode which Westminster is providing, and the Duke of Marlborough is likely to figure on some days It is probable that distinguished members of the French Embassy will take part in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, a very brilliant scene.



American Girl (tired of the hat department): "Mamma! I'm going on. You'll find me in the night-gowns!"



The Bounder: "I say, old man, I wish you'd make a point of being in this evening. I—ah, want to see you about marryin' one of your gals."
The Major: "With pleasure. Which do you want—the cook or the hous-maid—what?"

GLAD to be able to announce that the dispute between Mr. Frank Curzon and Mr. Paul Reubens has been arranged. Mr. C. was understood to ask the composer to get on with a couple of musical comedies; but now that his wife, Miss Isabel Jay, has retired, does not desire the goods delivered, and has compensated Mr. Reubens in a manner which leaves the parties friends all round.

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CALLING in a day or two ago at Jimmy Pryde's studio at St. John's Wood, I was allowed to see the picture which this artist is sending to the International Exhibition. It has already found a purchaser. It depicts the vestibule of a fancy dress ball, and is a most striking picture. Mr. Pryde, with Mr. William Nicholson, used to be the Beggarstaff Brothers, the creators of those famous posters which have never since been equalled. Both artists are now turning out canvases which will, if I am any judge at all, command the competition of the connoisseurs.

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THAT amusing book of legal reminiscences, *Pie Powder*, published anonymously as by "A Circuit Tramp" (John Murray), is, I am told, from the pen of Mr. Foote K.C. I saw Sir Edward Clarke buying a copy of it at Denny's, in the Strand, a day or two ago.

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IT would be piquant if somebody were to compile a list of eminent persons who have recognised themselves, or who have been recognised by their friends, in the gallery of contemporary portraits painted by Mr. Wells in *The New Machiavelli*. In literary and political circles the game of spotting the victims still goes on merrily. Here is a preliminary list of the real persons who are caricatured in the novel: Mr. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb, Mr. Graham Wallas, and Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan It would be indiscreet to identify the others, for London society is seething with gossip about them.

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IT would not be safe for Mr. Wells to enter the National Liberal Club, for his realistic audacity has made that building too hot to hold him. In the circumstances, it is rather amusing to note the way in which he is being welcomed to the Unionist fold by "Cadenus" in the *Morning Post*. Mr. Wells is hailed as the darling of the Tory democracy, and it is said that the "Confederates" are clasping him to their bosom. One of the salient features of the novel is the praise bestowed on Mr. Balfour and the derision heaped upon Liberals and Fabians. It is odd that Mr. William Watson, like Mr. Wells, has also forsaken Liberalism, and has figured as a Conservative poet in the *Morning Post*.

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GLAD Arthur Morrison has his book on Japanese painters ready for publication by Messrs. Jack at last. Now, perhaps, we shall get more of his enjoyable stories. Mr. Jerome is another author whose readers miss him; but J. K. J. tells me he will write no more books. Playwriting attracts him so exclusively.

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A QUAINT view for a well-known novelist to harbour is that of Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, that if *Quentin Durward*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit* were offered to the London trade to-day as new books by unknown authors they would be refused, "not

because of their mere length, but because their authors had not learned the art of excluding matter not germane to the story.' Mr Watson must be feeling sore with the publishers to say so severe a thing as this about them

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IN Macmillan's new centenary edition of Thackeray, the first four volumes of which are promised this month, will be included a great number of his scattered pieces and illustrations which have not hitherto appeared in any collected edition of the works

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MR LEWIS MELVILLE, who has written so much about Thackeray, is receiving generous promises of support in connection with the commemorative exhibition that is to be held at the Charterhouse

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MENTION has been made here that Messrs. Lewis Waller and William Greet were at loggerheads over the Lyric Theatre. Waller claimed the right to occupy the theatre and wanted *The Chocolate Soldier* shifted Greet's case was that he had only agreed to let Waller have the theatre if he had a good play to put up—a play that Greet liked The matter went to arbitration, and the Keen on Waller maidens may shed a tear on learning that their hero has now lost the case, and that the costs he has incurred may run into £500

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MME Maeterlinck, who is known on the stage as Mlle Georgette Leblanc, is considering establishing a theatre of her own in Paris. Maeterlinck himself will be expected to contribute a number of new plays

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IT has been arranged by the Marchioness of Tullibardine that Lady Margaret MacRae will organise the set reels to be danced at the Royal Caledonian Ball, at the Hotel Cecil, on 29th May. There will be no set quadrilles, but, as usual, all gentlemen attending the ball will be required to wear uniform, the kilt, Court or levée dress, or Windsor uniform. Lord Tullibardine always wears the tartan of his clan.

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THE exhibition of the work of Elie Nadelman, the new Polish sculptor which has just opened at 5 Old Bond Street, should arouse interest, for, although Nadelman is as yet unknown here, he has become famous among the "Intellectuels" of Paris for the mystery and poetic quality of his sculpture

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MR HERBERT SALUSBURY HUGHES, of Offley Place, Hitchin, tells me he is selling the whole of his large estate Mr Hughes succeeded to the property from Lady Salusbury, the widow of Sir Thomas Salusbury It was at Offley Place that Mrs Thrale the friend of Dr Johnson, often paid visits to her kinsman.

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SHE frequently mentions Offley Place in her memoirs, and there are some interesting manuscript letters of hers concerning Dr. Johnson and other celebrities in the muniment room of this stately mansion Mr Herbert Hughes is a nephew of the late Judge Hughes, the famous author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and was a well known cricketer and leading golf player in his time

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"PROFESSOR of Scientific Physical Culture to His Majesty" is the latest Royal appointment, Mr Eugen Sandow having just had that honour conferred upon him by King George This is a modern equivalent of King's Champion, the knight who, armed *cap a pie*, used to throw down the gauntlet to all and sundry at the Coronation



"I can't see 'ow these 'ere Christian Scientists cure people by laying on hands."
"Well, that's 'ow I cured my little boy of telling lies!"

THIS seems a much more sensible kind of Court appointment than that of Poet Laureate for instance, and is a really striking recognition of the chest-expanding and muscle-developing cult of which Sandow was the pioneer, and continues to be so distinguished an exponent, as an antidote to that physical degeneracy which seems inevitably to accompany advancing civilisation.

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THE Royal appointment is not, of course, the first public recognition of the redoubtable muscleman. Since the days when, a fair-haired Apollo, he leapt upon the old Westminster Aquarium stage to accept the challenge of the "Samson" of the moment, Sandow has gone far. His propaganda had much to do with the institution of the Scottish Royal Commission on Physical Education in Elementary Schools, before which he gave evidence, and it was responsible for an important part of its recommendations. His system is indeed, met with the wide world over.

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THE King's printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode, send me an advance copy of the Authorised Form and Order of Service which will be performed at the Coronation. Souvenir editions of this work will be ready in a few days bound in illuminated covers of chaste design ranging in prices from a few pence upwards Official copies will also be on sale.

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AT the Eccentric Club, an inner circle has been formed by George Graves. They are called the Wottlers—because of their regular greeting, "Wottle you have?"

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AM told that the divorce suit of Alec Hurley, against his wife (Marie Lloyd) and Dillon, the jockey, will come on soon after Easter, and is not expected to last ten minutes.

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STILL more four-legged American visitors! I hear that Mr. August Belmont is shipping four two-year-olds for England within the next few days. They will be trained by Watson at Newmarket.

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FRANK MORGAN, the steeplechase jockey, has been the means of supplying believers in dreams with a most comforting precedent. The night before the National, Morgan dreamt that he saw Glenside come in alone for the big Steeplechase. And it actually came to pass! Dream-punters will now, doubtless, get busy again.

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MR. TATEM has a decidedly smart youngster in the colt by Thrush—Rook Egg, who won the Sefton Park Plate with a good deal to spare after losing several lengths at the start. This youngster should gain further winning brackets shortly.

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JIMMY BRITT tells me that it is more than likely that he will return to the ring in the near future, and already there is talk in New York of a match between Britt and Battling Nelson, both of whom have held the Lightweight Championship of the World.

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LORD CARNARVON'S horses are seldom "ready" early in the Spring, but I hear that Mustapha is very forward in condition. This unlucky horse will probably win the City and Suburban if he does not incur a penalty through winning the Newbury Cup on Saturday next.

THE LOOKER-ON.

HOW GOVERNMENT POSTS ARE FILLED.

A REMARKABLE MONOPOLY.

The most astonishing feat in connection with filling appointments in the Civil Service happened the other day in the department of Female Sorterships in the General Post Office.

These appointments are filled by competition open to girls between the ages of 15 and 18 in all parts of the British Isles, the only qualifications being that they shall be British subjects and unmarried. It is usual to hold examinations to fill these posts every six months, a number of vacancies varying in number being offered on each of these occasions.

At the last examination 15 appointments were offered to competition, and 486 candidates competed for these appointments. Of these, over 400 came from schools and Civil Service classes all over the country, the remainder being students of Clark's College, the well-known training institution in Chancery Lane, London. The result of this examination when published showed that every vacancy offered had fallen to the lot of students of Clark's College, *not a single vacancy being obtained by any of the other candidates.* Furthermore, the official list published by the Civil Service Commission shows that out of the next fifteen on the list in order of merit all but two were also students of this institution.

A study of the Success Lists in other Civil Service examinations shows that, far from being an exceptional thing, it is almost a matter of course for this one institution to secure the great majority of the vacancies in many departments of the Service; so much so, that it holds what is practically a monopoly of all appointments for girls and many of those for boys also.

Why is this? The competitions are open and the competitors many in number, and yet hardly any except those who are students of Clark's College are able to get positions. The great competition scares many from trying, and yet apparently the greater part of the competition is ineffective, the rank and file of the candidates having no chance.

And yet these appointments are well worth getting. With good salaries, light and easy duties, pension at the end of service, and (in the case of girls) a marriage bonus, they are eminently desirable in every way.

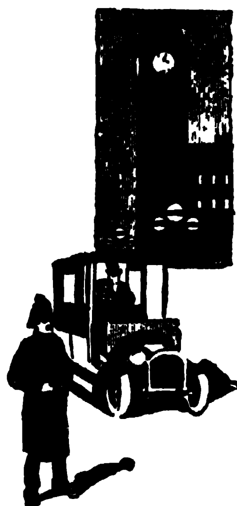
Apparently, however, there is only one way into the Civil Service, and that is through Clark's College. For whilst it seems the most natural thing in the world for its students to carry off the appointments, those who have not the advantage of its training try again and again without result.

The matter is one which is well worth investigation. Parents with boys and girls to place in life, youths and young ladies who are ambitious for the future, all are interested in the Civil Service as a career, and could they know a sure way of entering it, would be glad to avail themselves of it.

All such should seek the information which is freely offered by Clark's College in its Illustrated Guide to the Civil Service, No. 50, and its list of successes, which number some 50,000 or more, every success meaning a position gained for life. These will be sent free on application to Clark's College Ltd., 1, 2, & 3 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Why not write now and see what advantages this splendid College has to offer? It can help you wherever you live, for besides its day and evening classes in its London branches, it trains students by post, direct to their own homes.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



Exit the Budget of last year. But in a few weeks we shall be entering on the discussion of this year's Finance Bill, so that the Budget, like the poor, we have always with us. The latter stages of the controversy over the measure have been marked by the usual recriminations.

The Ministeralists have been accusing the Opposition of wilful obstruction and so forth, but surely the duty of the Opposition is to oppose? The Unionists, on the other hand, have been complaining of broken pledges, stifled discussion, and all the rest of it. Both sides are right, and the only complaint I make is that the charges are absolutely devoid of novelty, for the "outs" and "ins" have been working the same grievances from time immemorial The strange feature is that both parties are still able to lash themselves into apparent furies in venting their protests, and almost seem to believe in their own indignation.

Bootle's Choice.

The re-entry of Mr. Bonar Law into the Parliamentary arena has been welcomed on all hands. The Front Opposition is none too rich in intellectual power, and that fact is a disadvantage to the nation as well as to the Opposition. It is also a disadvantage to the Ministry, for the stronger the Opposition the better the Government. Mr Bonar Law has no enemies, and is an exception to the adage that the man who never made an enemy never made anything.

Cows and Bulls.

That peroration of Mr James Campbell, who sits on the Front Opposition Bench as ex-Attorney General for Ireland, has immortalised him at Westminster. It gives him his greatest claim to fame, and deserves to be recorded "I do not believe that Ireland will ever willingly separate herself from the milch cow, whilst it is distilling golden sovereigns." Like the Caledonian teetotaller into whose glass of milk someone surreptitiously poured a glass of whiskey, one can only ejaculate: "Great Scot! what a wonderful coo!" If Lord Sinclair would only induce the Congested Districts Board of Scotland to introduce the breed in the Highlands, Scottish poverty would disappear as by magic, whilst, by a similar method, Earl Carrington might make "Agricultural Depression" a hideous memory of the past in England. I fear, however, that Mr. Campbell's cow must have been an Irish bull.

"Mistakes and Blunders"

Literary "bulls," indeed, are not uncommon in the House; and it is scarcely necessary to say that many of them come from Irish pastures Wasn't it Mr. Sloan (who represented South Belfast in the last Parliament) who once appealed to the Government to allow its backbone to come to the front? Another Hibernian complained that in fifty years the population of his country had been "decimated by one half"; and still another assailed the War Office as being "iron-bound with red tape." We have nobody nowadays, of course, to compare with the ever-to-be-remembered Sir Boyle Roche, who once exclaimed: "I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air, and by Heavens I will nip it in the bud"; but the race is not quite extinct. It should, however, be remembered that "bulls" generally arise, not from stupidity, but from a plethora of ideas which in the course of expression become involved. In other words, a "bull" is a mistake, but not a blunder; and Josh Billings appreciated the distinction when he wrote: "If a man puts down a bad umbrella and picks up a good one, that's a mistake, but if he puts down a good one, and picks up a bad one, that's a blunder."

"Mr. Barnes of Glasgow."

The mildest of revolutionaries, Mr. George Barnes, a past Chairman of the Labour party, is old (as Parliamentary hands go); and he should have been wiser than to have begun a speech, by saying: "I do not intend to speak either for or against the resolution now before the House." Sir Frederick Banbury was quick to raise the point of order that in that case he was not entitled to speak at all, whereupon the disconcerted Mr. Barnes hastened to qualify his opening avowal. The incident much amused the House, but I have heard a better one related in the smoking-room.

It concerns the genial and popular Irishman, Mr. John O'Connor, better known by reason of his inches as "Long John." John is said to have begun a speech in the good old days of long ago in these words: "Mr. Chairman, I desire to make a few observations of a general character before applying myself to the subject-matter of the resolution now before the House." Mr. Lowther—for he was then Chairman of Ways and Means, and was already by way of being a humorist—at once intervened with a kindly remonstrance which evoked a roar of laughter.

"I think it would," he said, "be more for the convenience of the House if the honourable and learned member would first apply himself to the subject-matter of the resolution now before the House, and reserve his observations of a general character for some subsequent occasion." If the eloquent Irishman had only made his observations without disclosing the fact that he was not going to apply himself closely to the resolution, he would doubtless have succeeded in the task to which he had set himself; but—well, there you are The story is probably *ben trovato*, for Long John is too astute to give the game away so ineptly, but how many good stories would survive if we applied to all of them the microscope of mere accuracy?

Sitting on Hats.

I remember the case of another legislator who, in the course of a maiden speech, said he regarded both the motion and the amendment as sheer waste of time, and would therefore vote against both He then sat down upon his new silk hat. Now, there is nothing the House enjoys so much as a member sitting on his hat—it makes the potent, grave, and reverend signors howl like schoolboys; but the merriment became unbounded when an Irish member rose and solemnly congratulated the newcomer on his maiden speech—and also on the fact that, when he sat down on his hat, his head was not in it!

A Preventive for All-Night Sittings.

That is not a bad idea of the member who wants to close the Refreshment Bars of the House on the occasion of late sittings, and I like the suggestion of bringing the administration of the Kitchen Committee into harmony with the Licensing Laws by stopping at 12.30 a.m. the sale of what he delicately described as "effective refreshments." Members would be more anxious to get home if there were no Smoking Rooms or Dining Rooms to which they could resort to escape the torture of the dreary drip of dilatory declamation that characterises an all-night sitting.

"Scenes," too, would be less frequent, for who could get excited on soda water? As a matter of fact, drink is sold at Westminster without a licence—that is one of the privileges of moving about in a Royal Palace; and I well recollect dear old Sir Wilfrid Lawson summoning to Bow Street the attendant in the bar that adjoins the Central Hall on the charge of selling drink there without a licence. Nothing, however, came of it, but the legality of the practice is still a moot point.

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The purpose of these endowments is to enable 5,000 readers of this journal to *double the working and earning powers of their brains* by taking a complete Course of Mind and Memory Training, under the famous Pelman System, for a moiety of the usual cost.

In other words, Mr. Pelman has offered to enter 5,000 readers of London Opinion for a three-guinea Course under this System on payment of the much reduced fee of a guinea and a half.

Applications have been received from all parts of the country, and at the moment of going to Press nearly 3,000 ladies and gentlemen have enrolled at these specially reduced fees.

Men and women of all ages and every position in life are represented. Amongst the readers already enrolled are to be found:

Barristers	Builders	Working Men
Doctors	Bankers	Law Students
Journalists	Heads of Businesses	Book-keepers
Teachers	Managers	Excisemen
Ministers of Religion	Clerks	Chemists
Officers of the Army and Navy	Accountants	Land Agents
Politicians	Lecturers	Cashiers
Commercial Travellers	Salesmen	Railway Servants
Financiers	Secretaries	Signal Men
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Others have done it by this very method, and you can do the same.

The Endowment Scheme announced in these columns last week offered 5,000 readers of London Opinion the opportunity of instruction in the World Famed Pelman System at half-fees; there are but 2,000 out of the 5,000 vacancies left

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To The Secretary, Pelman School of Memory, 35 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

Please send Free Book Memory Training and Half Fees Enrolment Form offered to readers of London Opinion under Mr. Pelman's Endowment.

Signed

(Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address

Improvement desired

Readers of London Opinion abroad may address their applications to The Pelman Schools at the following places: Melbourne, 47 Queen Street; Durban, Club Arcade; Bombay, 28 Esplanade Road.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

LITTLE did I think that I should ever again find myself snivelling over a drama built round a wronged governess. But the real artist can take even that threadbare theme and make a fine play of it, and this is just what has happened at Wyndham's Theatre in *Passers-By*, by Haddon Chambers. Had it been produced anonymously one would have sworn its author was J. M. Barrie, such a fine blend is it of deep sentiment and bubbling humour. And when Irene Vanbrugh and Gerald Du Maurier got out of this play every ounce of tenderness and wit that the author had packed into it, lots of people besides myself were every now and again looking "all smiley round the lips and teary round the lashes." Can cordially recommend you to be goers-in to *Passers-By*.

• • •

That most excellent actor, and best of good fellows, George Shelton, whose performance as Nighty the Cabman is one of the chief delights of *Passers-By* at Wyndham's is a native of Manchester, in which city of light and loveliness he began the serious business of life as a compositor. But of picking em up George soon grew tired, and then he joined the company at the old Queen's, whence after much useful experience he skipped to London and signed on with Johnnie Toole, with whom he served for many years. Shelton is, I fancy, the sole survivor of Toole's old-time crowd of which Jack Billington and Harry Westland were members. Charles Lowne is, of course, alive and hearty, but then, he came in later, as did Irene Vanbrugh. As constituted in 1890, when the Australian tour was undertaken, Toole's team was indeed a merry lot of mummers. And George Shelton was merriest of them all.

• • •

According to official announcements Adele Ritchie, of the United States, was to figure in the Palace bill this week, other newcomers being the Oyra troupe of dancers, who have been helping along *The Waltz Dream* at Daly's, and the Yamagata lot of Japanese entertainers. Concerning Adele Ritchie, she now is making her first appearance in variety, and for anything I know to the contrary is being seen for the first time by English audiences. Upon that score I may, however, be at fault. Next week I'll tell you how Adele strikes me meanwhile I observe that Alfred Butt has brought her in on rubbers, which is to say on the whisper, otherwise without any preliminary whoop. That, believe me, is the best of good policy. Later in the present month look out for the peerless Pavlova and the marvellous Mordkin, who are to be supported by a bunch of coryphées from Russia.

• • •

It is not often that an author who is having his first shot at sketch writing scores such a success as Charles Eddy has with *Honour is Satisfied*, which Lyn Harding & Co are playing to enthusiastic crowds at the Tivoli. It's enough to encourage a man to try and do the trick again.

• • •

Quite a long time ago I told you that the title of the play which G. E. Hemmerde, K.C., was writing for Lewis Waller would be *The Butterfly on the Wheel*. This is now confirmed by the Globe Theatre people, and the piece, with Waller as the disturbing element on the domestic hearth, as it were, will be produced at the house in question on the evening of Tuesday, 18th inst. A Divorce Court scene is to be one of the features of the show.

• • •

From the American papers I have been hearing so much of the musical comedy *The Pink Lady*, by Charles McLellan and Ivan Caryll, that I almost want to see it. Now there is some talk of the piece being put up in London with Klaw and Erlanger, George Edwardes and Charles Frohman. A theatre? Well, what price the Vaudeville later on? That is the only possible shelter I can think of.

• • •

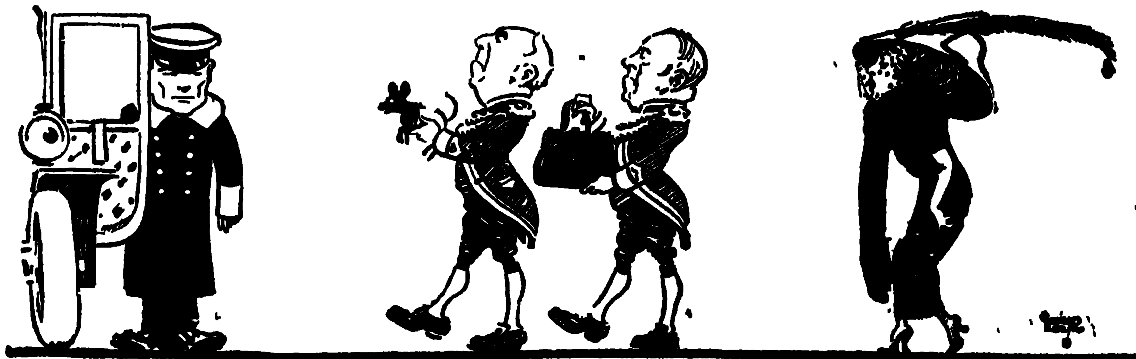
There must be an epidemic of throat trouble about Not only has the Chancellor of the Exchequer fallen a victim to the malady, but all sorts of people connected with the stage have been complaining of pain and hoarseness during the past few weeks. Another distinguished sufferer is our young friend Charles Hawtrey, who has been out of the bill of *Inconstant George* for some nights Charles, I am assured, is likely to be back at his job again by the time this sympathetic reference is on sale at all bookstalls and agents, price one penny.

• • •

Marjorie Berys, an extremely pretty brunette who hails from the city of Melbourne, is back with *The Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury, where her exceptional beauty is quite at home I say "back with *The Arcadians*" because Marjorie was in the original cast, but after about two months of joyous participation in the successful show, she was recalled to the city by the Yarra. But for London not even the giddy swirl of Collins Street could compensate, and being unable to resist the call of the Great City, she surreptitiously booked her passage to England. Then when the steamer was upon the point of sailing, her parents relented, her mother booked another passage, and they landed all well at Tilbury. As fast as one of the flyers of the L. T. & S Railway could carry her, Marjorie sped to London, hurried to the Shaftesbury, presented her breathless little self to Robert Courtneidge and said, "Please, I've come back." "Glad to see you," replied Courtneidge, "you play to-night." And there she is looking just precisely the same as she did on the same stage eighteen months ago. I asked her the other evening how long she meant to stay this time. "I'm never going back," she answered with tremendous earnestness, "Australia is my birthland, but London I love above all places, and here I stay and work." That concludes the most exciting incident in the career, so far, of pretty Marjorie Berys.

• • •

Drury Lane did so well out of a revival of *The Whip* that Arthur Collins no doubt considers he is well advised in giving another success a second run. *The Sins of Society*, now reintroduced with Mrs Langtry in the lead—and harem skirts in the great Longchamps scene to demonstrate its up-to-dateness beyond cavil—is a typical "Lane" drama—spectacular, humorous, effective throughout.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"Lady Patricia", preceded by "James and John."



"What, not at school to-day, Johnnie?"
"No, got a job now on Mondays."
"Oh, a good one?"
"Yus, I goes to the pawnshop for a lidy!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

A CENSUS QUESTION.

(Some idols were included in the Indian census of 1901.)

AT that so irreligious computation
 Our theological decorum bridles;
Yet, holds the census of no other nation
 Some idles?

A. W.

OBSOLETE LOVE-MAKING.

[Actor-managers declare that what the public wants is not to see a man making love but to see him making money.—*The Gentlewoman.*]

THE mummer bores me when his *rôle*
 Is that of some misguided ass
Who loves, with all his heart and soul,
 A simple-minded village lass.
To make a vow on bended knee
 That, though his cash in hand is nil, he
Is hers for aye appears to me,
 To say the least, a trifle silly.

I fain would see him represent
 The self-made Northerner, whose mills
Yield monstrous profits, or the gent
 Who owes his pelf to patent pills.
He may be fat, for aught I care,
 Possess a visage marred by freckles,
Or squint, or limp, or have red hair—
 Provided he rakes in the shekels.

My hero is the iron-willed King
 Of Commerce, who exults in toil
And hatches schemes for cornering
 The world's supply of wheat or oil.
To listen to a stripling's stream
 Of sentimental twaddle galls me;
A fig for calf-love! 'Tis the theme
 Of Golden Calf-love that enthralls me!

F. J. WHITMARSH.

TO THE FARMERS

(At the Close of the Hunting Season).

WHEN we bid a farewell to the season
 And turn out our hunters to grass,
'Twould be surely the blackest of treason
 To go without filling a glass
To the men who have furthered our pastime
 By lending their fields for the fun;
Here's "The Farmers!" Once, twice, and a last time,
 And grandfather, father, and son!

Looking back on the season that's ended
 We blush for our track in the seeds,
For the fences we left to be mended,
 And the damage we did in the swedes;
And so, since we know there's no brooding
 And the mending is cheerfully done,
Let us drink to the farmers, including
 The grandfather, father, and son!

From that rattling good day in November,
 Up to yesterday's wonderful burst,
There is scarcely a run we remember
 When a farmer was other than first.
It's because when the pace becomes clinking
 They can ride with us second to none
That we drink—with our hearts in the drinking—
 "The Farmers!—sire, grandsire, and son!"

W. H. O.



94 out of 100 athletes at the Great Universities and Famous Public Schools had Oat-Food in childhood.

[illegible]

The Report of the National Food Enquiry Bureau

sets out this significant fact — another proof that the first ten years of life determine one's health and strength. [illegible]

The Bureau has recently concluded a sweeping investigation into the value of Oat food amongst *all* classes.

At these great institutions of mental and physical prowess Oat food was reported the staple breakfast dish. "Porridge for breakfast is essential for a man in training," wrote one athlete. "In the[illegible] Makes ones powers of endurance stronger."

94 out of these scholastic athletes eat porridge every day. Of celebrated athletes outside college life the report shows that 71 out of 100 use Oat Food [illegible]

What a Contrast Here!

What a pity to find, according to the Report, that in the [illegible] homes of the kingdom this most nourishing and most economical of foods is [illegible] In [illegible] in 100 of these homes serve Oat food.

The Doctors Declaration

[illegible]

Carbohydrates are the heat and energy giving elements of food, proteid is the body building part of food. Phosphorus is the brain food, lecithin the food of the nerves and nerve centres.

But What Oat-Food?

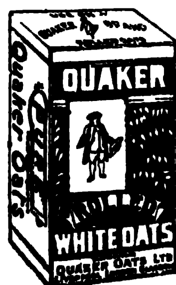
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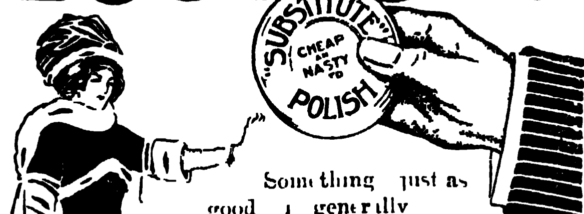


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NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD

The Clinch of the Blade. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

THE finest ornamental metal-work ever done in the world consists in the tsubas, or sword-guards, made in Japan between the years 1586 and 1868. The word "tsuba" is short for "tsumiba," which meant "the thing which clinches the blade." And "tsuba-mono" is a derivative, which came to mean a "man-at-arms."

The sword-guards made during the warlike period in Japan (from the date of the Norman Conquest here to the time of Drake) were simple, and little decorated. The blade was then the important thing. In the icy steel born of fire the samurai beheld the mystery of life coming out of death. The sword was the symbol of honour and manliness. In its unclouded sheen they recognised the purity and chastity of the loyal. The most precious dowry a bride could bring was the honoured sword of her ancestors, and old Japanese dramas had their plot in the quest and recovery of such a blade.

A samurai's sword was part of his personality; Taiko-Hideyoshi, the Japanese Napoleon, saw the swords of his generals lying on a table in the ante-chamber of his room, and so expressed was the individuality that he could recognise to whom each sword belonged. Next in importance to the blade itself came the tsuba.

The Choice to Collect.

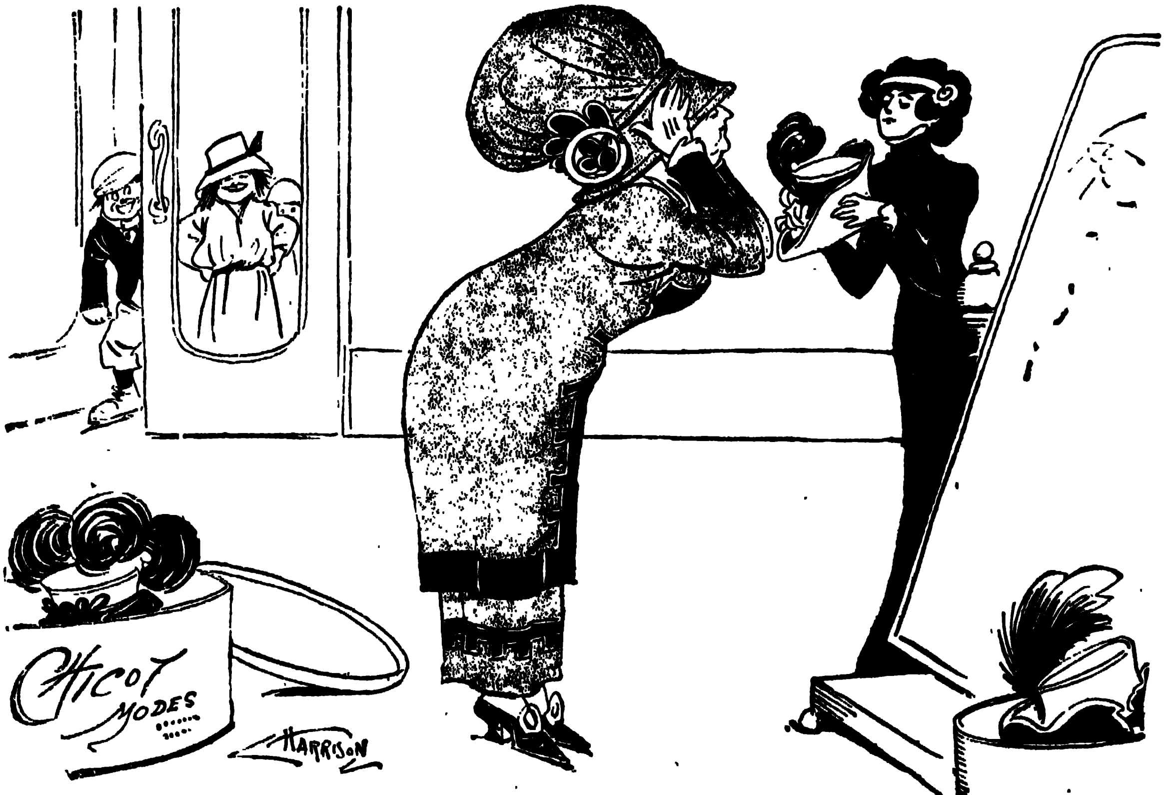
I began to pick up Japanese sword-guards years before I could know anything about them scientifically, by distinguishing periods and styles. It is difficult even now for one who is no Orientalist to do that. Books on the subject are so few and poor that one has to study them intuitively, and divine more than they tell. The sword-guards one sees for sale over here almost all belong to the modern period—that is between the years 1586 and 1868. In the latter year Japan began to Europeanise herself, and soon after that came an Imperial edict prohibiting swords from being worn. The tsuba then became a thing of the past, and tsuba-making is a dead art now.

You can take your choice between collecting the sixteenth and early seventeenth century tsubas, steel, perforated, and little decorated in relief, or collecting late seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century tsubas, the ornaments which clinched the blades of swords for dress and parade. Or you can pick up examples of each sort, which is what I do myself. You will avoid the clumsy, common things detached from Japanese "Tommies'" swords that were worn in the 'sixties of last century—cast-iron things, small or smallish, not hammered into strength or wrought into beauty, but at the best embossed a little with vague and rusty designs.

These, and imitations of them, too flimsy to take in anybody, surely, are the sort that are being sold in "Japanese art" shops in London to-day for a shilling or eighteenpence apiece; but these futile counterfeits are almost the only forgeries yet performed.

The Earlier Sort.

They are steel, the earlier sort, and perforated; they are not heavy; a heavy, solid tsuba concentrated the concussion of a blow upon itself, and the blade was likely to snap at the hilt. Although they are all perforated, more or less—that is, the ornament and the design of the ornament largely consists in omission, the designs were free, they gradually became more elaborate, and they show on the unperforated portions of the tsuba some ornament in relief or inlay. Under-cutting, and carving of the edges of the perforations, began late during this period; never cast aside a tsuba which suggests that the iron has been carved by a pocket-knife as if it were wood.



AT MADAME CHICOT'S.
Urchin at Door: "Put on your ta ta, little girlie!"

The Later Sort.

These date from 1688 onward War no longer raged, steel was no longer essential, soft iron could be used, and also copper, brass, and amalgams, as the material of a tsuba so that the metal and colour of a tsuba help you to assign it a date. Colour became an important element in the workmanship, and all possible alloys were used to give hues. "Picture style and 'colour painting" names given by the Japanese to tsuba styles of this period, suggest the striving after pictorial effect Inlaying and chasing imitated brush-strokes, and even landscape never neglect a tsuba which shows Fusiyama the sacred volcano, in the background—to collect Fusiyama tsubas would be a capital short "line" About the middle of the eighteenth century they began to inlay tsubas with precious stones and coral even until then the inlay had been gold silver copper, and ... From the late eighteenth century until the end in 1868 there was artistic decadence, though also wonderful workmanship effect was too much striven after, the material became unimportant, and all grew to be overloaded and bizarre, unsuitable for clinching a blade

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s for each inquiry is made and stamps or PO must be inclosed All letters, etc relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor "London Opinion 36 Southampton Street, Strand WC
No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

[illegible] two or three weeks but will ... when stamped envelope is enclosed ... time and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of ... enclosed with inquiry ... when sent the full ... must be enclosed The proprietors ... Opinion will endeavour to take all reasonable care ... cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage ... image may arise ... should ... complete ... concerning the articles in question ...

J D S (Ansdell) Your two volumes of De Gararin are not of any particular importance worth 10s to 12s

Mrs C (Crouch End)—The engravings The Effects of Extravagance and companion by Ward after Morland are worth about £20 the pair if genuine and printed in colour They have been reproduced so could not express a definite opinion or advise as to sale unless sent or brought for inspection

H C C (Bishopsgate)—Your volume is worth second hand book price only

A A D (Portsea) Your cabinet though old, is of very ordinary design and not of particular importance, worth £10 to £12

C L G (Stonehaven)—The maker of your clock was of no note and there is no record of him in any of the books of reference Cannot value definitely unless photograph is sent Grandfather clocks of this description usually realise from £5 to £7

T N (Lisbon Portugal)—The price mentioned would be fairly cheap for the cup and saucer described 'Chats on Old Miniatures' with 117 illustrations published by Rimell and Son 53 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W C at 5s, should meet your requirements

G W (Preston) The two volumes of the edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales' are worth 15s

A P (Cadogan Court)—Your painting by Thomas Whitcombe is worth £10 10s to £15 15s Butterworth is of no repute and the value of painting would depend on merit of work but in any event is unlikely to realise more than a nominal figure

Jessie (Leamington)—The artist mentioned is unknown Cannot say if of any value unless photograph is sent, but as a general rule paintings by unknown artists realise only nominal prices

A J M (Evesham) None of the prints mentioned in the scrapbook are of any value From description, the table does not appear to be an old one but if you will send photograph of it will advise and value definitely

P W G (Exeter) Your willow pattern ware is not of any importance worth, plates 3s each, dishes 5s to 6s each

Arti (Russell Square)—The price asked for the Battersea box described is too much, it is not worth more than 30s to 35s If this offer is not accepted, do not advise you to give more

T E H (Buckingham Gate)—Your painting is of nominal value only, the artist being of very small repute and the subject being such that there is no demand for Print is of no particular value

Exmoor (Dulverton)—Your four volumes, "Arrangement of British Plants," by Withering, third edition, are worth 15s to £1, "Horticultural Cabinet," worth 7s 6d the two volumes

A. W. (Newington)—It is impossible to value your painting and china from description If you will send or bring ... Your volume of almanacs is of no ...





EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE OPAL EAR-RINGS.

I.

IN spite of his trouble, the humour of it seemed to appeal to Douglas Elgar as he sat opposite Miss White, twisting the point of his big red beard. He was a tall, powerfully built man, of jovial, Bohemian aspect, and at his urgent request Miss White had come to his studio—a one-storied building in a quiet Chelsea side-street—to inquire into a robbery that had taken place there under sensational circumstances. It seemed to Douglas Elgar, contrasting his strength and size with the slim daintiness of his visitor, as though the lion had appealed for protection to the mouse.

"I'll put the facts before you as clearly as I can," he said, "but my brain is a little woolly with the hideous worry of it all. At eight last night I left here with a friend named Martin. We were going to dine at my club, five minutes' walk from here. In the King's Road we met Nancy Grey, a model. She told me she had hoped to find me at home, for she had been sitting for me the day before, and had left a pendant or some such trifle behind her. As she was going to an evening party she wanted it.

"I gave her my latchkey, told her to go in and get the bauble, and to lock up and put the key under the scraper. At midnight, when I came home, I found her lying here unconscious, with a nasty scalp wound. I went for the nearest doctor, who found there was also slight concussion. He brought her round sufficiently to tell us that she had come in here at half-past eight, found what she wanted, turned off the light, and had then been struck violently on the head—which was all she could tell. The doctor ordered her to a hospital; so I went out and got a policeman to call an ambulance. He came in here afterwards to investigate matters.

"It was not until Nancy was safely disposed of, and the policeman had gone, that I discovered I had been robbed. Unfortunately the property taken was not my own.

"I have been painting the portrait of a Maharanee, and her husband insisted upon having her jewels depicted with absolute accuracy. I have the portrait here to finish—there it is—and yesterday there came a special messenger, with a pair of opal ear-rings in a box, and a note from the Maharajah's secretary saying that the ear-rings were to be painted in, and would I kindly give a receipt for them. I did so. I placed the ear-rings in the top drawer of that cabinet there, and at two o'clock this morning I became aware of the appalling fact that that drawer—the only receptacle in the room that contained anything of value—had been rifled. The ear-rings were gone.

"Now, Miss White, I'm a poor man, and the Maharajah has my receipt for these opals. In due time he'll want them back, and if they're not forthcoming—well, no doubt he will consider boiling oil too good for me. An action for the recovery of value is the very least I can expect to have to face, and Heaven knows what value the Maharajah—a nasty-tempered person, I fear—may put upon his wife's gauds. And so" concluded the artist, "I look to you to recover them before their loss can cause a scandal."

Miss White laughed.

"That's a pretty long order," she said. "Did anyone know the jewels were here?"

"The Maharajah may have told people. *I* told no one but Martin."

"You left the drawer they were in unlocked?"

"Yes," he admitted ruefully. "I'm a careless beggar."

"There is no way into this studio except by the door?"

"I'm lighted from the roof, as you see. There's a window in the alcove behind that curtain—my humble sleeping apartment—but it was locked last night. It opens on to a paved yard."

"How did you get in when you returned from your club? You had given Nancy Grey your key."

"She had left the key in the door."

"Is this it?" Miss White picked up a slim key from a litter of brushes and papers on a table beside her.

"That's it. No, by Jove, I've got my key in my pocket!" Miss White held out her hand for it.

"Let us be certain about this," she said. "Which of these two keys is yours?"

"The one you found on the table. I know it by the rusty mark on it," he decided in some astonishment.

"Then the key you found in the door and pocketed is a duplicate. Someone followed Nancy Grey in here by means of a duplicate key. It can't have been made for the express purpose of getting at the ear-rings, as they had only just come into your keeping. Who, in an ordinary way, possesses a duplicate of your key?"

"No one that I know of—except Martin. We found out one night by chance, when I had forgotten my key, that Martin's key fitted my door."

"But Mr. Martin was with you at your club at the time the girl came in here, and would no doubt have his key in his pocket?"

"Oh! no doubt," replied Elgar carelessly. "As a matter of fact, though, Martin went out as soon as we reached the club, to see if he could send a late telegram."

"Was he long away?"

"Martin? No, about half an hour."

As he replied he rose to go to the door, which opened on to the street. Someone had knocked at it. It proved to be Martin himself.

II

GERALD MARTIN was a young man with an almost effeminately sensitive cast of features. He had heard of the attack upon the pretty model, and was evidently in some distress about it. He had called to get some fuller information.

"The whole thing is a mystery at present," said Elgar, "but Miss White, who is going to clear it up, and deliver me from the fury of an Oriental despot, has already found that the ruffian who attacked Nancy Grey got in with a duplicate key. It was in the door when I returned. I mistook it for my own."

For some reason or other the information seemed to disconcert Martin. He gave a sudden gasp of surprise or dismay, and stared at his friend with wild eyes.

"What—what can have been the motive for the attack?" he asked at last.

"Robbery—the thief has taken the Maharanee's ear-rings. You saw me put them in the top drawer of the cabinet. They're gone."

"Gone!" echoed Martin in a hoarse whisper; and his face grew visibly paler. "Had the place been ransacked?" he added after a pause.

"By no means. The thief knew where to lay his hands upon valuables," replied Elgar, pacing the long apartment, and biting his nails abstractedly.

Gerald Martin remained for a few minutes only. On the plea that his visit was disturbing Miss White in her investigations he took his leave, saying he wanted to call at the hospital to inquire after Nancy.

After he had gone out a constrained silence fell upon Elgar. It lasted for a minute or two; then he came to a standstill and said: "Miss White, I think you had better leave it to me after all. I couldn't have foreseen ——" he broke off gloomily.

"Aren't you jumping at conclusions?" asked Miss White quickly. He was silent again for a minute, then "I hope I'm wrong," he replied vehemently, "but for the life of me I can't see how anyone but Martin himself can have robbed me. The key in the door was his—he alone knew there was anything of value in the drawer—and the time fits in—he may easily have been here at half-past eight. If Nancy came in just after

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.



CULTURE



CRIME

wards, and he struck her down in blind terror of detection—well, she's just the sort who wouldn't give him away. Didn't you notice his confusion just now?"

"Is the girl fond of him?" asked Miss White.

"I think so," replied Elgar despondently.

"But what motive could he have for robbing you? Is he in financial trouble?"

"I don't know. If he was he wouldn't tell me. He's my oldest friend, but he's very reserved about some things. It might be just sudden temptation—gems have a sort of hypnotic influence over some natures—nothing to do with their money value."

Miss White shook her head and smiled.

"I confine myself to regions of fact," she said, "and you're making excursions into regions of fancy. I'm now going to examine that cabinet."

Elgar strode about restlessly behind her. "Look here, Miss White," he burst out eagerly, "if the curtain of my bedroom was drawn aside anyone looking in at the window might have seen me putting away the ear rings." He was anxious now to hit upon any theory that would lead him away from the hateful supposition of his friend's guilt, but Miss White treated the suggestion with indifference.

"What do you ordinarily keep in this drawer?" she asked

"Oh! anything—handkerchiefs, studs, dress-ties"

"I see Now I'm going to the hospital, to see Nancy Grey if I can. She is golden-haired, is she not?"

"Yes, she is," he replied "Why?"

"I had an idea it might be so Well, I shall get on the track of the thief presently, I daresay, Mr Elgar. Good morning."

In the accident ward of the hospital she found the artist's model, and was allowed to speak to her for a few minutes. The concussion had not been very severe, but the pretty golden head was in bandages The girl—she was little more than a child—was not especially informative. She had found a key already in the door of Elgar's studio, so she had not used his. She was certain no one was in the room when she had entered it; and she seemed pathetically pleased when she heard that Gerald Martin had been making anxious inquiries about her, for he had been very cross with her lately.

Further conversation was forbidden If Nancy Grey had told her little, nevertheless Miss White had learnt something she wished to know, and it was with a grave and determined air that she set about making inquiries that afternoon, the nature of which would greatly have surprised Douglas Elgar

It was she herself, however, who was surprised upon her return home. A telegram awaited her from Elgar "Come at once," it ran, "have got the culprit here."

III.

IT was dark when Miss White knocked at the studio door.

"Turn the handle and come in. The latch is up," sounded Elgar's voice from within. Wondering, she obeyed. In the dim studio she discerned Elgar standing in front of a seated figure

"Do you mind turning on the light?" cried the artist, "I can't leave this rascal I've promised to break his head if he moves a finger"

Miss White complied, and saw that Elgar armed with a stout singlestick, had mounted guard over a low-browed, sullen young man, who sat glowering at him on a Windsor chair. A heavy loaded stick lay on the floor while there was a contused lump on Elgar's forehead, and the young man's nose seemed to have suffered.

"Here he is," said Elgar exultantly "I just managed to slip your telegram out to a passing boy, but all the rest of my time I've kept my eye on this beauty. He came here to murder me—struck at me directly I opened the door to him, with that pretty little weapon yonder Luckily, I countered the blow. I wouldn't send for the police before you had had a private view of him."

"Do you know him?" asked Miss White

"Yes—that's Billy Holden He does odd jobs about the studios here He's left-handed, and the doctor said that poor Nancy's head was cut open by a left handed blow This is the culprit sure enough, and a promising candidate for the cat—for of course the charge will be robbery with violence"

At this there was a sudden indignant gasp from the captive, who wriggled up into a more erect posture

"I never took a farthing's worth of yours or any man's," he said I told you straight, it was jealousy made me do it She won't look at me, and it's all along of you. So I came here last night to kill you—and when I see her, instead, in her fal-lals and finery——"

"Idiot!" cried Elgar. "You know well enough she's my model, and nothing more That won't go down, Billy Holden You came here to thieve, and were surprised to find the girl here. Robbery with violence is the charge."

"No one never called me a thief yet, nor shall do so That's the truth, Mr Elgar," he whimpered, "and if she hadn't sent me mad I wouldn't have lifted a finger."

"A *crime passionnel*, as the French say I don't believe it," retorted Elgar. "Nancy Grey wouldn't look at you"

"That's just it, Mr. Elgar and it's you who've made her so high and mighty But if robbery there was, I know who done it. And if you charge me with it, I can give a name to him I see him running away from here last night, and I followed him to the corner before I came in here."

"Saw whom, you rascal?"

"The little chap that's always with you—Mr. Martin."

The point of Elgar's warlike singlestick declined suddenly to the floor

"You lie," he said. "Mr. Martin was with me at the time" But his voice carried little conviction with it.

"Not at half-past eight, he wasn't He came out of your door, and fairly runs," said the sullen young man stoutly. "I'll say so from the dock, if you send me there. If I robbed you, what for should I want to come back here to-day?" he concluded triumphantly. He was sharp enough to see that his statement about Martin had, for some reason, been accepted; and it was with visible relief that he heard Miss White suggest that he should be charged with assault only.

When this violent victim of a hopeless passion had been safely locked up for the night, Elgar walked away from the police-station with Miss White, in sombre mood.

"Well," he said rousing himself at last, "this pretty



First: "Been at many balls lately?"

The Seedy One: "Oh, well, just the usual three, old chappie!"

wasn't lying. He hasn't imagination enough to have invented that about Martin; besides, it squares with what we know. Martin returned to my studio, and rejoined me again at dinner last night without telling me. What am I to do?"

"Do nothing at all. Leave things to me," replied Miss White promptly. But he parted from her in profound dejection.

Early the following morning a telegram reached her: "The tyrant has sent for his gems. Come," it ran. So an hour later she entered the studio once more, and found Elgar with Gerald Martin, the former in a bitterly satirical vein.

"Come in, Miss White," he said, "and witness the melancholy state of a fool who put too much trust in human honesty. I've got till this evening to return the Maharanee's opals. After that I'm a ruined man."

Before Miss White could reply Gerald Martin sprang to his feet, pale and excited. "It can't do any good," he said, "but I've got a confession to make, Elgar. The night before last, when I left you at the club, I returned here. We had just met Nancy, and she had told us she was going to Gawtrey's. You know what Gawtrey is, and the sort of people she would be likely to meet there. I had asked her not to go, and I thought I would catch her here, and reason with her once again. She was not here, however, so I supposed I was too late. I hurried back to you; and in my distress I forgot my key, I suppose; for I could not find it afterwards. It was my key that let the thief in. I'm to blame."

"Why didn't you tell me this at the time?" said Elgar dully, his face turned from his friend.

"It was folly. I suppose it was shyness of a sort. I—I'm fonder of Nancy than some of you fellows suppose." There was a long silence. Elgar gave no sign that he believed this belated confession. At last he shrugged his shoulders. "You, Nancy, Billy Holden—who else was here that night?"

"A weak victim of morphia, who gave way to sudden temptation," said Miss White, producing a leather case, and displaying the matchless opals. Elgar blinked at her and at them in speechless astonishment. "You forget," she continued, "that when you went for a policeman you left the doctor here alone with Nancy. How did I trace the theft to him? Well, there was dried blood on the handle of the drawer, and upon a wisp of golden hair lying on the top of your handkerchiefs. No one was so likely to have blood on his hands as the doctor. He went to the drawer, I assumed, to look for something that would serve as a bandage, and so accident revealed the jewels to him. As Mr Martin was the only person who knew where they were, I supposed from the first that the thief must have blundered upon them by chance.

"When I saw Nancy Grey I found that one of her bandages was a bordered handkerchief, exactly like those in your drawer. For they had not removed the original bandages, as the doctor had done his work skilfully. So I knew for certain then that he had opened that cabinet drawer, and I made inquiries about him. His reputation is none too good.

"I went to consult him yesterday, and again this morning. When I saw in his waiting-room this morning a trunk labelled Rotterdam I considered that a pretty strong confirmation of my suspicions. A man in regular practice of a sort was going suddenly to a foreign town noted for its trade in precious stones. As time pressed, I laid down my cards. I threatened him with the police. It was risky, but it had to be done.

"Well, he broke down then, and he made restitution. Are you going to prosecute?"

"Ought I?" said Elgar.

"Yes," replied Miss White gravely.

"Then, I shan't," he replied exultantly. "Martin, my boy, it's early, I know, but the terrors I have been through have had a curiously parching effect. Let's have a big drink. It's not such a bad world as I thought it was, after all."

(Next week: "The Case of the Missing Witness.")

CRICKET AND MATTING WICKETS.

By G. J. V. WEIGALL.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has recently taken place with regard to the possibility of the London County Council sanctioning the use of matting on the pitches at present allotted to the public in the open parks and spaces under their control.

Anyone who is a cricketer, or even those with only slight knowledge of the game, will realise what a blessing this would be to the players themselves, and how easily and at what very little expense the whole outlay can be arranged, provided the groundmen realise how simple it is to prepare a pitch if you have matting at your command.

Undoubtedly, as matters stand at present, a large proportion of the pitches played on in these public parks are distinctly dangerous; the only wonder is that there are not more serious accidents. As a result it is obvious that whoever tries to learn his cricket on such a wicket is not only in danger of life and limb, but finds it impossible to make any orthodox strokes or in any way improve his game, even should he possess a natural aptitude as a batsman.

The reason is not far to seek. When playing either forward or back, or even running out to hit, it is almost out of the question for him to use a straight bat, by reason of the fact that as the bowler delivers the ball the batsman retreats about two paces towards square leg, so his leg and bat cannot work in unison, which is so essential in cricket. Besides being entirely robbed of probably what to most players is one of the chief delights of the game—viz., in making a stroke and knowing where the ball is going, as things are at present a blind mow is practically the only run-getting stroke the batsman has at his disposal, and that as well in the majority of instances is probably a fluke.

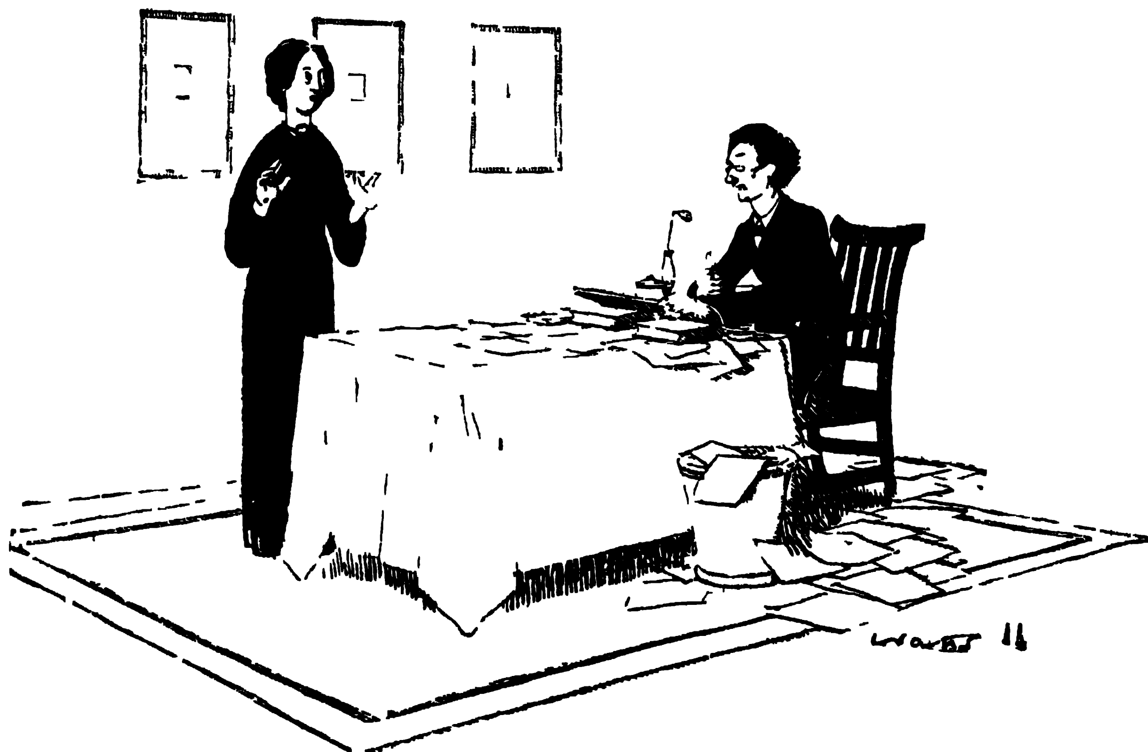
As regards bowling, on a fiery pitch the faster and more erratic the bowler the more successful he is. Matting with a fairly level surface beneath it not only has the advantage of preventing the ball flying up at different heights, but is capable of taking any finger spin which the bowler may possess.

This level surface would tend to cultivate and encourage good length bowling, which really ought to be and is the secret of success in all bowling in the long run. How to get these pitches ready before laying the matting should be a comparatively easy task, provided the ground has water laid on and a hand roller. It is not a question of having any grass; in fact, the less grass there is the sooner the wicket can be prepared. To drench your surface with water and roll thoroughly until it becomes level is all that is required before laying your matting, which should be about nineteen yards in length. Supposing water is not laid on, it would be advisable to remove the turf and lay the matting on the soil below.

Whatever the weather, the matting wicket is practically always playable, whereas, even supposing the present wickets are playable at the start of a game, should there happen to be a shower, then on play being resumed when the players run up and down the wet wicket in obtaining their runs, that particular pitch is practically ruined for the season. Matting would undoubtedly obviate the great harm unwillingly done to the wickets exposed as they are to the exigencies of our erratic climate.

It might be advisable to have the matting made in two parts, so that if the ends wore out they could be turned round. The only possible disadvantage arising from these pitches, were they adopted, would be that rather more space might be required for each game, as the more level pitches would tend rather to increase the scope of strokes now employed by the average player. Against this, however, ground at present not in use might be made suitable in the way explained above.

The matting is held in position by means of eyelets made to correspond with wooden pegs. The whole cost would be roughly about 15s. a pitch. Should the authorities of these public pitches adopt the suggestion which has been discussed, the Saturday afternoon player of the poorer class (in a financial sense) would benefit himself by becoming familiar with some of the finer points of the game, which are at present denied him. It in the long run would benefit the player as well as give a fillip to cricket, which, with so many counter attractions, must of necessity require some such benefit if it is to remain. [illegible] The King of Games.



Poet: "My epic on the coming Coronation has been taken."
Wife: "Oh, darling, I'm so glad! Who's taken it?"
Poet: "Mary took it this morning to light the study fire with!"

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Happiness

"MAN so seldom finds happiness because he seeks it in pleasure For happiness is only another word for peaceful environment and a contented mind"—*The Great Experiment*, by D C F Harding John Long 2 6d net

How to Catch a Man!

There is not a man on earth who can stand a doleful woman Gaiety of spirit and unfailing good humour have proved the finest baits to catch a man that have ever been invented Smiles can draw affection about as soon as any thing"—*The House of Light*, by Mrs Coulson Kernahan J very tt & Co 6s

From the Letters of John Oliver Hobbes.

"So long as we remain true to the prettiest and best in human nature nothing else matters

Love scenes are always difficult I would rather murder my woman than propose to her—that is to say in fiction

I believe I am a lover of souls, but people scare me out of my wits it is not that I am nervous I have only a sensation of being as it were in the wrong Parish"—*The Life of John Oliver Hobbes* John Murray 12s net

Two Good Stories

Did he pay you asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth Pay me! growled the dentist Not only did he refuse to pay but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth

John L Sullivan was asked why he had never taken to giving boxing lessons I tried it once replied Sullivan A husky young man took a lesson from me and I went home a little the worse for wear When he came for his second lesson he said Mr Sullivan it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman But I've changed my mind If it's all the same to you, Mr Sullivan I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me"—*Four Hundred Good Stories* collected by R R Whiting Simpkin Marshall 3s 6d

Mr. Speaker's Tavern Evenings

"When released from his official duties Mr Speaker Onslow (the third of that name) would steal away from Westminster to enjoy his pipe and glass incognito in the chimney corner of the Jew's Harp a famous tavern and bowling alley in Marylebone Fields, the site of which is now merged in Regent's Park. A the great man was driving to the House of Commons one day in his state coach his identity was accidentally revealed to the landlord who insisted on the occasion of the Speaker's next visit on treating him with the deference due to his exalted position But his secret having been betrayed, Marylebone and its diversions knew the first Commoner no more"—*The Speakers of the House of Commons* by A I Dasent. With note on the illustrations by John Lane, and a portrait of every Speaker where one is known to exist Lane 21s net

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RECENT six-shilling publications of the Century Press include *Ixion's Wheel*, by Vincent Basevi; and *Reminiscences* . . . by Louis Cohen.

Man and Woman.

"Nearly all attractive women are of a more or less selfish disposition, though they are scarcely conscious of the fact and find no difficulty in making others also oblivious of it

A man forgets a woman's beauty after he gets to know her, if beauty is all the gods have been good to her in. But charm is much more lasting

'Flirtation is an artistic illusion, and is to the social intercourse of men and women what a tulle veiling is to a floral toque'"—*Peter of Gunneroy* by Mrs Forsyth John Long 6s

Worldly Wisdom.

"A speech is a long narrow passage leading to some broad conclusion Anecdotes are the lamps that light the way

A young man should propose to a girl on his knees If he does not the girl should get off

When a man has a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest, he should do one of two things, either get married or get divorced

Never run after a woman or a street car There will be another one along in a minute or two"—*Four Hundred Good Stories* by R R Whiting Simpkin, Marshall 3s 6d



RACING INTELLIGENCE.
"Opening of the Flat."

Satisfying their Majesties

"The Emperor Paul and the Empress spent every morning on the throne in the Great Hall to receive congratulation The Emperor always thought there were too few people present and the Empress repeated incessantly that she had heard the Empress Catherine declare that at her coronation such a crowd had thronged to kiss her hand that it had been badly swollen, and she complained that her hand was not swelling at all. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies in order to satisfy their Majesties, made the same persons appear several times over under different titles"—*Memoirs of Countess Golovine, a Lady at the Court of Catherine II* Nutt 10s. 6d. net

Quaint Sympathy.

"It was in Fitzroy Square that Madox Brown lived a splendid miserable white-maned cyclone of a man in appearance exactly like the King of Hearts in a pack of cards and in sympathies so wide that he used to attach labels with his own address inside the coat collars of his more intimate friends so that numerous drunken geniuses of his acquaintance might know where to take them"—*Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections* Being the Memories of a Young Man by Ford Madox Hueffer. Chapman & Hall 10s 6d net

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Two daintily bound volumes *A Souvenir of London* and *A Souvenir of Paris*, have just been issued by Messrs Jack (1s 6d net each) The text is by S L Bensusan, while there is a profusion of beautiful illustrations from photographs

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SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.—Cheap return tickets from London will be issued on Easter Monday for Continental and Home Excursions. Extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE TORMENT.

By M. B MACDONA.

WHAT I noticed about her first were her eyes, which were just the colour of the willow pattern plates on the dark oak dresser behind her

Then I saw she was wearing a blue sun-bonnet with a print frock a few shades lighter, and that she was smiling at me roguishly

"I was recommended to apply at this farm for rooms," I began "Would you kindly tell your mother I am here?"

"What have you come for?" she asked impudently

I tried to make excuses to myself for her rude country manners. This fact is most significant

"I am an artist," I replied "I wish to sketch this charming neighbourhood"

"Oh what fun" she cried clapping her hands "Do paint me!"

Well, that was the beginning of it all

I stayed at Delley Farm from the time the oak leaves were red with infancy until they became yellow with age I painted Winsome in her blue sun bonnet and paid her fare to London so that she could see her life sized portrait on the line at the Royal Academy She was very excited about it and seemed most grateful to me for giving her beauty such publicity Of course, I felt equally grateful to her for inspiring me

On one still afternoon in the middle of October I was sketching the orchard whilst Winsome picked up fallen apples and tossed them into a clothes basket

"Are you sorry you're going sir" she asked glancing coyly at me under her sun bonnet

"I told you not to call me, sir," I replied impatiently I was unhappy.

"But why should I obey you?" she asked coquettishly "Would you like an apple? Then shut your eyes and bite, sir"

She had come so close to me that her hair tickled my cheek I *could* not resist kissing her. Besides I looked upon her as a child At least, that was what I always told myself Yet the critics called me original!

She sprang back with a bound like a kitten Then she threw the apple at me, and ran away

She did not appear at supper. I felt utterly miserable and ashamed But the next morning she was quite friendly The stolen kiss had evidently been forgotten. Or had she really liked it?

"I do wish you weren't going," she remarked a few days later, as she dusted the blue plates. It was pouring with rain, and tiny yellow leaves were sticking to the window outside The farmer was asleep in the kitchen, and the farmer's wife was making jam

"So do I! Heaven knows *how* much!" I added *sotto voce*

Then she seated herself on the floor at my feet and pretended to cry Losing all self control, I took her in my arms and covered her face with kisses

"I don't care what rotten Society says—I *shall* marry you Winsome" I cried holding her tightly

At that moment I really meant it

To this day the smell of hot strawberry jam maddens me.

"But you haven't asked me yet" she giggled, raising a dimpled face to mine

Then she slipped away and ran out into the rain

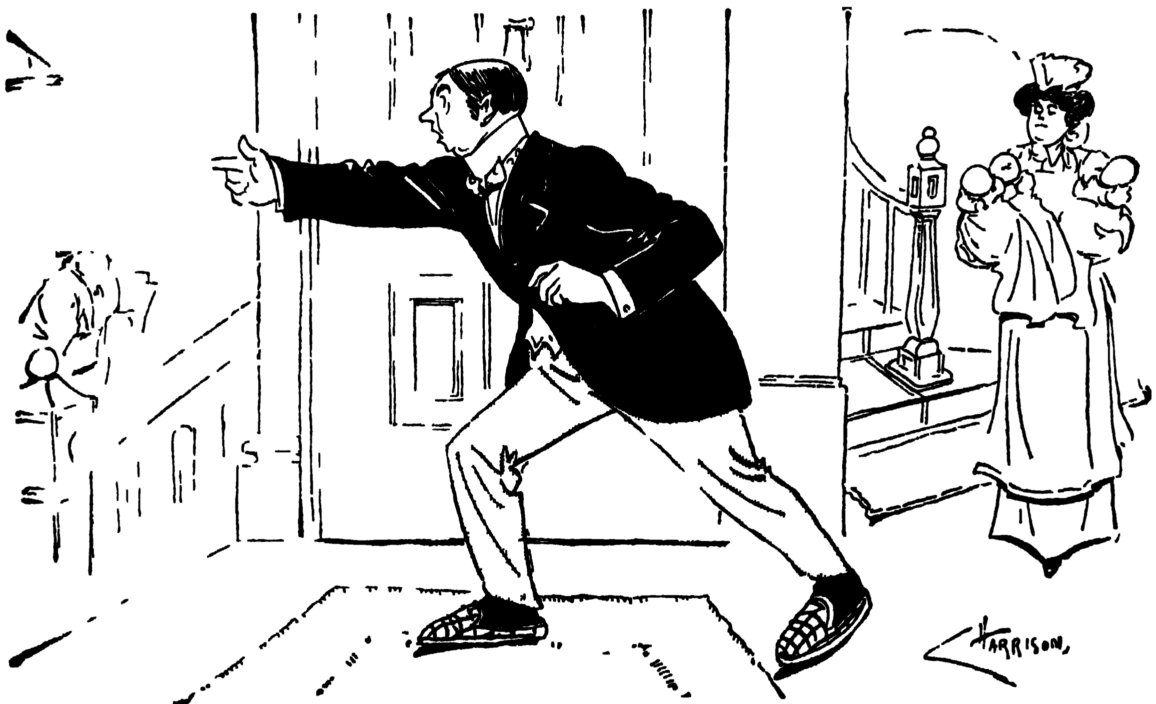
An hour later I found her sitting on a damp gate, calmly discussing newts with the lout who frightened the birds from the fruit-trees.

I returned to town by the earliest train the next morning I found I could not live near Winsome without making love to her Also I was rather afraid she might take my proposal seriously.

"If *only* she wasn't a milkmaid!" I moaned inwardly, as I dined with my father and sisters in Eaton Square

They told me I was looking ill and worried I explained that it was due to my sudden fame Winsome's portrait, to which my reputation was due hung in my study and by no means assisted in restoring my peace One morning I received a letter offering me what seemed then a fabulous price for it by a man who had seen it at the Academy I had just reluctantly decided to part with it when in another letter I received a piece of news which made me literally shout with joy

It was from Winsome



WHY BROWN CALLED THE CENSUS MAN BACK.

Sh said he had been eagerly waiting for my return to fulfil my promise. Then sh explained that she was the daughter of Lord Ernest L_ton and that she had assumed the role of milkmaid for an amusement during h r stay at the farm! She added that when she di over d I was in love with her she decided t retain her disguise in order to prove the reality of my affection. Sh had not even suspected my untruthfulness.

I caught the next train to Debley. I was so excited that I travelled in a third class compartment with a first class ticket and I threw away my return half.

She was not on the platform as I had expected and as there was no trap to meet me, I had a long dusty walk to the farm.

The farmer was sitting in his porch smoking.

I've come back at last, I began awkwardly. I've been so busy in Town.

Pleased to see you, sir, he replied shaking my hand cordially.

And—how's Winsome? I asked, closely examining a crimson dahlia.

Miss Kirk? Oh she went last night sir. Her 'usband came and took her. 'E said er rest cure 'ad lasted long enough. She was an 'in fun s/ was. I s'm ... off as my darter. She was always up to s m ... the torment.

STORIES FROM THE COURTS.

The Lengths They Go

Lawyers have grand reputations f ... "... said to his father one day, "Father, d lawyer tell th truth?" "Yes my boy," the father answered, "lawyers will do anything t win a case."

• • •

Why It Was Possible

The counsel had been bullying th witness for m ... when he finally asked, "Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?"

"Possibly," replied the witness, "for one of them was a lawyer."

• • •

The Simple Explanation

The ... in the divorce case acknowledged that h had n t spoken to his wife for five years.

"What is your explanation?" asked the judge.

"... I replied, I didn't like to interrupt her."

• • •

A Neat Rejoinder

"... witness without gloves," said a counsel whose witness had met with rather severe treatment from the other side.

"Indeed? That's more than I should like to do with yours," smilingly retorted his learned friend.

• • •

Different Ways

A solicitor, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as he could.

"Ah," replied the lawyer, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

• • •

Legal Caution

"A verdict for £2,000 isn't so bad," said the junior partner. "How much shall we allow our client?"

"Oh, give him £200. Or, stay —"

"Well?"

"Don't do anything hasty. Promise to give him £200."

• • •

The Client's Small Part

LITIGANT: "Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three fourths of what I recovered."

Lawyer: "I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case."

Litigant: "But I furnished the case."

Lawyer: "Oh, anybody can fall down a coal hole."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

The Decadence of the Mastiff.

The mastiff, once the pride of England, is seemingly as good as dead. Shame be it to us, we have almost allowed the great, massive, daring, sagacious and, at times, savage beast to pass away. Only a day or so ago, Mr. W. Norman Higgs was met in London. He once possessed several of the leading mastiffs on both sides of the Atlantic, at the same time. "Scarcely anyone else was taking an interest in the breed," he said. "It was a one-horse show with scarcely anyone exhibiting them. With no competitors, showing loses its pleasure." Mr. W. K. Taunton owned famous champions, and even Dr. Sydney Turner, chairman of the Kennel Club, was one of the chief supporters of this magnificent breed, so associated with all that pertains to the protection of property.

Some of the Sandringham Dogs.

It is pretty well known that Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria are always accompanied, at home and abroad, by certain favoured dogs. Since King Edward's death the wire-haired fox terrier Cæsar has been the Queen Mother's constant companion. He goes to Athens with the Royal party as does the Scottish terrier Mac, a most faithful and good-looking pet of the Princess.



"'Ow is it ye ain't working this week, Bill?"
"Well, ye see, this ere's the 'All British' week. My boss is a bloomin' forëigner!"

Thoughts of Devonshire.

You cannot be long under the hospitable roof of Mr. Raymond Bryan in that old village district of Stoke Newington before you are reminded of the dialect of the rich country of cider and cream. Mr. Bryan has been met in many strange parts, including a long way up towards the Zambesi in Africa. But he is always the dog-lover—a liker of the nobleness of the Great Dane, the grand looks, quality, and goodness in the field of the Devonshire strain of pointers, and the gameness of earth-going terriers. Badger tongs can be seen in the entrance hall at Meadow Lodge; and there are treasured personal effects in the way of prints of fighting cocks.

The Hunting Parsons of Devon.

Everyone has heard or read of the late Reverend Jack Russell, the famous hunting parson and honoured friend of his Sovereign. Mr. Raymond Bryan's father was a brother of the cloth, so here we get a line on the "Russell terriers," a well-known strain, kept small, on purpose for going to foxes in their earths. "They were not unlike the smaller of the Sealyham terriers," said young Mr. Bryan, "and I used to see them when often Mr. Russell used to dandle me on his knee. They were all dead-game."

But—there was another clergyman, Parson Frude, who used to hunt his own hounds in the neighbourhood of South Molton. In high quarters it was thought he was going too strong. So while yet horses, hounds, master, and servants were ready to start away on a hunting morning, the Bishop of the Diocese called. Frude ran upstairs and jumped into bed, wearing his boots, spurs, breeches, red coat, and all. When the servant went to the door she said that her master was in bed with the *scarlet* fever. Naturally, the good man said he would call again.

Mr. Henry S. Burrell and Gun-Dogs.

There is another worthy representative of the West Countrie in Stoke Newington in Mr. Henry S. Burrell, of the Clarence Hotel. By the way, charming Miss Daisy Burrell, of Mr. Geo. Edwardes' No. 1 *Girl in The Train* Company, is his daughter. Mr. Burrell comes from Doddiston Leigh, not far from Exeter, and, like all Devonshire men, is fond of pointers. And no one can gainsay the fact that the kennels of such breeders of gun-dogs, the past and present, like Messrs. Price, Norris, Stowell Bryan, Lloyd, Bulled, and several others, not only gave us most beautiful and serviceable gun-dogs, but were the means of founding a strain which permeates America and the Colonies at the present time. No wonder Mr. Burrell is a stickler for his county's pointers.

Mr. Harry Jones and Sealyham Terriers.

No one is better known and respected in the British kennel world than Mr. Harry Jones, of Ipswich. Mr. Jones once possessed the best kennel of dachshunds in the world. Devoted to the cult of dog in any shape or form, age or breed, Mr. Jones will be found at home among foxhounds at Peterborough, field trials in Wales, in the judging ring at the Crystal Palace, or putting a terrier to ground anywhere.

In Peer Gynt he possesses one of the best Sealyham terriers living. Asked what he thought of Sealyham prospects, Mr. Jones was of an opinion that the pluck and gameness of the breed should of all matters be kept in view; for their tenacity of purpose has been their most distinctive characteristic. "If," said this most knowledgeable and practical sportsman, "they commence to breed 'soft' ones for the market or, perhaps, show purposes, then we shall lose the Sealyham as we now know him." The formation of badger clubs will, it can be foreseen, very soon help to discover the Sealyhams worth keeping.

WONDERFUL

3 DAYS' CONQUEROR

DRINK HABIT

I averaged to drink a quart of whisky every 24 hours and beer etc additionally. For 16 years I kept it up, and was regarded a hopeless case

Mothers Wives, Sisters.

While drifting from bad to worse, ... **found a true cure** ... **My health was quickly restored** ... **craving for liquor** ... **was cured in only three days** ... **endorsed by physicians and legions of testimonials.** ...

Drinkers Secretly Cured.

... **tell about the secret in my book** ... **FREE** ... **cure to drunkard** ... **steady or periodical drinkers** ... **a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night** ... **DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS** ... **delirium tremens, epilepsy prostration heart failure pneumonia, softening of brain,** ...

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

I will send you my book in plain wrapper, post paid. It tells of my own case and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable ... **have wasted money on treatment** ... **Men** ... **is willing to be cured or if you** ... **drink habit without his knowledge.** Correspondence strictly confidential.

EDWARD J. WOODS,
10 Norfolk Street (326L), Strand, W.C.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great ... for ... Voice and Chest and recommends ... to use them

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Bronchio Laryngeal)



FOR		FOR
THROAT,		**ASTHMA,**
CHEST,		**COUGH,**
VOICE,		**CATARRH.**

A Boon to Singers, Speakers, Teachers, etc. Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in boxes, 1/-. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS."

ROYAL AJAX

Estd 25 Years

THE OLD FIRM. CYCLES from **6/-** per month ... **£ s 2 10** Cash

ROYAL AJAX

LISTS POST FREE
BRITISH CYCLE MFG. Co (1901) Ltd.
... 1 & 3 Berry St **LIVERPOOL**

Icilma

A FREE SAMPLE OF ... containing Icilma ... Cream ... Tooth Powder ... Icilma ... (Dry Shampoo), ... Icilma ... (Wet Shampoo) &c will be ... to any reader who has not yet had one ... stamps for postage and packing to

ICILMA COMPANY Ltd ... **14a Rosebery Avenue London E C**

CURTAINS FROM THE MAKERS.

Send for Catalogue ... **Hundreds of Curtain Materials** to select from **Muslins Blinds, Casement Fabrics Serges Household Linens Laces, &c.** Write to-day to **S PEACH & SONS The Looms, NOTTINGHAM**

Shorthand.

... Illustrat... **SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SOCIETY RAMSGATE**

PLEASE SEE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT BY PELMAN on Page 53.

O.K. SAUCE

A DELICIOUS APPETISER AND A TRUE DIGESTIVE.

GIANT BOTTLE, 7½d.

ALL ACCESSORIES FREE

To every purchaser of a **Mead Coventry Flyer**

Packed Free. Carriage Paid ... Warranted 15 years ... Dunlop Tyres, Brooks Saddles, Coasters, Speed Gears

From **£2. 15s.** Cash or Easy Payments. Agents wanted.

Write for Free Art Catalogue and Special Offer on Sample Machine.

Established ... years

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 235A
11, ParadiseSt., Liverpool

Three Men & Tobacco



Three men are talking Tobacco, as men do. Two of them have been praising their own favourite blends, as men will. The third man produces his pouch and offers it round. All fill and smoke in silence.

¶ The Tobacco produced is

TETLEY'S

No. 2 MEDIUM,

and the talk ceases, because Tetley's is —well, Tetley's.

Writing the other day to an Advertising man, Tetley's said — "We are practical Tobacco men and rely mostly on the quality of our Tobacco for increasing its sale." That's exactly it. Tetley's No 2 Medium cannot be described adequately in an advertisement because the merit is all in the Tobacco. Bad Tobacco can be well advertised but TETLEY'S cannot be advertised well enough—at least, so its friends say.

IF YOU PREFER A MILDER BLEND ask for No 1 MILD.

Try a packet from any Tobacconist and see what you think of it. Two ounces cost 1 1. If any difficulty in obtaining supply, send fourteen penny stamps

TETLEY & SONS, 4 Boar Lane, LEEDS

£5 NOTES for COMMENTS on CELEBRITIES.

An Entertaining Competition About People.

FOR **Competition 366** a £5 note each is awarded to:

G HARDING, 80, Portsmouth Road, Guildford	HARROLD T ALLEN, 168 Amyand Park Road, East Twickenham	MRS F A MACDONALD, 105 Byres Road, Partick, Glasgow	MRS SOUTHWOOD, 8 Tudor Gardens, Barnes
Double. ***Arthur Bourchier*** (p 468) ***Boisterously Amorous.***	Treble. ***Sir Rufus Isaacs.*** (p. 468) ***Rakes in Shekels.***	Double. ***German Emperor*** (p. 442) ***Generally Effervescent.***	Treble. ***Duke of Norfolk*** (p 411) ***Now on Duty.***

And **five** Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

MISS A M B RENTON, 101 Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, W , N. W. CALBOURNE, 18 Elm Road, East Sheen, S W , ARTHUR EMSLIE, 6 Humber Street, Longridge, Preston A O MILLS, 11 Hall Street, Rhos, Ruabon , MRS. JENNY SIMMONS, 14 Crippel Avenue, Streatham Hill, S W

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find use for a "fiver" should have a try at "Doubles" and "Trebles," the newest of our series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions It is both interesting and entertaining

We offer this week **Five Five-Pound Notes**—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names

Marquis of Lansdowne. Mr. George Robey.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 46 to 54 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L O" Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble You may reverse or transpose the initials it you like.

The prize money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 368, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 11th April. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 19th April.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 3-8**

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 368, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... *From page* ....

Double or Treble ..



Marquis of Lansdowne.



Mr. George Robey



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SPORT, OR POULTERING?

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

SIR,—Your correspondent's remark about shooting driven birds being "not sport, but just wholesale poultering," leads one to the conclusion that he knows very little of his subject. Let him attempt "slaughtering the hurried birds as they are driven on to his guns," and (unless he is an excellent shot) he will find it more difficult than he thinks to become even a retail poulterer in that line.

His Majesty is one of the best shots in England, and that is why he can make what is really a very difficult performance, appear easy.

Yours truly,

R. B. BODILLY, Lieut. R.N. (retired).

Hendon.

• • •

OFFICERS' OUTFITS

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION

SIR,—You mentioned that Army outfitters' bill for uniforms cannot be paid at once by the young officer, who thereby gets into debt. Can this be wondered at when such high prices are charged for outfits?

The new sash which we have to get is priced at £7 10s. by one firm of outfitters.

Why could not the Government factory at Pimlico supply the new article of equipment as well as other portions of outfit, and thereby save the pocket of an

OLD SOLDIER?

Army & Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.





THE NEW ADVERTISING.

". . . Before he could recover it, his Lincoln and Bennett was bowling down the road." "They sat down, a merry party, to an al fresco luncheon, served in Fortnum and Mason's best style . . ."—*Extracts from a modern novel.*

LONDON OPINION can throw in little advertisements of this sort as deftly and convincingly as any of its rivals. We give below extracts from a short story written by one of our intellectual staff, which we have now under consideration—very much under consideration.

It was nine in the morning, the Kendal & Dent on the mantelpiece had just announced the hour in striking tones.

Our hero, looking very heroic in a suit of pink Swan & Edgars, rose from his Waring & Gillow and proceeded to the bath room carrying a cake of Pears and a bottle of Scrubb's Fluid. He Odolled his teeth, and hesitated between the claims of a Robinson & Cleaver and a Bourn & Tant, finally deciding on the {former / latter}.* He descended to the breakfast room looking even more heroic in a suit of W. Evans & Co.

"Smith," he demanded heroically of his valet, "have you Day & Martined my Lilly & Skinners?"

"I have, Sir Baronet," responded Smith, "until they shine as if they had been done with a mixture of Globe Polish and Brooke's Soap."

"Very well. Tell the chauffeur to bring the Panhard & Levassor for me after lunch," said our hero, more heroically than ever, drawing on a pair of Dents, and applying a Bryant & May to his Salmon & Gluckstein. "I shall be Ritzing at one o'clock."

"And I shall be Pearce & Plentying at the same time," muttered Smith to himself.

HENRY J. FIDLER.

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* Strike out one of these. The firms concerned are invited to communicate with our Advertisement Manager.

DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is not Suited

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. A man writes:—

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

A friend persuaded me to leave off coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained twelve pounds in weight, and feel better in every way.

"Grape-Nuts makes a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, is easily digested, and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

There's a Reason.

Get the little book "The Road to Wellville," in packets.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

A Reader's Suggestion.

A READER sends me a suggestion for a new kind of hat lining. He has found the necessity for a detachable lining. He thinks that, on the score of cleanliness, a hat lining ought to be changed frequently, and that the easiest way to do this would be to have the lining detachable. Here is a chance for an enterprising hat manufacturer who is on the look-out for a novelty. I quite agree that the linings of hats do need cleaning after the hats have been worn a few weeks, but I have always understood that in his own interests the hatter preferred to do this work himself. In London hat linings get soiled with a week's wear. Was it not Mark Twain who said that he found that in London it was necessary to "scour the head" about every other day. I seem to remember that it was in this way that he defended the wearing of his famous white suit. The average Londoner's clothes get very soiled, but being dark they do not "show the dirt." Mark Twain preferred a suit which had to be quite clean to be presentable.

The Fashionable Brown.

One or two correspondents have written to me with regard to the particular shade of brown which is to be fashionable this season, but there is really no need for anyone to be perturbed about the exact shade. As long as the lounge suit is of some shade of brown—not necessarily a plain brown—that is all that the leaders of fashion require from their followers. Some of the browns are of very light shades, and they have various fancy names given to them, such as cinnamon brown, red brown, snuff coloured brown, and so on. It is useless to say which is the most fashionable of these, because no two tailors would agree as to the exact shades that were implied by the different names.

Coronation Colours.

Some of the best patterns for lounge suits have indistinct stripes of purple in them, and these the tailors are careful to point out, are the Coronation colours. Similar shades of purple have been introduced into the trouserings intended to be made up into trousers to be worn with morning or frock coats.

My readers will remember that some years ago there was a fashion for black trousers with thin white stripes in them. This particular pattern has never been quite out of fashion, but it is being introduced again this year and labelled as a novelty. In some cases, the white stripes have given place to purple stripes—very thin stripes, but, still, sufficiently wide to be quite noticeable.

The Two Extremes.

In this matter of trousers to be worn with morning or frock coats there seem to be two extremes of patterns ready for men who want to be in the fashion. Some of the patterns are of the lightest shades of grey and blue grey, and the others are those I have mentioned. I vote for both of them although personally I am not keen on those with the purple stripes. Still, on a dull day it is as well to dress "for the weather," and a pair of black trousers with white stripes would be more in harmony with the weather than a pair of very light "summery" trousers.

Oxford Grey Coats.

It has been suggested that the black trousers with white stripes should be worn with Oxford grey [illegible] coat, but it seems to me that the [illegible] would [illegible] such trousers would be better with black coats. With the Oxford grey morning coats trousers of the same [illegible] grey or a few shades lighter would be better. [illegible] are of course of a plain cloth, but all trousers [illegible] worn with frock or morning coat should be of hard [illegible] or worsted.

These take a good crease after they have [illegible] pressed, and they do not soon get out of shape with hard wear.

The Morning Coat.

Some tailors are at their wits end to know what to show their customers as a complete novelty for the season. Here is one of the novelties that was put before me the other day.

It was a morning coat cut in the most fashionable style, that is to say fitting tightly in at the waist and cut away [illegible] the waist. The fashion has been to have this coat fastened with one button at the waist. The novelty of the new morning coat lies in the fact that three buttons set close together take the place of the one button, making a decided difference to the general style of the coat.

Many men consider the one button morning too dressy for their tastes. The three button coat is a trifle less ostentatious if it is not quite so smart as the other.

The Latest Double Collar.

The newest shape of double collar has a very small opening for the tie and the fronts of the collar are not rounded off but cut square.

The shape is smart if the collar fits properly round the neck. The only way to make certain of this is to have the shirts and collars made for you. Failing this the best plan is to make sure of having all one's shirts of the same make, so that after one has got one collar to set properly on a shirt, one may be sure that all the other collars are right.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post, but he cannot have his question answered by return of post.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

He: "Pardon me, but I'm not 'Sir' John, only just plain 'Mr.'"
She: "Oh, well, you know, in these days, when there are so many new titles, I always give people the benefit of the doubt!"

Old Suits Made New, New Suits Kept New,

that is what the wonderful Achille Serre process of dry-cleaning and tailor pressing succeeds in doing.
Learn how you never need look shabby; how for only 3s 9d and in four days the suit you have put away as unwearable can be made smart and new looking. You will find this and other useful information in our new booklet "Pride of Dress." Write to-day for a copy and address of nearest branch or agency.

Achille Serre Ltd.

White Post Lane, Hackney Wick, London

Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct

Ride a B.S.A. Bicycle

All the ... of the ... equipped Cycle factories in the world are utilised in the manufacture of B.S.A. Bicycles. Only the finest materials are used, and every part is ... tested and gauged at each stage ... the B.S.A. Bicycle are

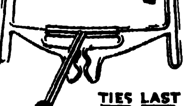
PERFECT IN EVERY PART

If you place your order for a B.S.A. Bicycle now, you will not only save disappointment and delay in delivery but be able to get into a fit condition to enjoy your Easter tour. Write for free copy of Art Catalogue which contains full description of the 1911 model.

The Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd., 44 Small Heath, Birmingham.

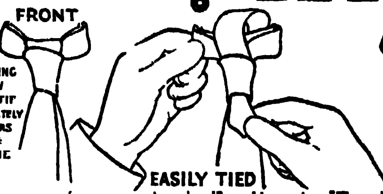


FOR DOUBLE COLLARS "TYMAKA" PATENT TIE FRAME POST 6d FREE



DISCARD OLD METHODS
With a Tymaka a knot needs only tying once and is then Always ready for wear

TIES LAST FOUR TIMES AS LONG



Instructions for tying with each. If unable to obtain "Tymaka" from your hosier send for sample (post free) 6d or complete with tie 1/- to
HART & CO. 15 & 16 THAVIES INN LONDON E.C.



Genuine Irish Tweeds Direct from Ireland.

By buying an Irish Tweed Suit direct from the manufacturing centre you can get an ordinary 63/- suit for **45/-**

We guarantee our Irish Tweeds to wear for six or seven years, and we guarantee perfect fit or money back.

Another speciality of ours is Real Donegal Homespuns for men's suits and ladies costumes.

Write for FREE PARCEL of patterns and simple self-measurement form

HUTTON'S, 34, LARNE, IRELAND
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STOCKS & SHARES

By EAGLE.

Unsafe Banks Great Central Preference—Safety for the Small Capitalist.

I must think the ... is who have been good enough to express gratification at the advice given in these columns on 11th February re the Army ... Company. I then suggested that the £10 Ordinary shares were worth buying at the current price, as the dividend were likely to be resumed in the security in respect of 1910. The directors have now declared a 2½ per cent distribution, giving those who bought at a return of 5½ per cent on their money, besides a nice profit on capital account.

... shares have risen since I mentioned them recently. We cannot find all the winners all the time, but the information given from week to week is the best obtainable.

A Good Railway Buy

Steadily in recent years the Great Central Railway Company has increased its net revenue, and one by one the Preference stocks have been brought into the dividend list. For 1910 the 1891 Preference stock received half of its full 4 per cent ... of 1909, and for this year the whole 4 per cent will, in the absence of any extraneous circumstance, easily be paid. It is the 1891 Preference entitled to a 4 per cent dividend which, in my opinion, is a good purchase now. £100 nominal of the stock can be bought for just over £70, and there is an excellent prospect of the full rate of dividend being earned for this year. The ... may easily rise to 100 in the near future. The company's new dock at Immingham will be opened before long and should prove an additional source of profit. Furthermore, the new Yorkshire coalfield should mean greatly increased revenue for the company, since ten new collieries now being opened up will have an output of a million tons of coal each when fully developed. On the basis of 5 per cent dividends the 1891 Preference would give a yield of about 8 per cent.

A Rubber Valorisation Scheme

If a ... in Brazil materialises the price of rubber should ... It is proposed to buy up large quantities of the produce and to ... them off the market, thus restricting available supplies and keeping the quotation up much the same as ... in the Brazilian coffee trade ... simply in this to rush in and buy rubber shares irrespective of their consideration. My main reason for mentioning the fact is to cheer up those who bought rubber shares at high prices and are only waiting for a recovery in order to clear out of the market.

Still Favourites

My ... shows that the public have still a kind regard ... shares and really the future of the industry should ... to cause investors in sound companies ... hereafter. As the leading shares do not offer a great chance of much capital appreciation the best thing ... something good standing at a low price. I ... very well concerning the prospects of the United Malaysian Rubber Company, the £1 shares of which, fully paid ... stand at only 18s. It is expected that a dividend will be paid in respect of the current year. ... company's estates consist of 1,280 ... and the issued share capital is only £3 ... whilst there is an equal amount of 6 per cent Debenture ... Over 100,000 lb. of rubber should be harvested this year ... only 3s per lb. Debenture ... would be covered. For 1912 40,000 lb. of produce ... marketed and a dividend of about 10 per cent ... The £1 shares are about ½ premium.

Protecting the Public

At last ... to be given the chance of protecting the ... the machinations of alleged banks, a Bill has been presented providing that any persons who hereafter desire to carry on the business of bankers must deposit £20,000 with the Board of Trade just as life insurance companies already have to do, and must also file balance sheets, etc., and have their financial position certified by a competent accountant. Truth to tell, our leading joint stock and other old established banks can supply all the needs—present and future—of the public, and there is no necessity to run grave risks in depositing your money with concerns of doubtful stability which offer high rates of interest. "A low percentage and peace of mind" is a sound motto.

Shipping Shares

Slowly but surely the shipping industry is recovering from the severe attack of depression which has lasted all too long for many shareholders. Of course some of the soundly managed and reasonably capitalised concerns paid dividends even in the darkest hour, but many companies suffered losses in working. Shareholders in the Ellerman Lines have been among the fortunate ones. For 1910 a distribution of 5 per cent was paid, but in respect of 1906 the rate is raised to 6 per cent on the £10 Ordinary shares, which are still just under par. The Four and a Half per Cent £10 Cumulative Preference shares stand at about 9.

Skating to Ruin.

I have had hard things said about me because of my steady hostility to skating rinks as investments, but I do not retract a word of my criticisms in general. I ... in answer to recent inquiries. By the way, ... these concerns with an aggregate capital of ... failed during February. This comes on top of the collapse of nine with a total share capital of over £60,000 in January.

Company Nomenclature.

A glance down the records of recent new company registrations at Somerset House reveals some curious names. "... Limited," for instance, has been formed to acquire an invention of "a process of obtaining ... products from liquids or semi-liquids." ... Limited at first blush, might be taken as a concern intending to supply us with microbes. As a matter of fact it is only going to sell us drugs. The "Alchemy Trust Limited" would seem to indicate that someone has at last struck it lucky," but the name of the ... Syndicate suggests a new disturbing factor in our everyday lives until we read that the company really only intends to cater for our amusement.

Namaqua Coppers.

I hear that the £2 shares of the Namaqua Copper Company ought steadily to rise from their present price between now and the end of the year. The steam gear machinery at the mine is being scrapped and electrical power installed. The economies expected to be thus effected are calculated to bring the shares into the dividend list again next year. The outlook for the metal is satisfactory, for, although production is increasing, the consumptive needs of the world are expanding to a great extent.

Safety.

To the many readers who write saying they have about £100 in the Post Office Savings Bank and want to earn a little more than the 2½ per cent offered by that institution, let me suggest India Three and a Half per Cent stock at about 97. This gives you a fair return on your money and—absolute safety.

Us

The directors of the company owning LONDON OPINION have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 150 per cent per annum after redeeming some of their Debentures. This comes of giving the best pennyworth in the whole periodical market.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form No charge is made.

"*Skipper*"—You would do well not to have dealings with either of the firms named "*P J H*"—The new Brazilian Loan would give you a yield of over 4½ per cent, and safety "*Alert*"—Market slackness is the sole reason for the fall Yes, I should average "*Commercial*"—Neither of the shares named are good For a speculative lock up, buy some United Malaysians £1 fully paid, standing at 13s "*Packey*"—You might buy fifteen or twenty Lipton Ordinary, or, as a speculation a few United Malaysian Rubbers, £1 shares fully paid, purchasable at 13s "*Terrier*"—The shares are a fair speculative investment A purchase of twenty shares could no doubt be arranged "*H M*"—A dividend ought to be earned on Great Central Railway 1894 5 per cent Preference this year, and if you divided your money between that and Anglo Argentine Debentures and Russian Bonds you cannot go far wrong I would not buy the gas shares named "*R G*"- Keep "Explorings," but do not average Knight Centrals and Oceanas should improve I should cut your loss on Ulundis "*G F E*"—For a good lock up Bukit Sembawangs 2s shares at 6d premium or United Malaysians £1 fully paid, standing at 13s, would suit your purpose "*J I*"—I would keep Lancs and Yorks, and buy North Eastern Consols and Midland Deferred If you would like a possibility of a good advance, buy a little of Great Central 1894 5 per cent Preference as well A dividend should be earned on the stock this year "*A P O*" Yes the two companies are quite sound, and I certainly recommend you to hold on "*S A J*"—The Debentures you name are sound but if you are investing a large sum you had better divide the amount up "*J B M*"—Hold on to Coats They should advance in the near future "*W S H*"—I prefer Lipton Ordinary of the ones mentioned in your list "*H P*"—Anglo Argentine Trams Debentures ought to suit your purpose "*F W B*"—I think you would be very unwise to sell your holdings now All should appreciate in value in the course of the current year I do not like Kern Rivers at the present price "*S G*"—I should be inclined to leave the investment as it is They are good stock Of course at any time there is a large rise in them it would be good policy to sell on the chance of rebuying, but not at present depressed quotations "*J S*"—Yes, the Arizona is one of the leading copper companies, and I think their position is a strong one There is the danger in copper shares of America being able to hold all its copper stocks and if it cannot there would be a sharp temporary drop in the price of the metal and copper shares Personally, I should prefer to ... the same in Consolidated Goldfield or Rand Mines at the present price. "*I J B*"—Consolidated Goldfields are £1 ... fully paid The last dividend was 2s, payable in April 1911 the one before, 5s, December, 1910 They also paid 10 in February, 1910 The previous dividends from 1903 have been 15 per cent 1906 nil, 1907, 12½ per cent, 1908, 20 per cent 1909, 35 per cent The chairman at the last meeting practically said that the 1910 rate of dividend would be steadily maintained as a minimum in the future I consider the shares very cheap at present price "*Bolt*"—Bradford Dyers would yield you about 5 per cent at present price, and I regard them as a good industrial investment Nehoda Ceylon Rubber are about 20s I think the company is well managed and that the shares are a good holding "*P K*" Have nothing whatever to do with the firm you mention I have not any great faith in the future of the smaller insurance companies, and think you would be quite wise in selling *John tone* —I regret I cannot confirm or otherwise what you say regarding Balaghat, but if they do so and are successful it would cause a good rise in the price of the shares and at ... it must be a good speculation "*I S*" India Three and ... Half will be paid off in twenty years time although they are redeemable after that date I should not advise you to ... the Canada Bonds for Canadian Pacific Ordinary Stock ... standing at high price, because it is believed that the ... will pay more in the future I consider a very safe investment is Anglo A" which would yield you 5½ per cent and is now guaranteed by the Western Union Telegraph Company "*I S*"—Matabele Reef shares have dropped ... to their low price, as the company is about to reconstruct If ... buy, you will have to be prepared to go into the reconstruction and to pay up a few shillings in calls If the reconstruction is carried out properly, I should consider these ... a fair speculation

(Other replies next week.)

• • •

DRAWBACKS

There is no rose
 Without its cruel thorn
No pleasure glows
 Without some grief ...
In words of bliss
 There still lurk tones of ...—
In every kiss
 Hides some condemned ...

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING comes to us without effort The best looking collars for men are the hardest to button *Jersey Call*

A man may undertake a journey round the world with a light heart, but extreme care and vigilance are needed should he venture to hang his pictures or walk downstairs —*World's Work*

• • •

DEVELOPMENT.

He started in his infancy,
When life was in its bud,
To pave the way for his career
By making pies of mud

And as he grew to youth's estate
And energy ran high,
He fashioned sundry balls of mud
To hurl at passers by

And even in his college days
When energy ran higher,
He joined the college football team
And wallowed in the mire

He has attained to man's estate
Yet clings to boyhood tricks
He still delights in throwing mud—
He is in politics

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*



"Don't order oysters. Be more economical, or you won't be able to buy me that pearl necklace I spoke to you about!"—"Le Rire," Paris.

We wish to add to our musical critic's review of the Symphony Orchestra's recent concert that the libretto, the tonal quality, the finesse, the allegretto, the pulsating rendition, the poignant melody, the tschaikowsky and the embonpoint all struck our artistic temperament as being the real thing We were particularly pleased with the finale —*Ohio State Journal*

We are a sentimental people, though we try not to look the part.—*English Illustrated*

• • •

Mr J. P Sousa remarked at Plymouth, before he and his band took leave of these shores, that the English were good listeners Very much obliged and all that, but when Jawn Phillup and his band are around, the rest of us have a mighty poor chance of being anything else —*Black and White*

• • •

In Mr Marcus Stone's opinion "the little shop girl is really much better dressed than the duchess" Our acquaintance with duchesses is unfortunately limited to what we have gleaned from the pages of Ouida and Mrs Humphry Ward, but we believe this to be so At least we know the shop girl—generically—and her appearance is often comely It is true that she will sometimes throw a chilling glance of disapproval upon the male who is ill equipped with the necessary specification of what he has been instructed to get, but that is a small matter, and she means well —*Argonaut*, San Francisco.

Always put off till the morrow the bad things you expect to do to day —*Judge*, New York

• • •

Professor Sir Joseph Thomson states that he had estimated the temperature of Mars to be 8 degrees below freezing point, "which" he adds "would seem rather unfortunate for the canals But how excellent for the skating!"—*Star*

• • •

There are two species of mankind One lives so fast that he spends half his time racing to catch trains and the other half wishing he had missed them the other tumbles into matrimony and remains buried in a backwater to the end of his days

Each secretly envies the other while loudly denouncing the mode of living which is not his own —*The World*

In art, as in other things, there is much that we could learn from our cousins across the Atlantic Here when Mrs Grundy finds fault with a picture we turn its face to the wall, or if a statue is said to be lacking in reserve we throw a sheet over it No such crude methods will pass muster in America The Rev J A McCaung, of Albany, N Y, has paid a critical visit to a local picture gallery, and, after doing so, has talked matters over with the local police The result, we learn from the *Philadelphia Record* is that Diana in the Bath has been clad in a bathing suit of brilliant hue while her attendants wear suits of rainbow varieties The man in the painting appears in a convict garb, wears a silk hat and smokes a pipe Another valuable work, "The Awakening of Adam," has been "done over" so that Eve wears a suit of blue pyjamas and Adam a pair of overalls Both have on boxing gloves We may, even yet, see the Rokeby Venus in a motor-coat, when the Americans get hold of her —*Westminster Gazette*.



Ethel: "What a funny text that was for the sermon yesterday."
Her Mother: "I forget what it was, darling."
Ethel: "You cannot serve God and mamma!"—"Brooklyn Life."

THE BEEHIVE AND THE HAREM SKIRT.

THE Beehive and the Harem Skirt were walking hand
in hand—
They wept like anything because folk hooted in the
Strand
"If they but knew how chic we are," they said, "it
would be grand."

"If seven maids from seven shops were us for half a
year,
Do you suppose," the Beehive said, "that they would
cease to jeer?"
"I doubt it," said the Harem Skirt, and hailed a
policeman near.

"Oh, policeman, come and walk with us," the Harem
Skirt did cry;
"These people stare and jostle so, I can't imagine
why.
Perhaps they'd stop their rude remarks if you were
standing by."

The policeman slowly looked at them (his face was
lu and a)
The policeman slowly winked his eye and slowly shook
his head.
"... come along ..." was all the policeman
said. GRACE GOLDIE.

• • •

HER FATE IN LIFE

The young woman sat before her glass and gazed
long and earnestly at the reflection there. She screwed
up her face in many ways. She fluffed her hair, then
smoothed it down again. She raised her eyes and
lowered them. She showed her teeth and she pressed her
lips tightly together. At last she got up with a weary
sigh and said: "It's no use. I'll have to be some kind
of a reformer."

VETO PEERS COMPETITION.

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To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once, that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this special creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics. Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections—there is no entrance fee—and put in for your share of the £500.



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I, ...

of ...

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Time went on and my throat, not being made of copper with a platinum lining, began to trouble me. I found I could not stand the English climate. I had most villainous attacks of bronchitis, and eventually I succeeded with the help of an expert in medicine in making a contrivance for curing myself."

Everyone who suffers from Bronchitis, Winter Cough, Throat, Lung and Nasal ailments should send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim, Dept. D.C., at 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and receive post free his little pamphlet explaining how he came to invent the Pipe of Peace and his method for relief and home cure.—Advt.

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London Opinion, 15th April, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
15th APRIL, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 369.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

NEW SERIES OF DETECTIVE STORIES. See page 100

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 111.

THE BEST COMPETITION. See page 102.



BREATHES there a maid with soul so
dead
Who never to herself hath said,
"This is my new, my Easter hat!"
Whose heart within her hath not burned
As heads to look at her have turned
When in her pew she sat?



London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

Woe to be in England, now that April's there.

• • •

More "reform." Mr. Arthur Bourchier is to stop "playing old Harry."

• • •

Newspaper heading, "Suffragettes in a Bath.' What of it? They've been in hot water for years.

• • •

The headmaster of Eton will see less of the aristocracy in future, for birching has been abolished at this school.

• • •

Judge Rentoul suggests branding the deported undesirable alien. It is almost as cruel as a threat to wash him.

• • •

A knighthood for women is suggested. But surely the chorus ladies have not exhausted the peerage yet?

• • •

A reporter recently noted that a lady "played a 'cello in a harem skirt. Did he observe whether the instrument was bow-legged?

• • •

Two rival editors have settled their disputes with boxing-gloves in Queensland. The idea extended to war-scare editors in Europe is most fervently to be commended.

• • •

The recent Army order introducing a new sash for office s has now been cancelled. This unparalleled activity is causing the liveliest satisfaction to admirers of the War Office.

• • •

Thus an American publication "New York City alone contributes more to medical progress to-day than all of England." In subjects of treatment for nervous break-down, we presume?

• • •

From a *Mirror* interview with a lady explorer—"I was given a special permit to shoot elephants, and I used it. I killed a hippopotamus." As Shakespeare says, "What's in an aim?"

• • •

Prehistoric drawings have been found hidden in a grotto in France. We now wait for some trans-atlantic cousin to show that they were originally placed there to prove that Holbein's pictures were really painted by Charles Dana Gibson.

• • •

London hairdressers propose that any customer who cannot produce proof of having been shaved in a barber's shop, shall not be entitled to have his hair cut at ordinary rates. A decapitated pimple or a neat slice off the ear may be put in as evidence.

• • •

A "find" of coins, laid bare by a high tide in Suffolk, has been puzzling the antiquaries. As a button was found with the money, our own expert feels convinced that the latter once filled the collection-plate of one of the lost churches of Dunwich.

Sir James Crichton-Browne says that nurses make better wives than Gaiety girls. Now, how can he possibly know?

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Dublin City Council will present no loyal address to the King. That will render more certain the enthusiastic welcome of the citizens.

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The women of St. Vincent have given the Queen a parasol. No doubt optimism is the right note for Coronation year.

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Under the new Copyright Bill offenders may be imprisoned for two months. Pirates who whistle the latest Viennese musical comedy waltz should get more.

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The Prince of Wales, it is announced, is being prepared for the making of a speech in Welsh. What particular form of strengthening diet he is taking is not stated.

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English patriots, a little while ago, replied to armament limitation proposals by shouting for "Eight." So why this fuss about the German Chancellor's blunt rojoinder of "Nein"?

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The married man who imagines that the mere entry of his name as head of the house on a census paper makes him in reality the boss of the oufit is liable to get an awful shock.

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Germany has offered to exchange naval information with us. The chap who really shows you what he has in his hand generally displays the penny and keeps the shilling up his sleeve.

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Concerning the misfortunes of a famous brewery, one of the directors says, "it is useless to whine." That is pretty much what the discontented "champagne" makers of France are saying.

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The Swiss government wants us to simplify the calendar. Well, there have been times recently when we have thought it would be just as well to call the whole year December, and have done with it.

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A writer on men's fashions says that our collars get a dull finish at the steam laundry We doubt it; judging by their mangled remains we should fancy the finish must be as exciting, in its way, as fox-hunting.

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A morning paper has been propounding the massive problem: "Should a weak man ride outside an omnibus in a blizzard for the sake of a stranger's baby?" Much, of course, depends upon the behaviour of the baby.

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The St. James's Park Memorial Scheme has been abandoned as likely to mar the rural nature of the park. But the park walks will never seem really like the honeysuckled lanes at home until you have to dodge road-hogs on them.

THE TEASHOP GIRL.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

MANY years ago, Miss Ethel Irving sang a song about a teashop girl. Her name, I believe, was Rhoda, and she "ran a pagoda." At that time teashops were in their infancy, and the teashop girl was a London novelty. Nowadays there are teashops in nearly every street, and there are multitudes of teashop girls. I daresay the Census will tell us how many teashop girls there are in London. There must be thousands of them. Girls who went into domestic service ten years ago are now going into teashops. Veteran housewives tell me that the dearth of housemaids and parlourmaids, and kitchenmaids and "tweenies" is due to the teashop. The teashop girl and the taxi-driver are the two new types that London has manufactured during the past few years. The teashop girl is a strongly marked type. She is unlike any other sort of girl. She is in a class by herself. She is different from the barmaid and the shopgirl. Her trade has stamped her. Some of these days Mr. George Edwardes will give us a musical comedy entitled *The Teashop Girl*. I am astonished that he has compelled her to wait so long.

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YOUTH is always pathetic, and I think the teashop girl is one of the most pathetic varieties of youth. There are no greyhaired teashop girls. As one wanders through the teashops of London the fact is thrust upon one's notice. The teashop girl is invariably young and very comely. One of the loveliest girls I have ever seen in London was a girl in a teashop. She was a creamy English beauty, with flaxen hair, a beautiful flawless profile, a complexion that would have made the fortune of a "skin-food" syndicate, and blue eyes that would have melted the misogyny of a Saint Anthony. This peerless Iseult was dusting the marble counter and polishing the mirrors. I fell in love with her instantly. But she was quite unconscious of my secret passion. She was a very practical young person, and she did not deign to throw me a crumb of encouragement. I grieve to say that she vanished as mysteriously as she came. Often have I speculated upon her fortune. Did she marry an earl? Or did she irradiate some stage with her preposterous beauty? Or was she merely an apparition? Perhaps some capricious goddess took it into her golden head to mix with the daughters of men for a brief season. It may be that my teashop paragon was Aphrodite herself—Aphrodite in a cap and apron.

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I HAVE been reading a teashop novel by Mr W. L. George It is called "A Bed of Roses." He has "got" the teashop and the teashop girl. Just as Mr. Heggie has studied his tramp on the Embankment, so Mr. George must have studied his teashop girl in the London teashops. He has got the teashop slang. He has got the tricks of the trade. He makes you see the teashop and smell it. "Small tea, toasted scone, miss," says the junior clerk in purple socks. "Kyou," says Victoria, as she puts the cup on the table. Every teashop girl says "Kyou" as she serves you. "Penny?" says Bella, as the youth goes. "Gent," says Victoria, as she picks up three coppers. "Yes, sir, cutlet. No veg? Cauli? Yes, sir." Then there are the chess-players who sit in couples, their eyes glued to the board, allowing the grease to cake slowly on their food; from time to time swallowing a mouthful, sometimes dropping morsels on the table. Mr. George has got the teashop boy as well as the teashop girl.

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LIZZIE is the cashier. She makes "two and a kick" a week at the desk. "You know," she says, "the boys look at me a bit. Once one of them gave me half-a-bar with a bob check. I gave him one half-crown and three two-bob pieces. Smiled at him. He boned the money quick enough. Wanted to touch my hand, you see. Bless you! he never knew. Mashed. Comes off once in three. Never try it twice on the same man." The teashop girl must eke out her wages by angling for tips. There is a good deal of pathos behind her smile. The careless tea-drinker does not suspect the irony of her elaborately-piled-up hair, the satire of her natty high-heeled shoes, the mockery of her quick badinage. She looks perfectly light-hearted as she darts to and fro among the tables. She has no right to appear tired. She must conceal her fatigue. A melancholy countenance is out of place in a teashop.

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I FEAR there is not much romance in the life of the teashop girl, and yet she is wonderfully cheerful. She has a smile for her "regulars," and she passes her weary days in an atmosphere of flirtation. Poor girl! She is forced to flirt for tips. I have no doubt that severe maidens frown on her sprightly demeanour. They deem her a bold and brazen minx. But she is bound to fascinate her patrons, and she is forced to tolerate their audacities. Her youth is part of her technique. Her girlhood is her chief asset. What becomes of her after she grows too old to charm? Mr. George tells how one teashop girl solved that riddle. It is a tragic story—the story of a girl who refuses to be exploited, and who managed to exploit her exploiters. Victoria was driven by society to prey upon society. She preyed on it so successfully that she was able to retire with ten thousand pounds as her share of the spoils. I fear she was an exception. Not many teashop girls win the battle with the world. It is not a pretty business. One does not like the thought of the teashop girl who is crippled by varicose veins, and is forced to choose between death and dishonour. It makes one ashamed of a civilisation which offers its victims such alternatives. One feels that the community is blood-guilty and soul-guilty. It is idle to say that the teashop girl ought to starve rather than stumble, to famish rather than fall. But Mr. George proves that in some cases the wages of sin are not death in every sense of the word.

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MORAL death, yes. But not the other kinds of death. It is dreadful to think that the world is so bitterly unjust, to know that in some cases it pays better to go to the bad. But it is well to face the brutal, and to admit that virtue in our society is often asked to pay an impossible price. Have we any right to condemn womanhood to martyrdom? It is we who make the conditions. It is we who formulate the rules. If the conditions are more than flesh and blood can bear, can we scourge those who rebel against them? If the rules are diabolically pitiless, can we blame those who break them? I say that a world which makes virtue a hell and vice a paradise is a world that cannot throw stones.

THE MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.



[Threats of libel actions by litigants "on the make" are increasingly numerous.]
Blackmailing Plaintiff "Your damages—or your costs!"

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

The way of greatness lies off the beaten track.—*A C Holzapfel*

It is more blessed to give than to receive a refusal of marriage.—*C Haddon Chambers*

There will be no more poverty in the world 100 years from now.—*Thomas Alva Edison*

No man is so friendless that he hasn't at least one friend to tell him his faults.—*Greenwood Lake*

Trouble is the only thing in this world that can be picked up without trouble.—*G C Maunsell*

It was not the absence of clothes, but the presence of innocence that gave its charm to the Garden of Eden.—*Arthur Bourchier*

An Act ought to be passed making it a criminal offence to employ any architect in a London park for any purpose whatsoever. I would not object to a clause providing that any architect found guilty of preparing a plan for the improvement of a park should be hanged.—*Mr. Labouchere.*

As a beautiful King Edward memorial, I should return the Mall and pull down Buckingham Palace.—*A A Milne*

The will of a man is strongest when it wills well.—*Bernard Snell.*

Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love.—*George Meredith*

In Europe the day of the robber baron is over, in America it has only begun.—*Viereck*

A man can face the world with a good heart if he can also face it with a good liver.—*G Combeare*

Why are we supposed to have more respect for gray hairs than for a bald head?—*Kenneth Beare*

When self is enthroned, Passion is made Prime Minister and Principle becomes Court Fool.—*S John Duncan Clark*

He who hath a handsome wife, a castle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway never lacks a quarrel.—*Spanish Proverb.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 24.—The Sweetstuff Girl.

A Holiday Year.

A YEAR of holidays! Isn't the game being overdone? All the country can't take the key from the West-end of London and swagger about in broadcloth and fine linen, making June a month of festivity. As a firm believer in St. Lubbock, I think it would be wise for us to dispense his favours more systematically. Between next week and the close of the leafy month there will be five Bank Holidays, and the blunt truth is that people cannot afford them all. We are certainly welcoming the Coronation in good time, judging from the signs in the streets. Windows, seats, maps, guides, and so forth are already in evidence, and there will be the usual danger of being "fed up" with the celebration before it takes place. All who feel any interest in the matter will make an effort to rush up to town, if only for the day. They will, if lucky, be rewarded with the street show for the money, and nothing besides. The remote village festivities will be the most enjoyable. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife you may dance with a plump, apple-cheeked wench before tucking away a good high tea—they "can eat a tea up in Yorkshire"—and toasting the health of King George in a foaming beaker or a hilarious bottle of ginger ale. It does not argue a want of loyalty to desire to avoid mobs. Most to be pitied is the poor King himself. Fancy being stared at by millions of people, each of whom feels that—as he keeps you—he has a right to stare at you!

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A Departed Joy.

MEANWHILE, I pack my celluloid collar in my Gladstone bag—faithful is one's heart to the dear old "Gladstone"—and prepare, with the few halfpence I can scrape together, to enjoy an Easter holiday. And here let me ask what has become of the paper collar dear to the days of my youth? It was a fearful joy. There was always the terror that the buttonholes would burst at untimely crises, and at hot seasons, when one perspired very much, the virigin white of the morning gradually turned to a russet-brown before the day was out. Yet the paper collar saved washing bills, and housewives were free of such calamities as "Two of Albert's collars are missing from the laundry this week." Perhaps some of your younger readers never heard of the paper collar. In that case, also, they would know nothing of Nelly Power's famous song:

> He wears a penny flower in his coat,
> La-di-da,
> And a penny paper collar round his throat,
> La-di-da.
> In his hand a penny stick,
> In his mouth a penny pick,
> And a penny in his pocket,
> La-di-da.

The paper collar was portable, and it started the day with an unexceptionable gloss upon it. Our civilisation could well have stamped out many far less useful articles.

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An Immovable Easter.

A PROPOSAL is on foot to put Easter at a fixed date, thus preventing the wobblings which go on at present. We have had Good Friday on the 21st March, and we have also had it on the 23rd April. The arrangement arises from an archaic ecclesiastical calculation which, if you try to work out yourself, brings the lunatic asylum within appreciable distance. The calendar has hitherto been regarded as too sacred to reform, but that is sheer nonsense. A fixed date for Easter would entail no irreverence and would be a convenience for everybody. This year we are pretty well off, and we can easily see the advantages of Easter never being any earlier. The holiday-makers, the railway people, the seaside lodging-house letters, and the caterers for public enjoyment would be immensely benefited. We are, unhappily, slow movers in the way of reform in this country, and therein lies the danger that Easter—unless the matter be taken seriously in hand—will remain a sliding quantity until the pigs come home.

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Our Easter.

How will the public spend Easter? In quite the same old way, sweet friends. Father will do a bit of gardening in his shirt sleeves, weather permitting, and mother will probably go to a friend's to tea. The rising hope of the house will take a girl out and buy chocolates for her. Possibly last Easter she went out with some other young man, and possibly next Easter she will change again. There is no finality about such matters, and if there were half the enjoyment of life would disappear at once. The brigade which rises at three in the morning and takes a long railway journey before breakfast I have no use for. Give me, as a wretched, lonely Londoner, a breezy walk in Regent's Park and an honest bloater for dinner, and I am satisfied. And there are far less succulent dishes than a few caller herrin'. In Cornwall they consume a mixture of pilchards and cream. Being a person of weak nerve I have never had the temerity to tackle that, although a perfect devil where haggis and other

Scottish barbarities are concerned. The hot-cross bun has gradually slipped away from favour. Are you surprised? Unless the honest citizen can procure a moist specimen, nicely flavoured with saffron, a bun is as cheerful as a day with John Burns' speeches. In any case, a murrain on that blighted mortal who originally conceived the idea that a bun was the highest ambition of youthful appetites. For my part I loathe it, and can never eat even a slice of cake without feeling seedy.

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Before Royalty.

It is recorded of Mr. Edward Tyrrel Smith, when lessee of Drury Lane, upon a "command" performance at Windsor being suggested, he conveyed a polite intimation that the great historical theatre he directed was available for a visit from Queen Victoria. Of course, this was sufficient to put up the backs of those who regard earthly monarchs as "the Lord's anointed." What London manager to-day would have the courage to do the same thing? A great deal of hysterical shouting is heard because the King is to attend a music-hall matinée at Edinburgh during his forthcoming visit to that delightful city. It is not quite the same thing as a "command" in London, but as it will please the good people of the Scottish capital, what odds? I am only wondering what would have been said had the play-actors been asked to show in Edinburgh and the music-hall people in London. The truth is that the entertainment in town should have been a representative blend of two professions, now practically merged into one. Actors and authors—what will not large salaries do?– have suddenly discovered that the variety theatre is a fine place, and the usual rubbish about its "educational" influence is being trotted out. All the anxiety to be "patronised" by the King is ridiculous. The amiable occupant of the throne cannot be expected to pose as a dramatic expert, and how his presence or abstention from theatre or hall makes the show a whit better worth seeing, or a whit less worth seeing, passes comprehension. May the Scottish programme be "all British." Not for an instant can it be supposed that any "performing flea" turn will be presented. If it were, the necessary acrobatic troupe could be easily recruited from some of our popular seaside resorts.

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A Prophecy.

[At the gala performance before the Kaiser, Bulwer Lytton's best-known comedy will be performed.]

Money for *Money*—watch the crowd!
Yet Orders won't be disallowed—
  With them shall breasts be bright;
Then when, at last, they end the play,
And Drury boasts a glorious day,
  Look out for Drury's Knight!

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The Gospel of Shabbiness.

A grim evidence of familiarity with human nature is furnished by a notice in one of the little meeting-places of South London. In announcing gatherings for old men and women, the placard adds "Shabby clothes preferred." The curse of English snobbery, the wickedness of that cruel tradition that poor mortals—irrespective of their means and circumstances—must "dress well" on the Sabbath, has kept many a sensitive soul out of a place of worship. We have long since passed the "God bless the squire and his relations, and keep us in our proper stations" attitude of servility in the shires. But there remains in the towns a sort of unwritten understanding that people should appear in their "best" at church and chapel.

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"In Best."

They wish to do so. Unfortunately, "best" is a constructive term, and does not always mean the best they have got. A religious meeting for the very poor is a pathetic sight. The world—from the money point of view—has not gone well with them. Yet their cheerfulness, their hope, their placidity, their unassailable conviction that "all is for the best," teaches the true lesson of Life's compensations.

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A Soft Rebuke.

On the night of the Boat Race some young men of the boisterous type occupied prominent reserved places near the stage at a London hall, and demonstrated noisily. An entertainer came on, stood the interruption for a moment, and then calmly observed, "A box of sardines—well oiled." The house cheered, the "gentlemen" collapsed. Thus was it again shown that the simplest remedy is generally the most efficacious. I sympathise with all public performers annoyed in this way. Their lot is as unenviable as that of census enumerators. What troubles and worries these poor men went through in the solemn cause of duty! One man, being asked if he suffered from any incurable infirmity, sweetly replied, "Only my wife!"

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On Clothes.

"Put on your ta-ta, little girlie!" is, I understand, an admonition of the hour. What of the unhappy young woman with no ta-ta to put on? The lasting affliction of females in this kingdom is that they have never anything "fit to wear." What it is that the scores of shops in Oxford Street and Regent Street sell—it cannot be that all the new goods they dispose of are shabby and unwearable—is a perfect mystery to me. I presume that the appetite for clothes grows by what it feeds on. Day after day I meet men without a shilling in the world. They have lost, or are about to lose, their situations. If the brokers are not actually "in," they are preparing to come in. Creditors are dunning for bills; the rate collector calls round early and often; and the general outlook is as bad as it can be. Yet a walk through the principal thoroughfares of London any fine afternoon shows hundreds of thousands of their womenkind congregated round drapery shops. A goodly proportion of these must be spending money or the drapers would be unable to maintain whole armies of assistants for the public service—to say nothing of motor-cars and country houses for themselves. What does it all mean? Why have women never anything that is "fit to wear"? This puzzles me grievously. Though not a philanthropist the sight of beauty in distress appeals forcibly to my feelings. And if there is any really deserving band of young ladies who are short of musquash coats during the cold snaps of Spring, I should have no objection to put a five-pound note in my pocket some day—provided I can borrow it—and buy them one each all round. Much benefit may be conferred by a little well-distributed cash. At the same time, a word in the ear of social scientists and reformers will not be amiss. "Nothing to wear" is the bitter cry of outcast England. Remedy this and we really shan't know where we are.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Classifying the Peeresses: Sir John Milbanke, V.C., and "L. O.": Katherine Kaelred's Bad Aim: Latest Sporting Gossip.

AS Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk is by now fairly laying his ears back to the job of fixing up Coronation arrangements. He has long ago laid down the law to the peeresses concerning their attire, even unto their petticoats and their permissible number of flounces and yards of lace; but every day, doubtless, finds him wrestling with innumerable points of etiquette which involve him in a responsibility of which even a Prime Minister knows nothing.

FOR he has to regulate all those matters of precedence which permit one peeress to look down upon another with that peculiar Arctic frigidity, as the entertaining "Piccadilly" puts it, that ladies know so well how to use at a Court ceremonial or in the kitchen. He must determine what kind of peeress he has to deal with in each case. She may be a widow who has remarried out of the peerage, but do not imagine even then that she is finally classified. She may be a peeress in her own right, and if so she may come to the Coronation and sit close to the footstool, but she must leave her husband at home with the baby.

BUT the Earl Marshal must go further still, even if he has to work overtime at a rate and a half. Perhaps the widowed peeress is not a peeress in her own right. Perhaps she becomes a peeress by marrying a peer, who then very sensibly died, and she married the milkman. Very well, there is a place for her, but not at the Coronation. She has the whole vast outside to choose from, and the Earl Marshal will assign her to oblivion and extinction with a stroke of his lordly pen.

THEN, again, suppose the widowed but remarried peeress was a duchess who has selected a baron, a mere baron, for her second husband. She is now an inferior kind of peeress. She must sit with the baronesses and riff-raff of that kind, and if she should happen to meet a duchess at the Abbey, the duchess will look straight at her and not know who she is from Eve, even though they were abusing the neighbours only yesterday over the same tea-table. Alas! the duties of the Earl Marshal are not all lavender.

SIR JOHN MILBANKE, V.C., who will in future edit the "Stocks and Shares" article in LONDON OPINION, is major in the 10th Hussars. He was decorated for heroic action in the South African War, when, at Colesberg, although he was himself severely wounded, he returned to rescue one of his men.

IN his efforts to collect funds for trying to put young King Manoel back on the throne, the Marquis de Villabar has had a good deal of trouble to get the Portuguese nobility to shell out. He asked a Portuguese count for a subscription the other day in London. The count drew himself up and answered haughtily:

"My blood is always at the service of his Majesty."

"Yes, I know," said de Villabar, nettled, "but you see, we don't want to start a sausage factory."



Client: "Before we decide on the house, my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy!"
House Agent: "Er—what is your husband's profession, madam?"
Client: "He is a physician."
House Agent: "Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy!"



The Departing Guest: "Look here, you know. This is a bit thick. You charge for writing paper, I haven't used a bally scrap all the time I've been here."
The Proprietor "Ah, pardon, m'sieu. It is for the paper on which your bill is made out!"

I RECENTLY mentioned that Mr Max Beerbohm was returning to London He is now here, and it is good hearing to learn that he has brought back from Italy a fine new sheaf of caricatures, which will soon be on show at the Leicester Galleries They say that Mr. Churchill and Mr Lloyd George tossing for the succession to the Liberal leadership is great.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has now published Mr Besier's three-act comedy, *Lady Patricia* (1s net, paper covers, and 2s 6d, cloth) The play reminds me strongly of Mr. Barry Pain's story, "Sparkling Burgundy," in last year's *London Opinion Summer Annual* The treatment is as different as would be Phil May's and Meissonier's rendering of the same scene, but in both works you get a man and wife philandering with others, and the wife's intended confession anticipated by the conscience-stricken husband's.

BUT for his foreword, Mr W J Wintle's book, *Nights with an Old Lag* (John Ouseley Ltd., 5s net), might have been recommended as an arresting drawing aside of the curtain concealing the kind of life led by the criminal underworld But when Mr. Wintle insists that the pages are all unvarnished truth, with no element of fiction admitted—well, one feels that one's intelligence is insulted. The "old lag" who filled him up with these at times incredible reminiscences is an old leg-puller, and has had a rare tug at the outstretched limb of his confiding Boswell.

THE late Mr. Moberly Bell never spent more than twenty minutes over a meal during working hours. On Sundays he found great difficulty—as do many journalists—in getting a decent meal near the *Times* office. One Sunday evening he rushed into a restaurant with a subordinate and ordered "Mutton—quickly." The waiter, after some minutes, returned with the news that "mutton was off." "Beef, then," said Bell peremptorily. Another wait and the waiter announced that beef, too, was "off" "The Times *are* out of joint," said Bell, rising and returning empty to Printing-house Square.

THE motor-car of the future, apparently, will have affixed to its bonnet a gyroscopic arrangement which will enable it to take the sharpest turnings without any possibility of side slipping, even on the greasiest London mud The Gyroscopic Non-Skids Ltd, of 112 Grosvenor Road, S W., tell me they are just about to give demonstrations of this latest invention.

MR SWIFT MACNEILL is a perfect terror on precedents He is endowed with the most tenacious memory that Parliament has encountered in modern times, and appears not only to have read everything, but to have forgotten nothing In fact, what he does not know about Parliament and the Constitution is not worth knowing, and it is the firm belief of all our senators that when South Donegal's member rises to argue a point of order, a cold shiver runs down Mr. Lowther's back, for he knows that the Professor will be ready to give him facts and dates that nobody else has even read of. His wrath however, is easily turned by a soft answer, for MacNeill is one of the kindliest and most tender-hearted of men.

THE Crystal Palace is having *the* spring clean of its history. While men are distributing 25 tons of light grey paint over the miles of sash bars and iron-work, others are cleaning about a million panes of glass, most of which average five feet in length by a foot wide. The noble old palace will more than ever be a gigantic diamond gleaming in the sun on Sydenham slopes.

DID you notice on the hoardings that striking reproduction of the Burne-Jones "Vampire" picture? It was used to announce Mr Sleath's production of *A Fool*

There Was; but has had to be relinquished, some copyright trouble having arisen.

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"BLIND as a bat," has its significance reinforced by the attack made on the programme at the Queen's Theatre by the man who calls himself "The Bat" in the *Winning Post*. He slates unmercifully the production of *A Fool There Was*, but he adequately impersonates the name-part of that play by stating:

> "It is preceded by another Yankee importation entitled *The Littlest Girl*—a fine specimen of Roosoveltian grammar which makes one pause," etc.

Now, *The Littlest Girl*, though announced, was not put on at this theatre!

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

TO see Katherine Kaelred in her thrilling performance at the Queen's, you would never imagine that hitherto she had specialised in sympathetic parts. Yet so it is. She created this Vampire rôle in the States, but stopped in the middle of the run; and a few days ago she told me why. Robert Hilliard, part owner of the show and the star actor, complained that she did not throw roses over him, as the part necessitates. The lady reminded him that the feminine aim is always bad. "Please remember that I am the star in this theatre," said Mr. Hilliard, as the wordy war proceeded. "You never let anyone forget it," was Katherine's sweet response; and her notice reached her by return.

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THE beauteous Maxine Elliott is back in London, staying at the Ritz. She intends spending the summer with her sister, Mrs Forbes-Robertson, and her husband at their country home. "I have made up my mind not to act again for a year at least," she said, "and maybe for two years. No, I'm not tired of the profession, but for a long time I have been promising myself a complete rest, and am now going to take it."

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SORRY to hear that Mrs. Stanley Rhodes, the late Miss Mabel Russell of the Gaiety, is laid up with bronchitis, and is now in a nursing home.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD, who recently purchased that smart two-year-old, Beau Bois, for himself, and not for King George, as at first announced, told me at Newmarket last week that "he had never yet owned what he considered a really good horse." I hope Beau Bois will stem his Lordship's long tide of ill luck.

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THE fortunate punter who landed the "grateful and comforting" double-event bet of £1,200 to £2 against Mercutio and Glenside is, I hear, a Cambridge Undergraduate.

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OUT in the States, Alice Lloyd is as pronounced a favourite as is Sister Marie here. Her engagements have been protracted into years and years and years, and now she has just signed with Luescher and Werba to appear in comic opera next season.

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A SELF-APPOINTED critic wrote to Seymour Hicks recently complaining that he had heard one of the jokes perpetrated by Seymour in a sketch "at least six months ago." A few days later the critic received the following reply: "DEAR SIR,—Hearty congratulations. You must have heard my youngest joke."

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YOU see many people wearing just now, on bracelets or watch chains, a little silver-gilt Japanese charm. It is inscribed with mystic Oriental characters which are credited with making it a luck-bringer. It is called "Fuku chio shuw," and whether or not it brings the wearer happiness, this new craze certainly helps the poor blind, for it is vended by the National League of the Blind, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

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MY friend Hopkinson generally observes Lent punctiliously, but one day last week, after a morning's golf, he could not resist a solid lunch. As he munched his chops a violent storm came up, a light filled the room, and then a terrific clap of thunder shook



Bill (to his fiancée): "New style of doing the hair, is it? Lumme, I thought it was a 'ospital bandige she'd got on 'er 'ed!"

the building. Hopkinson, pale and shaky, laid down his knife and fork. "What a fuss," he muttered, "over a mutton chop."

TO-DAY is the commencement of the Passover, the Jewish Festival that the orthodox of that faith will observe strictly for the next eight days; and last night was the night of nights in Petticoat Lane. "Chometz Bottle Night" they call it, and "The East" was *en fête*. I strolled past the gorgeously decorated shop windows, filled with cakes and "nosh" of all sizes and shapes, the merry, jostling crowds pushing me on until I arrived at the centre of attraction, E. Barnett & Co., the "Kosher" butchers.

"UNCLE MANNY," as they all call him, greeted me in his chair; and Harry Barnett, who has the appearance of a healthy country farmer, beamed on me as he showed me with pride round his premises, which, in view of its being Coronation year, glowed with patriotism. Huge portraits of the King and Queen were twined with flowers and overhung with an enormous Union Jack. I had to consume several glasses of rum and shrub before I was allowed to depart.

LET me advise intending speculators to refrain, for the present, from supporting M. E. Blanc's colt, Lord Burgoyne, for the Derby. In all M. Blanc has half a dozen horses left in the Blue Riband, and, although Lord Burgoyne will probably prove the stable's selected, this is by no means a certainty yet.

A VALUED French correspondent writes me that M. Blanc has a dark Derby colt in Shetland, who is expected to do big things this year. Shetland has yet to run in public, as he was so backward last year that it was deemed inadvisable to hurry him in his work. During the recess, however, I learn that Shetland has progressed wonderfully, and is now a commanding horse, standing nearly seventeen hands high, with great reach and scope and a perfect action. He will be put through the mill shortly, and until the result of the trials is known nothing can be gained by taking the odds at present on offer about any of the French candidates.

TAKE absolutely no notice of Hayden's running at Alexandra Park. Mr. Edge's horse was badly kicked at the post by Brandimintine, and eventually got off several lengths in the rear of the rest of the field. Hayden is wonderfully well treated in the Jubilee, and is worth a trifling investment at an outside price.

I HEAR that Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild is hopeful of winning the Manchester Cup due for decision on Whit Friday with Bronzino, who has come on a lot since last year.

IT was a fortunate thing for McVea, the coloured boxer, that so strong a referee as Mr. Eugene Corri was officiating in his match with Langford in Paris last week. The whole house, which was packed to suffocation, roared for Langford at the finish, but 'Gene very rightly gave the match a draw. A nervous, weak referee would probably have been intimidated by the heated show of public opinion in Langford's favour.

STORBECK, the South African boxer, who won the Amateur Championship last year, and who recently turned professional, is likely to be seen in the ring in the near future at the National Sporting Club. Shouldn't be surprised to see him matched against the winner of the Wells-Hague match on the 24th, who should certainly be Wells. THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.

A REVOLUTION is proceeding in Parliament. At least, so I read and am told day by day, and, therefore, it must be true; but I am bound to add that a tamer, or more peaceful, or less exciting revolution has never been recorded in history.

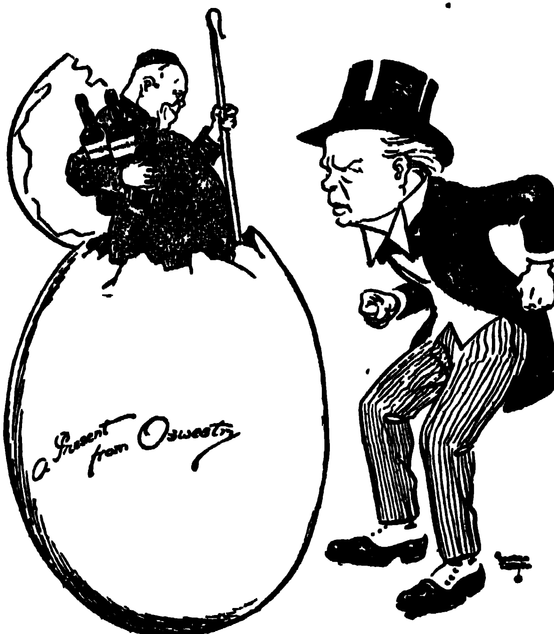
It is true, of course, that we are only at the beginning of a far-reaching constitutional struggle, and Late Sittings, Time-Tables, Kangaroo Closures, and the other concomitants of Parliamentary civilisation, may produce very different feelings and may unloosen the worst passions; but one cannot shake off the feeling that the result is a foregone conclusion, and such an impression is generally prohibitive of those "Scenes in Parliament" so dearly loved of the newspaper reader.

The "ragging" of that "meek and lowly disciple," Mr. Clough, of Skipton, is the first storm-signal which has been hoisted, and there are rumours that it is not to be the last; but wiser counsels may prevail, for the degradation of Parliament would not be to the benefit of either the Ministry or the Opposition.

In the Cellars.

The Suffragette who hid in the crypt from Saturday till Monday in order to avoid the Census has not succeeded, for John Burns has "enumerated" her, has even been so cruel as to make a guess of her age, and, with the help of the police, has succeeded in filling up the other particulars with which an inquisitive Registrar-General insists on being supplied.

But she is not the only person who had the distinction during the week of getting lost in the underground world of the Palace at Westminster. Few of the legislators have any idea of the wonderful network of vaults and subterranean passages over which we pass from hour to hour, and it happened a few evening ago that a party of M.P.'s—including three members of the Government—betook themselves, under the guidance of the Clerk of Works, to an exploration of those mysterious regions where the experts on cooking, heating, ventilation, and sewage hold sway. They had made sure that they would be safe in absenting themselves, inasmuch as no division was likely to take place within an hour; but when passing through the vault beneath the Debating Chamber they heard, as from a sepulchre, a voice chanting—"eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two." The horrible discovery dawned upon the explorers that it was the voice of one of the tellers, and that a division was in progress; and as it would never do for three members of the Government to be absent from a division on the Parliament Bill, they forthwith started on such a race as has never before been witnessed in that labyrinth. Since Dorando and Hayes ran in the Marathon race at Shepherd's Bush there has been nothing better in the way of sprinting, but this particular athletic contest partook rather of the nature of an obstacle race. Along dimly-lighted corridors, up iron ladders, through trap-doors and secret passages—on went the reckless senators, ready to die if needs be where Guy Fawkes once rested, rather than miss that division. At last, a secret door leading to the entrance to the Division Lobbies was reached, and out came the breathless athletes in Indian file. Two of the Ministers arrived in the nick of time, but the other five intrepid explorers were shut out—and spent the next hour in evading the Ministerial Whips.



MR. C.'s EASTER EGG.

The Indispensable Balfour.

No fact emerges more clearly from the clouds of the present controversy than Mr. Balfour's indisputable supremacy in the councils of his party. All his colleagues are but pigmies beside him. I have often found myself wondering how, without the least apparent effort on his part, he has succeeded in making himself indispensable to his friends, for he ever seems to be moving in a different plane, and to view problems of the moment with a detachment that would be fatal to other leaders. His wonderful intellectual gifts and great dialectical skill count for much, but his personal charm counts for more, and fascinates even his stoutest opponents; indeed, I doubt if any British political leader in our time has exercised such a measure of influence over his followers, or commanded in such a degree the affection of his friends.

Rumblings are, of course, to be heard from time to time. The "whole hoggers" of Tariff Reform are a thorn in the flesh; and the disposition of some of the young bloods—the Confederates, the Reveillists, or whatever they may call themselves—to kick over the traces makes the driving of the team a task of magnitude; but nothing appears to disturb his superb equanimity.

The Hotel Cecil.

When Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister, the redoubtable and irrepressible Tommy Bowles used to inveigh against the "Hotel Cecil," which was Tommy's way of hinting that the Cecils were getting more than a fair share of the good things that fell from the Government table. Well, Lord Hugh's anxiety to introduce the "ballot" in the taking of Parliamentary divisions led to one of the most effective interventions in debate which Mr. Balfour has made in recent years. He would have nothing to do with the new-fangled scheme of which his noble relative was so enamoured, and the House laughed merrily when the leader of the Opposition reminded Lord Hugh that Mr Balfour came into the House about the time that Lord Hugh came into the world. It was a most interesting speech, a whole-hearted defence of the House of Commons and of the Party System; and it revealed its author as—in the best sense of the term—"a House of Commons man."

Professor MacNeill.

Mr. John Gordon Swift MacNeill, M.P. for South Donegal, one of his Majesty's Counsel Learned in the Law, and Professor of Something-or-other in the National University of Ireland, is always enthusing, but just at present he is more effervescent than ever, which is saying a good deal. It appears to be due to the fact that when he flung a few nights ago at the Prime Minister's head a batch of precedents on some constitutional point, Mr. Asquith replied; "I cannot say; but if my hon. friend says so, I have no doubt he is right. He is always right."

The House laughed and cheered, for it likes Swift; and the subject of the demonstration fell back into his seat, and with blushes and smiles contemplated the dimly-lighted roof whilst everybody was endorsing Mr. Asquith's tribute to the mercurial encyclopædia for Donegal.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

AMONG the many productions promised in the immediate future, one of the most interesting will, I fancy, be Jerome K. Jerome's play for the Vedrenne and Eadie enterprise at the Royalty, which is due to start at the little house in Dean Street on the evening of Wednesday, 26th inst. This week *The Master of Mrs. Chilvers* is being submitted to the shrewd judgment of Glasgow audiences, with whom, as a community of sound common sense, the ultimate working out and moral of the piece will, I should think, prove popular. From various sources some details of the play have reached me, and, while it would hardly be fair to print in full the story which the author has to unfold, I may say that the central idea is one of uncommon interest. So, indeed, it seems to me is the whole Vedrenne-Eadie venture The cast is a fine one.

• • •

Upon her first appearance in England at the Palace last week, Adele Ritchie had an effusive welcome, and the glad hand of kind friends in front was busy throughout her pleasant turn. Pleasant is just the word for it, seeing that Adele presents a singing act that has no special quality beyond those of a dainty, tuneful method and several charming gowns. For these advantages, not too common in these days, let us be truly thankful.

• • •

At the Palace I met Marcus Mayer, just returned to London after two years of exile in the land of his birth, which is America. Marcus, who is about as well known in the West End as any town-rounder who ever lived, tells me that he is going to stay quite a while, his chief job at the moment being the writing of a bulky book setting forth his experiences in this vale of tears "Are you going to tell us everything, Marcus?" I said. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "most everything — anyhow, quite a lot of things" The autobiography should be a corker. Ted D Marks 'll be doing it next.

• • •

This being Holy Week, some of the West-end theatres are sporting their oak until Saturday evening, and some others with new productions afoot are closing for an even longer period Among those where business is temporarily suspended are His Majesty's, the Garrick, the Prince of Wales's, the Duke of York's, the Globe, the Playhouse, and the Shaftesbury. At the last-named, operations will be resumed with *The Arcadians*, whose perennial popularity promises a run of indefinite length Most of the members of the cast, a little weary after two years of continuous work (and, I hope, duly grateful for the long ' shop ") are taking a brief holiday. Next week everyone concerned will be getting busy with preparations for the celebration of the second anniversary which is to be an affair of exuberant delight and of certain highly interesting and attractive new features.

It is not often that a theatrical entertainment gets a fine advertisement in the House of Lords, but the Shaftesbury show got a dandy one the other day, when, addressing his brother peers on the subject of the Referendum, Earl Carrington recalled the fact that at one period of his career he was Governor of New South Wales, of which colony Norfolk Island was a dependency. Of that island of the blest his lordship said that it was a lovely spot "of a primitive beauty, the like of which he had seen nowhere else, excepting in the first act of a play called *The Arcadians*." The House of Peers greeted the opinion with enthusiasm.

• • •

To the Coliseum next Monday comes Violet Romer (the addition of an A between the Christian and surnames would have suggested an added fragrance), who is described as "an inspirational dancer." Whatever that may mean I cannot for the life of me imagine, but as Violet hails from the U-nited States, it may, of course, mean anything—or just nothing As the lady is making her first appearance among us "here's how" to her and her act.

• • •

On Tuesday of this week Charles Urban is due to commence his season at the Scala with a novel blend consisting of Kinemacolor pictures (moving pictures photographed in natural colours) and an operetta entitled *Castles in the Air*. I wish the bold adventure all imaginable success, that I do.

• • •

Concerning *The Butterfly on the Wheel*, the new Globe play, I hear that one of the authors, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., is backing the production with his own brief fees.

Ambrose Manning was to have been in the new Shaftesbury piece, but *The Whip* has hit em so hard in Australia, and Ambrose has made such a strong personal success as the honest trainer, Tom Lambert, that he appears to be booked up there for months. Marie Illington, who went out to play in the same piece, has, I believe, returned to London.

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There is in America, I observe, a league the members of which pay for their seats for every new production, and afterwards record their opinion of the piece —if that opinion is favourable. If, on the other hand, the verdict is against the show, they say nothing about it. Here is an interesting exception to the adage that silence is golden. In England the hardest nut to crack is the invited first-nighter, who, having accepted the management's hospitality, hands the show a lemon at every possible opportunity. And yet the first-night deadhead is as sure of his invitation as ever.

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One of the new American plays to be seen here later in the year is entitled *Deep Purple*. Let me hasten to reassure intending patrons of the piece. The title in no way suggests the atmosphere and character of the play.

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The production of *Joan of Arc* at the Coliseum is beautiful and impressive—but harrowing. Miss Ellaline Terriss, in bare feet and blank verse, acquits herself surprisingly well; and although, personally, I prefer her in musical comedy, this spectacle is one of the important sights of the town.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"A Fool There Was."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Black but Comely. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

"NO, thank you, I don't like black Wedgwood—'tis funoreal!" collectors say, and dealers put back the vase, bust, tea-cup and saucer, or medallion on the shelves There it rests a long time, till one of the few who know comes along.

The other day I heard of "a pair of big black Wedgwood vases, shiny, with red lines on them," as being "in a furniture shop." I went to the shop as soon as I could, but the vases had been sold, "to a Wedgwood dealer" the shop-keeper said.

"Do you mind telling me for how much?" I asked. "Three pounds five, sir." They were worth five times that, I daresay. Yet they had "been in the window for months" the shop-keeper said.

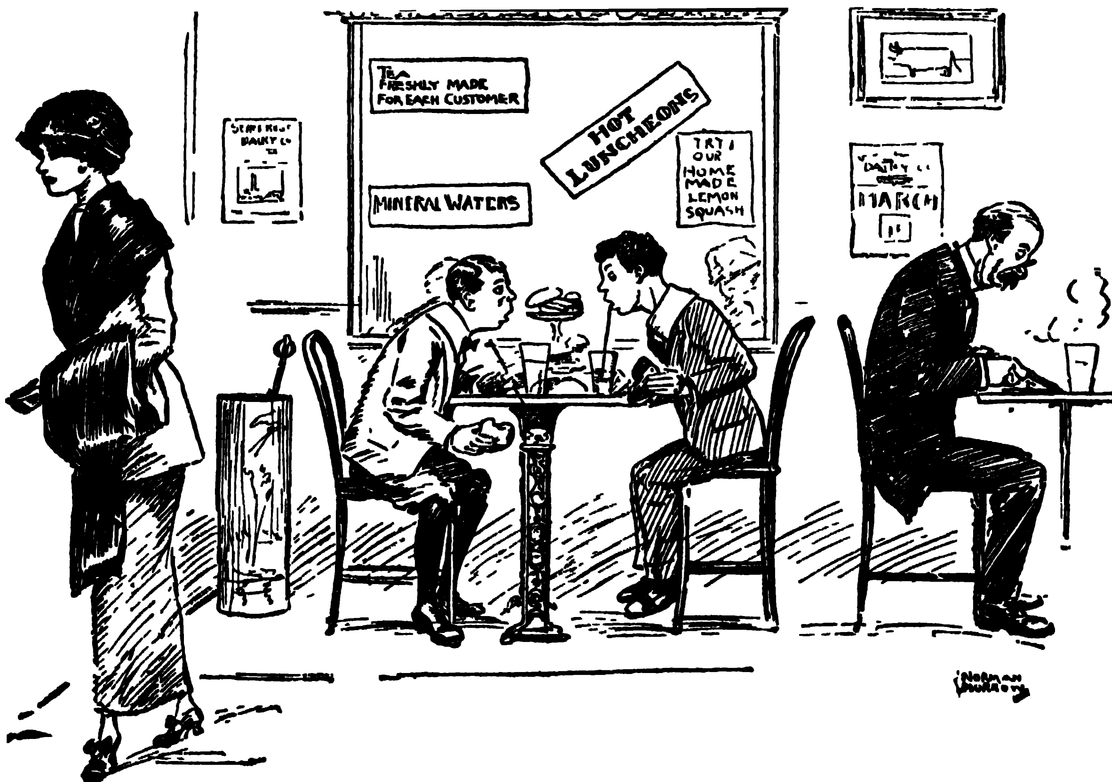
This neglected ware needs a certain setting if its full beauty is to be brought out. Dull gilt wood frames for the medallions, old-gold silk as background on the cabinets, or some other yellow surrounding; I know a great authority on English keramics who has had his black medallions let into satin-wood furniture, with exquisite effect. Black basalt ware has been despised by the many, but I fancy the number of hunters for it will multiply now.

"Linesman" as Collector.

For at last there is a book about it, and a big, fine, authoritative and delightfully written book. "The Makers of Black Basalts" has been sent me by Messrs. Blackwood, the price is two guineas net, and cheap at that. The author, Captain M. H. Grant, is an ardent collector who knows how to explain, and also how to write, for his pen-name is *Linesman*, and he wrote the "Words of an Eye-witness," and also, I think, a book of military stories, "The Green Line." And by more than a hundred and fifty excellent pictures his book displays to the eye the best that was done in black basalt ware and its different kinds and forms. For the first time, too, we are given a complete list of the makers. Most of us would say that Wedgwood and "Leeds" made this "old black stuff," but *Linesman* supplies the marks of thirty-seven other makers, too.

There is a book of æsthetics and literature, as well as of expertise; the author has made himself the Ruskin of keramics He has done justice, to what he describes as "a certain grave earthenware, composed of clay fired to the hardness and density of stone, and not only black upon the surface, but permeated by the colour throughout its mass, the stain not merely superficial but homogenous with the body, so that"—here is a test—"the edges of a broken fragment are as black as the surface. It was unpainted, because even at its birth there were eyes to see the beauty of the play of light upon its uninterrupted surface It was unglazed; the extreme closeness of texture rendered it impervious to water, and friction alone brought out a bloom and polish of greater refinement than could be imparted" by any glaze.

And this is ware "of the utmost refinement. The play of light upon its surface is delightful to the sensitive eye. Above all things the ancient potters valued *form*, and of all colours black reigns supreme as the exhibitor of form. No hue so well accents and harmonises both outline and bulk. It is sometimes surprising to see how a woman immediately gains in grace by the assumption of a well-fitting dress of black. What horse so nobly caresses the eye as the coal-black charger of the Lifeguardsman?" *Linesman* was at Spion Kop and the Tugela River, he saw Tommy Atkins and the natives bathing together, and so "Where are the muscular pliancy, the animal beauty of



THE BRAGGARTS.

"You never had measles at your school—did you?

"And you never had a fit in the street—*I* did!"

the human body so striking as in the smart form of the naked Zulu? The naked white appeared vapid beside his glistening ally as vapid as a picture which is all 'high lights' placed beside a sombre masterpiece by Rembrandt or Ribera '

Warnings.

But one should not rush off straightway to buy a piece that you remember refusing, or that you may come across at first upon your prowl The beauty lies much in the "glistening," remember that modern Wedgwood basalt does not glisten, it cannot, it is not old enough, and most of the glistening old pieces have been washed, maddeningly *washed!* Mr Falcke, who gave his collection to the British Museum, would never let soap and water near his treasures, I think he was wrong in that/ with regard to white and coloured jasper wares But he was right about the basalt, light and air being a *patina* upon old black basalts which should be jealously conserved, dust it, polish it, with silk, or better with glazed tissue-paper but for goodness sake don t "give it a good wash' If you *have* done that a spot of oil and then a good deal of elbow grease will restore some of the old glistening, a polished surface upon which the light can play is the desiderated thing But unless the texture be fine, the clay so powdered and scored that it lies as close as possible, there can be no sufficient glistening And therefore, the older the better is this ware as a rule

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A W P (Bermuda) Your old leather drinking mug Black Jack is worth from 10s to £2

C M (Fraserburgh) —Cannot value your Spode dinner set unless a photograph or one of the pieces is sent for inspection Value varies greatly according to the quality of style and decoration

E G B (Thames Ditton) – The value of your silk picture would depend on the quality of the work You do not give sufficient description of the subject but in any case unless very elaborate they do not realise more than £2 or £3 There are no dealers exclusively in these things, although numbers of dealers in antiques have them for sale You might offer it to Miss Falcke Hay Hill Berkeley Square W or Scull Park Side W

W B (Southampton) Your volumes are not first editions They are worth the following Sketches by Boz 15s Little Dorrit 7s 6d Heads of the People 5s

H M (Sandhurst) —Your engraving Burns Monument by Lucas after Auld, is worth 20s to 25s Engravings by Lucas which *are* valuable and increasing in value are those after pictures by Constable

G P R (Brighton) —Send one plate of each of your services for inspection It is quite impossible to value china with any certainty from description so much depends on the quality of the decoration Your Crown Derby set should be valuable but Wedgwood such as described is not in great demand

Miss S (Liverpool) Selling value of the violin would be about £500 if genuine Many copies however are in existence and there is a record of all the known examples

C N (Edinburgh) —Your French lithograph after Raphael is of nominal value only

B N C (Armagh) Your plates from the French edition of Scott's novels are of no value

A D (Preston) —It is quite impossible to give an opinion on the subject of your carved box from description, or to estimate its value Tortoiseshell boxes of this class unless finely mounted or inlaid do not as a rule realise more than 15s to 20s

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THE JUDGE'S PRECAUTION

THERE was a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of 'not guilty" A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B——," said the judge, "but, to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

IV.- THE CASE OF THE MISSING WITNESS.

"I THINK," said Sir William Corder, the famous solicitor in his private office, "that we have here a case of quite special difficulty, Miss White. It is a case for the utmost secrecy, otherwise we should invoke the aid of the police at once, but at present it would not suit our purpose to raise a hue-and-cry all over London."

"It sounds as though someone were missing," hazarded Miss White.

"Exactly. A man named Letts has disappeared whether by chance or not, I can't say. The fact remains that Letts, a witness of extreme importance to us in a coming action, is missing from his home. If he has disappeared by chance, we dare not cause a stir over it, for the other side—our legal opponents—would discover our anxiety, and so would be forewarned of the line we intend to take at the trial. The defence we propose to base on Letts' evidence is not at all obvious. Though it is, indeed, singularly subtle and we believe, singularly strong."

"To let it be known that Letts is of value to your case might give them a sufficient hint to put them on inquiry in a particular direction and enable them to work up evidence. I see," said Miss White. "But suppose they have connived at his disappearance?"

"Well, they're clever people—very clever people, indeed, but I'm pretty sure they have no idea—I don't think they could have guessed the value of this man Letts to us. In fact, it never occurred to us till yesterday."

"You had not subpœnaed him?"

"No. You see he had to be found first. It is seven years since he was employed by our client. One of my clerks traced his present address after some hours' search. But when my clerk called at that address, he found that Letts was not at home. He lives with his wife and family in a small street near Vincent Square. Letts' wife said she expected him back at any moment, so my clerk waited. It was then four o'clock. He waited till half-past five, but Letts had not returned. My clerk came back to the office here, arranging to return to Letts' at seven. But at seven Letts had not yet come home nor had he at ten, when my clerk left. My clerk returned to the house again at eight this morning, but still there was no news of Letts. His wife could throw no light on her husband's absence. Indeed, my clerk says she appears to treat the affair rather curiously—as if she were being put on her mettle. Scouts the idea of going to the police about it fortunately. But perhaps you'd better go and see her. Remember, Miss White, we rely on you finding this man for us somehow."

Half an hour later, Miss White arrived at a dingy little street in Westminster and sought out Mrs. Letts.

"My 'usband," said that lady, who appeared to be in an uncommunicative mood, "'asn't been 'ome, and I don't know where 'e is. And that's all I can tell you."

"But haven't you any idea where he may be found? It's rather important, you know."

"Perhaps I 'ave an idea, and perhaps I 'aven't," replied Mrs. Letts, enigmatically.

"But surely you're anxious to know what has become of him?" persisted Miss White.

"Can't say as I am," replied the lady. "And I can't stop talking to you, either, all the morning. If you want my 'usband, you find 'im. I ain't going to be bothered any more." And with that she withdrew, and closed the front door inhospitably.

Miss White noted curious eyes watching her from over the window-blind across the way. She reflected for a moment, then crossed to the house opposite.

"I am in search of lodgings," she said. "I see by the card in your window that you have some rooms to let. I tried to get apartments over the road, but I find they don't let lodgings there. My friend must have given me the wrong number when she recommended me to go there."

"Oh, no, they don't let lodgings—not them Lettses," said the woman, with a note of irony in her voice. "Much too superior for that, they are. Though I bet they'll come to it before long. 'Er 'usband's been out of work for three weeks. And besides——" she checked herself, but nodded her head significantly.

"Such a nice woman, too, she seems to be," remarked Miss White artlessly, playing on the note of antagonism she had caught in the other's voice.

"Oh, nice enough, I don't doubt, when it suits 'er to be so. Keeps 'erself too much *to* 'erself to be liked, though, mind you. Ah, well! they say pride goes before a fall," she added with some satisfaction. "And in a way, it serves 'er right—er 'usband going off like that. But there! we've been expecting it for some time. The way 'e carried on with that gal under 'is wife's very nose!"

"You mean he eloped?" said Miss White, in tones of dismay.

"That's about it. *She* ain't missing yet, but '*e* is. And I lay she knows where to find 'im."

"Who knows where to find him? His wife?"

"No, the other young woman—Dorkett's niece, what keeps the 'am-and-beef shop. Not but what 'is wife would know where to look for 'im, if she followed that brazen hussy. Though this I will say for Mrs. Letts—she's a woman of spirit. She's showing she don't care if 'e '*as* gone."

"Then you think he really has eloped?"

"Sure of it. Just after dinner yesterday 'e must 'ave gone off."

"But you say the girl is still about?"

"Oh, yes, she's serving at 'er uncle's shop, as bold as brass, and pretends she don't know nothink about it. . . . But about them rooms, miss?"

Within twenty minutes, Miss White had taken two poky little rooms for a week and left for the purpose of fetching her luggage.

"I may as well be here as in my flat," she told herself. "I can watch Letts' house, and I can keep an eye on—on Dorkett's niece! I wonder if Mrs. Letts is only reticent through jealousy and wounded pride, or whether there's some other motive? And I wonder whether Mr. Letts has really eloped, or whether he's vanished for other reasons of his own, or whether he's been spirited away? Or is he hiding in his house for some reason?"

Returning later to the little house near Vincent Square, Miss White settled herself behind a window which commanded a view of Letts' house opposite. She had brought some evening papers to help while away the tedium of her vigil, and she skimmed through them till one particular paragraph caught her attention.

"A curious coincidence occurred early yesterday evening," ran the paragraph, "when John Foskett, a cabman, fell unconscious from his vehicle. A few minutes later, Henry Jackson, a labourer, fainted in the crowd that had gathered round. Nor did the coincidence end here, for, some minutes after, a third man was found unconscious in a street near by. Again with no apparent cause for the indisposition."

Miss White studied the item carefully, then closed her eyes in thought.

"I wonder——?" she murmured at last.

Within ten minutes she was at Scotland Yard and had entered into conversation with her friend, Mr. Locking.

"Certainly I can find out for you, Miss White," he



PERVERTED PROVERBS
"A little widow is a dangerous thing."

said. "We have the name and address registered, you know. I suppose I mayn't ask?"

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Hope you're not taking trouble over nothing, miss—that's all. We've looked into it already. Foskett told our men that he came over swimming all of a sudden, but was quite all right again. Jackson happened to be half starving—he's been out of work a long time—and the excitement upset him. As for the third chap—well, there's nothing to connect him with the other two chaps going unconscious, except that the newspaper put them together. He fell down streets away from them. I'll get you the address, though."

He went off and returned with a slip of paper.

"That's it, miss," he said. "I daresay you'd find him on a rank near-by there now, if you went."

Miss White hurried off to the address he gave her. It was that of Foskett, the cabman who had fallen unconscious from his box.

She found the cabman himself on a rank to which she was directed by his wife.

"I read about you in the paper," said Miss White to him. "I'm a journalist, you know, and I want to see if I can't write up something about your adventure yesterday."

"There ain't much to tell, miss. I was sitting on my box when all at once I came over queer, and—and that's all I remember. But I rolled on to the old horse and broke me fall, and I don't feel nothing of it but a bit headachy."

"Had you a fare at the time?"

"No, miss—not at the time. I was getting back to the rank 'ere."

"I see. You had dropped your fare?"

"Yes, miss. I'd driven a couple of gents out to Harlesden—a good long journey, miss. Though, as a matter of fact, we didn't go quite so far as I'd been told to drive to—Makepeace Terrace; but before we got there, one of the gents told me to stop. Then 'e gets out and hauls out the other gent, saying to me that 'is friend was finding the cab rather close and would walk on. 'Is friend certainly looked a bit dizzy."

"And then they walked on?"

"Yes, miss, they walked on a bit, but the gent certainly seemed very groggy, and I stood still, watchin' 'em till they turned down the next corner. It wasn't the street they'd given me to drive to, and I wondered a bit at 'em walking if the gent wasn't well, or some think, though they were both all right when they got in.



"Yes, yes, I quite agree with you."

However, I s'pose they'd got friends in the road they turned down; for, though I passed the top of the road not a minute after them, they weren't to be seen."

"No other people in the street?"

"No, miss, not a soul. It's just a little red-brick terrace sort of place, Glendor Street, it's called. P'raps you know it, miss—just off the 'Arrow Road, a good way past Kensal Green?"

"No, I don't," confessed Miss White. "What a memory you must have to know the names of all those streets!"

"'Abit, miss," he explained modestly. "We 'as to 'ave good memories, us cabmen. Why, you'd be surprised 'ow long we remember the very look of our fares."

Miss White stayed chatting to him a few moments longer.

"He's no accomplice," she decided. "He's simplicity itself. And now for Glendor Street. And not very far down, either, for the two men had time to get inside a house directly. So it'll be one of the top houses."

It was nine o'clock before Miss White completed her investigations in that neighbourhood. Then, having summoned her man-servant Bercer, by telephone, she deputed to him the task of lingering in the shadows of Glendor Street.

"I'd better get back to see whether there's any more news to be got from Mrs. Letts," she decided. "If the man in Glendor Street is her husband, Bercer's watching him. And if I've stumbled on some other mystery, it's quite time I made some more inquiries at Vincent Square about the case I have in hand."

Thither, therefore, she bent her way. It is a good distance from beyond Kensal Green to Westminster, and it was late ere Miss White reached her temporary lodgings.

As she drew near Vincent Square, she turned up the street in which was situated the ham-and-beef shop of Mr. Dorkett.

"After all," said Miss White, "I may be quite on the wrong track, and Mr. Letts may be quite at liberty. He may even risk a clandestine call on his charmer."

As she passed the shop, she cast a glance through the window. No Mr. Letts was visible, but, leaning over the counter, talking to Dorkett's niece, was a short, dark man. Now, Miss White had been furnished only that day with a description of this gentleman.

And, at sight of him, Miss White began to think very deeply.

She turned and hurried back to the bigger streets until she had found a taxi-cab. Then swiftly she sped to the private house of Sir William Corder.

Sir William, writing in his study, eagerly turned to welcome her.

"Found," said Miss White, simply. "At least, Letts is now at 7 Glendor Street—unless he's been removed. And, in that case, my man Bercer will have followed him up."

"Was he kidnapped?" asked Sir William. "Or was it chance?"

"Kidnapped."

"Then we might as well call in the police at once. But I didn't think Jarby and Brown—our opponent's solicitors, you know—would dare to go to such extremes. Still, as they apparently know all, we need keep secret no longer."

"Really, I don't think Messrs. Jarby and Brown know anything about it. The abduction was carried out by a foreigner—for his own motives entirely."

"His own motives? What were they?"

"Jealousy, mostly—to say nothing of avarice. You see Letts, though a married man, has been carrying on a pretty advanced flirtation with another lady. Now, this foreigner is in love with the same lady. She has considerable charms and is, moreover, a bit of an heiress. Round Vincent Square, they will tell you that Dorkett's ham-and-beef shop is a very flourishing establishment. And the young woman happens to be Mr. Dorkett's favourite niece. The foreign gentleman would seem to have grown incensed, according to a landlady I've been talking to, at the lady's preference for Letts. At last he resolved to get Letts out of

the way. I expect that Letts would have been allowed his liberty again as soon as the lady had accepted the foreigner. For the moment, Letts is an unwilling ghest in the house of the foreigner's brother. There are two other brothers and the mother in the house. I've seen them all to-day, and they look quite a formidable and determined set—just the kind of people to give their brother every encouragement in marrying an heiress."

"How are we going to get Letts away from the house?" asked Sir William. "A police-court affair now would spoil everything."

"I think if you sent three or four men round to the house—they might look like plain-clothes men, if they liked—to say that they know where Letts is, the foreign gentleman's family would be glad to let him go. Especially if they were told that no proceedings should follow."

"I can't agree to that," said Sir William. "It's compounding a felony, you know. But, if you don't let me know anything at all about it——" he suggested, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Certainly. I haven't told you a thing, of course And I fancy Bercer could find a few men of the sort I shall want. He's found them for me before, when I needed them. Early to-morrow my posse shall call at 7 Glendor Street. Good-night, Sir William"

Soon after breakfast next morning, Miss White came again to Sir William.

"Letts is at home again," she told him. "And he and his wife both understand that they won't lose by holding their tongues over the whole affair."

"Did Letts tell you what happened?"

"Yes It seems that yesterday afternoon this foreigner—Jacques is his name—came up to Letts and declared that bygones were bygones, and so forth, and that he bore no malice towards Letts for taking his girl away. In short, he persuaded Letts that, instead of entertaining further animosity, he was disposed to be friendly, and, in proof of it, told Letts of a job he could get him. Letts was suspicious at first, then he appears to have thought Jacques was behaving squarely—they had had a drink or two by then, of course. Well, Jacques suggested that Letts should apply for the job at once It was a bit late, and as a mark of further friendship, Jacques offered to stand Letts a cab to the place, so as to get there quicker. Letts was drugged in the cab, and, dazed, was lugged into the house where Jacques' relations live. I think they would have kept him there in a half-drugged condition if I had not found him so soon."

"Yes, but how did you find him?"

"I discovered the cab which conveyed him to Glendor Street."

"Ah! How did you do that?"

Miss White put before him the paragraph concerning the coincidence of the three unconscious men.

"That gave me my clue," she said. "I began to wonder what could have affected them all. I saw that a drugged cigar or cigarette might be responsible. The cabman might smoke it first When he dropped it, just before he rolled off his box, someone might pick it up, join the crowd round the cabby, and smoking it, fall unconscious, then a third person could pick it up, carry it a little way, light it, and fall unconscious, too. Deciding this was a likely solution, I wondered why a cabman should smoke a drugged cigar, or where he would get it from. I wondered if he might pick it up off the floor of his cab. And that, as a matter of fact, is what had happened. Foskett found the cigar, scarcely burnt, in his cab, he smoked it, then the others picked it up in turn. Of course, it was a drugged cigar Jacques had originally given to Letts to stupefy him, so he should not notice what was happening. And, of course, having found, by following up the clue of this paragraph, where the cabman had driven the two men, the rest was easy. There's a good deal of luck in these things"

"Very modestly put, my dear young lady," said Sir William. But his already high opinion of her detective ability was in no way diminished by her modesty.

(Next week: "The Incident of the Actress' Jewels.")

Departing Guest: "You've got a pretty place here, Frank, but it looks a bit bare yet."
Host: "Oh, it's because the trees are a bit young. I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

DETRI-MENTAL.

[If the scions of our noble houses wish to seek wives in other circles than their own, I would recommend them to choose some of our asylum nurses who, accustomed as they are to deal with mental foibles, would perhaps prove more useful helpmates than Gaiety girls in all their glory.—*Sir Crichton-Browne.*]

DELIA, I am willing to confess,
That when I first approached you as a wooer,
I noted with delight your comeliness,
At once your lovely face did me allure,
And even now your portrait in a locket
I treasure in my left breast-waistcoat-pocket.

No medico it needed to declare
Your temper and your face alike divine,
Such lips as yours were never made to swear—
"Dash" is your limit in the language line,
And when things go awry, you simply pout,
And never fling the furniture about.

But now a doubt assails me—if we wed
Will folks believe a nurse I badly needed?
'Twould mar the wedding march if someone said
As down the aisle together we proceeded
"A pretty nurse, yes. That explains the match,
He's just, you know, a little off his thatch."

A. P. GARLAND.

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DINNER-TABLE DANGERS.

[An American expert asserts that our appearance is influenced by what we eat, and mentions such divergencies from the normal physical type as the Onion Chin, Tea-drinkers' Teeth, etc.—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAD, in adolescent days,
A weakness for the toothsome spud,
Amounting almost to a craze.
No tiger that has tasted blood
Dines with more zest upon the hapless ryot
Than I did on my somewhat milder diet.

The sequel to indulgence in
The staple dish of Erin's folk
Elicited the cheery grin
Of those who like their little joke.
I learned with grief the reason of their sniggers—
My lips resembled those of African niggers.

When, acting on my doctor's tip,
I uncomplainingly eschewed
The fare that caused Potato Lip,
Cheese next became my favourite food.
Alas! I found the mob's unwelcome gibe rouse
My wrath anew—I'd Gorgonzola eyebrows!

To-day (in order to escape
The many ailments that are rife)
My sustenance assumes the shape
Of nothing save the staff of life.
But still in point of health I'm doing poorly,
A Standard Bread hump now afflicts me sorely!

F. J. WHITMARSH.

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A WORD OF WARNING.

[Next season, says a fashion gossip, the stout woman will be popular.]

NO more the sylph-like figure shall command our admiration,
The light and airy maiden will be badly out of date,
The slender waist will undergo a rapid transformation,
For in order to be popular a woman must be "great."

The road to *embonpoint* may be an easy one to follow,
But what would be your horror, woman, lovely woman, when
The fashion changed and all the patent pills that you could swallow
Refused to bring your former slimness back to you again?

W. H. H.

A REMARKABLE MAN

Whose wonderful powers have made him the foremost pioneer of proper "Success Knowledge," offers to "London Opinion" readers a free delineation of their aptitudes and failings, and a copy of his latest work, which is a positive Guide to Success.

DECIDE YOUR

FATE—FORTUNE—FUTURE

We are glad to be able to announce that the well known psychologist, Mr Spencer Wallis, has placed his wonderful psychic power at the disposal of our readers We therefore urge you in your own interest to profit by this opportunity, and test and convince yourself of the powers of this really astonishing man Mr Spencer Wallis can tell you what you must do in order to rise above your present position By examining your handwriting or your photograph he gains so close an insight into your character that he can reveal to you your every quality and your every fault His powers of penetration and clear sight seem almost supernatural, and it can thus scarcely be wondered at that hundreds owe him their success and happiness His advice on all matters is unfailing, his judgment unerring Nothing ever seems to baffle him He reads one like a book He is consulted by titled ladies, diplomats, army officers, clergymen, and is continually receiving letters expressing admiration and gratitude for his help and guidance.



Author of "The Scientific Elimination of Success"

REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

Yarmouth August 21st 1910

Dear Sir,—I was very pleased to receive yours of the 18th inst I thank you very much for your help What you have said is astonishing one does not know until they try I will try to persuade other people who are in difficulties to write to you Again thanking you so much for your help —Yours faithfully, A W.

London July 26th, 1910

Dear Sir, Just a line to say I received your Character Analysis quite safely, for which I thank you very much I must say it was most amazingly true People that have lived with me for twenty years have not noticed in me what you pointed out to me in your letter, but it is perfectly true Again thanking you for your kindness Yours faithfully, S O

Belfast June 27th

Dear Sir —I received the full character study, for which I am thankful to you The study I believe to be the true picture of myself, and from which it would seem as if you had known me my lifetime —Yours truly, T W

Bristol, July 2?th 1910

Dear Mr Spencer Wallis —I cannot think how you can tell it is amazing and very mysterious to me If at any time I should wish for further advice, I shall not fail to send to you. Again thanking you —Yours faithfully, E L N

Manchester, August 12th, 1910

Dear Sir,—No words of mine could convey to you my great satisfaction I am pleased beyond words H B

South Elmsall, November 4th, 1910

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for Free Character, my husband thinks it is a true one, and says that you might have known me,—Yours very sincerely, Mrs F. H.

London, October 21st 1910

Dear Sir,—You could not have sent me a truer character if you had known me personally all my life, it seems wonderful Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly, Mr M J W.

Ambleside October 29th, 1910

Dear Sir,—I feel I cannot help writing, you have sent me a very straightforward analysis, and I am like all the rest of your clients I do not know how you can do it, it is a perfect wonder to me I will be quite pleased to recommend you to my friends any time I get an opportunity.—Yours truly, J K.

AN INDEPENDENT OPINION OF AN INDEPENDENT MAN.

It is interesting to note that during his recent visit to England, America's greatest citizen took the opportunity to publicly endorse the principle of Mr Spencer-Wallis's life-work Speaking at Oxford, Mr Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States of America, said :—

> "Second only to a high and stern sense of "duty and moral obligations are *Self-Knowledge* "*and Self-Mastery*."

It is not too much to say that in their speeches our various European crowned heads and great statesmen, one and all, invariably advocate and encourage the same principle.

MR. SPENCER-WALLIS'S OFFER TO "LONDON OPINION" READERS.

It may mean the chance of a lifetime to *you* to receive the unbiased opinion and advice of a great scientist

Just like he has helped others to attain success, peace of mind, happiness, power, and prosperity, so he can help you.

Are you discontented or dissatisfied? Do you wish to increase your power of attraction? Are you perfectly happy? Would you like to improve your present position? Is there any person about whose real character you would like to be informed? Would you like to succeed where everybody else fails? Do you want to know where you can improve your own self, make yourself stronger, more powerful, and more successful?

No matter what your age or position may be, write to Mr. Spencer Wallis, and he will send you a concise and true analysis of your abilities and failings He will show you where your weakness lies, tell you how to strengthen and develop your qualities, and give you his help and advice on any point

A GENEROUS PROPOSAL.

Mr Spencer Wallis invites every reader of *London Opinion* to write to him without delay. He has, moreover, voluntarily proposed to forego his usual fee of one guinea and will help all those who consult him in answer to this notice free of charge He will also send you post free a copy of his latest publication (which has only just appeared) entitled "The Scientific Elimination of Failure" Instead of having to pay the price of 1s 6d at which this guide to success has been published, you will receive the delineation and the book free of any charge if you enclose ten penny stamps to cover the actual cost of secretarial assistance and postage, etc.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to send either a photograph (which will be returned, and on the back of which you should write your name) or a specimen of handwriting Both if you wish No special pains should be taken when writing, just keep to your ordinary style in order to ensure a true delineation Address your application (fully signed), with addressed return envelope for the sake of privacy and safe delivery, to Mr Spencer Wallis, 47 Douglas Rooms, 31-32 Maiden Lane, London W C All letters will be answered in order of rotation, and readers wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity should write as soon as possible enclosing a postal order or stamps

Those who want to be happy in life cannot do without the information Mr Spencer Wallis will give them You cannot hope to avoid pitfall as long as you are ignorant of some hidden flaw in your own capacities or those of the people upon whom you have to rely Neither can you reap to the full the joys and benefits to which your abilities entitle you as long as there remains even one particle of your own self with which you are not thoroughly acquainted.

Special secretarial arrangements have been made so that each application can be speedily attended to.

WILL HAREM SKIRTS PREVAIL?

Man's Indiscretion in Resisting their Adoption.

THAT public disapproval should be so vociferous against the harem skirt is a discouraging sign It is the mark of a general stupidity that still engages gleefully in hopeless battles, and that has learned nothing from a century of continuous defeat.

For when were women ever known to abandon a fashion under the lash of ridicule, or to discard a garment because the world laughed? Did they surrender the crinoline before they themselves wearied of it? And did they not replace the crinoline by another and a still more objectionable contrivance intended to emphasise that portion of the anatomy *qui le dos change le nom?* Has there not been a continuous protest against the corset and its murderous stings? Did not the public dissolve in merriment over the sheath skirt, the hobble skirt, the peach-basket hat, and a dozen other monstrosities of a like nature? And did it make any difference? Will it make any difference now? A regard for dignity would suggest the propriety of acquiescence where resistance is hopeless and absurd

But why should there be either resistance or protest? Surely not in defence of feminine modesty, for to the unobstructed eye it is evident that the harem skirt is the first really modest garment that women have worn for a decade. To tolerate the sheath skirt, for example, and to denounce the harem skirt is to display a mental confusion on the meaning of modesty that is eloquent of a decadent age The sheath skirt was designed to evade the police regulations and for nothing else. It was delightfully eloquent about everything that it was supposed to conceal It did not even appeal to the imagination, for it left nothing to the imagination.

Yet the sheath skirt provoked no more than the usual merriment. The natural derision that is provoked by the fashionable woman who is dressed for the street was unmingled with moral reflections. But no sooner does woman show a disposition to give up her evil ways, to dress herself in loose and flowing garments, to display nothing and to suggest nothing, than Christendom raises a howl of disgust and charges her with immodesty. Perhaps it is a howl of disappointment, of frustrated curiosity

So far our knowledge of the harem skirt is derived from its display at the Gaiety and Drury Lane Theatres, and it would ill become the mere man to speak without due reticence. But its general appearance is as ingratiating as its name. Anyone who can look at the ordinary divided hunting skirt without a blush can certainly gaze at the harem skirt to his heart's content and face the wife of his bosom without a tremor of conscience. It is pale and ineffectual compared with the riding skirt, to which not even a vestryman has objected. Not only is it modest, but it promises to give a certain ease to the feminine form that is now sadly lacking, and it looks as though its wearer would be able to sit down without imitating the movement of a two-foot rule.

It may be that the harem skirt will not find favour, but its failure will not be due to male opposition, which never yet had the smallest effect It will be due rather to one of those mysterious conservatisms that women manage to combine with revolutionary radicalisms in matters of dress. It is said that women always put their skirts on over their heads, although why they should do so it is hard to say, seeing that it would be so much easier to step into them as a man would do and so raise them into position from the smaller or tapering end. That is the way a man gets into his trousers, and if women are determined to wear trousers, too, they will have to imitate the tyrant A moment's consideration will show that there is no other way, and it may be that this forcible departure from precedent will act as a deterrent. But male protests will never do it.

In the meantime, as far as San Francisco the *Argonaut* reports that the new skirt continues on its victorious march. Mme. Provost, of the Comédie Française, is warm in its defence, and with feminine ingenuity suggests that the opposition is instigated by women with big feet and fat ankles. The ladies' tailors of Berlin are overwhelmed with inquiries, while a despatch from Madrid says that the Spanish ladies have adopted the skirt in its most exaggerated form, and that the "garment continues to cause public scandals." All honour to these brave pioneers who are willing not only to defy the mob and the legislators, but in the privacy of their bedrooms to reverse the custom of centuries and to dress feet first.



"What shall I do—my jewel of a chauffeur has given me notice?"
"Marry him!"

A FINE PICTURE.

PORTRAIT PAINTER: "How can you expect me to paint your portrait from these two photographs when one is dated 1863 and the other 1911?"

The Baroness: "Why, copy the head from the 1863 one and take the gown from this year's!"

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

By A. P. GARLAND.

JUST as we are jogging along nicely and finding life "not so dusty" some hyper-brained biped always comes forward with a horrible theory to make us squirm.

The latest atrocity of the kind is due to one Metchnikoff. Metch., if he will forgive the familiarity, is a whale among scientists. None of your bread-manifesto or plague-rat or brain-storm divagations for him. He's the heavyweight in the crowd. He's IT.

A year or two ago he propounded the sour-milk recipe for longevity. Now this tireless benefactor of the human race has discovered that there is a certain bacillus in the stomach which cuts men off at ninety or so (in the prime, you might say). He's after it. He'll track it to its lair—and then I can see Mr. Bacillus counted out.

If Metch. would just stop there after winning the belt and taking the purse and seventy-five per cent. of the biograph receipts, I would not have a word to say. But he won't stop. He's going to overdo it Calmly and soberly as if he were predicting the weather, he states that the consequence will be that *we shall live to be 200 or so.* Why it's preposterous!

Look at old-age pensions, for example What would you think of a man of seventy, fearlessly throwing up his job and retiring for one hundred and thirty years to live on you and me, dear reader? Fancy the shamelessness and depravity of rolling up to a post-office over five thousand times.

Did Metch. think of that? The parrot is in the room just now, so I will not reply in the only adequate way.

Then, too, I know a chap named Jibbs, who is living in hopes of inheriting a fortune from a wealthy old relative—a distant uncle (in Australia, in fact). From the latest reports the old gentleman is in his seventy-fifth year and near his limit. Now Jibbs at present has no visible means of support except what he borrows from me and other mugs. And we're all living in hopes of the avuncular Jibbs doing the amiable shortly.

But Metch. won't let him. He'll just put a half-nelson on the bacillus that old Jibbs carries with him (without knowing it) and the old sport will take to planting trees and watching them grow up. Then what is to become of the calls on my rubber shares? And the only thing for Jibbs to do is to take to literature in the modern style—get put in gaol and spend the remainder of his life writing about it.

The revival of the old pastime of homicide as a general practice will be inevitable.

If this should meet the eye of our learned friend, I hope it may induce him to pause a little. "Live and let live" is a very beautiful motto, but when it comes to suggesting two hundred years, firmness must be shown if we are to avoid disaster.

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£50,000 GIFT TO WORKERS.

THE announcement made by the chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company at the recent general meeting of the shareholders at Bristol yesterday received practical effect, when the sum of £50,000 was distributed among the company's staff and workpeople throughout the United Kingdom, exclusive of factory managers and other highly-paid officials of the company. We are informed that this sum allowed of a substantial gift to each individual recipient, and it may be taken for granted that such a recognition by the directors of the loyal services of their employees is widely appreciated.

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CRICKET AND MATTING WICKETS.

ACKNOWLEDGING that Mr. G. J. V. Weigall's article in LONDON OPINION on cricket and matting wickets was "extremely good and helpful," Messrs. William Goodacre & Sons Ltd., manufacturers of mattings, wrote that he was rather out in his figures in saying that the cost of a cricket pitch, 19 yards long and, presumably, 2 yards wide, would be roughly 15s. The cheapest line quoted for those dimensions comes to 7s. 9d. each.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

"When a pretty woman goes along the street it's a stiff neck that has no turning."—*When Married Life Gets Dull*, by William Kaye. 1s.

Just as Good.

"Dressing to perfection doesn't make men love you. It only makes women hate you."—*The Limit*, by Ada Leverson. Richards. 6s.

Family Talks.

"I find family talks somewhat exhausting because they are so emotional. Twenty interviewers are not such a nervous strain as one aunt."—*The Life of John Oliver Hobbes*. Murray. 12s. net.

The Bismarck Way.

"Goschen was successful in inducing Bismarck to take a leading part in conceiving measures for the rectification of the Græco-Turkish Frontier. It was doubtful if 'moral support' to Greece against Turkey would suffice. 'Why, then,' said Bismarck, 'she must have immoral support.'"—*The Life of George Joachim Goschen*, by the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. Two vols. Longmans. 25s. net.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

"You don't know anything at all about the joys of liberty — until you've done time!"—*Nights with an Old Lag*, by W. J. Wintle. John Ouseley Ltd 5s. net.

Woman's Hard Lot.

"Women's lives are very hard. They never know what shaped figure will come in next. No woman has the courage of her own opinions when it comes to dress. The straight-featured, classical women dare not dress to suit their particular form of beauty Fashion says they've got to dress like Dresden shepherdesses. The pretty, fluffy women are terrified when a classical fashion comes in, but they do their best to look like Greek goddesses dressed in Paris. The big, rosy English-women never see their own absurdity when they dress like skinny ladies of the First Empire"—*The Harlequin Set*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Alston Rivers. 2s. 6d. net.

Actors and the Public.

"An actor is always, so to speak, being stared at. All his doings are public property; he can no more conduct his movements 'on the quiet' than a steam roller. There is no privacy for him; he is as incapable of retiring from the vulgar eye as the Nelson Monument."—*Adventures of an Actor*, by Robert Castleton. Methuen. 6s.

A Complete Lady-Killer.

"A little man with aristocratic but jaded features, and a sallow, dried-up skin, he might have been any age between forty and sixty. His moustache was dyed black, but his hair had been allowed to grey at the temples. He had permitted this because a lady had told him it suited him. He had a mincing manner and a mincing speech. He was dressed in the height of fashion, with a good deal of coquetry. His tinted shirt was of the finest quality, while his cravat, bearing a large pearl, matched the plum-coloured velvet waistcoat. On his fingers were several rings, and he carried a malacca stick with ivory handle."—*A Parisian Princess*, by Frankfort Somerville. John Long. 6s.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK,
THE ACTOR.
To one slice of side add assortment of rôles,
Steep the head in applause till it swells,
Garnish with onions, tomatoes, and beets,
Or with eggs—from afar—in the shells.

How Wealth Affects Woman.

"When a man knows he can buy you body and soul he is usually decent about it, but a woman . . . well! she stands haughtily on a race track in the sun and looks like her—bank account."—*Attitudes and Avowals*, by Richard Le Gallienne John Lane. 5s net.

The Record in Blackballing.

"The greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known took place some years ago at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more black balls than the number of members present—a case of excessive zeal indeed!"—*London Clubs*, by Ralph Nevill. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Poor, but Proud.

"The end of Meredith's stay at Cheyne Walk came one day when Rossetti substituted for the cracked boots which Meredith put outside his door to be cleaned a new pair of exactly the same size and make. He put on the boots, went out, and, having forwarded a cheque for the quarter's rent, never returned."—*Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections*, by Ford Madox Hueffer. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d net.

A Rule of Conduct.

"Always behave as if nothing had happened—no matter what has happened."—*The Card*, by Arnold Bennett.

An Exhaustive Word.

"Sir Edwin Arnold told me that on one occasion in America a reporter extracted a long interview from him, and at the end said: 'Now, what is your opinion of the American woman?' 'An exhaustive subject,' said Sir Edwin, 'but I can dispose of it in one word, Afrin.' 'And what,' said the reporter, 'does that mean?' 'It is Turkish,' said Sir Edwin, 'and means "Oh, Allah, make many more of them"'"—*I Myself* by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

Wanted the Winner.

"A pessimistic young man dining alone in a restaurant ordered a broiled lobster. When the waiter put it on the table it was minus one claw. The pessimistic young man promptly kicked. The waiter said it was unavoidable—there had been a fight in the kitchen between two lobsters. The other one had torn off one of the claws of this one, and had eaten it. The young man pushed the lobster away from him.

"'Take it away,' he said wearily, 'and bring me the winner.'"—*Four Hundred Good Stories*, by Robert Rudd Whiting. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 3s. 6d.

Winking at Receivers.

"The fact that the burglar cannot do without the fence gives the latter a terrible hold over the former. Nearly all fences are known to the police, and a good many of them act as police narks from time to time. When you read that the police acted 'from information received,' it generally means that a nark has been at work, and in a good proportion of cases that nark is a fence. The police often wink at the business carried on by the fence in order that they may have his assistance when required."—*Nights with an Old Lag*, by W. J. Wintle. John Ouseley Ltd. 5s. net.

• • •

Dean Hole's famous *Book About Roses* is the latest addition to the Nelson Shilling Library.

A COMPETITION ON PEOPLE'S NAMES.

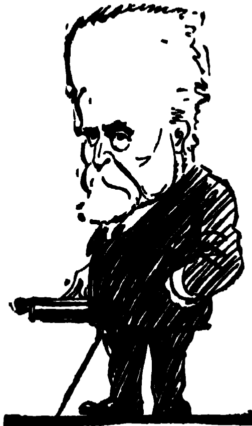
Four "Fivers" and Five Sovereigns as Prizes.

For Competition 367 a £5 note each is awarded to:

FRED A. TAYLOR, 41 Foster Lane, E C.	MRS. BERTHA SMITH, Fieldgate, Kenilworth.	A. H LACK, 43 Effingham Road, Lee, S.E.	W. J ASPLIN, Bull's Bridge, Hayes, Middlesex.
Double. *Mr. Taft* (p. 6) *Must Talk.*	Treble. *Miss Phyllis Dare* (p 32) *Precociousness Daintily Maturing.*	Double. *Mr. Plowden* (p 8) *Matrimonial Peacemaker*	Double. *Katherine Kaelred* (p. 15) *Killing "Kisser."*

And five Consolation prizes of £1 each to:

MISS M. LOUISA WALLIS, Ranscombe, Lewes, Sussex; E L STUBBS, 46 Cranbrook Road, Redland, Bristol, MISS ELSIE LEES, The Saltisford, Warwick; E A RODDY, Spring Bank, Keighley, Yorks, MRS. H. BUTLER, Sub Rosa, Aubrey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.



Sir Hiram Maxim.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find use for a "fiver" should try "Doubles" and "Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions

We offer this week **FIVE Five-Pound Notes**—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Sovereigns among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names :

Sir Hiram Maxim. Miss Marie Corelli.
Mr. Seymour Hicks.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 86 to 94 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.



Miss Marie Corelli.

Put the number of the Competition, 369, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of *Wednesday* next, 19th April (Monday being Bank Holiday). Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 26th April.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 369.**

I .... *Signature*

of .... *address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No 369, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... *From page*..........

Double or Treble ....



Mr. Seymour Hicks.

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

Would State Lotteries Turn it to a Healthy Use?

AN ingenious argument in favour of the institution in England of State Lotteries, as on the Continent, is worth quoting from "Newæra; A Socialist Romance," by Edward G. Herbert, now out in a shilling edition. (P. S. King, 2 Great Smith Street, S.W.)

Sir Philip Ledingham, a captain of industry, is talking to his Socialist son Frank, and points out that the masses do not save because it does not seem worth while.

"'Suppose a man has saved a sovereign—what can he do with it? Invest it at 4 per cent.? There are no such investments for small sums, and even if he could find one, the only result would be that after waiting a year, he would receive in interest ninepence-halfpenny—not enough for a day's beer. It is not an attractive proposition. The thing to make it attractive is—a lottery.'

"Frank burst out laughing.

"'Well, father, you do astonish me. You have been raging at the workers for putting their money on horses, and now you advise them to put it in a lottery.'

"'You see, I am a betting man myself,' said Sir Philip.

"'I have never known you to make a bet in my life.'

"'You little know your father, Frank. I have just fixed up a big bet with a man in London. He offered to bet me 300 to 1 that my works would not be burnt down this year. I took it on. My stake £100, his £30,000. If the works are burnt down I get his stake, if not, he gets my £100.'

"'Bah! you mean fire insurance.'

"'Exactly; but it is betting all the same. Then I put £1,000 on that patent pump of Thomson's, and lost it. I put £1,500 on the patent suction apparatus, and have got it back several times over. Every business man is constantly staking money on one thing or another. It gives zest and interest to life, and is a principal factor in all industrial progress. But with the workman it is different. At twenty-three he gets his society wage, and for the rest of his life he can hope for nothing more. He is almost certain to be comparatively poor all his life. His gambling instinct is just as strong as yours and mine, and he indulges it in the only way open to him, by betting on horses and losing his money. Then he turns to Socialism as a short cut to someone else's money. I say, give him a lottery.'

"'And if he loses his money in that, will he be any better off?'

"'He could not lose his money. The lottery would have to give guarantees of solvency, as in the case of an insurance company. It would borrow money at, say, 3 per cent in sums of £1; 2 per cent would be paid in interest, and 1 per cent. in prizes, to be drawn for periodically. The lottery company would invest the money at a higher rate of interest, and so make a profit (as in the case of a bank). The bond-holder cannot lose his money. He can sell his bond at any time. He gets interest for his money, and he has the chance of winning a prize, and becoming, comparatively, a rich man, which at present is in most cases impossible. Most important of all, he gets the habit of saving, and has at his command a sum of money, which he is tempted to squander but can use in case of need.'

"'It would be fostering the spirit of gambling.'

"'Most emphatically no. The spirit of gambling is there. Our wise legislators try to stamp it out by worrying the bookmakers, and gambling goes on increasing year by year. If legislators were not incapable of learning, by experience, they would have found out by now that you cannot stamp out a natural instinct by making laws about it, you may turn it to a healthy and beneficent use.'"

• • •

VETOED.

"THOUGHT you were going to stop keeping house and live in an hotel?"

"We did intend to."

"What made you change your minds?"

"The cook wouldn't leave."

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

Theatrical Fashions.

At this time of the year one instinctively looks toward the theatres to supply us with the most up to date ideas in clothes For the gowns worn on the stage to day very largely affect the toilettes that will be seen at all the big society functions during the coming season From a sartorial point of view the *Sins of Society* at Drury Lane presents a host of new ideas and already several of the leading dressmakers are borrowing notions for early spring costumes from the beautiful gowns which are worn by Mrs Langtry throughout the piece gowns which have been made by the leading firm of dressmakers in London

Afternoon Frocks.

Amongst the most beautiful of these is one lovely gown made of lavender blue Liberty satin which is veiled with chiffon of an exquisite shade of spring blue This dress stands out amongst the others as a model which is typical of those bright yet soft colours which will play so prominent a part in sartorial perfection this season A note of colour which does much to heighten the effect of this frock is the transparent *empiecement* and the drapery about the shoulders which is a soft pastel shade of champagne coloured Venetian lace

For Outdoor Wear

Another gown made to be worn on a racecourse is of white météore silk trimmed with ochre coloured Malines lace, which has a slight touch of colour introduced in the form of a belt of pale pink satin, which finishes with a smartly tied bow at one side

A country frock is of forget me not blue and white striped silk gauze, a material that will be much worn this summer This is trimmed with one of the popular long sashes made of white charmeuse, which is knotted at the left side The skirt of this frock is bordered with Irish lace, while a distinct novelty worthy of note is a large square collar made of black tulle over white tulle which gives a very great air of distinction to this simple frock

A Paquin Model.

A gown which unmistakably bears the stamp of Paquin is a soft dull black satin with a long pointed train of a new pattern This is made with an over dress or a tunic of green mousseline de soie which is richly embroidered about the hips with black and white jet On the bodice appears a transparency of silver lace the same note of colour being again introduced with great effect in the form of a long sash of silver tissue, which is veiled in fine black tulle

Evening Frocks.

The evening gowns worn in this piece are equally novel and full of suggestions for those who are about to purchase toilettes for the coming gaieties of the Coronation Perhaps the most beautiful of all is an evening gown which is made of orange satin, one sleeve being fashioned of the satin, the other being of white applique lace, which is veiled in black tulle A panel of rich silver and pearl embroidery on a vieux blue chiffon is draped effectively across the front of the bodice and arranged so that it encircles the waist and forms a deep point on the skirt A drapery of vieux blue chiffon falls over the long pointed train of orange satin With this toilette is worn a wrap of black Liberty satin the yoke of which is handsomely embroidered in dull gold on black chiffon over white

Theatre Wraps

Wraps are of great importance just now for theatre wear They often take the form of lovely white or black tulle scarves of an extra wide width which are embroidered all over in fine gold tinsel and small beads which give a wonderful lace like effect But such wraps are by no means cheap many of them costing quite as much as a ball or smart evening gown One very beautiful one is of grey mist tulle worked with tiny steel beads and steel tinsel thread and edged with a border of silver lace, while at each corner is a heavy tassel of cut steel beads

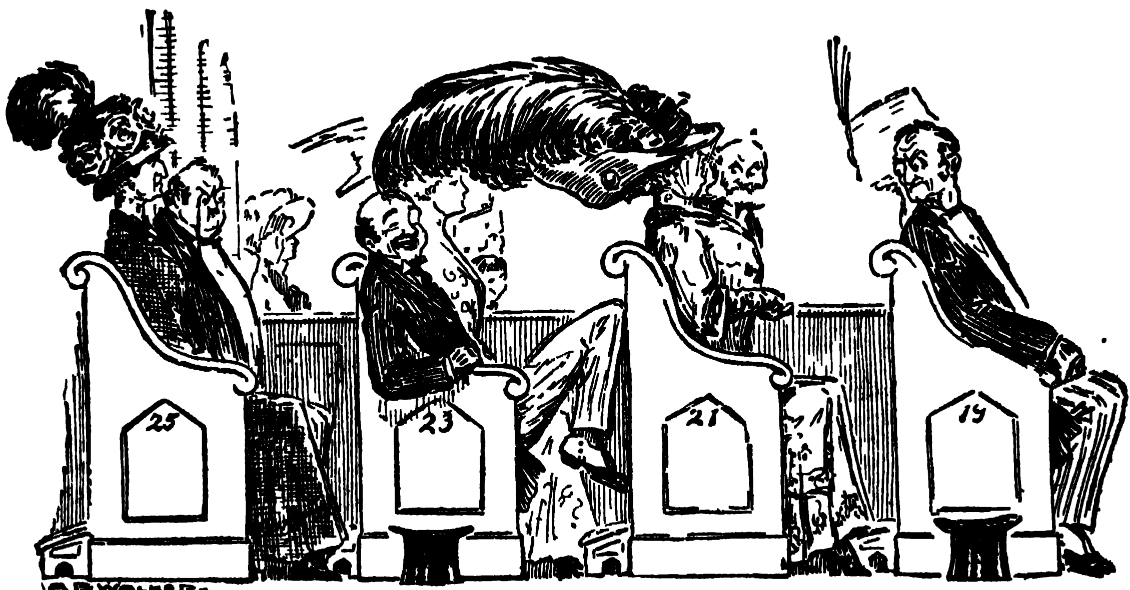
Beads to the Fore

Indeed there seems no end to the uses of beads just now Quite a novelty are bead necklets which finish in a bead medallion in front that terminates in a dangling fringe of beads These necklets are worn over lace neckbands and they form a great protection to light lace collars which soil all too soon

• • •

Spring and Summer Hosiery

There is something very *distingué* if one's hosiery harmonises with the remainder of the apparel and a charming effect is produced by having hosiery just one shade lighter than the skirt A brand of hosiery that is being very largely worn is "Jason" It is an all wool unshrinkable hosiery made in all grades for men ladies and children and has the special feature of an exceptionally smooth finish Jason hosiery is obtainable from nearly all hosiers and outfitters but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it one should write to the Jason Hosiery Company Leicester

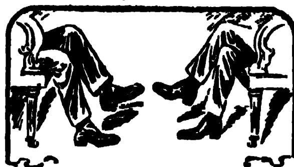


Jones: "I don't mind much not being able to see the minister, but it is simply outrageous to be tickled into convulsions of laughter!"

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January 1st, 1911.

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Wrexham. A. G.

On the whole your system has been invaluable to me, and I shall most certainly recommend it to my friends who are musically inclined.

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I thank you for the kind and prompt attention you have given to me throughout the whole course and for the instructions which I have found most useful.

Ablockton. H. J.

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STOCKS & SHARES

By SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

The Markets.

MARKETS have been firm, with Home Rails prominent; for a quick turn, Midland Deferred are probably still attractive.

Foreign stocks have been steady, and the New Brazilian Four per Cent. Loan is at 1¾ premium, the attraction being, of course, the chance of an early profit of £6 or £7 per cent. on redemption.

There has been considerable activity in Peruvian Corporation shares, the reason for this, we believe, being that a syndicate is in course of formation in Paris to buy up the stock.

There is nothing of interest to report regarding Americans. Although business is still mainly professional, Kaffirs have been stronger under the lead of Modders, on bear closing and shop support. The carry-over rates were very low, varying from 1 per cent. to 4 per cent., and revealed a shortage in the leading shares. With the Rubber situation we deal elsewhere.

A Cheap Trustee Security.

It would look as though the Central London Railway Company under-estimated its own credit when it offered £385,000 Four and a Half per Cent. Preference stock at par. This is part of an authorised issue of £480,000, and the proceeds are required for the construction of the extension to Liverpool Street and for additional rolling stock which will be required in connection therewith. Applications from existing holders of stock in the company received preferential consideration, and we do not suppose that the general public received much of the stock at par, the scrip being rapidly quoted up to 8 premium. Seeing that it is a full trustee stock, and that the present earnings are sufficient to cover the interest six times over, it is not dear even at the premium named, for at the price of 108 the yield is exactly £4 3s. 6d. per cent.

The linking-up of the important centres served by the Central London Railway, with two termini, having such vast suburban traffic as Liverpool Street and Broad Street, will be such a boon to the travelling public that Central London Ordinary stock, even at 73, is probably a good purchase for a lock-up.

An Attractive Kaffir.

The South African market shows signs of improvement, and, once the trouble arising out of the transactions of the big Paris operator who committed suicide is quite over, it would not be surprising if this market improved. One can never, however, be sure of the course of Kaffirs; but if one purchases the long-lived dividend-payers, and is prepared to hold, there is not much risk.

One of the most attractive Kaffirs of this description is, in our opinion, Nourse Mines, the life of which is estimated at twenty-four years, but will, almost certainly, be much longer as improved working methods permit of the crushing of lower-grade ore. Last year the company made a profit of £208,825, which equals 25 per cent. on its present issued capital of £827,821. The March profit was £21,484, as compared with £20,250 for February, which is at the rate of over £250,000 per annum.

The company last year distributed 22½ per cent., which, at the present price of 2¾, yields a safe 8 per cent. (with a mine like this it is unnecessary at this stage to allow anything for redemption of capital), and, in view of certain pending developments, a much higher price may be looked for.

Coronation Stocks.

So far from being regarded as a disturbance to business, the Coronation festivities will, in many directions, provide a welcome stimulus, and the prices of securities likely to benefit thereby have accordingly risen several points.

This is true of Home Rails, the Tube Railways, omnibus stocks, and hotel, catering, and drapery shares; even the Atlantic shipping companies being pushed up for the same reason. In many cases the rise has gone far enough, but there is room for some discrimination, based upon consideration of the factors making for increased prosperity.

Who will Benefit?

It is not the millions who will throng London during the two or three days of the festivities who will afford so great a stimulus to trade, as rather the presence here of visitors from the Colonies and abroad, for whom the Coronation is an excuse for staying some months in this country; and those branches of trade catering for this class of visitor will be the ones to benefit most.

The railways, tubes, omnibus, and tramway companies will certainly have record traffics for a week or so, but will not benefit in the same degree afterwards; whereas the hotels, drapery, millinery, and big department stores, and all industries ministering to the needs of the wealthy classes will, in the long run, profit most by the festivities. Most of the leading hotels, and companies like Lyons and the Aerated Bread Company, should benefit considerably, and the Ordinary shares are probably not a bad purchase at 6½ and 4¼ respectively.

The Rubber Position.

The sooner small investors realise that there is not going to be another Rubber boom the better it will be for them. There may be from time to time spasmodic attempts to galvanise the market into some semblance of activity, but any sustained and genuine widespread upward movement is out of the question. One has only to look round to realise the fact (to the truth of which our postbag contributes daily evidence) that thousands of people are "stuck" with hundreds of shares in Rubber companies which are wholly unsaleable, or, at the best, can only be sold at a serious loss. There are more people eagerly watching for the approach of another boom that would enable them to turn some of this paper into cash than there are people ready to buy; for this reason alone, no recrudescence of the Rubber boom can be looked for. Of course, the shares of the few leading producing companies, which are able to avail themselves of the present price of the raw material (which is obviously still much above the level it will attain in a year or two), are perfectly good investments, but the individual who goes in for the shares of Rubber companies of recent origin cannot be congratulated.

A Study in Compound Interest.

The average small investor who allows himself to be inveigled into subscribing for, or purchasing, rubber and rubbish (the terms are often synonymous) shares in companies where, if the most extravagant anticipations are realised, a dividend cannot be paid for five years, would be surprised if he saw what this means, expressed in cold figures. If such an investor buys, say, a 2s. share at par and, in five years' time, the company has proved a profit-earning concern and he is able to sell his shares at 3s., a premium of 50 per cent., he may delude himself into the belief that, after deducting brokerage and transfer expenses, he has made a profit of, say, 40 per cent.

Now, seeing that safe Debentures may be purchased to yield as high as 6 per cent. and even over, the only justification for the great risk of buying shares in untried companies is the expectation of receiving 8 per cent. to 10 per cent. interest on one's money. If we take £100, placed in a Debenture to yield 6 per cent. and £100 placed in a new venture of the description named, we find that, at the end of the period of five years mentioned, the value of the first amount, with the interest received, at compound interest, is £134, with a safe and assured annual return of 6 per cent.

Prospects v. Certainty.

In order that the holder of the Rubber shares should be in the same position as the holder of the Debentures, it is necessary that his £100 should have a selling value of £134, that is to say, his 2s. shares should be saleable at about 2s. 10d., and even then he is no better off than the Debenture holder. Actually he is much worse off, because

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

the latter has his capital intact, being a secured creditor, and, if his Debentures are redeemable at par, he may even be assured of capital appreciation whereas the Rubber shareholder incurs the risk of the loss of the whole of his capital The point for the Rubber investor is, is the certainty or likelihood of high profits in the future such as fully to atone for (1) Loss of interest for five years, (2) considerable risk of the loss of the whole or part of the capital invested? There is only one answer to this question

Japanese Securities

The conclusion of the new commercial treaty with Japan which contains some important concessions to this country in respect to the new tariff coming into force in July next draws attention to the yields of the Japanese securities Although (perhaps because) during the last year or two money has been a drug in the market in the land of the chrysanthemum, Japanese securities have risen to such an extent that we know for a fact that large quantities have been purchased in Europe for Japanese investors At ruling prices Japanese Loans give the following yields

Security	Price	Yield £ s d
Japanese Five per Cent 1907 Loan	10[illegible]	1 17 0
„ Four and a Half per Cent Loan	99½	1 12 [illegible]
„ Four per Cent Loan	9[illegible]	1 6 10

As the Japanese Government has the right to redeem the Five per cent Loan at par in 1922, which it will probably do there is a contingent loss of two or three points on this account, which reduces the yield to £4 12s 6d per cent Well informed investors are aware however that some of the internal issues of the Japanese Government Loans can be bought to yield a clear 5 per cent and even over as for example the Imperial Five per cent Railway Loan which is quoted at 100½ and as this price includes five months' interest yields £5 1s per cent

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor" "London Opinion" Southampton Street Strand W C, and must bear the writer's name and full address Please write distinctly In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form No charge is made

'M G'—Compared with other companies, Batang Malaka do not appear to be excessively capitalised but take a profit if you can *J F* Patalıng is an excellent share but do not hold too long if you have a good profit take it *Douglas*—The Anglo South American Bank is an admirably managed and progressive institution the shares are of £10 each, of which half is paid up leaving a liability of £5 per share At the price of 9¼ the shares yield £5 10s 9d per cent and are a promising investment *'H G S'*—Of your holdings we think the best are Great Central Pref Ordinary and Deferred, North Staffs and Highland Ordinary have better prospects *Notice*—The broker's statement is apparently incorrect, and you should write him claiming the difference of £6 6s 9d *J H B* The building society you name is we believe, quite a sound concern but the shares are not easily saleable, and you would be saddling yourself with a liability We send you particulars of a safe Debenture obtainable in £20 bonds, quoted in the official list and yielding 6¼ per cent *H G F* The best 4½ per cent investment redeemable shortly at par is Union Cold Storage 4½ per cent First Mortgage Debenture Stock at 99½ this price includes the full half year's coupon due July 1st *"J F S"* How can you expect to receive shares of any value for nothing? Have nothing to do with the scheme you can lose your money in a more enjoyable way *Pipe* Premier Oil and Pipe Line is, in our opinion one of the best of the newer oil companies but is of course speculative *J G F*—You had better keep your money in the Post Office Savings Bank than invest it in mining shares or buy Union Cold Storage First Mortgage Debentures which will yield you £4 11s per cent with safety *Ter* Have nothing to do with the people you name See our remarks this week as to the rubber position *"T F"*—We do not recommend the purchase of Murchison Associated *J R M* Delta Lands are a fair speculative lock up We look for an improvement in the Egyptian market

A CYCLE COMPANY'S SILVER JUBILEE

As the cycle industry is a comparatively young industry there must be very few firms who can boast a silver jubilee One of our advertisers namely, the makers of the well known "Royal Ajax" and "Silver Queen" bicycles celebrates its silver jubilee this season. A glance at the firm's catalogue shows that all the bicycles it illustrates are not only guaranteed for ten years but supplied on the easiest of easy terms Readers desiring a copy should write The British Cycle Manufacturing Co (1901) Ltd 1 & 3 Berry St, Liverpool, mentioning LONDON OPINION of course.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

LITTLE things are fraught with great tragedies; Desdemona lost her life through a pocket handkerchief.—*The Imp.*



The Musician: "But this is a passage marked piano—softly, you know."
The Magnate: "I don't care. At the price I pay you, you have got to play it much louder!" —"Le Sourire," Paris.

Is there, asks Canon Carey, any substitute for war which will call forth love of adventure, valour, heroism, and self-sacrifice? Certainly; and its name is matrimony.—*The World*

• • •

VANISHED DANGERS.

He used to hate the idle rich,
And often spoke with dread
About the fearful dangers which
Were looming up ahead,
He saw a time when blood would flow,
And anarchy be rife;
But that was when his funds were low.
He had the luck a year ago
To get a wealthy wife.

He cannot understand to day
Why those who toil complain;
The ills he feared are cleared away,
No signs of strife remain
Content to let things drift along,
He lives an easy life,
Forgetting, if sometimes the strong
Oppress the weak, that it is wrong—
He has a wealthy wife.
—*Chicago Record Herald*

• • •

A woman ought to be like, and yet unlike, three things, a snail, an echo and a town clock. She should resemble the first by keeping a good deal at home, but differ from it by not carrying all her wealth on her back, the second in answering when spoken to, yet not repeating every word said to her; and the third, in keeping good time, yet not being loud tongued enough to be heard all over the parish.—*Irish Society.*

• • •

The volunteer training ship *Buzzard* is, by order, to be renamed the *President* It is great reforms like this that help us to rule the waves.—*The Comet.*

• • •

London is the ideal home of the imposter. It was in London that de Rougemont gravely told his tale of great flights of migrating wombats, and found learned scientists to take him seriously. In Paris, any novel proposition, however preposterous—say, for instance, the desirability of parricide—will always get an attentive hearing It will be either accepted or rejected in a judicial spirit In London it is either not listened to at all, or swallowed whole.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

The one particular brand of love that isn't blind is self-love.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

Talking about crops, the wild oats crop is always a failure.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

If we were unable to believe anything save what was true, it would be much to our advantage, but we should miss much harmless enjoyment.—*Munsey's Magazine.*

• • •

Fate plays one some scurvy tricks now and then. A man in Cleveland, Ohio, stepped on an ice covered pavement the other day, and fell After the fall he found himself dumb Just when he had the greatest need of speech He can speak again all right now, but what is the good of that?—*Globe.*

• • •

The Artist should dress in Canvas.
The Gardener, in Lawn
The Dairyman, in Cheesecloth.
The Editor, in Print.
The Banker, in Checks.
The Hairdresser, in Haircloth.
The Scotchman, in Plaids.
The Prisoner, in Stripes
The Government Official, in Red Tape.
The Architect, in Blueprint
The Minister, In Broadcloth.
The Jeweller, in Cotton.
The Undertaker, in Crape.
The Barber, in Mohair (Does he not mow hair?)
—*Ladies Home Journal.*

• • •

IMPROBABILITIES.

I should really *very* much like to hear
Asquith say to a Suffragette,
"Oo shall have a vote, oo little pet,
Oo's been so patient about it, dear!"
I should like to see Lord Northcliffe fed
For a week at least (it would do him good
And give him a taste for wholesome food)
On nothing but water and Standard Bread.
I should like—but this would be passing strange—
To hear Judge Willis, who cuts such capers
(According, at least, to the halfpenny papers),
Say something sensible just for a change!
I should like to see—and this would be weird—
(But really I think it's almost time
To make the punishment fit the crime)
Frank Richardson forced to wear a beard!
—*Books of To-morrow.*



BAIT.

Crawford: "Your hair doesn't seem to look as pretty as it did before we were married."
Mrs. Crawford: "Of course not, dear. I used to pay a dollar then to have it marcelled every time you called!" —"Puck," New York.

THE MARRIAGE TEST.

[Among the Fulanis of Nigeria, the youths are flogged by the men of the tribe as a test of their fitness for marriage. Those that cannot stand the flogging are not allowed to marry.]

MY Marian, the boy that shows
  A patience really stoic
Beneath his fellow tribesmen's blows
  Is doubtlessly heroic
But none the less I wish to state,
  Though not a bruise I carry,
I've proved by prowess just as great
  My perfect right to marry.

Since first you pledged your troth to me
  (A sensible selection),
I've borne from all your family
  Censorious inspection.
Unhesitatingly I've faced
  Your little brother's spurnings,
Your father's questions (rotten taste)
  About a poet's earnings.

To roam on modern courtship's plan,
  From Godalming to Glasgow,
Called variously "May's young man"
  And "Marian's fiasco,"
Would fill Fulani beaus with fright,
  While still my spirits gay are,
So I maintain that I am quite
  As good a man as they are. THEPA.

• • •

HEARD IN A LANCASHIRE TOWN

JOE "Hast ta filled oop thy census papper, Bill?"
BILL "Ay."
JOE "What hast ta put deown for t' wife?"
BILL "Nowt, of course—she does nowt. What hast thou put deown for thy wife?"
JOE. "Brass finisher!"

• • •

IN view of the active gardening at Eastertide, which even the recent weather will not stop, *Amateur Gardening* has brought out a special Easter number, 52 pages and coloured presentation plate, all for 1d.



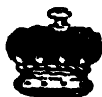
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To be eligible for the competition the entry must be properly made on the coupon provided, and in the event of any name which proves to be correct being received more than once, that first received will be awarded the prize in respect of that particular name.

When first announced this special creation of Peers may have seemed a remote contingency. The discussions on the Veto Bill, and the declared intention of many influential people to resist its passage to the utmost, have brought it within the immediate range of practical politics. Before May is out we shall probably know for certain one way or another. Make your selections—there is *no* entrance fee—and put in for your share of the £500.



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of ....

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....

....



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London Opinion, 22nd April, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
22nd APRIL, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 370.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

NEW SERIES OF DETECTIVE STORIES. See page 111

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 1[illegible].

THE BEST COMPETITION. See page 144



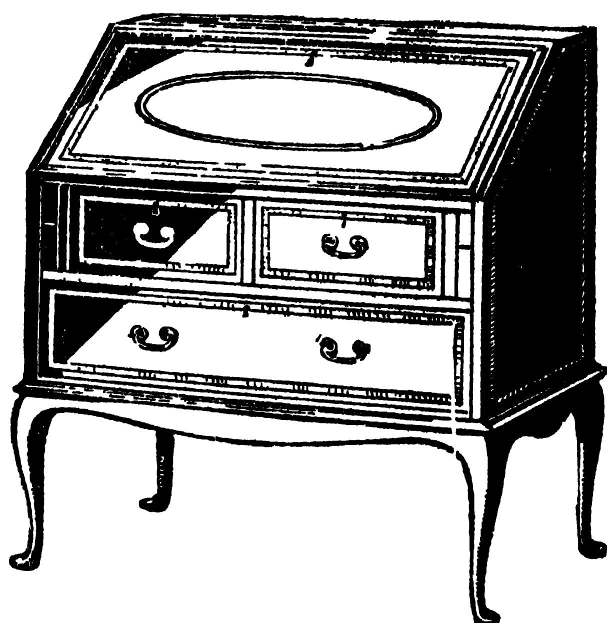
MISS SPRING: "I FEAR I'M DREADFULLY LATE!"

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This Sale must positively finish by the end of April, but for the benefit of those Customers who do not wish for immediate delivery, we are prepared to warehouse any purchases in our depositories for six months, free of charge.

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London Opinion.

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No. 370. Vol. XXIX. 22nd APRIL, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

Summary of happenings for the past week Nor' Easter, Easter

• • •

Good Friday, it is stated is a time of strain in most bakehouses. In short hot cross buns mean hot cross bakers

• • •

The Treasury has been accused of neglecting the Sinking Fund With the sunken fund at Thorpe Ness the case is different

• • •

Mr Balfour in the House "Can anyone say that genius is overpaid?" Personally speaking, we regard our remuneration as barely adequate

• • •

Carpentry is now prescribed for the health of the brainworker So the patient with an aching head need not take offence if the doctor's verdict is 'Plane wood'

• • •

'No woman trying on her new hat about which we have laughed at so much, writes one of the sex could make more fuss about it than the King is with his crown

• • •

No conductor says Dr Richter, ever fell from Heaven No 'bus conductor certainly his constant cry is High up and sometimes he even goes beyond the Angel

• • •

Violent behaviour says an eminent specialist is a disease If that is so then why on earth when you hand the other fellow an enthusiastic punch, don't they send for a doctor, and not a policeman

• • •

> After the sermon the choir rendered the selo and quartette Hushed at Length —*Wellom ...*

It *must* have been a tedious discourse to move a meek choir to such resentful repartee

• • •

It is now ascertained that the trunk of the sea elephant at the Zoo will not be filled till the beast arrives at maturity Schoolboys at home packing after the holidays will regard him with fearful envy

• • •

> At the wedding of Miss Timson the congregation were requested to unite in the hymn The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden '—*Leoria Journ l*

We prefer the famous old wedding hymn to any such new fangled interpolations

• • •

> A Member may have been at pains to prepare a speech and if he has the good fortune to catch the SPEAKER'S eye he may deliver it —*Punch*

Back to the Speaker, we presume with the compliments of the Member so catching it.

• • •

An inexperienced spinster, who was telling her audience the other night that there was neither dignity nor beauty in motherhood, was greeted with shouts of "Rubbish!" Which commentary merely proves the inadequacy of the English language in such crises.

The steel in the new London County Council Hall is to be All British So also 's the brass

• • •

A golden eagle was shot in Norfolk the other day. Only by such drastic steps can our rare birds be kept rare

• • •

A bridal party returned from the church in motor-boats recently Most people prefer plain-sailing after matrimony

• • •

Lever pool it is claimed has lived longer than any other Several people it is believed have survived the hearing of the recent petition

• • •

A new and it is said wonderful German tenor is by occupation a tool mender So even if the critics should slate him it will come quite natural

• • •

'What becomes of aged domestic servants?" asks a contemporary One thing is very certain: they can't *all* go on the musical comedy stage

• • •

A German composer just arrived in London has summed up his opinion of the British stage in a brief bright eulogy of the Gaiety chorus Not even a mention of George Robey

• • •

An invention to hold one's silk hat in church has been spoken of But what is really needed is an invention to hold the average man in his place when the sermon is due to start

• • •

Mr A E W Mason says that many actresses are suffering from a dearth of opportunities But some of them get opportunities and transfer the suffering to other people

• • •

'Budget' is the Christian name of the male infant of a well known Liberal enthusiast Referendum Smith and Tariff Reform Jones may now be expected at any moment

• • •

According to Mr Buxton the much r writes to pay his butcher and his baker A Tailor of ... acquaintance says that it was quite ... of Mr Buxton to omit mention of his calling

• • •

Mr John Redmond thinks he ought to ... from the position of the Dollar King now that Lord Lansdowne has exchanged The Mill for half a million of these useful American pieces

• • •

A popular variety artist it is announced, is presently to become Mrs Kniezewski If she uses the name for professional purposes the call boy will be liable to injure himself severely

• • •

Middlesex, says the chairman of the Sessions, is the burglar's paradise, as only one in every three of them is caught People who do not reside in that enterprising county are hoping that cracksmen will take the hint and stay there.

THE EASTER GIRL.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

ALL human beings call forth my sympathy, for even the most fortunate men and women are pathetic. The real pathos of the earth is neither wealth nor poverty, neither renown nor obscurity, but the staggering miracle of humanity. To be human is to be pathetic in a sense that is unique. Birds and beasts and flowers are pathetic, but they are not so pathetic as we are. When you see a rose unfolding its petals in the coloured pictures at the Scala Theatre you are not so deeply moved as when you watch the smile on the face of a slumbering child. The fragility of a flower is not so wistful as the fragility of a tiny boy or girl. Why? Because the one is not human and the other is. The rose dies without suffering any spiritual change. It has no experience. But every child must face the weapons of life, must be hurt, must go through its own labyrinth of pain.

• • •

WELL, one cannot help feeling a kindly interest in these strange beings who are groping their way towards the grave. And one's interest is keener during a holiday, for it is when we seek for joy that we are most pathetic. Easter to me is always a queer time of year, for it sends a thrill of unrest through the myriads who spend their lives in toil. The fever of the spring troubles their blood, and they remember that they are alive. It is a very wonderful business, for as a rule they have neither the time nor the temptation to stir up the dormant vitality in their veins. They are martyrs of sameness. One Monday is disastrously like another, and one Sunday is always more Sundayish than the last. But Easter Monday is not at all Mondayish. It has a gloss on it. It feels new and fresh. Of course there are folk to whom life is one long holiday, and to whom no day is lovelier than another. They are pathetic in their way, but their pathos is not of the same melting kind as the pathos of the multitude to whom a holiday is a kind of miracle. There is nothing that moves me more than the sudden blossoming of joy in the sad, grey souls of the poor. It transfigures every Bank Holiday, but it is at its most poignant pitch in Easter week. One feels that humanity is then making a sublime effort to pretend that it is heroically happy. There is a concerted assault on the dulness of life.

• • •

IT is youth that leads the onset. The young souls are like Norah in "A Doll's House." They have not ceased to expect the miracle to happen. Older and wiser folk have cured themselves of the habit of watching for the miracle. But nobody—not even Mr. Shaw—can cure youth of its divine expectancy, its flowering hope, its burgeoning faith. Youth believes in miracles, and at Easter it arrays itself in miraculous raiment. Do not sneer at the young mystics who form up in a thousand monkey's parades on a thousand piers and promenades. They are following the gleam. They are pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp. They are hunting the mirage. The Easter boy dreams of the Easter girl while he is trying on his Easter suit of clothes, or selecting his Easter tie, or choosing his Easter socks. It is for her mysterious sake that he unpacks his bag at Margate or Brighton, Bournemouth or Blackpool. He sees her face in the lazy fumes of his cheap cigarette as he lounges on the steps of the boarding-house. The astonished waves whose lonely hibernation he has ended whisper her name to him. Believe me, the sea to most young hearts is a symbol of bright eyes, careless laughter, and unutterable sentiment. The Easter boy is an amatorial furnace. He steps out of the train with a fiery heart like Vesuvius after a rest cure. Easter to him is one wild adventure. He is not bent on the worship of any goddess in particular. He is determined to worship the whole mythology. The reckless fellow is ready to cast himself before any pair of shoes that glitter in the chilly April sunlight on the windy front.

• • •

THE Easter girl knows that the Easter boy is highly inflammable. She is aware that his flash-point is dangerously low. She, too, believes in miracles. Somebody is going to love her madly, abjectly, ungovernably for a whole day or even for a whole week-end. She prepares for the conflagration. She has been saving up all the winter in order to array herself in irresistible garments. She has been grimly shabby for months in the hope of being able to burst into bloom in April. A shabby man is a mournful sight, but a shabby girl is a spectacle that affronts the universe. Heavens, how many tears have been shed over those hopeless shoes, that threadbare skirt, those mouldy gloves! I pity the hungry. I sigh for the needy. But I swear I rage against the injustice that condemns a pretty girl to cry her eyes out over an old hat that is ashamed of the April sunshine. Her anguish is to me more maddening than any other unearned woe. Starve her, if you please. Sweat her, if you like. But at least give her a new hat on Easter Monday.

• • •

I HAVE no patience with the overdressed old ladies whose finery would make hosts of girls joyful. There ought to be a fairer division of spring millinery. Youth ought to be served and every coquettish head ought to be adorned with the predestined hat. Do not tell me there are not enough hats to go round. If I had my way I should pass a law making it compulsory to provide a new hat for every girl at Eastertide. I should force millionaires who buy "Mills" to contribute to the Hat Fund. It distresses me when I try to calculate how many spring hats could be purchased for £100,000. And yet there must be far more than a hundred thousand hatless Easter girls. In our towns and villages they mope and sulk. Some of them refuse to go to church on Sunday because they cannot face their happier sisters. Only a churl would blame a girl who is a hermitess because she is sick to death of her winter hat.

• • •

YOU may say I am foolishly sentimental, but I do not care. I love the Easter girl too dearly to be bullied out of my tender pity for her desperate little ingenuities and makeshifts. I can guess the history of that hobble skirt. I can divine the litany of sighs that sanctify every ribbon and every radish on that saucy little beehive hat. I can read the

OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON.



Footballer: "I leave it to you, partner!"

secret of that radiant parasol. I can penetrate the romance locked up in that dangling bag pendant from those brave young shoulders. I can unravel the filaments of that cobweb veil stretched so tautly over that saucy little nose. I can surmise the sweet anxieties that went to the capture of those impossibly tiny black suède shoes. And to think that this ferment of femininity has been going on for ages, and will go on for ages—is not that pathetic? Yet every Easter girl is a separate ecstasy. There is not one little chit who is not triumphantly herself. Life is really very crafty. It goes on being the same and being different. It repeats itself without letting us know. That is why it is foolish to argue youth out of being youthful. Bless your heart! The Easter girl is wiser than all the ghosts in all the books. Life may cheat her to-morrow, but she is cheating it to-day.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

Crime is so much more interesting than respectability.—*Pett Ridge.*

The black sheep of the family is sometimes a blonde.—*May Hublin*

No man ever acquires polish from being rubbed the wrong way.—*H. Mullins.*

The penalty of a stolen kiss is frequently a life sentence with hard labour.—*Kenneth Kearley.*

I can assure you that some of the "old maids" of London are among the most loving, gracious, and useful people in it.—*Bishop of London.*

It is because they have been obliged to think for themselves, and make their own theories, that persons of neglected education are so often self-assertive, self-reliant, and capable—*C. B. Wheeler.*

When a woman says to her husband, "You may talk as you like," she doesn't really mean it.—*Pulitzer.*

The good die young—or else outgrow it.—*T. Thomas.*

Apathy to religion is more to be feared than atheism.—*D. McClymont.*

Woman should be the mistress, and not the slave, of her duty.—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

When it comes to an argument a man frequently gives in, but a woman never gives out.—*A. Hurley.*

A man takes almost as much pleasure in keeping a secret as a woman does in telling one.—*L. V. Chown.*

Women are worshippers of success—that has been in their natures since they were the prizes of conquest. —*Guy Fleming.*

Not wealth only, but all our powers must be devoted to the service of the community.—*Philip*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.


IN THE TRADE.
No. 25.—The Commercial Traveller.

Letting Himself Go.

GIVE them money, or let them have credit, which is pretty much the same thing, and the English people may be relied on to enjoy themselves. Rightly or wrongly the Americans visiting these islands are stated to possess the quality of meanness, but then a hotel servant's idea of meanness is often a peculiar translation of the word "generosity." The Briton is, on the whole, not mean, and when he lets himself go—as he has been doing this Easter—he presents a fairly good example of partially restrained frivolity. We can never hope to cultivate the *abandon* of the Continental person. That is not in our nature. The Englishman's idea of enjoyment is plenty of eating and drinking. Battles of flowers and kindred diversions do not appeal to him. If he has to incur expenditure he is resolved to obtain solid comfort. His only uncommercial weakness lies in his gambling instinct. Within the past few days he has invaded the watering places with great unanimity. His wisdom therein was undoubted. The soft point of his armour lies in his unconquerable mania for betting on horses—an idiosyncrasy whereon hordes of harpies batten and fatten.

"Spring, Gentle Spring!"

WHEN I rise of a bright, spring, sunshiny morning, and my landlady is not within earshot, I commence the work of the day by breaking forth into fragrant melody. At "I've got my old brown hat on" or "Sister Mary Jane's top note"—which I heard in the grateful temple of Moore and Burgess long before it found its way into musical comedy—I consider myself unrivalled. Wishing, however, to keep pace with the time and season, at this period of the year, "Spring, gentle Spring!" attracts me powerfully, and even the milkman stops trying to palm me off with a short ha'porth when he hears my priceless baritone warbling:

> **Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!**
> **Youngest season of the year,**
> **Hither haste, and with thee bring**
> **April with her smile and tear;**
> **Hand-in-hand with jocund May,**
> **Bent on keeping holiday;**
> **With thy daisy diadem**
> **And thy robe of brightest green,**
> **We will welcome thee and them,**
> **As ye've ever welcom'd been.**
> **Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!**
> **Youngest season of the year,**
> **Life and joy to Nature bring,**
> **Nature's darling, haste thee here.**

Forty Years Ago.

IT scarcely seems possible that Planché's song was the rage of town—and country—so far back as forty years ago. The late Jules Rivière set it to music, and it was first performed in a colossal spectacular "mix," called *Babil and Bijou*, put on at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1872. One of the scenes represented the bed of the ocean, and a bright red lobster caused much fluttering in the breasts of the naturalists. All the principals, with the exception of Mrs. Billington, are dead · John Wainwright passed away only a month since. A great deal of money was lost over the production. The gem of the piece—the "Spring Chorus"—lived on. It was sung by twelve boys dressed to represent gardeners, and four of them bore on their shoulders a pretty child on a palanquin, festooned with flowers. After the play had been running a week Rivière was offered £20 for the copyright of the chorus by the head of a well-known publishing firm. Luckily for him he declined. The melody was introduced into quadrilles, lancers, marches, piano, flute, clarionet, violin, and cornet fantasias; and large orders poured in from the provinces and America. Rivière cleared over £2,000 by his effort of thirty-two bars. There was a fly in the ointment, however. A newspaper in the country charged him with appropriating the tune from the third figure of a set of quadrilles by Lanner, but promptly climbed down when tackled. I cannot recall anything of the same sort that achieved the success of "Spring, Gentle Spring!"

A Noisy Accompaniment.

THE success was repeated when the number was transferred to the Promenade Concerts in the following year. The late Antoinette Sterling then made her London *début*, and, being unable to do so by any other means, sang her first song for nothing. Her future was assured from that moment. The British Army quadrilles were a great go this season, and so realistic were the "trimmings" that the proprietor of a neighbouring hotel complained to the Bow Street magistrate that the slumber and comfort of her guests were interfered with through the firing of the guns on the stone staircases of the theatre. Imagine a watchful London County Council allowing that to be done. Happily the distribution of a few "orders" prevented further unpleasantness. I tell you of these things because London, with all its overgrown music-halls and "two houses a night," and picture shows, and skating rinks, lacks the bustle and vitality and keen sense of hilarity it possessed forty years ago. Even the speed of the "taxi" adds a prosaic element—to say nothing of danger—to the humdrum of our streets.

A Bleak Throne.

For he himself—that is, Mr. Bernard Shaw—has said it, and it's greatly to his credit that he should count the fine open spaces of Stonehenge more suitable as a Coronation pitch than the circumscribed environment of Westminster Abbey. I have often wondered whether it would not be possible to have a Coronation in the midst of some vast amphitheatre where tens of thousands of the public might behold it. In the Abbey the view, at the best, is poor for the majority, and the space is occupied by members of the House of Commons and a crowd of officials whose claim to be present is of the slightest. "The propaganda of Royalism, which," Mr. Shaw says, "is the purpose of these pageants, need not suffer; far more people will see them on Salisbury Plain than can be wedged behind the troops in Piccadilly; and the cinematograph will work all the better in the open." The last statement is undeniable. The trouble would be how to get the people to Stonehenge and how to get them back. Conjure up the emotions of the South-Western Railway suddenly favoured with a "shipping" order of this description. The city of Salisbury would be thrown into convulsions and the price of motor cars from town—"to the Coronation there and back"—would cost as much as the King's trappings. Our humorous cynic-philosopher thinks Royalty a decaying trade, and that the lot of princes is as unhappy as that of policemen. The "decaying trade" one is not sure about. Kings will continue to hold office in this country on the condition which applies to other branches of life, namely, that they are of good behaviour. The first bad monarch—and the game is up. But Stonehenge will not do. There would be a mass meeting of cromlechs to protest against the disturbance, and the London crowds would shout so loudly in the home of the Druids that the Welsh Eisteddfoders might grow jealous. And, given a wet day! My word!

"Baron Trenck."

With reference to the forthcoming production of *Baron Trenck* at the Whitney Theatre, none of the gossipers in the papers seem to know that the fortunes of the adventurous hero have already furnished material for the boards of a playhouse. As long ago as the autumn of 1820, at the Lyceum—then the English Opera House—a "new three act operatick drama," composed by Reeve, was produced. The part of the Baron was played by T. P. Cooke, the king of stage sailors, with Miss Kelly, a great favourite of the period, as Lionel Schell; Miss Carew as the Baroness of Lindorf; and Webster in the small part of Beckershoff. An actor named Lodge undertook the character of Rotter. The castle and the citadel of Glatz and the escape of the Baron from his subterraneous stronghold were duly presented. I cannot discover that *Baron Trenck* left any particular footprints on the sands of time, and few persons would associate the central figure with the name and fame of such a dashing sailor man as Cooke.

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A Musical Memory.

(On Easter Monday at Kempton.)

When he had backed, with smiling face,
The winner of the big event,
And of that bookie found no trace,
He knew what "Tales of Off man" meant.

Episodes.

In the doldrum of peacefulness provoked by the holidays even the voices of the Suffragettes are afflicted with a minor note. Nevertheless the quality of humour is never wholly absent; and warm praise should be genially accorded to Miss Cicely Hamilton. Womanhood, according to this lady, says to mankind, "Gentlemen, hitherto you have been our all-in-all. Now you are being reduced to the position of an episode." I have been called many hard things in my time, especially by anonymous correspondents, but this is absolutely the first occasion I have been described as an episode. If man—good-hearted soul that he is—had the nerve to boycott woman for a month, if he made her no presents of jewellery, clothes, flowers, dinners, or kisses, she would soon know the kind of episode he is. But man will never do it, for he is too good a sort, and woman, who wants to sit on his knee and be told what a delightful lump of fascination she is, doesn't want him to do it. When men and women are enemies instead of friends and lovers, the world will come to an end. Marriage and affection are not civil contracts like buying a house or pawning a watch. They are the bases of human life and happiness.

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How It Goes.

The world doesn't go round on ballot-boxes or the Trades Union rate of wages. It goes round on Love. What a universe with no mutual trust, help, or affection, no self-sacrifice, no devotion to the children who are your own flesh and blood! We know that woman adores clothes, and sets her mind upon them. Yet all the clothes that London and Paris can place before her will not compare, in richness, with her unquenchable love for her child. How often does the loss of a little one cloud the whole of her existence, though she live to be ninety! We move in days when many wild things are spoken, and it does not do to take them too seriously. Woman, with all her contradictions, is all right at heart, and if man be an episode he is a very agreeable episode—one to think about, and dream about, and make a hobby of. Here is a letter lying before me commencing, "Dearest old thing—Mind you are not late on Friday." So if I am an episode—well, "ep, ep, ep, hooray!" Mr. Chesterton has sagaciously remarked that no one has ever proposed adorning Britannia with whiskers. No, and if ever she wears them I shall expect to find Boadicea with a harem skirt. She might then oblige with a dance in the "catch as can-can" manner.

What's in a Name?

A member of the public suggests the elevation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Peers, and proposes, as an appropriate title, this sweet little thing, Lord Lloyd of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandyssiliogogogoch. The idea is excellent in itself. The only people it might embarrass would be the Welsh bards, for the gallant Principality would be alive with song on so auspicious an occasion, and that engaging place, Llanf—well, the mixture as before—would be a bit of a poser to rhyme to. Let us hope that unfortunate youth, the Prince of Wales, won't have too many pleasant little nuts of this sort to crack when he addresses the multitude at Thingummy on his investiture. Every boy has his trials, but a growing tendency towards increased humaneness is one of the features of the age.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Mr. H. G. Wells on his Latest Book: What is Wrong at Harrow?: Artists' "Spoof" Exhibition: Who has Landed the Duke of Westminster?

THE Coronation will be an expensive time for the King in many ways, although His Majesty will be one of the few who see it for nothing. The gala performance at His Majesty's Theatre alone will cost a very considerable amount, inasmuch as the Royal party will occupy the whole of the dress circle and 250 stalls at a uniform price of ten guineas a seat.

THE public will pay just double this price, for the stalls and the other seats will be from two guineas in the gallery to ten guineas in the upper circle. Every seat has been already applied for many times over. The programme has been arranged so that the chance will be given to as many of our younger actors as possible to appear on the stage if only in "super" parts.

SIR JOHN HARE will (with Sir Herbert Tree) receive the King, and will have the honour of being in attendance on His Majesty throughout the performance.

IT was recently recorded in LONDON OPINION that various eminent people were being recognised by their friends rightly or wrongly in the gallery of contemporary portraits painted by Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest work. Upon this Mr. Wells writes as follows:

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—It is quite untrue that any of the people you name are caricatured in "The New Machiavelli." It is also quite untrue that I have changed my political party and associates. I am a Socialist with the same detestation of that shabby furtiveness of method I denounced long ago in the paper ("Faults of the Fabian") with which I began my active participation in the affairs of the Fabian Society. Copies of that paper are still to be obtained (under pressure) from the secretary of the Fabian Society. It is a storehouse in the Fabian Society that I have altered in my attitude towards Socialism or the old gang of the Fabian Society. My "Anticipations" (1901) and "New Worlds for Old" (1908) are entirely consistent with my present views. I am also a Liberal and frequently in the National Liberal and Reform Clubs. My feelings for the party leaders fall short of idolatry; they always have, and I have made no secret of it. It is not my fault if the [illegible] fit to discuss the "New Machiavelli" sanely and fairly while the *Daily News* and Hubert Bland (of the Fabian executive) in the *Daily Chronicle* can do nothing but nose about in it for personalities and scandal.

Very sincerely yours,
H. G. WELLS.

17 Church Row, Hampstead, N.W.

I HEAR that Mr. Max Beerbohm has written a novel which is certain to win fresh laurels for him. It would be indiscreet to hint at its theme, but it is permissible to say that it is exquisite in its style and unique in its humour.

WHAT is it at Harrow School that has necessitated the strictest regulations of the boys' conduct when out in the town? The Head Master has just issued notices to the tradesmen of the district, that no boy is to be served by a woman in a licensed house, or to have a room let to him under any circumstances, and other restrictions are promulgated. Is it intrigues with chorus girls again, or card-playing incidents this time?

VARIOUS English artists are sending work to the show of the world's humorous and satirical art at the Turin Exhibition next month. Max Beerbohm, Raven Hill, and Bernard Partridge will all be represented. Hamilton Williams will send some of his *Punch* and LONDON OPINION originals, and Mr. Walter Crane, who is organising the British section, has invited Bert Thomas to lend some of his LONDON OPINION cartoons.

THE BANK HOLIDAY—AS WE THINK IT WAS.



THE BANK HOLIDAY—AS WE KNOW IT IS.

DUDLEY HARDY'S contributions to this exhibition include one ("Homage") which has a story. When the recent Post-Impressionist vogue was at its height some members of the Chelsea Arts Club did some fearsome burlesques of this school.

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THE art critics were invited in all seriousness to view this "spoof" exhibition; but before they could commit themselves, somebody "put them wise." One well-known critic, Lewis Hind, had the last laugh by assuring the artists that if they only did as good stuff in the ordinary way as they did when burlesquing Post-Impressionism, they would probably find a better demand for their canvases!

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THE work which Dudley Hardy did for this playful show was "Homage"—a picture with yellow sky and light green ground, of the back view of a nude figure being painted by a weird artist, with three admirers gazing at the canvas enraptured. Heaven knows what Turin will think of it, without this explanation of its inception.

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ANOTHER canvas Mr. Hardy is sending is one he would not dare to try on the grave British hanging committees. In an enormous expanse of sea, sky, and sand-dunes, on a hillock sit just two nude figures, a man and a girl, back view, the man wearing only a tall hat; and this is entitled "Portraits of Count de X. and Mlle. M. at Dunnes-sur-mer."

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ACCORDING to Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, certain dramatic critics who write for several newspapers, pass on tickets for first nights to persons who are not connected with the Press. So, on behalf of the Society of West-End Theatre Managers, Mr. Vedrenne has sent out a letter to the editors in general preaching the impropriety of this conduct. Most editors, although Mr. Vedrenne's Society may not suspect it, know quite well how to behave, thank you. He should confine his attention to the delinquents.

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AMONG those who have lent from their collections works for the Paris Exhibition of English pastellists of the eighteenth century, now on view, are Lord Weardale, Sir E. D. Lawrence, Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry, Colonel Malthus, and Lord Wallscourt.

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SOME of the advance guard of the American Coronation visitors have arrived, and there are stories about them already. As one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House, the guide, pointing it out, said: "That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors." A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm. "Oh!" she cried, "who landed him?"

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ONE of Mr. Putnam Weale's main objects in *The Unknown God* (Macmillan) is to set forth the present position of Christian missionary work in China. He shows how insidiously the opium habit takes hold of even our own country men and women in the enervating climate, that it is not absent in the very heart of the Christian mission life. The author's opinions as to what the missionary is doing, and how useless is a great part of his efforts, are expressed with characteristic frankness.

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ONE of the latest aviation pupils is Major C. O. Smeaton, R.A., a soldier of wide experience gained in many climes and a direct descendant of the famous lighthouse maker.

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ACCORDING to present arrangements, the officer of the Air Battalion, who will go to Salisbury Plain to take over the four "Bristol" biplanes recently ordered for the Government, will have as instructors in

flying Mr Grahame Gilmour, one of the aviators who observed the boatrace from above, M Jullerot, just returned from an aviation tour in India, and, occasionally M Tabuteau The flight school at Amesbury is rapidly being enlarged

"HOCKEY—Aviators v Rink Staff" was billed at the rink at Salisbury the other day, and it is, I believe the first occasion upon which aviators have made up a team in any game The team consisted of instructors and pupils from the flight school near Amesbury The one Frenchman in it was M Jullerot The aviators scored one goal to their opponents' three M Tabuteau the hero of the trans-Pyreneean flight, has also been rinking and he is a keen hockey player

LORD TENDERDEN the originator of the project for making the Crystal Palace into a worthy memorial to King Edward VII and incidentally, after the Festival of Empire, to make it available as an aviation centre is chairman of a company now in process of being largely extended for the purpose of acquiring the large and excellent flying ground at Woodham Ferris, in Essex, a number of valuable aeroplane and motor car patents and a new type of military dirigible balloon known as the De Bazza

APROPOS of the recent remarks about refreshments at the House of Commons they tell of one member who reaching home well lubricated in the small hours found that his wife knew from the disappearance of the clock tower light, that the House had been up since eleven "What time is it now?" she called "Not quite twelve" he answered But unfortunately, just then the dining room timepiece sounded four strokes "Why," said the wife, "it's four o'clock." The member drew himself up in his best platform pose "Surely" he said, "you are not going to take the word of a nickel-plated clock against that of the Member for Mid Mudford?"

"A CAREFUL attempt to write a new Book of Genesis for the Bible of the Evolutionists" is Mr Bernard Shaw's description of the third act of *Man and Superman* and as "Bibles must be cheap," he has consented to the issue of the play in Constable's sixpenny series

I AM asked to publish the following communication made to our Field Sports and Game Club by the Vienna Hunting Club

"The fact that robberies and the export of wild eggs from year to year increases in such startling manner induces us to inform you that more than ninety per cent of the wild eggs exported from Austria Hungary to England—that is to say the eggs of partridges, pheasants and wild birds generally are stolen from the owners for poaching right. About 100,000 partridges eggs are exported from our country to England annually, which means a heavy injury to our sporting preserves and is lying upon the sense of loyalty and honour in all renowned English sportsmen we earnestly beg of you to bring this communication to the notice of the members of your highly esteemed Society

With the best of greetings to fellow sportsmen"

THE ex-Surrey cricketer, who went out to Australia, Mr J N. Crawford is getting restless already He announces that he will throw up his billet as a master at St Peter's College Adelaide, at the end of





Doctor "Why on earth didn't you send for me before?"
Patient's Wife: "Well, sir, we thought as we'd wait a few days and give 'im a chance to recover!"

the present term, and may probably go "on the land" His breach with Surrey is understood, however, to be quite healed now, so pretty well anything may happen

If you go to Epsom to-day, you might do far worse than invest a trifle each way on Demosthenes for the City This horse is considerably fancied by Leach, has been well tried, and has already shown a strong partiality for the Epsom course The 'horses for courses' theory works out better here than on any other course in England

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ABATTIS ran far better than the returns suggest in the Babraham Plate at Newmarket and will win a race or two over any distance from a mile to a mile and a half within the next few weeks This useful four year old recently answered a big question at home

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THE crusade against barmaids has been forgotten but may be resurrected at any time I therefore put on record the view of Clayton Hamilton, a famous New York man of letters who has recently been among us, as follows "Drinks in all the theatres, as indeed in practically every bar in England are served by girls instead of men. There is about these barmaids an air of hospitable homeliness—in the correct historic sense of that most beautiful of words—that raises the entire tone of public drinking in England"

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AT a recent dinner the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses Among the examples cited was that of a well known poet, who was wont to rouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim 'Mary get up I've thought of a good word!'" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the word The company listened to the story with admiration but a merry eyed American girl remarked "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, Alpheus, get up yourself, I've thought of a bad word!'"

THE LOOKER ON

FASHION'S TYRANNY.

TO DAY

I WILL *not* wear a harem skirt!
I *never* will, upon my word!
No argument can ever convert
Me to a fashion so absurd!

NEXT WEEK

I saw a harem skirt to day,
That really had a deal of grace,
I wonder if it's come to stay
I *might* try one— if *that's* the case.

WEEK AFTER NEXT.

A harem skirt I've bought at last
Of latest cut—It's just *too* sweet!
It caused some comment as I passed
Along a fashionable street!

THE WEEK AFTER THAT

Now, *all* my gowns have harem skirts.
I think I have a dozen pair!
And scornfully my mind reverts
To those old frocks we used to wear!

CAROLYN WELLS

The "Alabone Treatment" of Consumption and Asthma.

Further Evidence of its Success

THE extraordinary success which has followed the adoption of Dr Edwin W Alabone's specific inhalation in the treatment of consumption and kindred complaints (known as the 'Alabone Treatment' for consumption and asthma) stands out in bold contrast to the pitiable failure of sanatoria and it may be confidently stated that public favour, which at one time inclined towards the theory of the sanatoria has now turned from those institutions to Dr Alabone's treatment the remedial value of which has over and over again been proved beyond all possible doubt The public in favouring his system of treatment do so for the best of reasons—viz, they recognise that it affords patients the surest chance of recovery

Anyone who may be interested in the important question of fighting tuberculosis (and how few are not!) should obtain and carefully read a copy of Dr Alabone's treatise on diseases of the chest entitled "The Cure of Consumption Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh" Its popularity may be judged from the fact that it has now reached its 47th edition

Attention has been already drawn to the importance of the fact that there are now a large number of medical gentlemen practising in different parts who always resort to the Alabone system of cure where consumptive patients are concerned Many medical practitioners have themselves been cured by this very treatment after all other treatments had been unsuccessfully tried including the so called open air cure It must be admitted by all unbiassed persons that this fact alone constitutes irrefutable evidence as to the invaluable nature of the treatment it is desired to point out and (as many of the public are aware) has been the means of rescuing from a premature grave many hundred of men women and children afflicted with tuberculosis

Below are given extracts from letters of physicians which should be carefully perused by all those in any way concerned in the great fight which is being waged against consumption

L R C P L R C S who has adopted Dr Edwin W Alabone's method of treatment writes

"A patient of mine I placed under this treatment has rapidly improved and is now quite well again His case was hopeless I never before saw one at this stage recover Certainly Dr Alabone's remedies have opened up new views of treatment to me"

J. Dawson M D L R C S, L M expresses his opinion as follows

"I was very glad to see that notice has at length been taken of Dr Alabone's treatment of phthisis and tubercular disease From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced incurable by well known consultants I can bear testimony to the total disappearance of the disease"

Dr F C——, L R C P L R C S

"Personally I am so impressed with the value of his treatment that if I were pronounced phthisical to-morrow I would at once adopt it and with full faith as to the result"

There is no contradicting the fact that Dr Alabone's discoveries are of inestimable value and it is not now correct to say consumption is incurable The disease can be—and is being—cured by the 'Alabone' treatment

In conclusion, all persons interested in the question of stamping out consumption whether personally or relatively should procure and read copies of Dr Alabone's well known work on that disease *The Cure of Consumption Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh by Edwin W Alabone, M D Phil, D Sc ex M R C S Eng, Lynton House Highbury Quadrant, London, N Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced* INCURABLE *by the most eminent physicians 47th edition 168th thousand Price 2s 6d, post free.*

ASTONISHING LIBEL CASE.

Well-known Artist Sued in Respect of a Caricature.



Editorial affirmation: This is NOT the learned gentleman who drew the statement of claim; but merely artistic detail intended to give decorative effect to an otherwise bald and unillustrated page.

THE stretching of the libel laws proceeds apace. The latest case is one affecting the very existence of the caricaturist; and, although this action has been settled out of court, it is of such concern and importance to all black-and-white artists, and to journals and magazines publishing their work, that we do not hesitate to chronicle it for the future guidance and instruction of Fleet Street in particular, and for the information of the world in general.

One of the popular humorous artists of the day is Mr. Starr Wood, with whose drawings readers of LONDON OPINION will be familiar. Mr. Starr Wood sometimes signs himself "The Snark," and last December he and Mr. Harry L. Angold got out "The Snark's Winter Annual," one of those shilling-worths of literary and artistic humour towards which the public always show a strong inclination a publication intended to amuse all, and to hurt no living soul.

One of Mr. Starr Wood's pictures in this annual was that of a "weightress," as he punningly called it, namely, a very buxom, black-aproned 18-stone waitress. The punning habit, like other bad habits, is not always kept well controlled, and the artist went on to make his verbal crime worse by calling this picture of the "weightress" of width and breadth "A Study in Broad-street."

As events proved, there happened to be a Broad Street, and there also happened to be a restaurant employee in Broad Street who felt that this picture was a caricature of her. This was Miss Rose Dolan, in the Employment of W. Hill & Sons, at their restaurant, No. 28 New Broad Street, E.C.

There were three courses open to Miss Dolan. She might have been pleased, cross, or indifferent about this pictorial pun. Many people who are caricatured are undoubtedly quite agreeable to the process. When Mr. Max Beerbohm, with his pen or brush, ridicules the eminent in literature, art, and politics, they go to the galleries to see his caricatures, and sometimes buy them for the adornment of their own walls.

When Mr. E. T. Reed makes pre-historic grotesques of people in Parliament, the misguided people thus treated often feel flattered, and regard the artist with urbanity, not to say friendliness. And even his Majesty's judges view with tolerance the famous cartoons published about them in *Vanity Fair* and elsewhere. Lord Halsbury has been presented as an absurd little figure with a gargoyle countenance and little dangling marionette legs; and the Master of the Rolls has been done in a way making appropriate the underline affixed: "Fair, but Not Beautiful."

In a word, to be caricatured has been hitherto regarded as somewhat of a compliment, something of a recognition of the victim's eminence in his or her particular line or calling. A politician soon evolves into a statesman, when he becomes a favourite study of the caricaturist.

Miss Dolan, then, might have felt pleased and complimented by the fame thus brought to her by this drawing of a waitress, which she regarded as intended to depict her.

Thousands would have been delighted, for, although the drawing made the comfortableness of the proportions of the figure undoubtedly excessive, yet it left the "weightress" looking comely, amiable, and pleasing—still fair, if fat and forty. But Miss Dolan didn't feel pleased. She felt annoyed; and went off to consult solicitors—Messrs. Kimber, Bull, and Deacon, 6 Old Jewry, E.C.

Naturally, this firm did their best for their client. They quite spoilt "The Snark's" breakfast one morning by sending him a letter, pointing out that he had seriously libelled the lady; and asking him, with the inquisitiveness solicitors always display upon such occasions, what he was going to do about it.

Mr. Starr Wood promptly assured them that the drawing represented nobody in particular, and was imaginary except for the face, for which a lady had sat —a lady who certainly was not Miss Dolan, and who was prepared to come forward and give evidence of thus sitting. He did not know whether his sketch resembled Miss Dolan, but if it did he tendered sincere regrets.

Much correspondence ensued between Miss Dolan's solicitors, and Messrs. C. O. Humphreys and Son, Giltspur Chambers, 52 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., to whom Mr. Starr Wood went in his quandary; and in the middle of February last a writ was issued against Messrs. Starr Wood and Harry Angold, and they were presented with a statement of claim.

We have already credited Messrs. Kimber, Bull, and Deacon with doing their best for Miss Dolan; but that would be quite inadequate terminology to describe the brilliancy of imagination, the fertility of resource, and the mastery of advocacy which the learned gentleman who drew the statement of claim threw into his job.

"The picture and words," he said,

> "meant, and were understood to mean, that the plaintiff was accurately portrayed in the said picture, and was a clumsy, low, and vulgar person of gross, ridiculous, and offensive demeanour, and of fast and immodest disposition, and unfit to be a waitress and a proper person to be ranked with the type portrayed in the said publication, and deserving to be held up to public ridicule and contempt.
>
> "By reason of the premises the plaintiff has suffered much loss and damage, and become the subject of much ridicule and annoyance, and has been brought into public odium, ridicule, and contempt."

Whether or not Miss Dolan knew how badly she had been treated until she read this burning summary of her wrongs we know not; but certainly Messrs. Angold and Wood were impressed by this presentation of their hitherto unsuspected enormities. They must have been advised to resist this claim; but resistance, even if successful in the matter of the jury's verdict, might be costly. While Miss Dolan might be good for the £200 or £300 costs of the action should she lose it, yet, on the other hand, one in her position might not be able to find such a sum, and the defendants might, even if they won the action, be put to great loss. So they decided to settle the matter straightway. They handed over the drawing of the "weightress," and paid £25 in full liquidation of Miss Dolan's damages and her solicitors' costs, possibly congratulating themselves on the moderation of those who saw in the drawing such terrible inuendoes of lowness, vulgarity, fastness, immodesty, and offensiveness of demeanour.

We do not know, of course, whether Miss Dolan's solicitors will advise her that this report in LONDON OPINION of a case settled out of court is another libel upon her. If so, we can promise that no statement of claim, however ingenious, will intimidate LONDON OPINION from submitting the matter to a jury; for we feel that the machinery of the law has been used in a manner justifying the public chronicling of the incident, and that if journalists are going to take, lying down, all the claims made against journals, which claims are growing more and more abnormal every week, the time will come when the only safe newspaper to issue will be one of blank sheets—the inkless journal.



Photo] [Hana[illegible] Boole[illegible]

This is a photograph showing the beautiful physical development of MR. EUGEN SANDOW, who has done more than any other man to encourage others to emulate his example in securing perfect health and strength.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

In which Young, Middle-aged, and Old Have an Equal Chance.

A PAIR OF SANDOW'S SPRING-GRIP DUMB-BELLS

TO BE SENT FOR **FREE TRIAL** AND CARRIAGE PAID

at once to every reader of *London Opinion* who desires to enter this simple competition

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What does Laurence Irving mean by saying in the "Fortnightly" that there is no public for serious drama? It would be interesting to hear from him of a few good plays of the serious order which have gone down badly for want of financial nourishment. Most of the time when people deplore the lack of enthusiasm for the "serious" drama they are chiding the great bulk of theatre-goers for refusing to patronise plays that are either depressing or merely dull. If the piece is one of interest the public will go to see it; in proof of which take *The Lily*, which is serious enough in all conscience. As I ever rejoice to reflect, the day, or the night, of the merely morbid and unpleasant play is over and done with, let us fervently hope for ever.

• • •

Cyril Keightley, who has just returned to London after a long visit to America with *The Little Damozel*, tells me that he has been engaged by the Lieblers for next year. He will probably be in the States quite a while.

• • •

In *Kismet*, due for production to-night at the Garrick, Mr. Asche has to kill two people, one of whom he holds under the water of the harem fountain. This part is played by Mr. Herbert Grimwood, who has his doubts whether Mr. Asche, in the excitement of the scene, will not drown him too realistically and effectually. The maidens disporting themselves in the harem baths are said to make a daring scene.

• • •

A little liberty is to be taken with Sheridan at the gala performance at His Majesty's. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, playing the beefeater in *The Critic*, reveals himself at the conclusion as Henry VIII. Arthur *must* give that beard of his one more exhibition.

• • •

I am asked to remind admirers of Sir Charles Santley that he will on 23rd May be tendered a complimentary *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre, upon which occasion all the Top-Holers, King Nuts, and Stars of the theatrical, musical, and variety professions will positively appear. The veteran singer himself will be heard as Tom Tug in Dibdin's old-time musical playlet, *The Waterman*. There should be a bumper house.

• • •

When Ethel Irving sets out for Australia to fulfil her engagement with Clarke and Meynell in the cities of the Commonwealth, she will, I am told, take as her manager G. E. Minor, who was for so long the popular business manager at Daly's.

News reaches me from America that there is some probability of London playgoers being given an opportunity of seeing *Everywoman*, the modern Morality play with which Henry W. Savage has scored such a big success in New York. Some few weeks ago I mentioned that I had read the piece, which has been published in book form, and I then described it as symbolic musical comedy; for this I have been taken to task by several correspondents, who claim for *Everywoman* a higher place in drama than any musical play ever occupied.

• • •

Talking of cheerful plays, the next one-act piece in which Jimmy Welch will appear upon his return to the Coliseum is by Richard Carton, and has as its central figure a blind beggar, who, seated at a street "pitch," reads aloud passages from the Bible, by means of the Braile system. The very thought of it conjures up visions of sheer delight. Not?

• • •

In connection with the transference of *The Lily* to the Duke of York's, I observe that some changes have been made in the cast. These changes bring into the bill Henrietta Watson, who succeeds Geraldine Olliffe as the sweet-souled elder sister, and Eille Norwood as Arnaud. May *The Lily* continue to bloom, as it well deserves.

• • •

Mr. Keble Howard, the author of that amusing one-act play *Compromising Martha*, has just married Pearl Keats, the actress, who has been appearing in his new three act comedy, produced at Glasgow, *The Girl who could not Lie*. May they experience much *Love in a Cottage*, or in a Park Lane mansion, if they would rather.

• • •

You will all be glad to hear of Mr. Cyril Maude's revival of *Cousin Kate* at the Playhouse.

• • •

There is, I hear, some talk of Sir John Hare's re-appearance on the West-end stage next autumn. Really I thought the eminent actor had decided to retire, but, then, the published statements concerning his plans have been so conflicting that doubtless I was wrong. Anyhow, if he does decide to keep going, I hope he will find a play worthy of his exceptional gifts.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Kismet."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The Sport of Oak. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

THERE is all the delight of the chase about it—you never know what you may not find and "kill." For old oak furniture is not yet so marked down and defined, in numberless books of illustrated erudition, as is old walnut and mahogany. Now that Queen Anne, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton things are so difficult to acquire cheaply, "Jacobean" is looking up. And Jacobean furniture is almost all of it oaken, while Tudor furniture is "even more so," as a dealer informed me once.

But the sport of oak-hunting has its risks I say nothing of the labours of that "professional worm-holer" who is said to have recorded his avocation in a recent census; you will avoid worm-eaten furniture, of course. The real risks arise with modern *contrefaçons* made out of sound old wood. I need not warn against the black-oak dining-room and hall *suites* made for Tottenham Court Road smallish shops, in a travesty of Jacobean, about thirty years ago, in such quantities; the merest chip with a knife will reveal the soft white wood underneath the stain. The time-honoured hue of "old oak" is deep honey-brown, not inky-sable, and, besides, you will look for the characteristic, unmistakable grain of oak wood, no matter what colour the surface may show. No, the really deceitful pieces are those "made-up."

Concocted.

A "Cromwellian sideboard" was offered me the other day. There were buffets, but no sideboards worth mentioning, in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, but that does not matter. About half this glorified buffet was genuinely antique—indeed, much older than Cromwellian, for that half consisted in six fine carved panels, Gothic and fifteenth century. There were also two twisted pillars of Renaissance style and date. Now all this fine, antique genuine stuff had been fitted into a carcase lately made-up out of an old pew, and the Gothic panels *swore*, as the French say, at the rest.

Yet the price was cheap at £18; the Gothic doors of the hutch or cupboard, with their contemporary metal hinges, lock-holders, and escutcheons, and the fine carven-pillars were worth the money themselves. To fit into an oak room wainscoting—the panels—and the pillars to support a mantelshelf, I mean. Such use of them is a praiseworthy case of making-up. But as a "Cromwellian sideboard" the effect was meretricious, to say the least, it flagrantly bore the mark of the maker-up.

Known by the Tools.

Now, the mark of the unskilful maker-up is the mark of the plane. I do not say that the saw and the plane had nothing to do with fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth century oak furniture, but the older it is or is professed to be, the more you will expect to see the mark of the chisel that laboriously and imperfectly smoothed the plain surfaces, and even the mark of the axe that hewed into the plank or log. This chiselling, instead of planing, is a test of age in the panels on which pictures were painted, by the bye; old Dutch and Flemish pictures were painted on panels of fairly thin oak. But, also, in regard to furniture, expect to see rabbeting, dove-tailing, pinning, and pegging rather than nailing; and be extremely suspicious of glueing unless the bit of furniture has obviously been repaired

And when you examine the carving, look for the mark of the gouge, particularly in the under-sunk decoration of old dower-chests and chair-backs. By whatever tool the carving was done, however, if its surface be smooth the suavity felt by the finger will not be due to sand-paper; it will have come from endless dustings, polishings, and elbow-greasings, continued through hundreds



"Do you know the woman in the flat next to yours well enough to speak to?"
"Well enough? I know her too well to speak to!"

of years. Even if in these respects the front of a panel seems satisfactory to you, you will not fail to look at its back, for fear you may there discover the mark of the plane. And expect to find on every raised or angular part of surface the veritable, and not feigned, signs of wear and tear.

Eighteenth-Century Oak.

So far, I have dealt with Jacobean and Tudor oak, but you will come across Georgian oak that is worth picking up. You will find chests of drawers, boxes, clock-cases, and other plane-surfaced articles, usually adorned by a band of mahogany inlay And you should not despise a set—six ordinary and two 'carvers,' as they are called—of Chippendale-design oak chairs Once I bought (for 8s. 6d, seatless) an oaken chair that was "Sheraton vase back," indeed

• • •

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry

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Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address

R D (Finchley)—Your volume is worth about 7s 6d Messrs Maggs Brothers 109 Strand, might purchase

F E C (Bristol) Your sets of prints by Alken if genuine are worth the larger set £10 to £12 the smaller set £6 to £8 There have been reprints of both sets

LANCER (Durham Your violin is a copy, worth from 15s to 25s

J A K (Basingstoke) Your small silver coin is of nominal value only

W S (Ipswich) From description your pictures appear to be Chinese water colours on rice They are of very small value, and there is very little demand for them Some of the smaller antique dealers have a small sale for them Should advise you to offer them to a local dealer

W G S (Wivenloe) Your engraving Meleager and Atalante is worth 15s to £1 Proofs of the same subjects are worth £3 to £3 10s

L O C (Dublin) Your engraving Cottager Returned from Market by Ward if genuine is worth £15 to £20 Cannot say if your dishes are silver or pewter from description, send rubbing of the marks Mahogany banner screen with needlework panel worth 35s to £2 Cannot find any record of the maker of your clock cannot value unless photograph is sent Engravings and volumes described are of nominal value only

D M C (Stoke Newington)—The artist mentioned is of very small repute, and the water colour is worth 30s to 35s

(CROWN DERBY Balham)—The value of your tea set would vary according to the decoration Unless a photograph and full description or one piece was sent for inspection, could not advise definitely Crown Derby sets realise from £15 to £60

J C (Belfast)—Your edition of "The Tours of Dr Syntax" 1823 (three volumes) is worth £5 to £6 in condition stated This edition is of much less value than the first

W M (Reading)—Your small bureau is worth £5 to £6 It is in the Chippendale style, but quite an ordinary piece

C B (Brentford)—The cabinet is of French make, but of a style not now in demand except at very low prices They usually realise at auction from £3 to £5

J A S (York) The painting is not of any particular style and of very little merit It is the work of an unknown artist and worth a few shillings only



A DEFECT.

A CERTAIN sceptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect

"Have you not yourself," he asked "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?"

To his delight there was the frank reply, "Why, yes, I really think I have."

"In what respect?"

"Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight, I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done, but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears."

Free conversation ceased at about that point.

EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

V.—THE INCIDENT OF THE ACTRESS'S JEWELS.

MISS WHITE was coiled snugly in a huge armchair before the fire in her delightful flat. She was deeply interested in a novel, though this did not prevent her from dipping absently, at intervals, into the box of chocolates on her lap.

Mrs. Bascombe, her chaperon, had retired to rest some while before. A clock on the mantelshelf pointed the time as being ten minutes past midnight, but the fire was glowing cheerily, the novel was engrossing, and so Miss White read on, comfortably enough.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the imperious tinkle of the telephone bell. Miss White put down the book and, going over to the writing table, took up the receiver.

"Hullo! . . . Yes, this is 3031. Who are you? . . . Yes, Miss White is speaking. . . . Is it important? . . . Very well. I'll wait up for you. Be as quick as you can."

She came away from the telephone and pressed an electric bell-push. In reply, there entered the eye-weary Mr. Bercer, her butler and general factotum.

"Oh, Bercer, I'm expecting callers in a few minutes."

"Yes, miss." It was Bercer's pride never to show surprise at anything Miss White said. But his eye roved involuntarily to the clock.

"On business, Bercer," she explained. "A lady and a gentleman."

He withdrew. Miss White passed an admonishing hand over her hair, and sat down again, rather more demurely, with her book.

In less than a quarter of an hour, a motor-car slurred to a standstill outside, and presently Bercer ushered in Miss White's callers.

"Miss White," said the gentleman and bowed. "I think I ought to tell you at once that I have an idea we shall only be wasting your time."

He shot an irritated glance at his companion.

"Look here, Roddy," said the lady, tearfully, "it's no good your going on like that. I tell you they *have* been stolen!"

"Miss White," said the gentleman impatiently, "you know something of the world. What do people think at once when an actress announces that she has had her jewellery stolen? Why, that she's simply trying to get a cheap advertisement."

"Your friend has lost her jewellery?" suggested Miss White.

"She *says* so. I may say at once that I'm very annoyed over the affair. It's such a stale old trick to play. Moreover, as I'm engaged to Miss Millerby, I naturally resent the idea of her being held up to ridicule. She wanted to call in the police and the Press and all the rest of 'em, the moment she discovered—er—that she had been robbed."

"Of course I did," said the lady.

"Of course you did," he agreed cynically. "I, on the other hand, advised her to find her jewels again, and think of something more novel next time. Finally, we agreed to come to you. Miss Millerby has heard of you through friends."

"Suppose you sit down and tell me all about it?" suggested Miss White.

She glanced critically at her visitors. The lady was a plump, fair little creature with a complexion which owed everything to art and nothing to nature. Her companion was a man some thirty years of age. Both were in evening dress.

"Miss Millerby will give you all the details," he said. "She's longing to give the details to someone. And when you've heard them, I'm sure you'll agree with me that they're—well, hardly good enough."

"Who knows of the affair?" asked Miss White.

"Curtis, our manager, and Mrs. Mason, my dresser," said Miss Millerby. "They've promised to keep it secret."

"I may add that Miss Millerby wanted to stop at the *Daily Herald* office on our way here," said the man. "I had some difficulty in dissuading her."

"Well, if you can do yourself a bit of good, why not?" demanded Miss Millerby. "The *Herald* has been very kind to me in its 'Stage Gossip.' Well, now you want details, my dear. Well, Roddy and me——"

"I'm Roddy," said the gentleman, tolerantly. "Otherwise Rodney—Rodney Nayesforth."

"The *Honourable* Rodney Nayesforth," amended the lady with a suggestion of proud ownership in her voice. "I'm Rose Millerby. I'm at the Imperial Theatre, you know, in the *Aeroplane Girl*. Yes, well, Roddy and me had arranged to go on to a ball after the show to-night. So as it was easiest for me to dress for it at the theatre, I took my jewels down there with me, in a case."

"You put them in the case yourself?"

"Yes, myself. About half-past nine, Roddy called for me in his motor to take me down to the theatre. I'm not 'on' till the last act, you know. When we got to the theatre, I went and put the jewel case on my dressing-table, and there it stopped, locked, till the close of the show. Then, when I was dressed for the ball, and opened the case, lo and behold! there were only bits of coal in it."

"Some of them, mark you," said Nayesforth, significantly, "wrapped in portions of the *Era*. Miss Millerby is a devoted student of the *Era*."

"And what was the lock like?" asked Miss White.

"Oh! the ordinary sort of lock. Yes, it was still locked," said the actress.

"I may say that I purchased the jewel case as a present for Miss Millerby," put in Nayesforth. "It had a very good lock. There were two keys given with it."

"Yes, I had the key in my pocket all the evening—I put it in the pocket of my stage dress, as well. The other key is in my desk at home."

"Did anyone know you were bringing jewellery down to the theatre to-night?"

"No one. We only made up our minds to go to the ball quite sudden this afternoon."

"And have you a dressing-room to yourself?"

"No. I share one with Miss Brayle. She's only 'on' in the first act, though—so she was gone when I got there."

"She didn't perhaps come back, unknown to you, while you were on the stage?"

"Not that I know of. Mrs. Mason, my dresser, would have mentioned it, if she had. Besides, I trust Maisie anywhere—so far as property is concerned, any day."

"What time did you miss the jewellery?"

"About ten to twelve, I should say. I'd got into my ball-dress, and then I opened the jewel case. Roddy had just sent word from the stage-door that he was waiting for me. He'd come back in his motor to take me to the ball, but, of course, we didn't go, after that."

"Now, about your dresser," queried Miss White. "Would she be in your room all the evening?"

"Yes, she would."

"And for how long were you on the stage?"

"About ten minutes the first time, then up till the curtain—say a quarter of an hour. Twenty-five minutes altogether."

"And during that time your dresser would be alone in your room? She would guess that there were jewels in the case?"

"I—I suppose she would."

"I see," said Miss White thoughtfully. "Then, briefly, this is the position. You packed your jewels yourself, and took them down with you in a motor-car to the theatre. There you left the case, securely locked, on the dressing-table. You were absent from the dressing-room for twenty-five minutes altogether. Then, later on, you discovered the jewels were gone.



PERVERTED PROVERBS
"Too many 'Cooks' spoil the tour."

replaced by pieces of coal. The lock of the case is intact, and your dresser was in the room the whole time."

"Exactly," broke in Nayesforth. "And Mrs. Mason has an admirable character, and has been at the theatre for eleven years. So you see the story is rather thin for a jewel robbery, isn't it? I've advised Miss Millerby to say it was all a joke. If she's going to be robbed, it's better for her purpose to be robbed in a more spectacular way. The papers are bound to fight shy of this story. If they publish anything at all, they'll only say 'Miss Millerby, of the Imperial Theatre, informs us that her jewels have been stolen.' And then there'll be the smile-dubious at the antiquity of the advertisement. And I'm not going to have people grinning at me, because my *fiancée* has done a silly thing. Don't you think, Miss White, that the papers might well be sceptical?"

"I defy anyone to prove that I planned the affair!" said Miss Millerby excitedly. "It's bad enough to lose your jewels."

"By the way," asked Miss White, "they were valuable, I suppose?"

"More than a thousand pounds worth," she replied. "Lots of them were presents from Roddy, too."

"And have you the jewel case with you?"

"No. I left it, just as it was, in the dressing room. The dressing room is locked, and our manager's keeping the key till we've had the room thoroughly examined."

"Very wise of you. Well, now, Miss Millerby, I think I have all the details to go on with. Your manager will let me ... the room, if I call to-morrow, I suppose?"

"He'll be at the theatre any time after ten to-morrow morning."

"Very well, then. I shall go there quite early to-morrow. And, if you'll leave me your private address, I'll let you know how I get on. You'll excuse me now, won't you? Good-night!"

"Good-night, dear," said Miss Millerby, and added tentatively, "I wonder if all the newspapers have gone to press yet? Oh, very well, Miss White, if you'd rather I didn't. Good-night again, dear. Thanks awfully for the trouble you're taking."

Punctually at ten next morning Miss White arrived at the stage-door of the Imperial Theatre and, after a little parleying, was admitted into Miss Millerby's dressing-room.

Miss White cast a glance at the fireplace, then she examined the curtains which ran along one side of the room as a cover to the dresses beneath.

"Acquittal number one," she said to herself.

She picked up the jewel case from the table and carrying it beneath the window examined it closely.

"Acquittal number two," she said.

Taking the jewel case with her, she left the theatre. A swift taxi-cab carried her to Miss Millerby's private address.

Miss Millerby had not risen yet, but she soon came hurrying into the room in a dressing-gown, and produced the key which Miss White wanted.

Miss White left soon after and returned to her own flat. Here she remained for some while in deep thought. At last she wrote a name on a piece of paper and, summoning Bercer, handed it to him.

"The usual inquiries, Bercer."

"Yes, miss."

Presently, Miss White, the jewel case beneath her arm, left the mansion and proceeded to pay a visit to a shop in Regent Street. Finally, she went into a post office and sent this telegram:

"News. Come at once. White."

Miss White returned to her flat, examined the results of Bercer's inquiries, and awaited the advent of the actress. Within half an hour, Miss Millerby, a little flustered and excited, arrived at the house. She was escorted by Mr. Nayesforth.

"Have you found my jewels?" she asked quickly.

"No, I have not. But I think you could find them."

Nayesforth flashed an amused glance at the actress.

"Obviously Miss White has come to the same conclusion as I did," he observed.

"Not at all," replied the girl. "I don't think this is a 'faked' case at all. On the contrary, I fancy I could lay hands on the thief."

"Not Mrs. Mason, my dresser?" asked Miss Millerby.

"We can dismiss Mrs. Mason as guiltless," said Miss White. "Mrs. Mason is hardly the sort of person to pick an intricate lock in twenty-five minutes. Moreover, even if she were, the lock would suffer in the attempt. Look at the lock of this case. You'll find there's hardly a scratch round the keyhole. Again, we may dismiss Miss Brayle. Your dresser, knowing that she herself would be under suspicion would at once have mentioned it if Miss Brayle had come back into the room. And your curtains covering your dresses hang so high that they offer no concealment. Besides, there is the coal which was found in your jewel case. Why was that put there?"

"To make the weight right, I suppose."

"Quite so. Well, why should a thief trouble to make the weight right, knowing that you would discover the theft as soon as you opened the case?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I'll tell you presently. Now, suppose the robbery was unpremeditated. The thief had twenty-five minutes to open the case and procure the coal. Now, your dressing-room fire is a gas fire. And the manager tells me there is no coal burnt in the theatre. That coal must have been procured beforehand, therefore—and that shows the robbery was premeditated."

"Someone knew I was going to the ball with my jewels, and had everything ready to steal them from my dressing-room?" said Miss Millerby.

"Wait a minute," begged Miss White. "This is, as I have said, a process of elimination. Only you and Mr. Nayesforth knew that the jewels would be in the dressing room. And Mr. Nayesforth never went into the dressing-room."

"You mean," cried Miss Millerby, "that *I* stole them? Stole my own jewels from my own dressing-room?"

"For the purpose of advertisement," said Nayesforth. "Just as I expected."

"No, what I mean is that you never took those jewels



EVOLUTION

into your dressing-room at all—or even into the theatre."

"There!" observed Mr. Nayesforth triumphantly

"You *thought* you did," admitted Miss White. "As a matter of fact, you carried in a jewel case full of small coal."

"But I packed the jewels myself!"

"And put them in the motor-car yourself. Can you remember what happened at the stage door?"

"Yes, I got out. Then Roddy handed me the case, and drove off, saying he'd come back at a quarter to twelve."

"He handed you a case, but not your case, I think."

There was a long silence.

"Oh, this is too absurd!" said Nayesforth.

"Is it?" asked Miss White. "Those jewels were worth a thousand pounds, you know And you're not so well off as when you first gave them to Miss Millerby. In fact, from inquiries I've had made, you're rather desperately pressed for ready money just now, aren't you? And as you didn't like to ask for them back, you arranged to take them."

"Guess-work, and bad guessing, too!" sneered Nayesforth.

"Not at all You see the jeweller's name is inside the case, and naturally I interviewed him He told me he'd sold you the two cases, both exactly alike. I wondered why you wanted a second case—until I came to think over the affair from your point of action. You filled your case with bits of coal- to give it the right weight, you know. You hid the case in your motor. Then, in the confusion of arriving at the stage door, you handed Miss Millerby *your* case, and kept the other containing the jewels. By the way, it was rather a clever move to pretend that Miss Millerby was trying to get an advertisement out of the affair The *Era*, too, was quite a happy thought. I should say you thought of this precious scheme about a week ago—that's when you bought the second case. Since then you've waited your chance, and it came last night"

"You—you can't prove anything," blustered Nayesforth.

"It depends whether Miss Millerby wants the affair taken any further."

"I want it to stop right here," said the actress bitterly.

Her face had been hardening perceptibly in the last few minutes. "Look here, Roddy, if you'd only told me you were hard up, I'd have fixed things for you — But to try a low-down trick on me."

"I think I should go now if I were you," Miss White said gravely to him

Without a word he took his departure

"Good riddance!" said the actress, bravely smiling through her tears. "Serves him right! Why wouldn't he let me be a pal?"

"Now we'll just have a cup of tea," said Miss White, "I'm as excited as you are, and we women must look after our nerves"

"You seem calm enough, my dear," said the actress. "Who'd ever think you were so clever—to look at you?"

• • •

*** Further Adventures of "Miss White of London" will be published in LONDON OPINION later on from time to time. Next week's story will be "Share and Share," by that popular author W. Pett Ridge; to be followed by "The Flower of Love," by H. de Vere Stacpoole.

A SCORE FOR THE PROFESSOR.

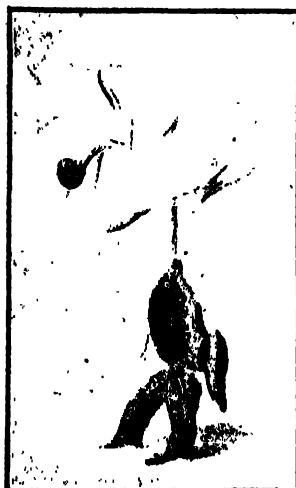
THE professor, concluding a history lecture, was indulging in one of those rhetorical climaxes in which he delighted, when the hour struck. The students began to slam down the movable arms of their lecture chairs and to prepare to leave.

The professor, annoyed at the interruption of his flow of eloquence, held up his hand:

"Wait just one minute, gentlemen. **I have a few more pearls to cast.**"

A GREAT PICTURE SHOW.

Max Beerbohm's Caricatures at the Leicester Galleries.



Lord Howard de Walden.

THE private view on Saturday next at the Leicester Galleries of Max Beerbohm's new caricatures will be one of the smartest and most joyous functions London has seen for many a long day; and, when the show opens to the public next week, the whole town will be set bubbling with laughter.

We reproduce on this page two or three of the drawings, but these, of course, give no idea of the feast of wit and humour which "Max" has brought back with him from his Italian retreat for the joy of London.

Everybody caricaturable in the political, literary, and social world has been caught with the artist's inimitable ingenuity of satire, and an attempt to jot down a few of the best things has resulted almost in a copy of the entire catalogue. Certainly you must look out for "Lord Rosebery, Beset by the Spectre of the End of All Things," in which Lord Rosebery, with startled expression, sees the spirit of Socialism gliding along. Other prominent pictures are, "At Last! Mr. Zangwill Leading the Way into Zion"; "Mr Arnold Bennett—Personally Conducted Tours from the Cradle, Through Bursley, to the Grave"; "Mr. H. G. Wells and His Patent Mechanical New Republic, with View of Presidential Palace in Background"; and "Pertness Rebuked," in which Lord Esher is saying to Britannia, "Never mind who I am, just do what I tell you."

Then there are infinities of quiet chuckling for us over "A Dream for Eugenists: The Cecil Brow, the Churchill Eye, the Campbell Hair, the Somerset Nose, and the Cavendish Under-lip;" and over "Mr. Balfour Turning Away Wrath," saying to the militant Tariff Reformer, "But, my dear sir, when, where have I said



THE SUCCESSION.

Mr. Churchill: "Come, suppose we toss for it, Davey!"

Mr. Lloyd George: "Ah, but, Winsie, would either of us as loser abide by the result?"



The Treasury Bench (when Mr. Haldane sat there).

anything that could be twisted to imply that I—er—don't like you immensely?"

With a single line for the face, a faithful presentment of Sir George Lewis has been produced. Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, a pink face with the eyes left white, gives a wonderful touch of the artist's brother with the pale blue gaze; and with the title "Inglese Italiano," Max shows himself, with a background of mountains and other local colour. Bernard Shaw addressing the Fabians finds his audience unshaven and unshorn as to the men, and glowering as to the women; and in one of the best of these satires, Sir Carl Meyer, with Shakespeare, awaits with no impatience the foundation of the National Memorial Theatre.

Mr. Clement Shorter, imploring Edward Fitzgerald not to be stand-offish, "as we literary men ought to stand shoulder to shoulder"; Lord Weardale, declaring "No! once for all, I am *not* Lord Rosebery"; and Mr. H. B. Irving saying to Mr. Winston Churchill, "Going to make a speech? Why not one of your father's?" must be the last to be mentioned, or we shall find we are reprinting the whole list.

STRIKING PRONOUNCEMENT

by a Great German Scientist.

"Drugs cannot cure Disease. Disease can be cured only by natural curative processes, replacing the lost substance, which is the vital essence energising the Life Cells."—Dr. RUDOLF MULLER.

Dr. Muller has written a book which should be in the hands of every sufferer from disease. It clearly explains how the [illegible] one essential element on which the life cells depend [illegible] health to such [illegible]

[illegible] of the Nervous or Circulatory System [illegible] been withholding the one essential element on which the Nerve Cells depend for sustenance and on which the Blood [illegible] Supply this all-important substance and [illegible] health will vanish.

IN THIS LIGHTNING AGE most people suffer from [illegible] Nervous or Blood Disorder [illegible] recognise the symptoms [illegible] neglect Nature's warnings until the [illegible] The answer fly to [illegible] have been goaded into [illegible] improvement only too surely to [illegible] further into the mire of Nervous Prostration [illegible] the fleeting effect of Drug [illegible] Stimulation has worn off as it surely will.

DRUGS AND TONICS ARE WORSE THAN USELESS in such cases. As well try **ROLL UP A HILL** as to try and rectify [illegible] by the futile policy of [illegible] or Stimulants.

BEWARE OF KOLA, COCA, AND OTHER DRUGS, THEY CANNOT FEED YOUR EXHAUSTED SYSTEM.

If you are suffering from

[illegible]	*Lassitude or Weakness,*
[illegible]	*[illegible]*
Exhaustion,	*Nervous Prostration,*
[illegible]	*Neuritis,*
[illegible]	*Paralysis,*
[illegible]	*Want of Concentration,*
[illegible]	*[illegible]*
[illegible]	*[illegible]*
[illegible]	*[illegible] Dizziness,*
[illegible]	*[illegible]*

Dr. RUDOLF MULLER.

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL PERMANENTLY BUILD UP AND STRENGTHEN THE IMPOVERISHED NERVE CELLS.

If you [illegible]

[illegible]	*[illegible]*
[illegible]	*Impoverished Blood,*
[illegible]	*Sluggish Liver,*
[illegible]	*Weak Kidneys,*
[illegible]	*Poor Circulation*

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL INCREASE THE IMPORTANT BLOOD CORPUSCLES, ENRICH THE BLOOD AND IMPROVE ITS CIRCULATION.

If you suffer from

Incipient Consumption,	*Wasting Tissues,*
[illegible]	*Premature Decline,*
[illegible]	*Premature [illegible]*

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL QUICKLY BUILD UP THE BODY TISSUES AND ERADICATE ALL TENDENCIES TO WASTING TISSUE AND ITS RESULTING EVILS.

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT is a preparation put up in tablet form of pleasant appearance, and agreeable taste and presents no difficulties whatever in taking. Simply place a tablet in the mouth and eat like a sweet. It is no secret remedy or "Cure All," but is the actual substance of which the Nerve Cells are mainly composed when in perfect health, and which substance is the chief element on which the Blood and Circulatory System depend for the enrichment and healthy multiplication of the all-important white Corpuscles. Let this essential element be supplied in insufficient quantities and the Nerve Cells become **STARVED**, the Blood becomes **IMPOVERISHED**. Most diseases originate and slight troubles become [illegible] this all-important substance is withheld or supplied to your Blood and Nervous System in insufficient quantities.

THERE IS NO WASTE. Every Tablet of Dr. Muller's Nutrient taken into the system is at once absorbed by the Blood and Nerve Cells. It is exactly what they have been crying for and just as a house is built, brick by brick, so is the nutritive substance eagerly absorbed and good effect is piled on good effect until a state of **PERFECT AND PERMANENT HEALTH**, both of the Circulatory and Nervous System is [illegible].

No "AFTER" EFFECTS. Dr. Muller's Nutrient [illegible] the Blood and Nerve Cells [illegible] no injurious after effects [illegible] be taken for the benefit of the [illegible] the system will not [illegible] than it [illegible] and the [illegible] after effect of Drugs or Stimulating Tonics [illegible] impossible.

HOW WE PROVE OUR FAITH.

Any member of the Medical Profession in Active Practice sending his card will be supplied, post free, with a large box of Dr. Muller's Nutrient together with the complete formula. He very fact of the offer being made proves [illegible] that Dr. Muller's Nutrient [illegible] Blood and Nerves.

DISTRIBUTION OF 1,000 2/9 BOXES FREE.

Dr. Muller has decided that this wonderful new preparation should be offered at a price which would bring it within the reach of sufferers of all classes, and in order to give every person in need of the remedy an opportunity of testing its marvellous health-bringing powers without the risk of expense, any applicant mentioning this paper will have the privilege of obtaining a full 2s 9d box of Dr. Muller's Nutrient Free of Charge. Applications must be accompanied by sixpenny postal order to help defray the actual cost of packing and forwarding and other out of pocket expenses of this generous offer.

ADDRESS your application enclosing sixpenny postal order, or 12 halfpenny stamps, to 41, Dr. Muller's Laboratories, 61 New Oxford Street London.

Mackenzie's

The better the cigarette, the shorter is the fag end that you throw away and fastidious smokers throw away about one third of every indifferent cigarette smokers of

MACKENZIE'S Extra Special

Straight Cut Cigarettes

smoke with enjoyment to the last half inch, and they are therefore the cheapest that you can afford to buy.

10 for 4½d. 20 for 9d.

Mackenzie & Co, Manufacturers, Glasgow.

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Telegrams: 'KIMPTONISM, LONDON.'

71 STRAND, W.C.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.

We have had our Easter Recess but what a Recess! In effect it has been merely a week end which we should have had in any event Easter or no Easter.

[illegible] we live in strenuous times [illegible] take our holidays [illegible] What a change however, from the [illegible] when the Recess we counted by weeks and when Parliament insisted on a minimum holiday of six months in the year!

The Kangaroo

Just before we adjourned [illegible] began to jump—that is [illegible] the Government [illegible] Kangaroo Closure at work on the Veto Bill. The method derives its name from the fact that [illegible] the Chairman of Committees with discretion to [illegible] discussion the amendments which he thinks important and the House jumps the intervening [illegible] If we must have closure [illegible] for it secures the consideration of [illegible] but its birth was a mere accident [illegible] devoid of [illegible] of Parliamentary [illegible] The Prime Minister moved the closure on [illegible] and Mr Ginnott said he would [illegible] with the reservation that members should [illegible] to one amendment which he regarded [illegible] The [illegible] were [illegible] and the [illegible] but neither side [illegible] incident [illegible] which might have [illegible] consequence

The Kangaroo Closure resembles more than anything else the [illegible] of hop scotch which all well regulated people [illegible] in childhood and when the Parliament [illegible] begins to jump he covers at one bound whole [illegible] of obstructive amendments

The Noble Triplets

All is not [illegible] well with the new Fourth Party. The fact is that Lord Hugh Cecil whose [illegible] everyone admires, has got out of hand, and has developed such a weakness for personalities that he is more dangerous to his friends than to his opponents. The other members of the trio Lord Helmsley and Lord Castlereagh seem either unwilling or unable to restrain him and the result is that he has been incurring the displeasure of Mr Balfour and the censure of the chairman. He could survive the fierce anger of his opponents but the resentment of his own friends is another matter. Mr Winston Churchill is his *bête noir* and the mysterious feature of the whole business is that in private they are the best of friends.

Moreover Lord Hugh thirsted for a Fourth Party even when Mr Balfour was in office and the group included Mr Churchill Colonel Seeley Mr Ian Malcolm Mr Ivor Guest and a few others. Irreverent people called them "the Soul" and some still more irreverent people dubbed them the Hughligans under which name they narrowly escaped from passing into history.

Harem Skirts for Highlanders

Mr Michael Joseph Flavin who represents the Kingdom of Kerry at Westminster is a milder mannered man than he looks and though he wears the appearance of preternatural solemnity he bubbles over with good humour. He has said a lot of good things in his time some of the best of them being perhaps unconscious but unless he be more careful and respectful in his reference to national institutions in the Land o' Cakes he will one night find himself borne down by a massed gathering of indignant Caledonian legislators. Was it not Michael Joseph who once unconsciously claimed that a brave a heart beat under an Irishman's tunic as under a Scotchman's kilt? Perhaps not but he is certainly responsible for a suggestion that should have made the kilted heroes of bygone days to turn in their graves. Somebody had said that amongst other disadvantages the proposed



Weary Voice from Doorway: "My dear sir, I have absolutely no objection to you coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor to you standing on the door step for three hours saying good-night. But in consideration for the rest of the household who wish to get to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the bell push!"

new military sash would be totally unsuitable for officers in Highland regiments whereupon the bold bad Kerry man audaciously interjected the suggestion that if the Highlanders would wear the harem skirt the sash would go well with it

Far be it from me to endorse such a revolutionary suggestion For one thing its adoption would render obsolete that proverb about 'taking the breeks off a Highlandman'

There is I am told a fellow feeling which keeps the Celtic fringes of the Empire one and inseparable in sympathy, but I fear the Scotch Highlanders will draw the line to accepting the Irish members as sartorial experts

Mr George Barnes Again

Mr Barnes is at it again I had something to say a week or two ago about the monumental gravity of his pawky wit and here he is telling us now apropos to the wages of naval stokers that the chance of an ordinary naval stoker getting promotion are not much more than the chances of an ordinary M P entering the kingdom of Heaven Which means as somebody has said that in the opinion of Mr Barnes the stoker is doomed to remain a stoker and the M P to become one

Sir Robert Finlay's Ditto

Sir Robert Finlay seems to share his compatriot's poor opinion of the chances of Parliamentarians in the next world Somebody had referred to the reform of the constitution of the House of Lords as a matter to be dealt with hereafter Indignation flashed from the eye of the distinguished lawyer as he thundered against the doctrine Hereafter indeed what interest has the hon member in the hereafter It was quite clear what Sir Robert meant but everybody insisted on reading into it another suggestion

Why this pessimism? Have we no M P who boast of the possession of conscience in one form or another Do we not pay a chaplain to keep us on the narrow path Do we not pray every day before entering on the orders of the day And is there not or was there not a small but select coterie of pious Parliamentarians who were wont to hold a private prayer meeting three times a week in the room allocated to the Serjeant at Arms I freely admit that although every corridor and every room resound daily with the cry from stentorian lunged policemen Mr Speaker at prayers! the result is not commensurate with the effort that is made to secure a large congregation but there is always somebody there

The Campbells are Coming

I had occasion in a recent issue to refer to the fact that Right Hon James Campbell K C M P ex Attorney General of Ireland had expressed the belief that Ireland would not eventually wish to cut her ell adrift from the milch cow while it was distilling golden sovereigns and I have now to chronicle a still more illuminating pronouncement Here it is There is not a single grievance en tout in Ireland to day which has not been redressed by the generosity of the Imperial Parliament Keep on at it Mr Campbell and the House will learn to yearn for your speeches I am told that your Nationalist countrymen like you even though they dislike your politics but they say you are not a real Irishman I wonder if in face of these two prime bulls they will ever repeat the charge

Batons in Knapsacks

The passing away of Mr T R Buchanan remind us of the hollowness of Parliamentary ambition Here was a man of brilliant parts who might at any time have served his country with distinction as a member of a Government but for twenty years he was left to blush unseen on the back benches He was as brilliant men often are elbowed out by more pushful politicians and recognition did not come till it was too late He was for a brief time at the War Office under Lord Haldane and at the India Office under Lord Morley but on the threshold of his official career his health collapsed and retirement into private life became inevitable A few days ago he responded for the last time, but in a different sense to the familiar cry, "Who goes home?" Every private soldier has a marshal's baton in his knapsack and every **M.P. is the potential holder of a portfolio, but merit does not always win.**

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Our Romance.

"The romance in life consists in doing what you have to do decoratively"—*Perpetua*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop Alston Rivers 6s

Our Convenient Enemies

"Truly it behoves us to love our enemies, since in this world they are often the nearest we have to us"—*Brother Copas*, by "Q" Arrowsmith 6s

How to Cut a Dash.

"If you wish to be successful, always make out that what is good enough for other people is not fit to be offered to you"—*Young Mr. Gibbs*, by Mrs Victor Rickard Eveleigh Nash 6s

The Clever Young Man

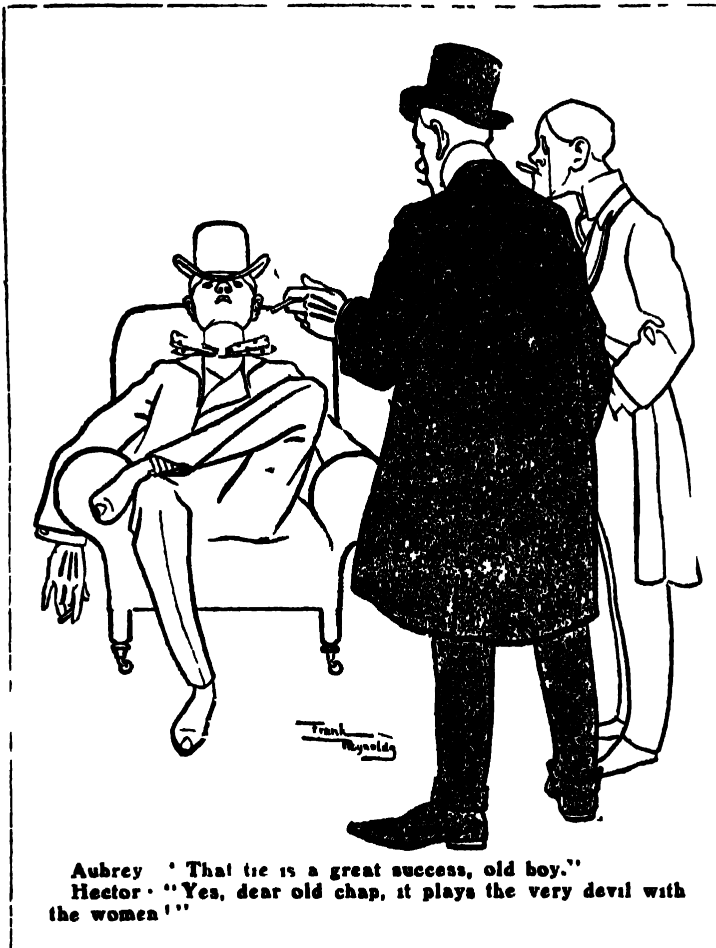
"So many clever young men become women's friends Generally in those friendships the women are much older than the men In timacy of any kind has a beautiful side But an intimacy of this kind can only be very beautiful between genuine people Otherwise it is a half-measure, sentimental on the one side, selfish on the other, a kind of limbo liable always to become hell, when something real occurs to either participant"—*The Street of To-day* by John Masefield Dent 6s

Photographing the Birds.

"We have slept for nights together in empty houses and old ruins, descending beetling cliffs swum to isolated rocks waded rivers and bogs, climbed lofty trees, lain in wet heather for hours at a stretch tramped many weary miles in the dark spent nights in the open air on lonely islands and solitary moors endured the pangs of hunger and thirst and the torturing stings of insects waited for days and days for a single picture and been nearly drowned both figuratively and literally yet such is the fascination of our subject that we have endured all these and other inconveniences with the utmost cheerfulness"—*With Nature and a Camera*, by Richard Kearton Cassell 5[illegible]

When Bernard Shaw Got Married

"I was very ill when I was married Mr Shaw once wrote altogether a wreck on crutches and in an old jacket, which the crutches had worn to rags I had asked my friends Mr Graham Wallas and Mr Henry Salt to act as witnesses and of course, in honour of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes The registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions Wallas, who is considerably over six feet high seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed, when Wallas thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment and left the prize to me"—*George Bernard Shaw His Life and Works*, by A Henderson, M A Hurst & Blackett. 21s. net



Aubrey "That tie is a great success, old boy."
Hector "Yes, dear old chap, it plays the very devil with the women!"

Its Limitations.

"Money has no sense of humour"—*Lord R[illegible] in the Pantry*, by Martin Swayne Methuen 6s

The Expected.

"An offer of marriage very seldom takes a woman by surprise"—*Jane Oglander*, by Mrs Belloc Lowndes Heinemann 6s

Smartness.

"People who are smart don't wear what suits them, they wear what suits smarter people"—*The Harlequin Set*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop Alston Rivers 2s 6d net

Points of View.

"There are hundreds of right points of view Every day brings a fresh one That's what makes life fascinating To hold one point of view without deviation year in and year out is stagnation"—*[illegible] Father* by Mrs Maxwell Armfield Chatto & Windus 6s

Some Personalities in "Young Mr. Gibbs"

"Lady [illegible] was a [illegible] florid woman of fifty with a waist which caused her to find the stairs extremely trying and consequently she would arrive in the drawing-room short of temper as well as of breath

"Mr Gibbs was one of the women who always take a most consistently gloomy view of life She had a large trembling face that gave the impression that she might burst into tears at any moment She shook her large head at the imminent danger of losing her bonnet which sat like a small bird's nest on the top of her twist of hair, then said 'Eating and drinking and merry-making exactly what I expected from them Society swells No thought of the morrow, no 'ousekeeping no rearing children, no chicken run'

"Clarence Venning, the poet, lit a scented Russian cigarette and after taking a puff at it threw it away It was part of his belief to do this for he had said in one of his lighter works, that One puff from an expensive cigarette, and one kiss from a beautiful woman represented perfection, at which point the wise man stops"—*Young Mr Gibbs*, By Mrs Victor Rickard Eveleigh Nash 6s

The Social Guide, 1911, edited by Mrs Hugh Adams and Edith A Browne, is a useful friend at half a crown, published by Messrs A & C Black.

In connection with the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible, Messrs Eyre & Spottiswoode are publishing a new and cheaper 2s edition of *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*, by Dr F G Kenyon, M A—An illustrated handbook of the transmission of the text of the Bible.

FIVE-POUND NOTES AS PRIZES

In a Competition About Notabilities' Names.

For Competition 368 a £5 note each is awarded to

C. Stechman, Mount Place, Broad Street, Chorlton-on-M[illegible], Manchester	Harold Riley, Ma[illegible] Road, [illegible], Glamorganshire	J. Gilbert, 10 Tudor Terrace, Aberdare, Glamorganshire	Gordon Simpson, 19 Eastgate, Lincoln
Dr. Johnson	*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*	*Sir Edward Clarke* (p. 49)	*Maid of Athens* (p. 17)
Dictionary Johnny	*Concocter and Doctor*	*Cross Examines Severely*	*Misappropriated an Organ*

And five Consolation prizes of £1 each to

Miss I. Woolhouse, 22 Henley Road, Southsea; Miss D. Hill, 27 Craven Road, Wilke[illegible]; C. Davy, 30 Canada Street, Sheffield; L. D. Stiles, Holy Island Head, Northumberland; J. W. Birch, 5 Bridge Street, Leominster.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



Miss Christabel Pankhurst



Mr. H. G. Wells.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

EVERYONE who can find use for a 'fiver' should try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week **FIVE Five-Pound Notes**—Five Pounds *each* to the best four and Five Sovereigns among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.	**Miss Christabel Pankhurst.**	**Mr. H. G. Wells.**

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 122 to 151 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L.O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee, and by the act of entering each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 370, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 25th April. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 3rd May.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 370**

I .... *Signature*

of .... *Address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 370, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... *From page* ....

Double or Treble ....

A CORNER OF THE CENSUS.

PARK LANE.

(Owing to the unsociable reserve of the official enumerators, we have been compelled to compile our census of Park Lane from the works of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, Mr. William Le Queux, and the admirable feuilletons of the halfpenny dailies.)

Millionaires residing in Park Lane, 871 (not including 121 found dead in their libraries under most suspicious circumstances during census period).

Wives of millionaires, 923.

Bachelor millionaires, 119.

(Note by enumerator: The plurality of wives shown in the statistics is due to the millionaires' absent-minded habit of forgetting marriages of their impecunious days. The surplus of 52 wives, of course, includes those only who called during the census period.)

Daughters of millionaires (beautiful, with cruel step-mothers), 1,129.

Daughters of millionaires (ugly, without cruel stepmother), 1.

Blackmailers (residing permanently on the premises), 428.

Blackmailers (temporarily residing during census period), 216.

Poisoners (in residence), 81. (See wives.)

Sons of millionaires (cut off by parents), 118.

Sons of millionaires (unknown to parents), 63.

Sons of millionaires (known, but not yet disinherited), 1.

Grandchildren of millionaires (temporarily resident on doorsteps), 349.

Sympathetic policemen moving on same, 33.

Burglars (on premises during census hours, including 16 classified as unknown persons), 218.

French maids (see blackmailers).

French cooks (see poisoners).

Heroes (temporarily classed with burglars and murderers; a more elaborate classification will be made later), 362.

Butlers (faithful and dignified friends of family), 142.

Butlers (faithless yet dignified agents of blackmailers), 39.

Detectives (watching tiaras), 31.

Detectives (watching Old Masters), 46.

Detectives (watching old mistresses), 168.

Detectives (examining bodies), 121.

Anarchists (owing to their proclivity for concealing themselves the enumerator thinks these figures far too low), 171.

Collectors for charitable institutions, 0 (not including 10 found dead on premises during census period).

Birthplaces of millionaires:

America	229
Russian Poland ...	416
Germany	154
Scotland	71
England	1
Total ...	871

Occupations of millionaires:

Murderers, 49.
Newspaper proprietors, 11.
Rubber kings, 79.
Forgers, 128.
Gold magnates, 45.
German spies, 62.
American Trust kings, 348.
Bigamists, 428.

(Note by enumerator: Some of these occupations are duplicated, and under the heading "Bigamists," polygamists are included.)

Average number of rooms per house, 178. (Not inclusive of secret chambers or tunnels or drain-pipes solely occupied by Anarchists.)

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Stocks.

Several correspondents have asked me to try to tell them how to tie a stock. The hunting-stock is tied in the same way as the Ascot, except of course, that the hunting stock is arranged round the neck and fastened at the back before the actual tying commences. Some men wear a soft white Ascot tie with an ordinary linen collar and imagine that they are wearing a stock, but of course it is nothing of the kind. A hunting stock proper is really a collar and tie in one and the part that is first passed round the neck may, or may not, have an artificial "stiffener" in it.

The "New" Bow.

My correspondent may possibly be thinking of a tie which I saw labelled in a shop window the other day as the "new" bow. It may be quite a novelty to the rising generation but I fancy that some of us will remember that our grandfathers wore similar ties. The "new" bow is in short, a kind of small edition of the old fashioned "stock" bow. Most of the new bows are made up—or partially made up—and therefore are not of the right "stock" pattern. The old fashioned "stock" was arranged round the collar in the same way that the hunting stock is put round the neck but the "stock," which was usually made of black satin was then tied in a bow. The "new" bow is an imitation of this kind of stock. My advice to any man who is thinking of having such a tie is: Have either a proper "stock" and tie it yourself or have the ordinary modern bow tie and tie it yourself. If you have a stock you ought really to wear it round an old fashioned collar—a stick up with the button holes on tabs so that the two ends of the collar have a little space between them when the collar is fastened. Personally, I should much prefer the modern bow and collar.

The Sailor's Knot.

Partly because it is the easiest of all ties to tie, and partly because it is the most generally becoming, the sailor's knot is usually the most popular tie, and the man who wishes to be a well dressed man need only trouble himself to discover which kind of tie that can be tied in this way is the most fashionable or the most suitable for him. At one time the "four in hand" was the most fashionable shape, this tie has the ends of the same width all the way down. The "four in hand" is still the right tie to wear with a tweed suit in the country, but for general wear with a lounge suit, a morning coat suit, a tie with wide ends is to be preferred. There is a little change from time to time in the way of tying the knot. At one time it used to be the fashion to tie the knot very tightly and to spread out the ends of the tie so that they filled in the opening of the waistcoat.

At the present time most men go for a smaller knot and the tie so arranged that the long end is pulled up just enough to cover the other end. About two inches or more below the knot a small pin is worn, and the best of these pins is of a fanciful design, not a simple pearl or gold knob. A tie tied in this way is very neat and the pin helps to keep it in position.

A Good Dodge.

A letter from a correspondent contains a useful hint for the management of a refractory tie, and I am duly obliged. I suppose every man has suffered at some time or other from a tie made of such slippery silk that it gradually worked its way loose and so caused the two points of the collar to spread apart. Here is the treatment for such a tie. Pass the "long end" three times round the other in stead of the usual twice and you will get a very firm hard knot and one that will not slip undone by itself.

I am reminded of another dodge having the same object: to prevent the knot from slipping undone or rather partly undone. When you place the "long end" round the other the second time take care that this second turn is exactly over the first one, not, hard by. That is the result.

A Bad Mistake.

I do not know what I ought not to call this paragraph the worst mistake. I refer to a simple, ordinary mistake that can be made so easily that many men habitually make it and so ruin in appearance that otherwise might be quite good and smart. I refer to the mistake of wearing a coloured shirt that has been badly treated by the laundress—a shirt which having had most of its colour extracted in the wash presents a dirty yellow appearance. A shirt of that kind looks soiled when it comes back from the wash and the wearer gets a soiled second hand look about him when he wears it, and however smart his other garment may be they will not atone for that yellow shirt front. Shirts of plain colour are generally the first to "go" in this way, although, of course the colour of a shirt of really good quality should be practically "fast." It is good news to every one, I think, that the shirts this year have white grounds with only a very little coloured pattern in them.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post.



OOP FOR T'COOP.

Football Excursionist (who has dropped into a restaurant for a "snack," as the waiter lays the table for a table d'hôte luncheon): "E-eh, laad, wot's all they knives and forks for? Ther's nobbut one of us settin' ere, althee!"

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Stocks & Shares*

By SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

At in t n the d ent of P t to h t f c m c t t d s d tcrmt business has l en fairly well maint med under th l d t the H m l al M lt. I om the point of view of intrin ic values and m l m full ll wance for favourable pr pects price of h me r il would appear to be high enough l m t the individual who buys at the pr ent time is p culating upon the continuance of the present temper of the investing public. M y well inform d people think there is till r m r f ir point r m m r t the active st cks but carry over rates were still and the individual l c uld t nt it r p fit w uld probably be well advised t t d n t ny r t r n put of his holding.

Americans are quiet and a fall appears more probably than a rise, although h nce n ver it w with this market still condition is not favourable to any sustained upward movement.

Kaffirs are not very dead l lut here conditions appear to be getting more favourable.

A Promising Argentine Rail

Some d p pointment has been aroused by the f t that the int rim d vi l n l n Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stock w it tl m r t s b t nc viz per cent per annum l m g l w n r r l nearly per cent for the half year m l w l l m n r s m n w at the rate of £80 000 t £10 000 that the company l l like earning between t p r c it on its Ordinary stock. There is no doubt that th company is beginning to benefit by the large amount of capital that has been put int it and while th m r l t tal h r have of late years been to the d t m nt of l ld t Ordinary to l purchasers at the present time u t d r ve th full benefit therefrom. Out of th t t l D b nture l r n d nd Ordinary is n l capital f l l 000 ly £7 00 0 Ordinary stock. Consequently the full benefit of the capital expenditure c m s t b t h t c urplu pr it r m t a relatively small proportion of th capital. Th Ordinary stock of th company h uld be a l l a purchase. We hear that there r n r to m ul l t l ab ut.

Reciprocity

Th re l s been c n d d l y th r about the effects of reciprocity but from the busin point of view there can be little doubt that c nadian trade will be much stimulated and it is pretty safe t anticipate good prices generally p d n for Canadian se urities. To take one important industry only as an example the lumber trade is expected to benefit and Canadian lumber company states: There has been a material increase in the value of your standing timber during the past year, and if the reciprocity arrangement now pending between the Government of Canada and the United States is approved, the United States market will be available for Canadian lumber which will undoubtedly have the effect of increasing the value of your timber to a parity with that of similarly l c t d timber in the United States to the south. This will mean a further increase of at least $1 per 1,000 ft in the value of your holdings."

Canadian Prosperity

The Canadian Finance Minister Mr Fielding in his Budget statement was able to unfold a pleasing story. The total r v nue is estimated at $23 000 000 and the expenditure at 1 10 000 showing the record surplus of $6 100 000. The Canadian Government proposes to expend on the Transcontinental Railway and other public works during the year over $70 000,000. In spite of this enormous (but ultimately reproductive) expenditure the total debt shows but a small increase being estimated at $68 000,000, but as the population, now estimated at 7,785 000 is increasing at a greater ratio, the debt per head is now $42 69, or five and a half dollars less than it was twenty years ago.

Both immigrants and capital are pouring into the country, and as the crop report just issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway declares that the conditions are unprecedentedly good in the three prairie provinces, the investor who purchases good Canadian securities is not liable to be badly left. There are one or two perfectly well secured Canadian Bonds that can be purchased to yield over 6 per cent, with every likelihood of considerable capital appreciation.

Para Electrics.

The Ordinary shares of the Para Electric Railways and Lighting Company merit attention on the part of investors looking for a yield of about 6½ per cent, and there is likelihood of capital appreciation. The company has the monopoly of electric lighting and traction in Para, it having absorbed its only competitor last year. The company's thirty four and a half miles of tramway track have been rebuilt and electrified and the lighting system converted from overhead to underground transmission. The demand for light and electric fans is rapidly increasing, and the company looks like doing well. For the year ended 30th November last 10 per cent was paid on the Ordinary share although after allowing for Debenture and Preference interest the company earned 19 per cent on its Ordinary share capital. At the present price of about 7 for the £5 share these shares yield £6 10s 0d per cent and are therefore a promising purchase. The company concession does not expire until the year 2001 so that shareholders need not turn uneasily in their beds on that score. It is a pleasure to write something about Para without having to refer to rubber.

The Paris Bourse

The bankruptcy and suicide of the late M. Richard the Paris broker whose losses have to be borne by his *compagnie*, draws attention to the institution of the Paris inside brokers. M. Richard was a member of the *parquet* consisting of seventy men who have the legal monopoly of the enormous transactions that take place annually in the stocks which are the special preserve of this section of the Bourse. By its regulations however the whole of the seventy are collectively responsible for any losses the public may incur by reason of the failure of one of their members and it is stated that the *parquet* has a reserve fund of no less than 200 000 000 francs. There is probably another side to the question but there can be no doubt that this *solidarité* and collective responsibility towards the public is a good thing, which might with advantage be copied by other Stock Exchanges. We do not imagine, however that there will be any burning desire on the part of members of the London Stock Exchange to take on a similar responsibility.

Railway Debentures.

Opinions may differ as to whether or not the time has yet come to sell Railway Ordinary stocks, but we have no hesitation in saying that the Debenture stocks of most of the leading railway companies are, at present prices above their value or, to put it in another way, it is possible to purchase securities of fully as high a quality to give better yields. At present prices the return of some of the leading Railway Debentures is as follows

	Price	Yield £ s d
London Brighton & South Coast Four per Cent Perpetual Debentures	109	3 14 0%
London & Blackwall Railway Four and a Quarter per Cent Perpetual Debentures	111	3 17 3%
London & Greenwich Railway Four per Cent Perpetual Debentures	104	3 17 6%
Rhymney Railway Four per Cent Perpetual Debentures . .	106	3 16 3%
South Eastern Railway Five per Cent. Debenture stock ...	134	3 15 0%
Great Central Railway Five per Cent. Debenture stock	121	3 17

* London Opinion has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British Foreign and Colonial Corporation Ltd, 57 Bishopsgate E C (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director) which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

American Conditions.

Our American correspondents advise us that business is held in check, owing to two factors making for uncertainty, these being the consideration given to the reduction of tariffs and the continued delay in the Supreme Court decision regarding the Government cases against the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Companies. The general impression is that the Supreme Court will decide against the companies, but will point out a way for corporations to continue without violation of the law.

A dozen securities could be named offhand, including good Government stocks, to give a yield of over 4 per cent., and investors who continue to hold their Railway Debentures at current prices, because they once paid a higher price, are not to be complimented on their sagacity.

Railroad earnings are irregular and there seems to be some drastic curtailment of expenses in progress, some railroads showing increases in net profits in the face of falling figures in the gross takings; Pennsylvania is, in particular, economising in various directions.

The Bond Market is fairly active, the demand coming largely from individual investors and favouring high yield issues. If the conditions are taken as a criterion, the outlook would appear to be higher Bond prices and lower stock prices.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*R. W. C.*"—Way-Halin (Sumatra) Rubber and Coffee are at present producing coffee, and it will be some time before returns are obtainable from the rubber. The capitalisation is low, and if you particularly wish for a low-priced Rubber share, you could do worse. "*C. F. H.*"—Sell your Murchison Associated and Rose of Sharon. You might buy some Nourse Mines; see last week's note regarding this company. "*H. T. G.*" Great Central 1894 5 per cent. Preference is not a *Cumulative* Preference Stock, and is not suitable for you. We send you particulars of some safe 4½ per cent. Debentures. "*Gelanco.*"—We think Main Reef West a fair speculative investment at the present price. The life is estimated at forty-seven years. "*S. D.*"—We would not recommend a purchase of Melbourne Trust shares. You could do better. "*Trustee.*"—As desired, we send you a list of suitable securities, some of which show scope for capital increase owing to early redemption. "*G. W.*"—Acadia Sugar Refining Company 6 per cent. Preference shares are a fair investment. There are Debentures in front, but the company is paying 5 per cent. on its Ordinary capital, so that the interest on the Preference shares seems fairly well secured. "*Optime.*"—The company you name may pay a dividend on its transfer fees—certainly not on working operations. "*M. J. M.*"—The estate was purchased for £7,000, and sold to the company for £50,000 *in cash* and £10,000 in shares. The prospectus estimates are not likely to be fulfilled. "*E. V.*"—Do not purchase Selukwe. "*Exmouth.*"—We cannot find any market in these shares. "*F. C.*"—It would be folly with your small resources to speculate. Buy a well-secured Debenture. "*Hopeful.*" For a safe investment, easily realisable at any time and unlikely to depreciate in price, we recommend Union Cold Storage 1st Mortgage Debentures, which at present price yield just over 4½ per cent. "*J. W.*"—We do not recommend a purchase of Newnes' Preference. "*J. A. T.*"—The capital of the company is only £20,000, out of which £1,700 was paid for underwriting and £12,300 for the property. Reconstruction is more likely than dividends. "*Shorthand.*"—You had better sell your Selukwes. The statement as to the East London Railway being taken over by the Midland is probably a pure invention. "*F. J.*" and "*H. F.*"—See above reply as to East London. "*Geo. C.*"—The selling of your canal shares is entirely a matter of negotiation. We have obtained an offer, and are writing you. "*Canpac.*"—We do not recommend the option referred to. "*F. Y.*"—From the speculative point of view we think Havannah Oil and Maikop Standard the best of your selections. "*E. J.*"—We know of no special reason for the fall in the price of Robinson Gold, although the yield per ton for March was the lowest for some time past. The life is not a long one, and an exchange into Nourse Mines would probably be profitable. "*M. D.*"—In view of the short life of Ferreira Gold, we are afraid there is little prospect of a substantial rise in price. Exchange into Nourse Mines or Crown Mines. "*A. W. H.*"—We consider that the Rubber shares you hold, viz., Assahans, Merlimau, and Chersonese, have as good prospects as Kinta-Kellas, and would not recommend you to exchange them for that share. "*J. H. C.*" and others.—Ulundi Gold Mining Company: We believe the property to be a very low grade one, and the management will be exceedingly fortunate if it is able to turn it into a payable proposition. We cannot advise you to incur the liability involved by agreeing to the terms of the reconstruction.

• • •

An expensive polish is not necessarily the preparation that procures the best appearance. "Nugget" might be more costly and still retain its position as a favourite boot and shoe cleaner. Yet the public can obtain the same quality that the Royal Households use at a cost of 4½d. per tin.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

The colossal financial interests engaged in war will not be blown away by the breath of sermons. —*Christian World*.



THE WORM THAT TURNED.

Plutocrat (after beating price down one half): "And that includes the frame?"

Artist: "Of course—and two yards of picture wire, and a solid brass picture hook!" "Judge," New York.

Ignorance is the parent of theoretic folly and of imprudent action —*National Review*.

• • •

Home is the human nest, and the woman who fails as a home-maker fails as a woman.—*Englishwoman*.

• • •

At the tiara exhibition in Bond Street some of the finest tiaras in England are on view. There is a Tiara-boom-to-day.—*Weekly Times and Echo*.

• • •

Lord Halsbury says that "No judge could be just if he was continually thinking what would be said of him next day in the newspapers." But no judge who is just needs to think what will be said of him next day in the newspapers. —*Star*.

• • •

Frankly, we cannot help being amused at the wearing of trousers by women being stigmatised as improper. Supposing that women had always been accustomed to wear trousers, and some of them had suddenly appeared in skirts —surely that would have been held to be even more improper?—*Punch*.

• • •

We notice that the Land of the Wooden Nutmeg is still carrying on business at the old stand. "The root was one of the most considerable items in the enormous cost of the Capitol," says a New York dispatch. "It was supposed originally to be solid oak, but was discovered subsequently to be merely imitation oak in papier maché."—*Globe*.

• • •

"Passers-by," declares a contemporary, "are using the voting lists outside Wood Green places of worship as pipe lighters, and the Local Government Board are being asked to abolish the 'useless practice' of displaying the sheets." Useless practice, indeed! Are the authorities, then, prepared to supply matches, instead?—*Westminster Gazette*.

• • •

We have managed to raise the wages of the artisan. We do our best to encourage the inventor; we are consciously and deliberately moving towards an age when every citizen with capacities useful to the State shall be given the opportunity to use them. But for the poet, who is as essential a citizen as the Professor of Chemistry, or the Lord Mayor, we can provide, seemingly, nothing.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A correspondent in a hurry wants to call passengers by the Tubes "tubers," for short. Because, as he acutely points out, tubers are generally found underground.—*Black and White*.

• • •

"Polish whisky," it appears from the report of an inquest at Widnes, consists of methylated spirits, water, tea, sugar, and pepper. The name, with a trifling alteration, would be more or less appropriate; but why drag in "whisky?"—*Westminster Gazette*.

• • •

Mr. F. J. Randall worked for two years at an hotel in Piccadilly, in the shadow of John Lane's office, and had the advantage of seeing the élite at all angles. When he was a slim youth of nineteen he obtained a post in a tavern in Cumberland Place, in connection with which he unflinchingly undertook to throw out all persons who were unruly; but it was not until after he had entered upon his labours that he learned that nearly all the customers were Lifeguardsmen. He beat a strategic retreat into the ironmongery business.—*The Bookman*.

Slowly and silently she laid the white, lifeless little form in the place that had been prepared for it. Tenderly and gently she rose, and gazed for the last time on that which she had borne. Mute, dried-eyed, alone, for a short space she leant over the little rounded body that was fast growing cold. Suddenly those who were near were disturbed by the ear-splitting, heartrending shriek that echoed through the stillness of that early summer's morning. Again there was silence; then a second shriek; then shriek upon shriek. I rushed to the spot. I raised the lifeless little body, carried it to the house—and had it fried with some bacon for breakfast. The old spotted hen had done her duty again.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

• • •

A pessimist is a man who has lost heart and is ruled by a bad liver.—*Boston Transcript*.

• • •

"J. D. H." writes: "With regard to the word 'telephome,' quoted from Nuttall's dictionary by your correspondent as meaning a telephone message, could you tell me the derivation of the word?" Speaking offhand, we should say it was a compound of "telephone" and "blaspheme."—*Evening News*.



A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

Bridget: "Take these coppers, and the missus sez go away wid yer noise, and don't play here!"

—"Sydney Bulletin."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

West Highland White Terriers.

On their way from New York to Switzerland (where they reside part of the year). Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wearne were met at the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Wearne is an old friend and football mate of Sir Starr Jameson, better known as "Dr. Jim." So, naturally, Mr. W. is very proud of the Scottish breeds. When the Wearnes left Gotham; the leisured classes were going in more than ever for West Highland terriers, the stimulus given to the breed by the patronage of Mr. Robert Goelet and others being great.

New Departure in Hunt Clubs.

Before we are much older we shall hear of badger digging clubs all over the land where there happens to be a plentiful supply of badgers. And it is likely they will be preserved on estates just as are foxes. Individual digging will be discouraged, and public hunts be general. Recently there was a meeting of the Kent and Surrey Badger Club at Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane. Three days a fortnight will be digging days. One sportsman alone had turned down *seventy* badgers. Give them a little peace until the cubs are strong and there will be a plethora of game. In the case of a boar-badger, the terriers might be given a trial. Otherwise a waiting policy is the better.

Mrs. Hall Walker and Pomeranians.

Mrs. Hall Walker's excellent kennels of Pomeranians at Gatacre Lodge, near Liverpool, and at Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, are among the most prominent in England. A change, it seems, from the lady's letter, is to be made in the management of the dogs, which will be exhibited at all the more prominent events during the spring and summer seasons. It is expected that they will be in great form about the middle of May, when all of the best will be in London.

Mr. W. G. Weager and Beagles.

Mr. William G. Weager, Stock Exchange man and patron of exhibition Hackney ponies, Old English sheepdogs and hounds, has, once again, returned hotly to the pursuit of his old hobby—beagles. Mr. Weager did more than anyone, years ago, to resuscitate the Bobtail sheepdog. There were at that time not ten good ones in England. Now there are hundreds—very likely thousands—which are more than passable.

Mr. Weager tells me that he has some fine little Toy beagles. They are miniature hounds, very pretty, blue mottled in colour, and possessing marvellous voices. These would be of the kind which made up Queen Elizabeth's pack, the music of which has been described as "singing." They showed a good deal of sport, but in the case of running on a hare, it would be a great deal of cry and very little fur.

Miss Adèle Ritchie's Yorkshire Terriers.

Like Mrs. Langtry, Miss Adèle Ritchie (now singing at the Palace) is very fond of the beautiful steel-blue and golden-tanned Yorkshire terrier. Miss Ritchie has, in America, one of the leading kennels of this sprightly breed, all the prominent ones being bred in England.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

ON THE WAY.

"What we want," said the peace promoter, "is a system that will permit candid discussion to take the place of actual conflict."

"Don't you think," inquired the man who was reading the sporting page, "that our professional pugilists have come pretty near solving the problem?"

• • •

A HOLIDAY PRECAUTION.

To obtain a safe shave on holidays in some localities is sometimes difficult. The best way is to take your own razor. The Gillette razor is so constructed that you cannot cut yourself with it, and it is adjustable to any thickness of beard. In its velvet-lined leather case, it goes into the smallest compass. You can get a Gillette from any dealer with 12 blades for one guinea, and it lasts a lifetime.

A WELCOME GIFT TO OBESE PEOPLE.

Crystallisation of a Great Idea.

As a disease obesity has been responsible for any number of false theories in the past, and some of the "cures" advocated would have been laughable had they not been so terribly harmful. We, in this age of science, are more fortunate in our remedies. The famous Marmola Prescription, with which the Press has made us all familiar, has proved a veritable gift of the gods for stout people. Countless thousands have availed themselves of the publicity given to a great physician's idea. If there was one drawback in it, it lay in the small matter of getting the ingredients and making up the prescription, or getting it made up. It is now our privilege to announce that the Marmola Prescription—the great idea—is now crystallised into the tangible tablet form. The Marmola Prescription Tablets are now on sale everywhere. The dose is one tablet after each meal, and one at bedtime, the most concise and pleasant treatment ever discovered. Without paying any attention to the question of diet, one gets thinner every day. The reduction is sure, progressive, and reliable, without any vexatious relapses. The generous dietary allowed (for the appetite is greatly improved) increases the blood supply, and there is no longer any condition inducing fatty congestion. Muscle and sinew and nerve and grey matter are properly supplied with repairing material through the blood; the whole system is re-strengthened, and not an ounce of fatty excess is formed. The figure becomes slim and supple and every part admirably proportioned. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by chemists, price 2/9, or sent post free on receipt of price by The Marmola Co. (Dept. 17N), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
29th APRIL, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 371.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

THE DEBASING PICTURE THEATRE. See page 168.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 1??.

THE BEST COMPETITION. See page 186.

MISTRESS APRIL.

TRIPPING from the morning
on the daintiest of feet,
Skimming all the silver spots
where sun and river meet,
Dancing all the baby buds a-
nestling to the trees,
Blowing happy kisses into ev'ry
passing breeze;
Dashing jewel tear-drops from
thy coquette eyes in show'rs,
Laughing as they magic all the
meadows into flowers,
Trilling where the linnet is a-
wooing in the grove,
Harbinger to pretty maids of
zenith-time of Love,
Romping, pouting, merry-
ey'd Miss April,
Pretty, teasing, madcap
Mistress April.

W. P. C.



GIFT OF VALUABLE BUSINESS BOOK.—See page 177.



PLEASE SEE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO. on page 177.

London Opinion.

Proprietors: The L. O. Co., Ltd. Sole Directors. Bertram B. Van Praagh (Chairman). Lincoln Springfield (Editor), Louis Meye, (Art Editor) Managing Directors.

No. 371. Vol. XXIX. 29th APRIL, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

MR. ROBERT PEARCE, M.P., wishes to re-organise our bank holidays. Pearce and Plenty?

• • •

You can have a rattling time in London—by taking one of the older type of taxi-cabs.

• • •

New York will shortly have one hundred theatres. But, if there were no English playwrights——

• • •

For the next five months the dailies will be published in two languages—English and cricket.

• • •

Half a pound of soap was recently found among a burglar's swag. He evidently hoped to get clean away.

• • •

Account Rendered is the name of a new book. We suppose the title is meant to imply that there will be a call for it before long.

• • •

Chinese pork is, it is said, being smuggled into Ireland under the guise of musical instruments. Clear proof that the meat is banned.

• • •

Lord Kitchener is to carry the Sword of State at the Coronation. This should effectually silence those critics who clamour for a really useful job for him.

• • •

The very newest thing is the Coronation umbrella. Makers of jokes about the umbrella and the beginning of the reign will be bitten to death by the editorial dog.

• • •

Mother has a new spring hat,
So has Sister Flo;
While father wears the same old tile
He bought five years ago.

• • •

"Vacuum operations" are cited as a novelty in American surgery. It all depends where the vacuum is created. If in the patient's pocket, such operations are no novelty here.

• • •

Now that girls will not be allowed to serve in shops frequented by Harrow schoolboys, there will be no more chance for youthful Lotharios of getting the "glad eye" served along with the bullseye.

• • •

"Ten thousand German mugs for the Coronation" ran the newspaper announcement. The confidence trick practitioner, however, would do well to understand that the Teuton often looks simpler than he is.

• • •

The savants of the Paris Academy of Science have discovered that big feet and big brains usually go together. We do not wish to appear cynical, but we would like, just out of curiosity, to inspect the feet of the learned gentlemen of the Paris Academy of Science.

In the taxi-cab trouble, as at sea, it was the petrol that was herald of the storm.

• • •

"The people of Australia," says a returned traveller, "are always so keen to be up and doing." Whom?

• • •

It strikes us that if some of these Mormons have a dozen wives apiece, they've trouble enough without us interfering.

• • •

Taxi-drivers have been meeting at the Horticultural Hall. There's an aptly suggestive sound about the first two syllables of horticultural.

• • •

Mr. Winston Churchill has been shaking hands with quarrymen at Carnarvon. There's nothing narrow-minded about your Welsh working man.

• • •

Nowadays, says an official report on Easter marriages, it is the bride who puts up the banns. As usual the bridegroom is permitted to put up the money.

• • •

Concerning the champagne war, a correspondent says "the people have put an awful lot of wine in the gutter." Well, after all, it's only reversing the process.

• • •

"The prettiest river in the world and the worst hotels in the universe on its banks," is a visitor's frank criticism of the Thames. He seems to have fallen in badly.

• • •

After a dinner following the concert recently given by street musicians, the latter performed to each other for many hours. After all, justice, though slow, is sure.

• • •

Rather than work for "twenty-five bob a week," said a Labour M.P. the other day he would go and drown himself. What we like is the really candid chap who says, rather than work at any price he'd become a white winged seraph.

• • •

The ranks of the peerage continue to be recruited from the list of wealthy manufacturers. The two latest gentlemen to have the honour thrust upon them are Mr. Pink, who makes a superior brand of family preserves, and Mr. Patterson, who runs an express business.—*Town Topics*, New York.

These two creations have been kept very dark over here.

• • •

In reviewing Mr. Dasent's book on the Speakers of the House of Commons, the *Daily News* says:

Sir Edward Seymour, elected in 1672, was the first layman who had sat in the Chair for a century and a half.

But after some of the more dreary of the debates, Mr. Lowther must feel that the sitting has been nearly as long.

CROMWELL'S HEAD.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE sneer to-day has ousted the smile from literature and from life. Honest laughter seldom holds both his sides. We have vinegar in our veins and vitriol on our tongues. The poison of asps is on our lips. We are a generation of vipers. The milk of human kindness has curdled. We lack sweetness and light. Indeed, our popular humorists are no longer good humorists. They are bad humorists whose humour is always in a bad humour. It is the fashion to sneer at everybody and everything. Nobody ventures to take a genial view of life. When one man of genius meets another, he says: "Life is sour, brother." It is the age of sneers.

• • •

THE sneer is a sign of decadence. No man and no nation can live on a diet of sneers. Where there is no vision the people perish, and sneering is the blindness of the soul. The man who suffers from the disease of sneering is worse than a bore. He is a peril. For nothing rots the spirit more terribly than the habit of sneering. Sneering is the putrefaction of faith. Nowadays we worship the sneer. The wit who can sneer well can count upon our applause. We are afraid to hiss the creature who sneers at the highest ideals and the holiest aspirations. We dread the imputation of conventionality. We tremble lest we should be suspected of enthusiasm. We shudder lest we should be caught in the act of reverence. We perjure ourselves rather than acknowledge that we possess fine feelings or noble emotions.

• • •

I SOMETIMES sigh for a really big man who could put us all in a better humour with ourselves and with each other. The big men of the past were not animated sneers. They had gusto. They believed in themselves and they believed in humanity. They laughed the gnats and gadflies of cynicism out of countenance. But we are stung to death by these insects. We are unable to rejoice in the mellow jollity of life. We are wiser than Shakespeare, craftier than Scott, subtler than Dickens, more astute than Browning, more sophisticated than Tennyson, more cautious than Swinburne, more modern than Meredith. We flatter ourselves that we can sneer at the shams that deluded these poor giants. We have delivered ourselves from the banality of romance, the fatuity of emotion, and the inanity of sentiment. We glory in the fact that there is nothing we cannot sneer at.

• • •

IF we have no great men it is because we are incapable of recognising greatness. If we have no heroes it is because we are incapable of hero-worship. If we have no poets it is because the love of poetry is dead in our breasts. If we have no patriots, it is because we are too acridly mean to be patriotic. The Jubilee of Italian Unity does not stir our blood. Yet we are the sons of the men who gloried in Mazzini and Garibaldi and our fathers thrilled to the music of "Songs Before Sunrise." Swinburne died in an England that knew him not. He was the last of the seers and the last of the singers. In his grave lie buried the splendid enthusiasms and fervours and ardours of a godlike generation. So deep are we sunk in petty cynicism that we are ignorant of our decline from the heroic temper that breathes in his mightiest songs. His verse is written in a language we no longer understand. We have lost even his virility of scorn, his masculinity of hate, his manhood of revolt.

• • •

IN all great art there is no sneer, and in all great moods of the human heart there is no sneering. The eighteenth century was a century of sneers. The twentieth century is a reversion to the age of Pope and Addison. But its insolence is without elegance and its petulance is without polish. It can find no nobler drama as a symbol of the spirit of the Coronation than—*Money*. So coarse and so crass is the age that the irony of the thing is not perceived by more than a handful of spectators. And yet the irony is not unmerited. What contemporary play can we put forward as a rival to *Money?* There is nothing worse than *Money*, but what is majestically better? Though we ransack the whole Victorian and Edwardian drama, we can find no play worthy of a great race and a glorious empire. We nibble the husks of *Money* in default of more Godlike fare.

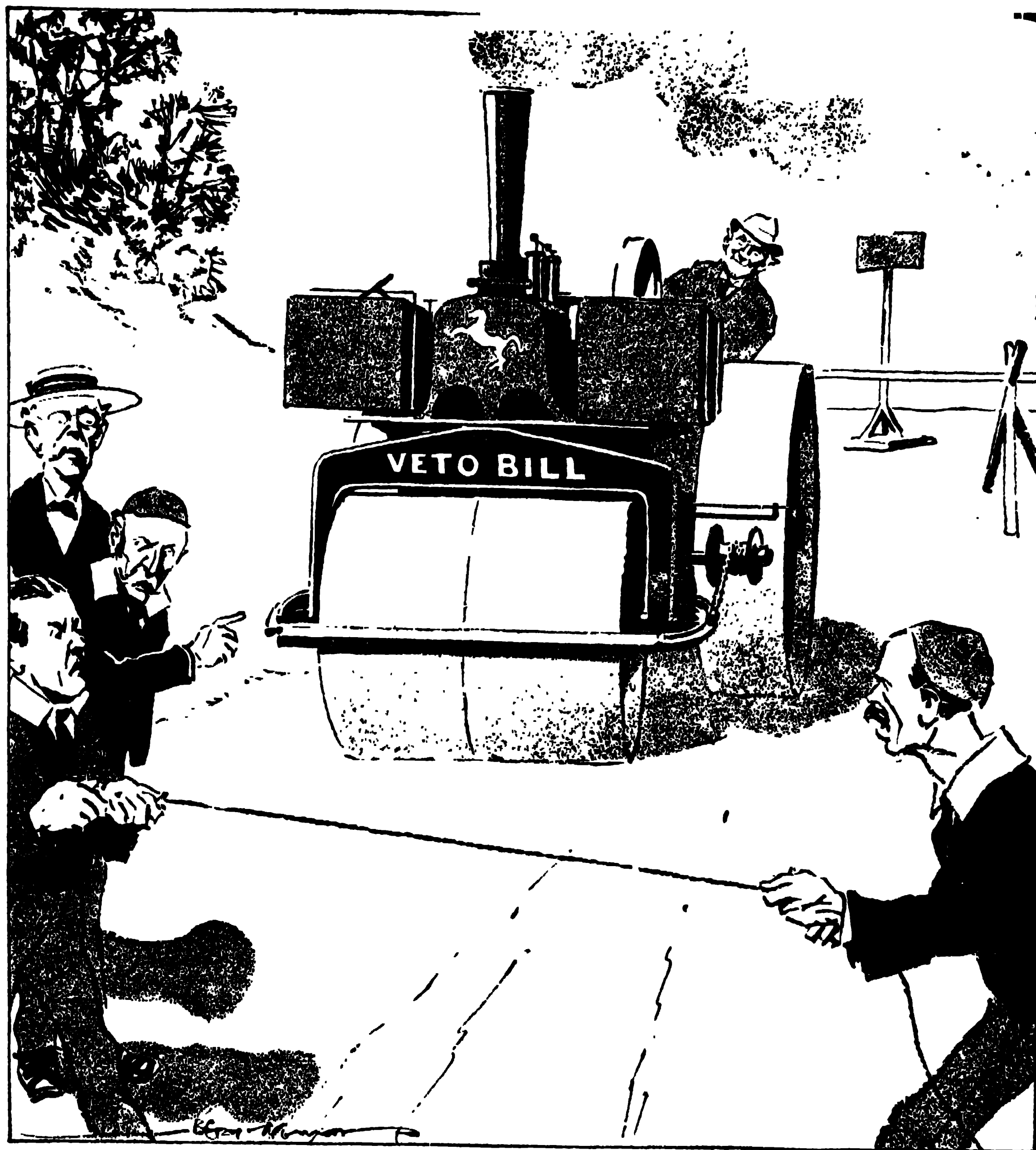
• • •

IF we wish to plumb the depths of our cynicism let us reflect on the meaning of the wrangle about the head of Oliver Cromwell. I saw a photograph of this dishonoured and befouled relic of our dead greatness, and it made me blush with fiery shame. The statue of the Lord Protector stands outside Westminster, but his embalmed head is still impaled on a rusty pike and is still hawked about by human ghouls. We have lost our sense of the sacredness of death. We cannot scourge ourselves into indignation at an outrage that would have sickened the soul of ancient Greece. We treat the skull of Milton's "chief of men" as a mere curio. This is the apotheosis of cynicism. It is a fitting turpitude for a nation that lives on sneers.

• • •

I KNOW that it is smart and clever and knowing to spit on the graves of our national heroes. I know that the modern mind has nothing but contumely for Nelson. But at least in this Coronation year we might spur ourselves into the semblance of pride in Cromwell. We ought to remember that he stands for England and the English temper at its sternest, austerest, and sublimest. The Irish race has no reason to revere the memory of Cromwell, but no Irishman would insult the poor remnant of his body as Englishmen are insulting it. If five hundred Englishmen were to vow that they would rescue Cromwell's head from the ghouls, I guarantee that five hundred Irishmen would keep them company. But England is sunk in the slime of sneers. Cromwell's head is a symbol of national decay. Our glory is embalmed and impaled and exposed to the mockery of sneering cynics. Let there be an end of the miserable business. Let the head of Cromwell be put up to auction like "The Mill." Let its owner offer it to the nation for £100,000. Then let an American millionaire buy it as an ornament for his mantelpiece.

AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.



The moving roller rolls each day a bit,
Nor all obstruction planned by human wit,
Can stop the Bill, nor cancel half a line,
Nor all their efforts kill one clause of it.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

DISCRETION is the better part of recollection.—*E. G. Hemmerde, K.C.*

The man who is in the public eye must expect to be under the lash.—*Paul St. Maur.*

Man's most important aim in life is what he shall eat; woman's, what she shall wear —*James Babcock.*

The world is apt to snicker when a cooking-school teacher suffers from indigestion.—*Greenwood Lake.*

Blue is all right in the sky,
All right in a maiden's eye,
But don't git it in your system; it will kill you by-an'-by. —*Joe Cone.*

Cheerfulness is what greases the axles of the world! some people go through life creaking.—*H. W. Byles.*

When a woman is at loggerheads with a man he is always in the wrong, and does not act as a gentleman would.—*G. C. Maunsell.*

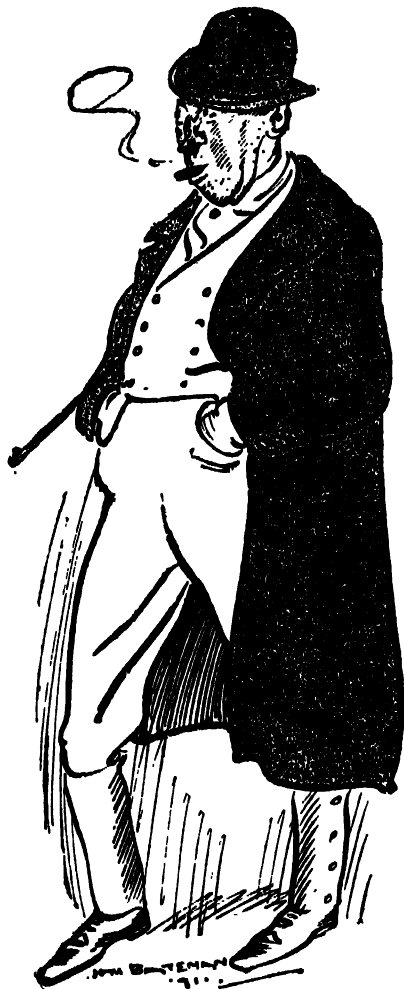
We fail for want of faith in the future.—*D. McClymont.*

Wealth is social in its origin, and should be used for social purposes.—*Comte.*

Every girl at some time or other has made the declaration that she wouldn't marry the best man living.—*Pulitzer.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.


IN THE TRADE.
No. 26.—The Horse Dealer.

Scurrying Along.

"What's going to win the Derby?" asked a friend last week. The question was calculated to give one a shock. The Derby, indeed! Why, we had almost forgotten there was such a thing, and yet, on referring to the calendar, we find the race actually takes place this Wednesday five weeks. What a change has come over the spirit of the dream since the days of winter betting, and the huge sweeps, and the listmen who had their homes and habitations in Long Acre. You could gamble on the Chester Cup the previous November, when the handicap was published, as you could gamble months ahead on any of the great races. The Betting Act of 1853 wiped away the listmen, and no longer can a man walk into a shop and back a horse for a shilling with the same freedom and directness that he buys a twopenny cigar. But that the community is any the better for that, I do not for a moment believe.

Humbug.

We should be a wonderfully moral nation if we had taken advantage of every effort to improve our morals. But while you may condemn the gambling instinct, and think it foolish, you will never stop it, and there can be no greater specimen of canting hypocrisy than the cheap newspaper which spouts high politics for the social welfare of the working man—whom it loves—while, meantime, making a profit for its proprietors by holding out every inducement and incitement to betting. It would rather omit the most important news item of the day than the winner of the "three-thirty." All over the world, except in England, legislation against provocations to betting is growing. Remember that in many other countries, however, lotteries are legal. We have passed our lottery days here. Except in comic opera I have never seen a lottery—and there the heroine invariably draws the lucky number.

The Sport of Kings.

Though the "plunging" era of betting is over, numbers of men still speculate heavily on the Turf. In the world of small fry, astonishing, unsuspected persons "have a bit on." Respectable-looking old gentlemen with clerkships in the City, office boys, tradesmen, servant girls, girls in factories, are as eager to make money as their "betters"—by which I do not mean their bookmakers. Their inclinations are fanned and flamed by the evening papers which lend every encouragement to the game of chance—a proceeding to which I would offer no objection whatever were it not so palpably opposed to their editorial greasy solicitude for the conversion and upheaval of the labouring classes. But what I wished to impress upon you—to get back to the subject—is the nearness of the Derby. Two of Epsom's six racing days are already past, and here is the "Blue Riband of the Turf" within five weeks of settlement and nobody knows the name of a horse!

• • •

In Town.

Derby-night in Town has lost all its Tom and Jerry characteristics, and the wild racketings of Cremorne have never been even heard of by the current generation. The green veil has gone; the false nose is obsolete, and we regard it almost as an impertinence if we are asked to go to Epsom on a drag. How long ago it seems since Royal, and general, circles were fluttered by the appearance, in the now defunct *Tomahawk*, of Matt Morgan's cartoon, representing the then Prince of Wales going to the Derby in the approved fashion—only a little more so. The day Gladiateur rolled home winner was a dark day for England if we believed in the moanings that went up. A Frenchman winning the Derby! What patriot could stand the thought? No wonder a Major-General Blowhard, of the professional fire-eating type, gave his chance to the hall porter when he found he had drawn the Gallic beast in a sweep. Far less of a national calamity to have turned the Tower of London into a café chantant, or compelled Simpson's to boycott beef and sell nothing but macaroni. To-day France, Hungary, Italy, America can snatch the big prize, and all are pleased, save those who do not back the victor. And an aeroplane darts from Hendon to Paris without a stop. And the cocoanuts on the Downs are "all milky." And there are kind gentlemen who work themselves up to the verge of apoplectic fits in their determination to sell you the winner—at the small charge of sixpence. And the oranges are "like wine." And "Who'll have a cooler?" And the *sans-culottes*—the gipsies—are the coolest lots upon that ample, broad plain, with its careless multitude, partly patrician, partly plebeian, partly vagabondish, and almost universally thirsty. And the niggers who twang the lyre and the drummers who bang the drums! And the Epsom Salts, singing seasongs on the hill! What a cloud and clash of memories will afflict us as the old Adam once more clutches us in his grasp, and we book a ticket this day five weeks to witness the "one hundred and thirty-first renewal of the Derby Stakes." I may be put up to a "real good thing" through the man who is "working the commission," and back it on the sly.

If I do, depend upon it, I shall be no less drastic the following week in my denunciations of gambling.

• • •

A Double.

Oh, how delightful, when "the Ring"
On Derby Day shall cheer the King;
Still more Delhi-tful, pray remember,
The Durbar Day of next December.

• • •

Heartrending.

At festive seasons, when disposed to melt a little of the legacy left you by a maiden aunt, you go into a restaurant and order a bottle of champagne wine. Needless to say, you have a girl with you, because unless you hope to make an impression on a feminine heart, you are quite content to make wassail with a bottle of fiery, untamed ginger beer. Whenever you buy champagne a man comes along with a small pickaxe, makes dreadful facial contortions, grunts, gasps, and gurgles, and finally, after enduring much agony, extracts the cork with a splash, letting the juice of the grape squirt all over you. At the end of the meal you pay fifteen shillings for the pleasure thus derived, and realise what a really great thing champagne is. Imagine, then, the feelings bound to arise when we read—over there in Arcadee—how the liquor has been running away in rivulets. The labour unprincipled vendors delight in has often physicked champagne. Here was the real, original, unimpeachable stuff ruthlessly and wantonly wasted. The late riots in France formed such a terrible tragedy that one is reluctant to graft any attempted comedy upon them. They prove—not for the last time—the commanding passion for drink. Mars is supposed to be the adorable god. He is nothing to Bacchus. And to be quite candid, there are no stones to be thrown at the French. Let a low-class English mob loose on free beer, wine, or spirits, and it does not require much imagination to foresee what would happen.

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A Musical Journalist.

Speaking of wine reminds me of a paragraph I recently came across, from a writer taking a jaunt in Epping Forest. An artist outside a roadside inn had been giving a mediocre performance of "Champagne Charlie" upon a penny whistle. "You could," says the chronicler, "just recognise the tune and that's about all, and the voice would have driven a musical man stark staring mad. The performer came into the hostelry and on handing him my little contribution he politely thanked me, addressing me by name. Taking another look at him I recognised an old journalist who was well known in Fleet Street some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and who, at one time, was a staff reporter on a leading daily paper.

• • •

A Tin Tootler.

"Years ago," the writer continues, "I often met him at many big public functions, and I certainly never expected to find him playing a tin whistle outside an inn. His clothes, though not cut in the latest fashion, were whole and warm and comfortable, and from the point of view of bodily physique he looked far better than when he was drawing a good salary on a London daily. I asked him how he came to take to street singing for a living and he told me that he had drifted into outside journalism, but the Associations had cut the ground under him, and finding he could not earn enough to live on he bought a tin whistle and started to practise. Having learnt a few tunes he set off as a full-blown professional musician. He told me that he walked many miles before he could muster up courage to make an attempt. At last hunger drove him to it." I always thought that only broken-down actors went in for tin-whistling. In any case, the perseverance of the subject in question is to be admired. Modestly enough he blows a whistle. Had he been a newspaper proprietor he would have selected a large-sized trumpet.

• • •

Coronation Mementoes.

(The Stock Exchange view.)

Hard mugs in Germany are made—
They're cheap mugs too!—oh dear!
But England need not be afraid,
We've lots of soft mugs here.

• • •

A Jubilee.

On the stage of Covent Garden Theatre a gold mine was discovered fifty years ago. If the forthcoming "command" show at Drury Lane, with its record prices had been brought forward a couple of days, it would have fitted in to the Jubilee night of Adelina Patti. For a half century has that brilliant and generous-hearted woman stood before the English public and to this hour she holds a warm place in our hearts. Patti was one of three notable "sensations" of 1861. The first was Leotard at the Alhambra.

He flew through the air with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the flying trapeze.

He was a quiet, thoughtful young man, and the inventor of the particular apparatus whereon he earned his living. Leotard's father kept a gymnastic school at Toulouse, and the son was not permitted to appear in public until he had satisfied the municipal licensing authorities that in every flight or fall he was sure to come on his feet. Fancy the London County Council applying such rules to airmen and similar wild-fowl. It was the first Augustus Harris—father of our late friend—who induced him to come to England, and while he performed, his mother, who was always his dresser, stood at the wings with prepared chalk and a towel for his hands. Leotard, in later days, received £30 a night. He died of consumption in 1870, when only twenty-eight years of age.

• • •

The Queen of Song.

Patti's advent had been unheralded by any preliminary puff. A few minutes after she had walked on the stage her fame was established, and from the 14th May, 1861, to this hour she has been a household word, while generations of Cabinet Ministers have come, and gone, and been forgotten. The dear little Amina of *La Sonnambula* is an unfailing joy, and though no longer young she still takes pleasure in the theatre. The third notable appearance was that of Blondin, the "hero of Niagara." He had many equals. Patti had none.

• • •

Old Noll.

The trouble over the head of Oliver Cromwell, stated to have been brought to light, is one the non-expert has no hand in. Perhaps the best authority would be a syndicate of theatrical managers. They know who and what "dead heads" are. I daresay you are aware that the skull of the Protector is a favourite form of exhibit in American shows. "Look here," said an indignant Briton, "what's the good of showing me this and telling me it's the skull of Cromwell? They showed me that at a dime museum I went into yesterday." "Correct, stranger," said the showman. "But what they showed you there was the skull of Oliver—when he was a boy!"

ROUND THE TOWN.

The Season Opens: Champagne Prices Advancing: Admiralty and the Flying Instructor: Dwarf and Giants Wanted: Curious Railway Censorship.

WITH the commencement of Covent Garden Opera last Saturday, the coming record London season got fairly started; and from now right up to the Coronation the pace will get faster and faster. The Poet Laureate should soon be delivered of his Coronation ode. The suspense is trying.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

LORD ANCASTER has let Drummond Castle, one of Scotland's show places, to Mr. Eben Jordan. This Boston millionaire seems to "collect" castles. He has in former seasons rented Inverary and Glencoe.

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ARRANGEMENTS are being started for members of both Parliamentary Houses to charter a vessel for a visit to the Indian Durbar, and possibly on to Japan. Members of the public, properly nominated, may join in this cruise; and readers interested should communicate with the Hon. Montagu Forbes, 3 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

I HEAR Lord Rothschild, always compassionate to the humblest of his co-religionists, gave Stinie Morrison the chance of proving his innocence to the extent of finding money for the defence; and I can quite believe it. Perhaps this consideration had also some weight when the reprieve was under consideration.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IT may relieve income-tax officials—may jackals sit on their fathers' tombstones!—to know that Mrs. Montefiore has gone back to Sydney to live. This was the lady who, with the help of her maids, barricaded her London house against the tax-collectors, as a protest against the denial of Woman Suffrage.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THERE is no concealing longer the hideous fact that the price of champagne is about to advance sharply. Stocks are being depleted, and should the vintage of 1911 fail—and its prospects are none too promising—the situation will become critical. Already they are talking of putting up the common, or chorus-girl, brands by two shillings a bottle, and the really choice vintages by more.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IF Jack Hassall had not become one of the foremost of our humorous artists, he would certainly have been famous as a comedian. At the London Sketch Club smoking concert a few evenings ago, he sent everyone in the crowded room into fits of laughter by his impersonation of an Egyptian spoof showman, exhibiting a man from the wilds—said man being Harry Rowntree, whose make-up was quite the real thing. Hassall's "Dago" talk was the limit, and I am quite sure that had any of the managers of our big halls been present, they would have wanted to book the show straight away.

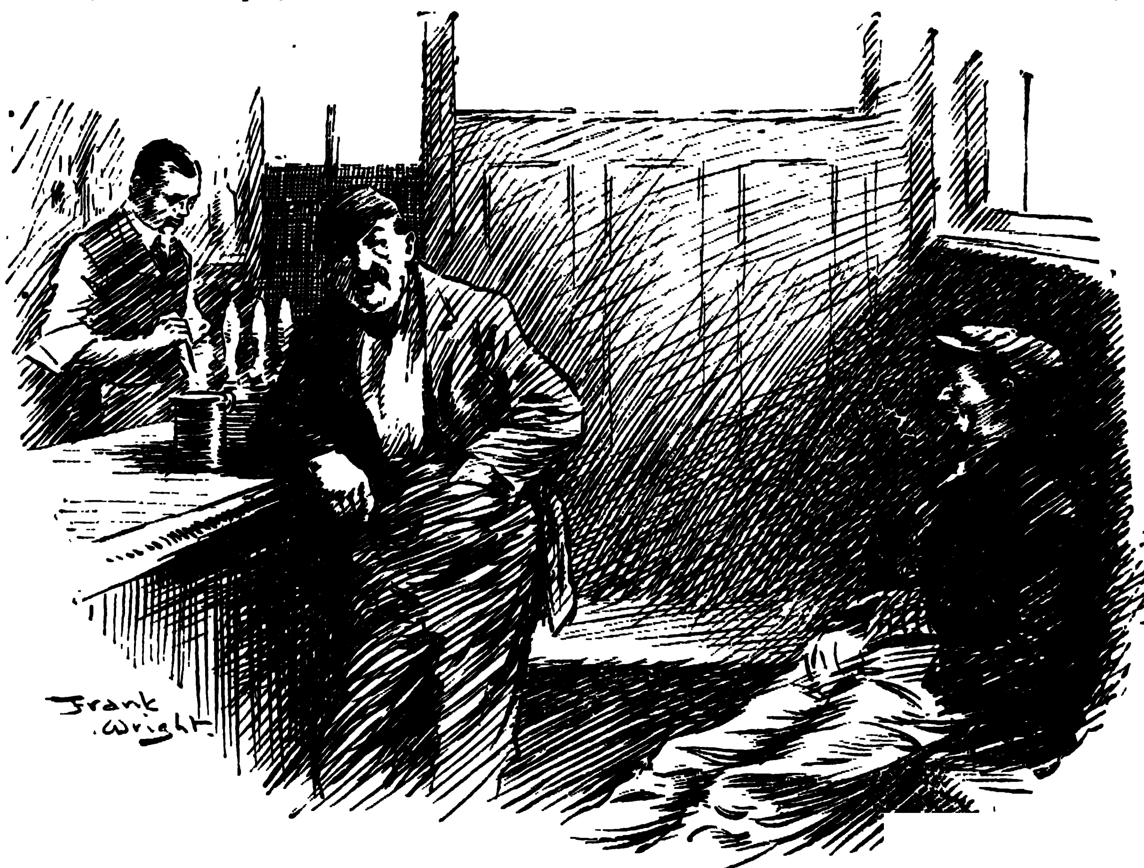
❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IN pursuance of her scheme for night shelters for women and girls, Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy, author of *The Soul Market*, tells me she has at last been able to buy a house, which is now under alterations to fit it for occupation in two months. Lady Brassey is treasurer, and the Duchess of Marlborough is to preside over a meeting at the Holborn Hall this afternoon in furtherance of this most desirable scheme.



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

Connoisseur: "Ah, there's no doubt they mixed their colours *with brains* in those days!"
His Lady: "Oh, how dreadful! But it *was* a frightfully cruel period, wasn't it?"



"Work! you ain't never *done* no work."
"Yus, I 'ave—six months' 'ard!"

THE recent letter of Mr. H. G. Wells to LONDON OPINION cropped up at dinner recently when an American was present, and he related a good story of the author. When Mr. Wells was in the States, he had some hard things to say about their trusts and bosses. "At least," said one of his hearers, "you must admit the grandeur of the magnificent Statue of Liberty that rears its proud head above our harbour?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Wells. "You have the same custom as we—you raise your finest statues to the dead."

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A DISTINGUISHED looking stranger who walked into the Garrick Theatre one day last week was stopped with a "Yes, sir?" by one of the attendants. It proved to be Mr. Arthur Bourchier, disguised again with his beard off.

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ABOUT 120 gentlemen of not less than six feet in height are needed to act as the banner bearers in the Masque of Empire, the gorgeous scene which closes the Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace next month. It is hoped to find four superb specimens of British manhood to act as chief banner bearers.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

ALSO is there in London a particularly small man who is sufficiently proud of his inches to figure in the Pageant as a dwarf? Mr. Frank Lascelles, the Master of the Pageant, is anxious to hear from a person who would be willing to enact the character of Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf at the Court of Charles I. Hudson's portrait may be seen at the National Gallery.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

FOR the scene—"Our Trade with the Indies monkeys and parrots are needed, and already the gay plumaged birds are in training so that they may not offer any remarks out of keeping with the period 1770. It would be fatal for poor Polly to shriek, "Wot O! not 'arf, yuss, I don't think."

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE Duke of Marlborough has sent from Blenheim fourteen stags which are now being prepared for their parts, while nearly fifty dogs, deerhounds and other noble breeds, have been established in special kennels.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MR. GEORGE B. COCKBURN, who is giving his services as flight instructor to the Admiralty, and has in hand four naval officers who are learning to fly for their country on aeroplanes freely lent by Mr. F. McClean, has, in spite of bad weather, got two of his pupils into the solo stage. It should not be long now before Mr. Cockburn's voluntary task is over, and he is able to return to his own aeronautical work. I understand that he is not the guest of the Admiralty, but has even to lodge and board himself at Sheppey!

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MR. COCKBURN is, of course, less known to the general public than are aviators who perform cross-country feats and fly at aviation meetings. But he really is entitled to be called a pioneer, for he was one of the very first Englishmen to learn to fly. He owns two interesting relics in the second Farman biplane that was ever built and in the first Gnome motor ever put into a flying machine. Both are more than two years old, and both are still capable of good work.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

CORONATION week will, if the weather be favourable, see some imposing flying demonstrations, the various aviation communities already being occupied in discussing ways and means for giving material expression to the fact that King George V. enters upon his



The Stout Lady: "Good gracious, how tight-laced the Duchess is! I shouldn't like to be in her corsets!"

reign at the moment when aerial navigation becomes of proved utility. There will be aerial fêtes at Brooklands, Hendon, and on Salisbury Plain; also probably an aerial procession down the Thames.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A LARGE number of pastel portraits attributed to John Russell, R.A., are now being forged by some exceedingly skilful worker in pastel, who appears to turn out these pictures with considerable rapidity. My authority for this statement is Mr. G. C. Williamson, who wrote a life of this artist, and who states that the forger is not quite clever enough in the use of his pastels, and applies some which are of a composition wholly unknown to Russell, and represent colours discovered since his time.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"IN my most successful novel," says Upton Sinclair, referring to his exposure of the Meat Trust, "The Jungle," "I aimed at the public's heart, and hit it in the stomach. I was rather like the Bangala missionary, who failed to bring tears to the cannibals' eyes—but, at least, made their mouths water."

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

YOU do meet with censorship in unexpected places. Now that Mr. Herbert Sleath, overcoming copyright difficulties, has got permission to use the famous Burne-Jones picture as a poster for *A Fool There Was*, the District Railway Company refuse to permit it to be exhibited!

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

IN our issue of 25th February, I suggested, from information received, that "Peter the Painter" was a Russian police spy. I see that Mr. Lawrence Irving has now received similar information from Russian refugees.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE quarrel which has occurred between Pavlova and Mordkin, the two great Russian dancers at the Palace, is not, as the cynical may think, a device of showmanship, but is, unfortunately, a bitter falling out. The management have made desperate efforts to reconcile them, for their refusal to dance together has hurt the show, resulting as it has in the cutting out of the beautiful Bacchanale and the exquisite Valse Caprice.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

GLAD to hear from a number of readers that they followed my tip of Demosthenes for a place last Wednesday, and shall hope to have many such pieces of information during the coming season.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MANY backers have apparently already put down Helot as a most over-rated animal. This is just the time when disappointments on four legs generally roll up. Helot will pay to follow over five and six furlong courses.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

TEDDY PAYNE is willing to give a big price for a completely new pair of sound "understandings." His recent leg breakdown makes the fourth time that offending limb has failed him in the last three or four years, necessitating his absence from the Gaiety for a long time in the aggregate.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

ALREADY members of one of London's newest West-end clubs are complaining that prices are far too high. Twelve shillings and sixpence a head for quite an ordinary five-course dinner, without wine, does seem a bit stiff, doesn't it?

TAYLOR'S horses are now coming nicely to hand, and the wizard of Manton is pretty sure to turn out a winner or two in long-distance handicaps very shortly. Elizabetta is a mare well worth bearing in mind in the near future.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

SENSELESS, who was badly beaten in a trial by Mushroom a few days before the City and Suburban, is one of those exceptional horses who never give their best running at home. The little grey is exceedingly nicely handicapped at Hurst Park on Saturday next, and should win the Victoria Handicap. Butters told me at Epsom that Senseless had been doing wonderfully well lately.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MISS DOROTHY LEVITT, the champion lady motorist, has received several tempting offers to undertake a number of flights both in England and on the Continent. From all I can hear a deal of money awaits a really competent lady aviator, for at present the male sex have had the flying business pretty well all their own way.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MR. W. B. PUREFOY, generally regarded as one of the astutest patrons of the Turf, writes me that he is at present on a visit to his stud in Ireland. I wonder when the wizard of Netheravon proposes to "slip" Christmas Daisy again? This gelding is simply bound to win another nice handicap this year, but when the fateful day is likely to arrive none can tell, for the patrons of Lewis' stable are silent as the grave as to their future intentions.

MR. J. R. ANTHONY, who rode Glenside in the National this year, tells me that there is no truth in the report that he intends to join the professional ranks next season.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

HACKENSCHMIDT writes me that all the necessary contracts have been signed, sealed, and delivered, and that he positively will wrestle Gotch for the championship of the world on Labour Day, 7th September, at the Empire Club, Chicago. In the meantime, he will rest for a while, preparatory to starting a long and severe course of training early in July. "Hack" says that "barring accidents," which may mean all sorts of things across the water, he is confident of being able to throw Gotch.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

HE limped painfully off the polished dance floor. "It is all right about this 'rings on my fingers,'" he exclaimed, "but hang me if I can stand 'belles on my toes'!"

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"A FAMOUS editor was arguing with me the other day," says a well-known Suffragette.

"'But,' he said, 'women can't pretend to be men's equals. Take war, for instance. Suppose a war arose between England and Germany, what would you do then, madam?'

"'I'd do the same as you would,' I answered, promptly. 'I'd sit at my desk and write articles urging other people to go and fight.'"

THE LOOKER-ON.

UNDER BIG BEN

By AN M.P.



Relations in Parliament.

LORD MORPETH has gone to another, and, let us hope, a better, place; for Lord Carlisle's death has had the effect of translating him to the House of Peers. His removal will deprive us of the unprecedented spectacle of two brothers acting as Whips of separate political parties. Lord Morpeth, as Liberal-Unionist Whip, was wont to sit in the corner of the Front Opposition Bench, whilst Mr. Geoffrey Howard, as a Ministerial Whip, sits in a corner of the Government Bench; but Lord Morpeth will henceforth occupy a post of "greater ease and less responsibility," to use a phrase of Gladstone.

There are, of course, numerous instances of close relations sitting in Parliament, but they are generally on the same side of the House. Mr. Redmond, for example, is supported by both a brother and a son, and Mr. Healy was at one time accompanied by two brothers; and in the last Parliament there was an interesting dinner party, at which seven fathers sat down with their seven sons—all the fourteen being legislators.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was, of course, confronted for years by a brother who sat on the other side of the House, and the two biggest men in the House—Mr. Cathcart Wason and Mr. Eugene Wason—also kept for some years the floor of the House between them. The former, however, eventually seceded from the Liberal-Unionists, and joined his brother on the Liberal Benches.

Payment of Members.

We are in for a big fight over Payment of Members, but it will be short, sharp, and decisive, and doubtless the system will be at work before the end of the session. The money is to be provided for in the Budget, and thereupon paid; and at some later stage a Bill will be introduced to make the scheme permanent.

But how many people know that members are already free to sue their constituents and compel them to pay their members? It would scarcely be a popular manœuvre nowadays, and no one seems anxious to assert his ancient rights in that way; besides which, the amount which a member could recover would be based upon precedent, and would be merely nominal. Members are, therefore, confining themselves to good-humoured badinage, some of them wanting to know whether it will be paid in advance, and others (like Will Crooks) facetiously suggesting that they might be allowed a "bit on account." Some are earnestly protesting that they don't want it, and desire to be allowed to continue to serve their country without fee or reward; but if the Treasury insists on sending a cheque for £75 every quarter day, how many of them will return the cheques? Ay, there's the rub.

The only suggestion I have to make is that, instead of the required cash payment being placed in the Consolidated Fund (which cannot be discussed), it should be voted every year in the Estimates, so that we should all be free to debate one another's failings, and whether some of us are worth the money. Such a debate would be well worth the cost involved.

Lawyers at Westminster.

The Exeter Petition has resulted in Mr. Duke, K.C., being sent back to us. He is an "old Parliamentary hand," with many friends on both sides of the Chamber; but he is not any more likely to set the Thames on fire now than when he was here before. It is a strange phenomenon that so many men who have won great reputations at the Bar and on the platform should fail to strike that delicate piece of Parliamentary anatomy known as "the ear of the House." Perhaps it is that the training of the barrister leads him to be equally vehement on the most trivial and the most momentous topics; but over and above that consideration, the House of Commons has an atmosphere of its own. A great Parliamentarian may become a great lawyer, but the great lawyer seldom becomes a great Parliamentarian.

There is a characteristic story told of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. A Liberal lawyer had delivered a maiden speech in which he addressed the House as if it were a meeting of excited electors. "Platform," was the monosyllabic comment of Mr. Churchill to his leader. "Overflow," was the equally laconic and much more humorous reply of the witty Scot.

Parliamentary Authorities.

The doorkeeper at the entrance to the chamber, Mr. Ingleby, is being frequently consulted on matters of procedure since Major Morrison-Bell immortalised him. True, the consultations are not characterised by seriousness, but I could name several senators who think themselves experts in Parliamentary procedure to whom that doorkeeper could "give points."

The doorkeeper sits in an old-fashioned chair, and scrutinises the countenances of all who pass, lest any "stranger" should cross the sacred threshold. He is the custodian of a capacious snuff-box, the contents of which are at the use of all members; and there is a tradition that somewhere in the estimates there is an entry which proves that the tax-payers of the country pay for that snuff. I cannot vouch for the veracity of that legend, but none of us wish to be disillusioned. One of Mr. Ingleby's predecessors—Mr. White, by name—was a studious observer of everybody and everything, and after he had retired from his post he published quite a bulky volume of "Reminiscences," to which Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote a delightful preface.

Blocking Motions.

"The refinement of cruelty," said Mr. Asquith. "An outrage upon outrages," said Mr. Peel. These were the facetious comments levelled at the head of Mr. Vincent Kennedy, the spruce and dapper little Irishman, who supplied the *reductio ad absurdum* in the controversy about what are colloquially known as "blocking motions." Be it known to those innocent of Parliamentary methods, that on a motion for adjournment the M.P.'s can talk about any subject except those subjects on which other M.P.'s have given notice of their intention to move resolutions. These resolutions have not the remotest chance of ever being brought forward, but the placing of them on the notice-paper is nevertheless sufficient to prevent any particular topic from being debated. It is a time-honoured dodge to which the political party in power never hesitates to resort, and against which back-benchers have for years vainly struggled.

Mr. Vincent Paul Kennedy has succeeded in bringing the matter to a climax by giving notice of a resolution calling attention to the practice of giving notice of resolutions, with the result that members cannot now speak even about their most cherished grievance! I am told that Mr. Kennedy is a solicitor, and I can well believe it, for only a lawyer could have hit upon such a method of producing an anti-climax; but he evidently belongs to the class of solicitors who are ingenious, and I have met—even in the House of Commons—solicitors to whom that compliment could not, by any stretch of politeness, be truly paid.

The Corset Essential to Perfect Beauty.

FIVE BEAUTY POINTS WHICH MAKE SANDOW'S CORSET INDISPENSABLE TO WOMAN.

A Beautiful Book of Particulars, entitled "The Perfect Figure, and How to Obtain It," has been specially prepared to popularise Sandow's Corset. It is illustrated with splendid recent Photographs of Notable Women, Singers, and Actresses, and will be sent Gratis and Post Free to every Lady who forwards the form below.

In all the long history of the Corset there was never a time when woman was so much exercised in her fine sense of discrimination as at the present moment. Never before has she been offered so great a variety of stays—so bewildering a variety we may say—from which to make her choice, and it is not at all surprising that she should find the task of selection one of the greatest difficulty.

Most women naturally know just what they desire in their Corsets, but in the majority of instances they are unable to discover until after their decision has been made whether they have been wise or otherwise—whether the Corsets they have fixed upon will exactly fulfil all their requirements.

But in the future none need fear disappointment or suffer disillusionment, as by the arrangements made by Sandow's Corset Co., as explained in this article, every lady desiring Corsets is afforded the opportunity of assuring herself that they are all that she expects and desires, either by visiting the salons of Sandow's Corset Co., or by writing for the gratis and post free illustrated book of particulars.

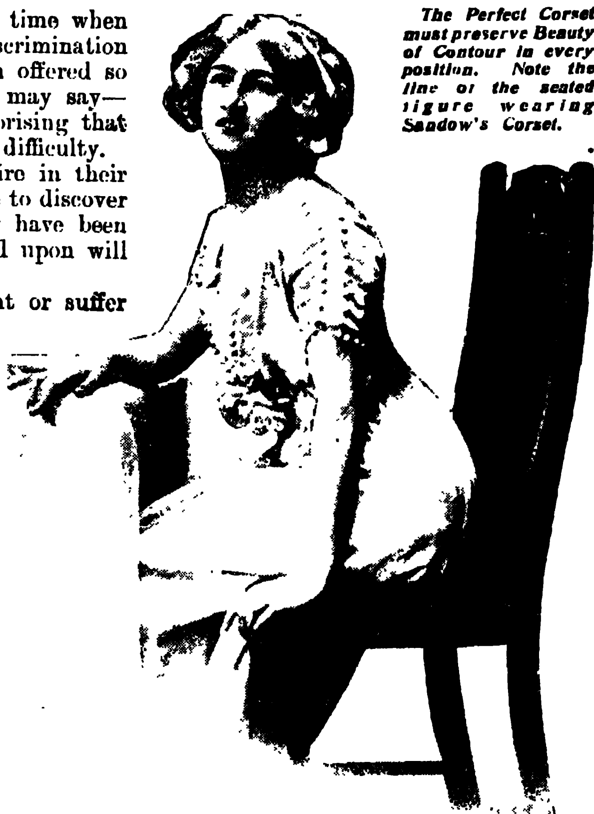
In so important a matter as the Corset it is necessary to study its effects upon the wearer from every point of view—upon her figure, her carriage, her complexion, the fit of her dresses, and her whole appearance; and the Corset which does not make for the beautiful in all these aspects falls seriously short of its mission, as all women will immediately recognise.

It is on these points that Sandow's Corset reaches that height of excellence and acme of perfection which every woman desires, and in so doing embraces all the other essential qualities that combine to make the ideal Corset, of which may be mentioned utility, durability, elegance and economy.

Every lady who wears Sandow's Corset stands out from the crowd of the commonly-corseted as sharply defined as a genius amongst mediocrities; possessing everything that combines to create beauty of appearance and lacking no one essential detail.

Ladies who are desirous of learning further concerning Sandow's Corset are invited to call at the salons of Sandow's Corset Co., 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W., where they can inspect, without obligation to purchase, the various models and styles in which the Corset is made, at prices varying from as little as 12s. 6d. up to £5 5s. 0d.

The Perfect Corset must preserve Beauty of Contour in every position. Note the line of the seated figure wearing Sandow's Corset.



Photo] [*Elwin Neame.*

MISS IVY CLOSE,
who has been declared the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom, says: "Delighted with Sandow's Corset, which not only gives freedom of movement but also a perfect figure."

For the convenience of those unable to call there is printed below an application form, which, if filled out and forwarded as directed, will bring to every reader using it a beautiful Book of Particulars, illustrated with portraits of numerous actresses and singers who recommend and wear Sandow's Corset, because they have found it the ideal garment. The book will be sent gratis and post free.

To obtain gratis and post free Mr. Sandow's Book on "The Perfect Figure," magnificently illustrated with numerous beautiful portraits like the above, showing the elegant effect on the figure produced by wearing Sandow's Corset, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the accompanying form.

— CUT OUT AND FORWARD THIS FORM —

To the Manageress,
SANDOW'S CORSET COMPANY,
32 St. James' Street, London, S.W.

NAME ....
(Kindly say whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS ....

....

London Opinion, 29th April, 1911.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

Mr. Lewis Waller's latest production, *A Butterfly on the Wheel*, at the Globe Theatre, gives us the finest law-court scene ever yet put upon the stage. So perfectly lifelike is it, that should Mr. Justice Grantham find himself here he would want to make a political oration.

• • •

The rest of the play may be subordinated to it, but this Divorce Court scene is a veritable slice of life, actual, palpitating, tingling with intellectual emotion. It is superbly played, too, by Miss Madge Titheredge, as the social butterfly racked on the wheel of cross-examination, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, who, were he furnished with a snuff-box and a red bandana handkerchief, might seem Sir Charles Russell himself returned to practice.

• • •

Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., who (with Mr. Francis Neilson, M.P.) wrote the play, has stated that some of the actors paid a visit to the Divorce Court to study the tone and the general realism of it. That shows you how the profession is improving. Formerly there would have been some actors who could have drawn upon their own experience for this scene.

• • •

It was an inspiration for Mr. Cyril Maude to revive *Cousin Kate* at the Playhouse, when he found he could get Miss Ellis Jeffreys in her original part. It is the most successful of all her brilliant light comedy studies, and the play seems just as fresh and sweet as it did in its old Haymarket days.

• • •

Sir Herbert Tree has scored another triumph in his revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at His Majesty's. Splendid acting, notably that of Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Bottom, and delightful scenic effects, are the order of the "Night." The dances have been arranged with the assistance of Miss Loie Fuller and Miss Elise Clere, and are a delightful feature of this admirably staged performance.

• • •

I believe Mr. Knoblauch offered *Kismet* to Sir Herbert Tree before letting Mr. Asche have it. Sir Herbert could not quite see the bazaar scene, and declined it. Lucky for Asche, for this gorgeous Arabian Nights spectacle looks all over a winner. There is a good deal of Allah in it, and when Mr. Asche, on the opening night, ended his speech in front of the curtain with the word "Thanks"—"Be to Allah!" chimed in a girl in the gallery.

I am asked to announce that a *matinée* performance in aid of the Men's Political Union will be given at the Court Theatre on Friday of this week, when will be played several one-act pieces by Lady Gregory and Mrs. Cunningham, and Bernard Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband*.

By far the most beautiful and costly theatrical souvenir I have ever seen is that which Robert Courtneidge will, this Friday evening, present to every member of the audience at the Shaftesbury Theatre, when *The Arcadians* reaches the second anniversary of its production. It is an exquisitely artistic compilation of the six most popular numbers of the piece printed on fine art paper and illustrated in colours by half a dozen famous artists. The frontispiece is by the eminent Wilhelm, and his collaborators, Frank Reynolds, E. Dulac, E Brock, Hal Hurst, and John Hassall have all done perfectly beautiful work. There will be an awful rush for that souvenir. On the same evening, further by way of rejoicing, seventy wonderful new gowns will be worn by the pretty girls of the company. There will be a remarkable change in the scenic setting of the third act and five new numbers, including an absolute corker of a two-step, will be introduced. What a night!

• • •

The peerless Pavlova is back at the Palace dancing as divinely as ever. Indeed, I am inclined to think that in some of her numbers, notably in her beautiful expression of Night, she actually excels the Pavlova whose acquaintance we made last year. Mordkin is there, too, but it is a deplorable fact that the two great artists no longer dance together.

• • •

Not that I am asking for legal advice on the cheap, but since the newspaper revival of the trouble concerning hired substitutes in theatre queues, I have been wondering what redress the hirer could claim, and against whom, in the event of the hireling being bounced out of the procession by a protesting pittite. It seems to me that barring an action for technical assault, the hirer would stand but a poor chance of compensation. Far be it from me to suggest that the question should be put to a practical test, but it certainly would be interesting to note the legal result, if any.

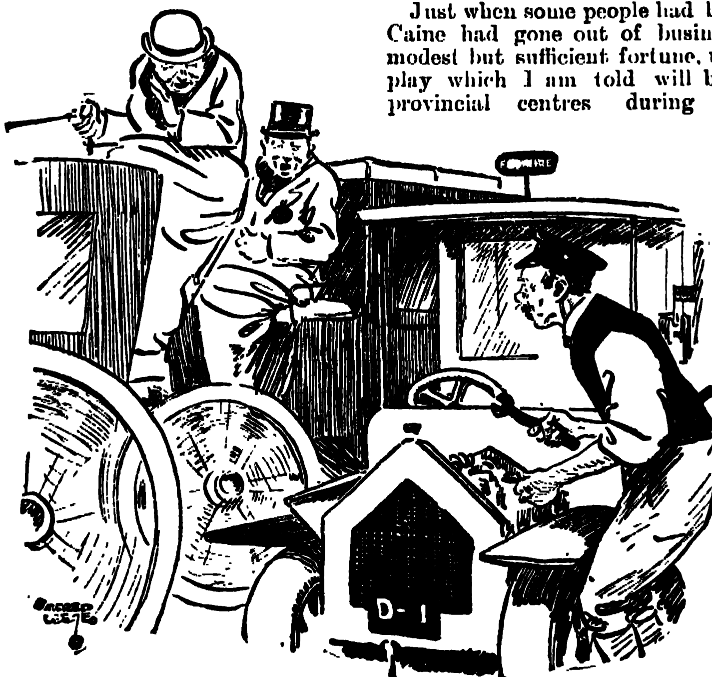
• • •

Why this most unusual rush on Shakespeare? In addition to the revivals at His Majesty's, which of course are in the nature of an annual, Oscar Asche has been at it, and now Robert Arthur is out with revivals of *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. It is all very laudable and I hope, further, that both as a tribute to our love of the beautiful and as a substantial reward to the revivers, business may justify this new found enthusiasm for the plays of the poet.

• • •

Just when some people had begun to think that Hall Caine had gone out of business and retired upon a modest but sufficient fortune, up he comes with a new play which I am told will be sprung on the chief provincial centres during the autumn of this year. That the work is of a light and joyous order I gather from the announcement that one scene is laid in "the Iceland seas," and that the story deals with the Curse of Cain (not the same), the Unwritten Law, and murder evidence. Mr. Leveaux may produce it later in London.

The Russian actress Lydia Yavorska has taken the Kingsway, and from Tuesday of the present week will present *A Doll's House*, after which she will be seen in "a famous modern comedy," hitherto unseen in London.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"Passers By."

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This elegant "Ludcord" Square, 12ft. by 9ft. in size, costs only One Guinea, and may be inspected at Treloar and Sons, or ordered through the post.

It can be taken up in a moment and shaken as easily as a rug, the pattern is reversible, and thus admits of pleasing variety. Closely and perfectly woven by an improved mechanical process, this "Ludcord" seamless carpet is not only obtainable in squares, but in lengths, for corridors and for stairs. The "Ludcord" stair carpet is made in all widths at prices from 10d. per yard. "Ludcord" Rugs (6ft. by 3ft.), specially designed, are made to match the carpets, and cost but 3s. 6d. each.

The "Ludcord" Carpet" is Registered. It is made only by Treloar and Sons, and can be obtained only from them. Sample patterns will be sent, carriage paid, with pleasure to any address in Town or Country.

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THE DEBASING PICTURE THEATRE.

By CHARLES McEVOY.

THAT any feeling for Art is rapidly disappearing among the great mass of the people, the vogue of the "Picture Palace" is alarming evidence.

The Picture Palace is the worst form of showman enterprise that probably any age has known, because of its dead inane character. There was some beauty in an old fashioned circus; there was an artist behind the peep-show; and often a poor genius pulled the strings of the marionettes. The Punch and Judy show is human, and there is life in the meanest music-hall, the crudest melodrama. But what is there of life or beauty, of art or of genius, in these darkened halls where the people gather to stare at a blinding square of light and its uninspired mechanical repetitions?

Is some new, abortive organ grafting itself on to the human race, as a result of continual contact with science, a disease such as the X-ray operator is liable to, but a disease taking the shape of a new organ of sensibility, that can be stimulated only by something mechanical and unhuman?

In a previous age science did not excite the imagination as it does to-day. There was a steam coach travelling on the roads long before the motor-car was thought of, but so little interest did it excite that it is difficult to trace the happening. Men made amazing scientific inventions ages ago, and their chief trouble was to get anyone to take any interest in them. Samuel Pepys, childishly keen as he was about the smallest detail of a day's happening, was little moved by the many scientific marvels that were brought to his notice. A note of music, a moment of fine play-acting, a new book, or even a new face meant more to him than any mechanical wonder. But to-day the littlest mechanical toy will excite a crowd of curious onlookers. Machinery seems more vital to us than flesh and blood.



WELL EARNED.

"Who gave ye th' black eye, Jim?"

"Nobody give it t' me—I had t' fight fer it!"

The Flickergraph (to give it the name which some one has ingeniously coined) is an example of this hypnotism by science. It is entirely without beauty; it is an inversion of every law of art; it is an orgie of ugliness, of bad craftmanship, of indifferent presentation. It is an offence against every canon of culture, but it attracts its nightly audience of tens of thousands, who extract from the gloomy, giddifying exhibition a sense of some new pleasure.

It is a lethargic process, this gratifying of the Flickergraph habit. It is as if the darkness were part of some mysterious ritual. There is little laughter, little applause. A postman may be depicted as dragged for miles by his own pillar-box, sweeping crowded thoroughfares before him, but he has a hard matter to raise a laugh. One misses the shout of hilarity which a living comedian could raise among that audience, with a fraction of the postman's energy.

As a mechanically truthful record of an actual fact, the Flickergraph has its intelligent interest; but it is not the Fact pictures that fill the Palaces, but the Fiction pictures, and, worst of all, the pictures with a story and a "heart interest." It is the Fiction Picture that makes the Flickergraph a menace to the culture of the people.

Tortuously these "stories" shiver and flutter across the screen, tales of homely sentiment prostituted into mechanical service: and the strange thing to notice is how human nature, being ineffacable, manages to survive it all; and when the reformed drunkard kisses the child he has crippled for life, the inevitable "lump" rises in the throat, but a lump tasting of celluloid and the acrid flavour of metal. The spectacle of sensitive little Oliver Twist having his character moulded for him by Mr. Bumble is not more painful than witnessing this unashamed abuse of the "art interest."

Through all the ages Art has been based not merely upon an imitation of Nature, but upon the use of beautiful material and the effacement of the means employed. To take the least obviously artistic form of entertainment—the music-hall—the lowest comedian faithfully imitates Nature, and there is beauty somewhere. He may have a red nose, an absurd hat, but there is the charm of personality and sympathy, while of the means he employs to get his effects we can judge nothing. The Flickergraph is a coarse imitation of an imitation of Nature, the material employed is ugly, and the means employed obvious. Slipshod, irregular, even mechanically imperfect, there is not even an attempt at systematic operation, and so in the watching all sense of proportion, all respect for the laws of orderliness and verisimilitude, must be sacrificed if the thing is to be regarded with anything but irritation.

It is for this reason that its influence upon the character of the people is deplorable. Thousands of poor children are perverted from the development of a natural sense of art by early initiation to picture theatres. The thing is coarse and unrefined, which is the unhappy reason why it is essentially a cheap entertainment. The better-class music-halls give a few minutes of Fact Pictures at the end of the programme, because they know it is all their audience wish to see. The hope is that the Flickergraph habit is not proof against monotony. It has survived a lot, but there is a big chance that the monotonous character of the entertainment will kill it off in the end.

*** These are the views of Mr. McEvoy, the well-known dramatist. We feel that there is also quite another point of view to be taken about this new medium of public amusement, and we propose to publish something on the other side of the question in our next issue.—[Editor LONDON OPINION.]

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Pewter Spoons. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

Of a fellow-student, Heine wrote that "when Grabbe left home for the University, his mother put into his hands a packet which, so he told me, contained silver spoons—half a dozen tea-spoons, six little coffee-spoons, and a big soup-ladle, domestic treasures from which women of the people sadly part, for they think that silver spoons as a possession distinguish a housewife from folk who own none but spoons of pewter. When I first met Grabbe he had already pawned the soup-ladle—Goliath, as he called it, and later, if I asked him how things went with him, he would gloomily answer, 'I am at my third spoon,' or 'I am at my fourth spoon.' Once he said with a sigh that the big ones were going, and it would be very short commons for him when he came to the little coffee-spoons, and when *they* were gone there would be no commons at all."

But silver has cheapened, and old pewter spoons are worth more than new silver spoons to-day. *The* authority on old pewter writes that "spoons are now too valuable to be allowed to lie about in an unprotected condition." By *the* authority I mean Mr. Massé, whose "Chats on Old Pewter" is the handiest and best cheap book on the subject which a collector can possess.

Chasten Your Zeal.

But let no enthusiast beginner exclaim to himself, "Why, I saw a pewter spoon in a little shop the other day!" and rush off to buy it. Because the odds are that it will be a spoon or ladle made of Britannia metal or lead, and not antique at all. I am not here referring to fakes, but to material, and space forbids dissertation upon the differences between true pewter, lead, German metal and Britannia metal, and other amalgams. Metallurgy is a more difficult guide than *the shape*.

Bowls and Stems.

The old pewterers copied the shapes which the old silversmiths used; though old pewter spoons were not hall-marked and bear no date-letter, you may define their dates roughly by their shapes. Do not expect to find pewter spoons of very early periods. Just as Tudor and Jacobean silver became nearly all of it melted down, to be coined, so pewter spoons of earlier date than the fifteenth century have been worn out, for pewter is very perishable. I suppose we all know William and Mary, Queen Anne, and Georgian silver by its shape, when we see it; look for the same kind of guide when you go hunting for old pewter spoons.

And, first, *the bowls;* there is something quaint and unsymmetrical about most of them. Often the outline of the bowl resembles that of a tennis-racket; sometimes it resembles that of an elm leaf, non-serrated; sometimes it is almost circular; sometimes it has the outline of a plover's egg. Ladle-bowls are more regular in shape, more like the ladle-bowls in use to-day, but *larger*, as a rule, and set at an acuter angle with the stem, which joins the bowl more awkwardly. The old *spoon*-bowls were more in the plane of the stem, and shallower, than is the case with the silver or plated spoons made to-day.

As to the *stems*, they are usually shorter than their modern successors, and look disproportionately so, and are neither flat nor *round*, because pewter-ware was finished by hammering, and though the stem might have been cast round enough, hammering squared it a little. The stems of spoons made to-day are flat; the section of a seventeenth-century pewter spoon will be square or rhomboidal; there is something a little angular as well as solid about the stem of an old pewter spoon.

Knops.

We have all seen old or modern "apostle-spoons," of base metal or silver; the "apostle" figure is the *knop* of the spoon—the knob at the top of the stem. Rat-tailed silver spoons are greatly hunted for; so are rat-tailed pewter spoons. A true rat-tailed spoon has no



He: "I shouldn't marry unless the woman was my exact opposite."
She: "You'll never find so perfect a being as that!"

knop, its stem tails off to a blunt point; but spoons with a tapering ridge running under the stem are also called rat-tailed, so that a "rat-tailed" spoon may have a flat knop, large, and rounded oblong in outline.

The knops most often found on pewter spoons are the ball, the seal, the acorn; there are also the rat-tail, the diamond-point, the lion, the melon, the hexagonal, the strawberry, and the deer-foot. The "apostle" and the "maiden-headed" or "double-horn-headed" knops are excessively rare; the two latter figure a woman's head and head-dress, with single or double raised coif, in the fashion of the early fifteenth century. Sometimes the knop of a ladle will have a short, sharp bend away from the plane of the stem.

As a rule, pewter spoons are clumsily large, wooden-spoon-like in dimensions. Do not expect to find them of coffee-spoon or even teaspoon size. And do not expect to find many in any size. A dozen is quite a collection.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

J. M. (Caerphilly).—If your picture by Wilkie is genuine, it is worth £8 to £10; could not state if this is so from description. The other artists mentioned are of no repute, consequently pictures would be of nominal value only. It is impossible, however, to give any definite opinion unless photos or the pictures themselves are sent for inspection.

E. R. (Dunstable). Your coins cannot be of the period of Edward I., as he reigned from 1272 to 1307. None of the other articles mentioned are of any particular value; worth a few shillings only.

J. O. H. (Richmond).—It is quite impossible for the Curio Editor or any other person at all to answer your inquiry. The rules are clearly stated at the top of the column, and unless a full description of the article is sent, a satisfactory reply cannot be given. You ask the value of a tea-set, give as a description the fact that it is very pretty, and has been in the possession of a friend of your family for over forty years, and express annoyance that we have not been able to give you the value. If you will send one of the pieces for inspection, or even a photograph showing the decoration clearly, and a full description of any marks there may be on it, we will advise you, but you must recognise the fact that experts only gain their knowledge from experience and facts, and are not thought readers.

YORKSHIRE (Kingston-on-Thames).—Your print, "As You Like It," in brown, is worth 35s.; "Woodland Maid," by Bond after Lawrence, in brown, is worth 20s. to 25s. You do not state the names of painters and engravers of the others. If you send them for inspection, will advise.

N. O. (Cheshire).—Your print is of no value.

A. S. (Handforth).—Your tea-set is of a late period, and not of special decoration; worth £7 to £10.

P. P. S. (Dundee).—Your Battersea cannister is one of a set of three, and if in good condition, as described, is worth £6 to £8. The small box is worth 30s. to 35s.

H. C.—We do supply cover cases for *London Opinion* free, *but to hotels only*. Have, however, made an exception in your case, and forwarded one per book post.

(Other replies next week.)

A SINCERE WISH.

A PARSON who had not made a very great success of his calling managed, with a little wire-pulling, to obtain the chaplaincy of a certain prison.

During his initial round of the cells one of the prisoners showed much interest in his advent and appeared very sincere in wishing that the chaplain would be as fortunate in his new sphere of action as he had been in others.

Rather puzzled, the chaplain inquired, "Just what do you mean my good man?" "Well, sir," said the prisoner, "I've heard that you preached your last two churches empty."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SHARE AND SHARE.*

By W. PETT RIDGE.

"VERY glad you were able to come along," said the little woman hospitably. "Excuse me being in my disables. Come right in; never mind about rubbing your shoes. I'm not going to make company of you, and you needn't trouble to be particular about me."

"Mr. Francis at home?" asked the lady caller.

"He'll be home sharp at his usual time."

"I only asked," explained the other, with some confusion, "because, as I understood the message, it came from him. Perhaps I didn't catch it quite properly."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Francis, looking up at the lady. "There was no mistake. I sent it in his name, partly because he gave it to me in church about six years ago; partly because I particularly wanted you to come and have a cup of tea. Don't feel tired, I hope, after the party last night? Good! You tall women can't stand romping about as some can. Now, you take a seat there in the front room, and you shall have as nice a cup of tea as ever you tasted, though perhaps I say it as shouldn't. Put your wraps anywhere on the sofa. Make yourself thoroughly at home."

The visitor had only the time to examine furniture and mentally set a price on the articles ere the tray came in, borne by Mrs. Francis with her sleeves still rolled back to the elbow. Over the cups, they talked amiably of the previous night's entertainment, and the tall lady mentioned that she was rather out of practice with her dancing; she really thought it would be wise to take it up again; the last time was Holborn Town Hall in '98 on which occasion, if memory served correctly, her late husband proposed to her. But really with such a partner as Mr. Francis, one felt quite young again.

"So I noticed," remarked the hostess, composedly. "Another cup? That's right. Was the first one to your liking? Two lumps, I think."

The visitor admitted her one fault was a liking for sugar, although sugar was a thing she ought, by rights, to deny herself; adding that somehow the things you were supposed not to take were always the most attractive.

Looking at the clock, she asked at what hour precisely the husband was expected; Mrs. Francis answered that there would be plenty of time to go over the house. Not much of a house, perhaps; but, still, it had given her some trouble to get it together, and naturally she felt proud of it.

The tall lady, having with great good manners declined a third cup, on the ground that it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, followed Mrs. Francis on a tour of inspection, and found herself presently in the scullery, a small space filled with warm, moist air, and other indications of washing day. The hostess shut both doors promptly, turned the keys, and placed them in her pocket.

"Put on that apron," she commanded, with a change of manner, "the one hanging up there on the nail, and turn back your sleeves."

"How amusing you are, to be sure. Wish I had half your spirits. Seeing me as you did at the party last night, I expect you'd think I was always cheerful and merry; as a matter of fact——"

"You've got to do as I tell you," interrupted Mrs. Francis, "and you'll find it easier to do it at once. I want some help with the washing, and you can put in about half an hour without very much trouble. I'll stand on this side of the tub where the stool is; you take the other."

"Fond of a joke as I am," protested the other. "I don't quite see what you're driving at. Besides, I'm not used to work of this kind. I engage a woman to come in every Tuesday, and give her half-a-crown and her dinner. Furthermore, this damp atmosphere is sure to take my hair out of curl."

"I'll excuse that."

"Are you quite sure," asked the perturbed visitor, "that you're not just a little bit off your head?"

"You can do one of two things. You can do as I tell you, and give me a hand with the washing, or I'll leave you locked in here until my husband comes home."

"I can't remember when I've been treated in this way before," declared the other, with weak indignation.

"Perhaps you can recollect times when you ought to have been!"

Reluctantly and trying to assume the air of one conceding to the slightly demented the tall lady prepared for the task, and the two faced each other over the washing tub. There was a good supply of hot water and soap; also a sufficient number of garments to be dealt with, and Mrs. Francis issued orders briskly. She remarked, as the work progressed, on the amount that two pairs of hands could perform, as compared with the result of one pair of hands; declared the present arrangements were lightening her duties considerably, and that she felt uncommonly glad to have assistance. The conversation being mainly left to her, she went on to ask whether the other was any good at ironing, and suggested making an appointment for another day. Ironing took it out of one as much as anything, and help would come in very, very handy. The two twisted and wrung out sheets and other articles; Mrs. Francis complimented her colleague on rapid increase of dexterity, going so far as to suggest that the lady had perhaps missed her vocation in life.

"I suppose," said the other coldly, "I'm at liberty to go when we've finished? Thank you very much indeed. I'm sure I ought to be greatly obliged. But I may as well tell you one thing quite plainly: I shall let everybody know the extraordinary way you've treated me."

"Don't think you will."

"Oh, but I shall, bless you! It will soon get about that you're either very badly brought up, or else clean off your head. I'm not going to be—— Isn't there a looking-glass here?"

"Something tells me," said Mrs. Francis, drying her plump arms, "that you'll never so much as mention a single word about this to anyone in the world. I have an idea that you'll keep it as dark as you possibly can. Just possible I may speak about it to one or two personal friends, but my notion is that no one will hear anything of it from you."

"If you imagine," cried the other, exasperated, "that you're behaving yourself like a lady, all I can say is you're jolly well mistaken. Common—that's what I call you. Is that someone at the front door?"

"Only my husband."

Heavy footsteps came through the passage, and a voice humming "Love me and the world is mine." Handle of the scullery door tried, and a call of "You in there, old girl? Just going out at the back to do a bit of gardening. Ready for food in about half an hour."

When he had gone, Mrs. Francis found the key, and conducted the way to the front room, where the visitor gave a shriek of dismay on looking at her reflection in the mirror.

"And you consider then," she remarked, turning and speaking bitterly, "that you don't owe me any explanation of your conduct?"

"On the contrary," said little Miss Francis, "I'm quite ready to tell you all you want to know. If you wish to be informed why I've made you help with the washing, it is because last night at the party I caught sight of you stroking my husband's hand. Holding his hand, and stroking it. Now that's part of my work. Part of my work, that is, and anyone who wants to share it ought, by rights, to come here and divide some of the house duties with me. See what I mean, don't you? Fair's fair, all the world over. Would you like to say 'How d'you do' to him before you go?"

"He mustn't see me like this!" declared the lady, with another affrighted glance at the mirror. "And I don't mind telling you that, in all the circumstances, I don't ever want to see him again."

(Next week: "The Flower of Love," by H. de Vere Stacpoole.)



Gloomy Individual: "Have you any prussic acid?"
Waitress: "Good gracious—no!"
Gloomy Individual: "Then bring me one of your steak and kidney pies!"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

By CYRIL HODGES.

"I'M a going to do it on 'im, guv'nor," said the big. rough fellow. He addressed me because I was the only other passenger in the carriage.

"Oh!" I replied for want of a more brilliant rejoinder.

"I'm going to make a 'ansom job of 'im, or my name ain't Purcy.

"Is it?" I queried.

"Yus," he answered, "and I'm a plasterer."

"And a very useful occupation, too." I said soothingly.

"Yus, and I'll plaster 'im," he went on, putting up his fists in a pugilistic attitude.

I hastily alighted as the train came to a standstill, vowing never to be so careless in my selection of carriages again. I hadn't gone many yards before a short, broad-shouldered individual, with at least three days' growth upon his chin, accosted me.

"Queer sort of cove that, mister," he remarked jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the carriage I had just vacated. "I 'eard 'im telling the tale through the pertition. I suppose 'e was talking about 'is garden?"

"Oh, no!" I replied, needing all the will power I possessed to keep myself under control.

"'Is allotment is next ter mine," resumed my new found friend, "but 'e can't grow stuff like me, not 'im! 'E shoves things in too early, and I tells 'im so but 'e won't own it."

I stepped out hoping to shake the fellow off, but it wasn't to be done. He switched off from gardening to politics. and then reverted back to his friend in the train. "I suppose he didn't say anything abaht fightin' did 'e?" 'E used to 'ave a nasty 'abit of wanting to fight people until I cured 'im."

"Are you sure he's cured?" I asked, taking a little more interest in the turn the conversation had taken.

"As sure as I'm a plasterer, mister."

"Then I'm afraid your convert's had a relapse. He still wants to fight, and if I'm not mistaken you're the very party he was threatening. If he only does half what he's promised to do to you I shall be surprised if it isn't a case for the hospital."

So saying, I turned into my gateway, a malicious smile dominating my usually placid features.

The incidents referred to happened on Wednesday, so by the following Saturday I had forgotten the matter.

Saturday afternoon found me busy in the garden, when voices arrested my attention.

"That's the gent, Purcy," I heard a gruff and not unfamiliar voice say, and looking round I found my two friends the plasterers leaning over the gateway looking towards me. The taller of the two had a shield over his right eye.

"It's like this, guv'nor," said Percy pointing to the shield which covered his right orb—"that's bunged up!"

"I'm very sorry," I answered, "but it's no business of mine. I'm not an eye specialist."

"But it is your business," went on Percy angrily. "for if it 'adn't a been for you it wouldn't 'ave been bunged up."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"What do you mean by a tellin' my mate I wanted to fight 'im? What do you mean by sowin' strife betwixt two self-respectin' workmen?"

"But you said you wanted to fight him?" I expostulated.

"Not 'im, guv'nor; should I be such a fool as to want to fight a man 'is size. So what about my eye?



"Oh, Mimi, is Dolly going to marry that struggling young man after all?"
"Yes—he struggled hard, but she landed him!"

I can't see to plaster, so I wants the price of a new eye."

"The price of a new eye?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yus, the price of me loss of work till me eye gets better," said Percy.

"But he did it," I replied with a sickly smile, pointing to the stout party.

"Never mind, you pays for it," responded that individual with a menacing frown.

"How much do you want?" I inquired nervously.

"It ought to be a fiver, but for peace and quietness' sake I'm willing to take a quid."

After a little debating I felt in my pocket and produced the amount, and handed it over.

With a nod they left me. When they turned the corner I breathed freely. "They're gone!" I exclaimed, craning my neck over the gate, just in time to see my wife turn the same corner and come towards home.

"Haven't you finished yet, dearie?" she exclaimed.

"Shan't be a minute, darling," I replied picking up the garden broom. "Did you see two dirty looking fellows turn the corner just before you?"

"Indeed I did. Why, I nearly bumped into them. What horrid looking creatures."

"Yes," I agreed, "especially the one with the shade over his eye."

"Yes, what made him wear it, dearie?"

"What made him wear it?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes, what made him wear it, for he took it off just as he was passing me, and put it in his pocket, and his eye looked perfectly well. But what's the matter, dearie?"

I didn't answer, but dropping the broom I followed her silently in to tea.

THE SONGS OF SPRING.

CAT (I address at random one of many,
Who all night long
Delight in song,
And scorning sleep prevent me getting any).

Vengeful I planned for you a death appalling
--A solace void
For rest destroyed--
When boots and bottles failed to stop your squalling.

But now is Spring (My calendar has said it):
Prevailing 'flu
Proclaims it true,
And sprouting hedges give the theory credit.

Then why should I, who love the lark's loud passion,
Your efforts blame
Who sing the same
Thing, though in a rather different fashion?

If when for joy birds carol late and early,
A lark I found
Preferred the ground,
And showed, when asked to sing, a manner surly,

His conduct I should censure most severely.
You do your best
At Spring's behest:
If I don't like it, it is my fault really.

So I'll forgive, nor contemplate your slaughter,
I too would sing
A song of Spring
Save that, like yours, my lay provokes cold water.

REGULUS.

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HOPELESS.

"WHAT is the matter with that poor fellow?" asked the man who was seeing the lunatic asylum. "He has an interesting face."

"That's a poet," replied the attendant. "A queer case. It seems he had written a pastoral poem in which the name of Oberon was used several times; but the **proofreader was an Irishman, and when the poem appeared in print Oberon had been changed to O'Brien."**



Mother: "You're going near the post office, Frank. Let Aunt Fanny know that uncle is down with cirrhosis of the liver. You can "phone' or 'wire.'"
Son: "I'll "phone.' Uncle's complaint is easier to speak of than to spell!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

THE BETTER WAY.

[We ourselves are acquainted with a busy solicitor in the City of London who every morning repeats an ode of Horace while he shaves.—*Weekly Paper.*]

"I want to know a butcher paints"—
How he'd have sated Browning's craving,
This man of law, who "much acquaints
His Soul" with Horace while he's shaving!

Forgot the documents, the deeds,
The wills in which he daily traffics,
He strops his razor, and proceeds
To mouth Asclepiads and Sapphics!

And if he chance to cut his chin
He never condescends to curses,
But mends the mischief, with a grin,
By muttering mellifluous verses!

He keeps his wits upon the rack,
Nor slackens (he would scorn the act) till
He's done his morning's tuneful whack
Of spondee, anapaest, and dactyl!

And when he's wiped the lather off,
And made his memory expand, how
At mindless weaklings must he scoff,
Whose matutinal fad is Sandow!

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE powder lay in heaps—a threat
Of death—where powder should not lie;
Some fool threw down a cigarette—
And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereat, a solemn jury met
And laid the blame, in wisdom rare,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heaps of Want and Shame
Whereon men build, one evil day
Some fool will fling a word of flame—
And what will follow, who shall say?

But should all earth be overset,
We'll lay the blame, in dull despair,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that put the powder there.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

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TO AN OFFICER OF THE WATCH.

[According to a report recently read before the Paris Academy of Science there would seem to be a connection between large and feet and brains. Out of all the sane male subjects examined, only 18 per cent had small feet, whilst among the insane only 16 per cent had large ones.]

ROBERT, what time I fleetingly acquire
A glimpse of that stout form which cooks go crazed on,
I note with awe (I cannot say admire)
Two points about your personal attire
The like of which I never elsewhere gazed on.

The first, your feet, for their prodigous size
(A gibe, I own, of rather ancient flavour),
But then, my worthy friend, I raise my eyes
And contemplate with ever fresh surprise
Those awful trousers that you seem to favour!

Believe me, I regard with real distress
Garments so *utterly* devoid of creases;
For even you, I fancy, must confess
That for a sheer and limpid shapelessness
There are no breeks to match our brave polices'.

But if those massive boots of yours are fraught
With level judgment and a sane discretion
(And so they are, if science counts for ought),
Why, then, my Robert, then arrives the thought,
What of this other badge of your profession?

Come, make no hasty, ill advised retort,
But tell me what I ask, and tell me true, too,
If number twelve boots stand for brains, old sport,
What virtues of a still sublimer sort,
Are those appalling breeks of yours the clue to?

GORDON PHILLIPS.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Woman and the Hero.

"It is very difficult for a woman to say No to a hero."—*Jane Oglander*, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Heinemann. 6s.

Our Party System.

"Although he was Minister of Agriculture, he always remained blissfully ignorant of the difference between a mangle and a wurzle."—*Lord Bellinger*, by H. Graham. Arnold. 6s.

The Substitute.

"An experience related by Mr. White, the American Ambassador: 'One of the most amusing experiences of my career happened at St. Petersburg. At the close of a Court function we were all returning, and were passing through a doorway, on each side of which stand always two tall Ethiopians, black as night. There was a great crowd to pass through. One of the Ethiopians leaned forward, pointed to another door, and said, 'Your Excellency, go through that door. You'll find the way easier.' Probably noticing the surprise on my countenance, he added in good American, 'Your Excellency, the other Ethiopian is sick. I am only a substitute, and I am a Baltimore man.'"—*In the Kaiser's Capital*, by J. F. Dickie.

Our Relations.

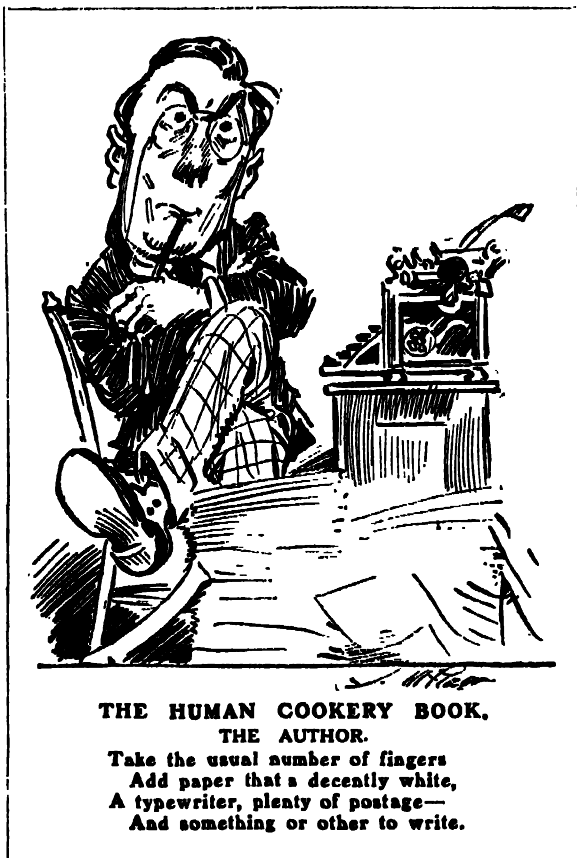
"Relations are all tiresome. They're too much like ourselves. Worse than that. They're our own selves with irritating little distortions. It's like seeing our own face blurred and crooked in a badly-made mirror."—*A Babe Unborn.*

The Artistic Temperament.

"Some of my younger fellow students used to bring their mother with them to the Academy. . . . Not only she, but all her sons and daughters had the most ardent yearnings after art. With her it took the form of a squalid disregard for appearances and an enthusiastic embrace of every crank and faddist who came her way. I think during her life she had tried every form of religion and food that she could get at, and before she died she had reduced her raiment to a smock and a pair of sandals. Before this stage was reached she would come down with odd garments on, unbuttoned, or fastened with pins instead of hooks and eyes."—*More Leaves From a Life*, by the author of *Leaves From a Life*. Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

Easily Suited.

"On favourite days, such as Christmas or Easter Day, the marriage ceremony is performed for a large number of couples at once. I have been told on good authority of one case where, on the marshalling of the crowd, two friends found themselves standing respectively by the bride-elect of the other. Without changing places they went through the whole ceremony, and only revealed the fact when signing the register. The clergyman informed them that he could not perform the ceremony over again, nor could he unmarry them, and it would be necessary to take legal advice on the matter. The couples retired, but in a short time they returned, and said that they would not trouble him, they had talked the matter over, and thought they could get on very well as they were."—*Marriage and Divorce*, by Cecil Chapman. Nutt. 2s. 6d.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
THE AUTHOR.
Take the usual number of fingers
Add paper that's decently white,
A typewriter, plenty of postage—
And something or other to write.

The Time for a Holiday.

"There's nothing so nice as having a great deal one ought to do, and then firmly taking a holiday."—*Account Rendered*, by E. F. Benson. Heinemann. 6s.

Chief of the Highbrows.

"Mr. Sidney Webb was then, as he is now, the man who, wherever he went, knew more than anybody present."—*George Bernard Shaw*, by A. Henderson. Hurst & Blackett. 21s. net.

The Gentlemen's Prison.

"Parkhurst is the gentlemen's prison. It is there that they send most of the swells who get into trouble. The reason of this is because Parkhurst, which is in a very mild climate, is used largely for broken-down convicts who are not able to stand the hard life of the other prisons; consequently everything at Parkhurst is much easier and more comfortable. There is no very hard work, the food is pretty good, and the convicts are treated with a good deal of leniency."—*Nights with an Old Lag*, by W. J. Wintle. John Ouseley Limited. 5s. net.

An Efficient Speaker.

"Lord John Russell thought Shaw-Lefevre the best Speaker he had ever known. 'When there was not a precedent he made one,' taking refuge in the phrase which no member could challenge—'according to the well-known practice of the House.'"—*The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, by Arthur Irwin Dasent. John Lane. 21s. net.

That American Habit.

"A thing that shocked Mrs. Kendal was the amazing frequency with which she encountered the American cuspidor. On their first arrival I took them to see a new play at Daly's, in which were John Drew, Mrs Gilbert, and Ada Rehan. We occupied a box. The first thing she saw in it was a commodious brass cuspidor. As she became familiar with American hotels and public places she grew used to the sight of those utensils. She has told that when she appeared at a rehearsal at a theatre in Nashville, she saw this notice posted in the footlights for the benefit of the actors, 'Please do not spit into the footlights.' When they got further south to Memphis, the same injunction took this abbreviated form: 'Don't spit into the foots.'"—*Daniel Frohman's Reminiscences*. Doubleday, Page, & Co.

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The latest edition to the Lotus Library (Greening, 1s. 6d. net) is Georges Ohnet's *The Woman of Mystery*, well translated by Fred Bothwell, B.A.

Whether you contemplate a week-end in the country or at the seaside, a trip on the continent, or a tour round the world, you'll find useful information and practical hints in "The Book of Travel," issued by *The Queen* newspaper at half a crown.

One of the latest additions to Nelson's admirable shilling library is Mr. James Milne's *Romance of a Pro-Consul*—the life of Sir George Grey, one of the best and foremost among the great bearers of that honoured name; whose story is an epitome of how England's empire has grown and thriven.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

THAT irresponsible fellow Shakespeare once asked "What's in a name?" Allow me to inform him that nowadays there's anything up to five thousand pounds in a name.

I refer, of course, to these newer developments of the laws of libel whereby damages are awarded for unwitting infringements of birth-copyright in names. On all sides one hears of actions, contemplated or in progress, owing to the injudicious selection of a name for a shilling shocker villain or a serial story adventuress.

For writers the position is full of perils; in comparison, the sword of Damocles was a mere blunt paper-knife.

Only yesterday I was told that Mr. George Tush demanded audience with me.

"Show him in," I groaned, a great fear assailing me.

He entered. He was a grim, gaunt man.

"I've called to collect some money from you," he said.

"Yes, yes," I murmured miserably.

"You know what for, I can see," he remarked.

"I—I fancy so. I've used your name in a short story? Years ago I must have called one of my villains George Tush, and you've only just found it out? And now you—you demand compensation?"

"No," he said. "I'm the rate collector."

I was so relieved that I . . . nearly . . . promised to pay him . . . next time he called.

But that just shows you, doesn't it?

But it isn't only the financial aspect of the case that is dreadful. There is the question of securing action-proof names, and that is no easy matter.

Manufactured names, for instance, are so obviously manufactured. Suppose, determined to be on the safe side, you call your heroine by the name of Clara Diningroomtable. There is something unreal about that name. Sentiment jibs abruptly at a name like that. You spoil the verisimilitude of the whole affair.

The most engrossed reader must inevitably feel a decided chill of the emotions when she comes across such a passage as:

Lord Londonbrightonansouthcoe turned to Henry Villagepump. Mabel Motorbyke waited for what would happen next.

And then the footman entered to announce:

"Mr. and Mrs. Emew-Burgundy."

Oh, you simply can't do it!

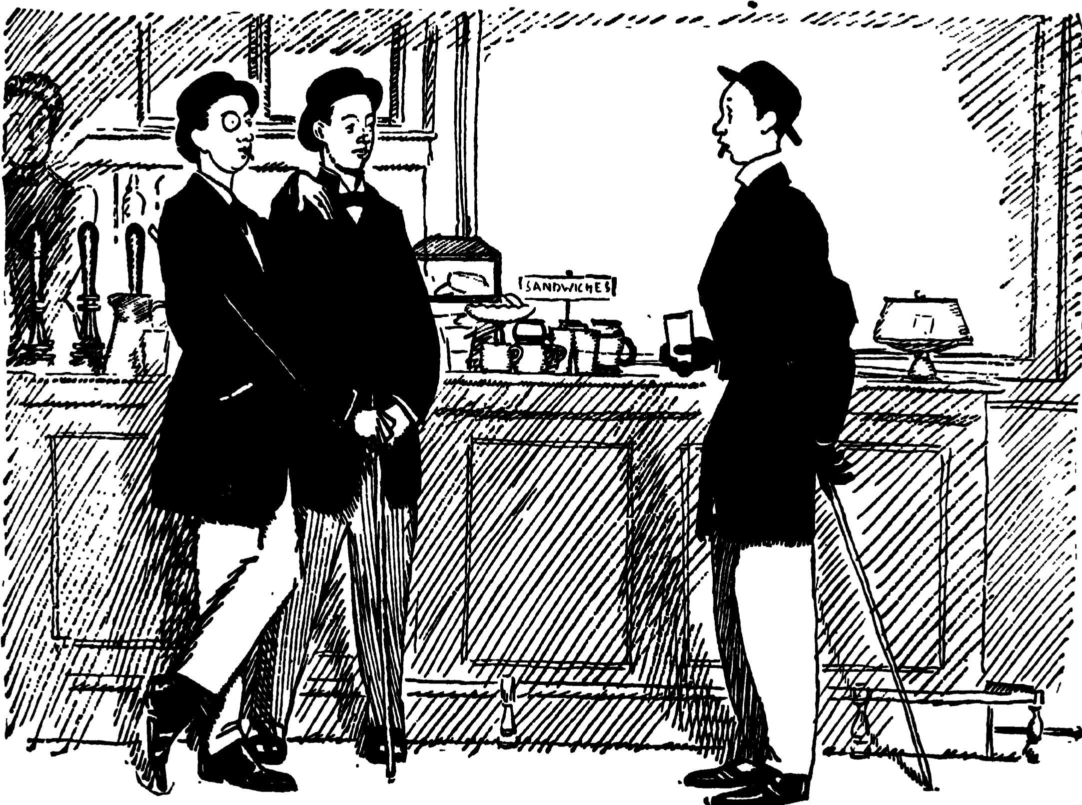
One might, of course, follow the example of a recent play by describing the protagonists simply as The Girl, The Man, and so on, leaving all names out of the question. But even this system has its drawbacks.

The-Conceited-Fellow-Who-Kissed-The-Girl-Under-The-Mistletoe-On-Her-Twenty-First-Birthday entered to find that The Girl was reading a letter to The-Aunt-Who-Always-Suffered-From-Chilblains. It was a letter from The-Cousin-Who-Went-To-China-As-A Missionary.

"Sit down and listen to this letter," said The-Aunt-Who-Always-Suffered-From-Chilblains to The-Conceited-Fellow-Who-Kissed-The-Girl-Under-The-Mistletoe-On-Her-Twenty-First-Birthday.

See what I mean?

One might follow the prehistoric system of nomenclature, and dub one's characters "She of the Suspiciously Golden Locks," or "He of the Independent Eyes," or "He of the Unorthodox Mode of Speech."



Percy: "By Jove, you chaps, this is the second lemon and dash I've had this morning, and they didn't half put some bitter into the first one!"

Or one might disguise names in the style of the contributor of Society Notes to the *Backwash Chronicle and Fogtle Argus.*

We could sprinkle our pages with Lord X, or, for that matter, Lord XX, if the individual was supposed to be a brewery peer. We could say the nastiest things about Mrs. Z-z or Miss J-q-y-x. Growing bolder, one could very easily call one's heroine "Miss Pl!qsh?!!" There is just the doubt, though, whether readers could be interested in a girl who bore a name like a typographical sneeze.

You see, authors are really in quite a fix. It's bad enough to write improbable stories, but to give your characters improbable names as well is risking too much.

But it seems to me that there is no alternative between using the kind of names I have been talking about and the ordinary man-in-the-street name.

Suppose that I called a fictional villain of mine John Smith (which heaven forbid! and, let me hasten to add, which I should never dream of doing, the name of John Smith being a synonym for all that is honourable and admirable). Well, there are, according to statistics, quite a number of John Smiths in the world. I repeat —suppose I did call a villain "John Smith" (which, of course, would be the last thing I should think of calling him, John Smiths being invariably and without exception ideal men in character and appearance). But, suppose—*suppose*, mark you—I did call a villain by that name . . . Well, just *suppose!*

Personally, I would rather spend my money on myself.

Use a man's name for a villain, and he gets damages out of you. Use his name for a hero, and he never thinks of presenting you with a ten-pound note. Oh, dear no!

To all young men who desire to make money without working for it I would say: "Change your name by deed-poll to Richard Brown or Charles Jones. Then sit tight and await your opportunities."

There is, of course, one way out of the difficulty. Authors might combine to run a name-exchange. For instance, I myself would only be too glad to see my name figuring in fiction as that of a man of fearful reputation.

I should feel that, in a way, I was reaping the reward for quite a number of things I should have done long ago were it not that a fear of the police was the only thing that deterred me.

I should positively thrill with pleasure at reading that "F. Morton Howard, advancing stealthily, seized the fair damsel in his arms, and adroitly picked her pocket." You don't know how delighted I should be to read that "F. Morton Howard, after jumping on the feeble old man's chest, leered viciously at his victim, and slunk away into the night."

Claim damages? I'd feel more like thanking the writer for exercising my criminal instincts for me without my risk.

I am quite prepared to have my name used as that of villain in any publication, merely stipulating that the name shall never be qualified by "well-meaning" or "good-intentioned." I should certainly claim damages were this clause violated.

Really, I fancy that this name-exchange notion is the only way out of the trouble at present. Possibly, though, legislation may come to the aid of writers one day. But that won't be just yet, I fear. Are not most of the Members of Parliament lawyers?



TAKING NO RISKS.

WIFE—"Please match his piece of silk for me before you come home."

Husband—"At the counter where the little blonde serves? The one with the soulful eyes and——"

Wife—"No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thoughts, I won't bother you."

BUYING A SPRING HAT. By GRACE GOLDEN.

AT least a dozen catalogues of "Latest Designs in Spring Millinery" have during the last week been dropped through the front door. I, with the unquenchable enthusiasm of youth and femininity, take them and con them over and over, comparing styles, and prices, and shapes, and thinking out colours and stuffs. In fact, I devote to their perusal quite a large portion of the time that I ought to be spending over the correction of French exercises.

There are some comparatively plain ones, which are described as "suitable for all occasions." The average price of these is fifteen and eleven. There is certainly style about them, and they would be just the thing if one were taking the school for a walk on Hampstead Heath, or waiting to get into the gallery at His Majesty's, or accompanying a young nephew to the dentist's; but for all that, I decide against them, because I am quite sure one would need something more elaborate if suddenly called upon to open a bazaar instead of royalty, or invited to a garden party by a duchess. Nobody would ever ask me to open a bazaar, of course, and I do not know any duchesses, but that does not affect the force of my argument.

How charming I should look in one of the hats that another firm designates as "Pretty hats for river wear"! The only disadvantage is that I only get the chance of going on the river about once in a blue moon. But still if I had one of those hats, and looked as nice in it as I think I should (I am not conceited, but there are many girls worse looking), somebody might take a fancy to me, and take me on the river because of the hat, instead of the other way about. But that sort of thing is on the knees of the gods, and perhaps I had better not risk it.

They cost a guinea or thirty shillings, too, most of them, and though a little detail like that might not matter to most people, I know in my saner moments that a hat like that would have to be justified by the wedding of my best friend at least. There is no harm in *thinking*, however, is there? Messrs. Smith and Jones have a list of what they call "unique bargains." They are certainly unique. I wonder how I should look in the one that bears a strong resemblance to a flower-pot out of work, worn by the young lady in the picture so as completely to obliterate one eye. I should almost like to get it and see, if only for the joy of hearing the remarks of my youngest brother, frankest and most discerning of schoolboys.

But it is 49s. 11d.

I grow reckless, and my mind dwells with delight on a "Parisian model" at five guineas. It has three large ostrich feathers on it, and I love ostrich feathers with a deep and abiding love that seems to prove that I have mistaken my vocation, and that I ought to have been a coster girl. I know I should look a perfect dream in it, and I am still pondering over it when Frances comes in.

"How about your hat?" she says, and I try vainly to pretend that the red ink has not long been dry upon my pen, and that I have not a thought beyond corrections. In vain, for sternly she pulls forth the evidences of my wasted hour from beneath a pile of exercise books and holds them before my guilty eyes.

"You've been sitting looking at *these*," she said, more in sorrow than in anger, "all this time, when you might have been *doing* it instead of dreaming. Come." Very firmly she takes me out, guides me to an oil shop, and leads me inside. I ask for a bottle of black hat-polish. "Yes, please, a threepenny one—dull black. Thank you." And the deed is done.

Firmly Frances takes me home again, and we get out some ribbon (that has already done duty on two hats before, but which, when ironed up, has years of life in it), and the hat. It is a pink hat, and I bought it the year before last. Last year I turned it inside out, bent it down instead of up, and pretended it was a new one. This year it will be black. Good-bye, my five-guinea feathered beauty! I shall meet you in my dreams.



Chemist: "How is your father getting along after his accident?"

The Boy: "Oh, the Doctor says 'e's gettin' stronger! I want two-pennorth of arnica for where 'e's just 'it mother be'ind the ear'ole!"

LET ME CURE YOUR CATARRH.

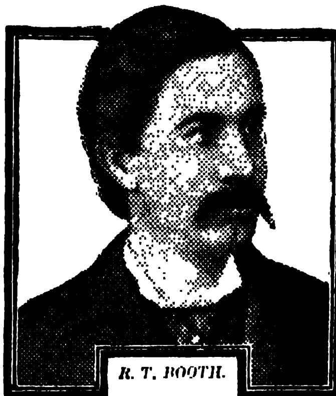
WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How You may obtain Immediate Relief and Ultimate Cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking, to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago I was stricken with Catarrh that bid to rob me of my life. Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent physician, insisted on my leaving England, and I went to Australia. There I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago. To-day, despite my age, my breathing organs are in as fit a condition as they were twenty years ago. The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer afflicted with breathing troubles to give it a trial.

I implicitly believe in my remedy, and I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed in the fact that it would accomplish all that I claimed for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei that I guarantee to return your money if the remedy does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)



(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei.)

If your nose is stopped up.
If your eyes often water.
If you sleep with your mouth open.
If crusts form in the nose.
If you catch cold easily.
If your hearing is affected.
If you have head noises.
If your throat is dry.
If you are tired on rising.
If you have much discharge from the nose.
If your sense of smell is affected.

If you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure before the trouble gets worse.

CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION,

it impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, weakens the mind, and renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull, and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to Consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only, however, am I convinced as to the undoubted superiority of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones as to the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their case.

Below I give a letter recently received from a well-known London clergyman.

THIS MINISTER SPEAKS OUT.

Rev. W. J. Jobling, 109 Brockley Rise, Forest Hill, S.E., on December 22nd wrote to Mr. Booth:

"I write to thank you for the Hyomei outfit received last Friday. This is the least one can do. I am most grateful for it. Already my catarrh is practically cured, although my duties have made it necessary for me to go about quite as usual.

"From a sense of duty to one's neighbours, I shall be bound to recommend this simple but splendid remedy to my friends. And the same sense of duty would compel me to send you a substantial cheque were I better off as regards money. Please send two more outfits (payment enclosed). With many thanks, from yours gratefully,

"(Rev.) W. J. JOBLING."

Their experience may be yours if you will but give Hyomei a trial. Remember, no Cough Mixture, no Lozenges, no Drops; indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure breathing troubles. Hyomei will cure you for the same reason that it cured me. It is so devised that it gives you in your own home dry, pure air, impregnated with all the healing and cleansing balms, just as you would get it and breathe it if you had lived as I did in Australia.

Whether your trouble is in the head (nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the throat, with constant hacking soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the lungs, with congestion, and constant threat of Consumption—there is not in the world a treatment at any price that should be compared with Hyomei.

R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsilitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it; but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

To Mr. R. T. Booth, 373 Roycroft House,
96 Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment.

Name ....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address ....

....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me, giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

DO YOU WANT FIVE POUNDS?

An Amusing Competition on Names of Celebrities.

For **Competition 369** a **£5 note each** is awarded to:

Albert Spalding, R.A.M. College, Millbank, London, S.W.	Rev. Chas. P. Horan, Wilton, Cork City.	C. A. Fulcher, "Riverside," Clifden, Co. Galway.	Mrs. H. Butler, "Sub Rosa," Aubrey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Treble.	*Treble.*	*Double.*	*Treble.*
Mr. Seymour Hicks (p. 144)	***Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild*** (p. 91)	***Mr. Barry Pain*** (p. 89)	***Mr. E. G. Hemmerde*** (p. 94)
Stages Himself Magnificently.	***Makes Jockeyship Remunerative.***	***Banishes "Pip"***	***Expects Good "Houses."***

And **five** Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

Ernest W. Whistler, Waverley Chambers, Station Street, Nottingham; Jas. H. Rollason, Kingsley Frodsham, Cheshire; Major Nicholson, Rodwell, Weymouth; Mrs. A. Sargeant, 48 Scaitcliffe Terrace, Accrington, Lancashire; F. Williams, Fairleigh School, Weston-super-Mare.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

If you can find any use for a "fiver", try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week **FIVE Five-Pound Notes**—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Sovereigns among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names :

Miss Gertie Millar. **Mr. Arthur J. Balfour.**

Sir Herbert Tree.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 158 to 166 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

Miss Gertie Millar.



Sir Herbert Tree.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.



Mr. Arthur J. Balfour.

Put the number of the Competition, 371, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 2nd May. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 10th May.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 371.**

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 371, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... *From page*..........

Double or Treble ....

THE ASTONISHING LIBEL CASE.

A FEW OPINIONS.

HERE are a few opinions, by caricaturists and caricatured, on the libel action reported by us last week about Mr. Starr Wood's drawing, "The Weightress":

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—I have not seen the caricature in question. I have never seen Miss Dolan. But had I been Mr. Starr Wood, I should not have taken any notice whatever of Miss Dolan's solicitors.

I should not have accepted my own solicitors' advice to compound an absurdity. I'd see them both blowed first! *There is no libel in a caricature.*

Yours, etc., HARRY FURNISS.

• • •

DEAR SIR,—My opinion (since you are so good as to desire it), is that to have secured an original drawing by Mr. Starr Wood, and to have been paid £25 with it, instead of having paid £25 for it, is a stroke of good fortune on which Miss Dolan is to be congratulated without reserve.

I suppose that as being myself a caricaturist I ought to be indignant and alarmed. But I find my *esprit de corps*, and my regard for my own interests swept away by the simple and beautiful impulse of gladness for Miss Dolan.

Yours truly, MAX BEERBOHM.

• • •

Mr. G. K. Chesterton says that he very strongly agrees with us in what we say about caricatures. If every thin man, he says, is going to bring an action for libel against anyone who draws the skeleton dude, the grotesque will vanish from art.

He has often been drawn as fat, and seldom as fat enough; and he really thinks that a healthy man might be expected to make enough jokes about that himself to protect him from all jokes from other people.

TEA SHOP GIRLS.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

DEAR SIR,—J. Douglas in his article about the tea shop girl writes about that of which he evidently knows nothing.

To say that she endeavours to look well for the benefit of the male customers and their tips is abominably unfair.

What girl who has the least pretensions of being really nice does not make the best of herself? The disgusting allusion to the scarcity of grey-haired tea shop girls, and those otherwise than comely, is unworthy of a gentleman, as is also his "innocent" query as to "What becomes of them when they are no longer pretty?"

I may inform him that the majority of the girls are either engaged to marry or about to be, and that, long before they are grey haired and old, they are happily and honourably married.

Why should J. Douglas deem marriage with a tea shop girl so improbable? If she be good as well as handsome, I suppose she would prove as equally good a wife as any girl. Is it more scandalous to flirt for tips, than to write a disgusting, unfair article, and attack anyone's character at the rate of a guinea a thousand words?* The tea shop girl is, after all, a girl, and if the regulars are nice men, who can help smiling at them, especially after a dozen grumpy, irritable customers such as I imagine J. Douglas to be?

Yours, etc., D. H. DAVIES.

• • •

A BRAINY FATHER.

"I HEAR you actually encourage your boy to send poetry to the magazines. Do you want your son to become a poet?"

"No; I merely want him to get the conceit knocked out of him."

* A horribly inadequate estimate, unfortunately—Ed. "L. O."

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS.

The Cult of the Ready Made.

It has often been a matter of considerable surprise, that while ready-made frocks and costumes have reached such a wonderful pitch of excellence both as regards style and price, that they are not patronised more extensively by the woman with sartorial aspirations and a limited dress allowance. For the present style of costume, both for day and evening wear, unquestionably lends itself to the cult of the ready-made, and several large shops have a wonderful selection of "reach-me-down" toilettes that are very smart and up to date.

A Question of Fit.

The weak point has hitherto been the question of fit. But this, happily, is now at an end, for one of the leading dressmaking establishments in London has recently hit upon the most excellent idea of having all their ready-made robes made to measure at the same price as the originals, and, moreover, for a small charge of under a pound, allowing their expert fitters to fit all ready-made models.

This, of course, does a great deal toward the solution of what, hitherto, has been a great drawback, and must do much to popularise the cult of the ready-made.

Some New Models.

This same firm is specialising in this direction with excellent results, which can hardly be wondered at, for under these new conditions it is possible to buy a charming day or evening frock for an exceedingly moderate sum. Moreover, it is possible to have existing models fashioned in other colours with any slight alteration that the individual may desire One pretty model of this kind that is just now enjoying a wide popularity is a pretty princess frock of blue serge made with a kimono bodice and short sleeves turned up with old rose silk, the whole frock being trimmed with dark blue or black braid relieved with touches of gold.

Coloured Serges.

Even prettier is a smart boating or country frock made originally in blue or grey cashmere—which can be copied in pale blue or deep purple, or rose coloured serge—which is admirable for morning wear in town or for wear on chilly days in summer time. This is made *en princesse* and trimmed with a wide sailor collar over a white net front—while under the collar is a knot of black silk. The band is of black silk and a row of black braid trims the hem of the narrow skirt.

Cotton Voile.

Equally smart are some pretty afternoon toilettes made of pin-spotted cotton voiles in various colours, which look particularly well worn under the new Directoire satin wrap coats which are a feature of fashion just now. These pretty wraps are made of different coloured satin—some with reversible linings. They are modelled with loose kimono tops, slightly draped towards the front, and finished with a long, narrow skirt and three quarter sleeves turned up with a colour to match that used for the pretty roll collars. Less elaborate coats of the same kind are those of plain blue serge lined with blue and white spotted foulard, the same appearing as the sole trimming in the form of turned back cuffs and a large square collar.

New Blouses.

The new chiffon kimono blouses which have become so cheap of late, are a god-send to the economical of life. For they not only supply a welcome change from the ubiquitous shirt waist or dressy blouse, but they make a plain lace slip worn with a skirt and a chiffon kimono to match, into the most fashionable attire. Worn over a low cut lace slip these blouses make a quite presentable semi-toilette for evening wear, suitable for a theatre or a quiet home dinner.

Puritan Modes.

Other fashionable blouses are made of plain coloured satins simply made and trimmed with dainty white or cream crepe de Chine Puritan collars and cuffs, which are cut with deep points that are very effective.

Another charming blouse shows a shot effect made by veiling bright coloured satin or ninon with pale shades of chiffon; while Paisley blouses are little short of a fad amongst the smart of life.

New Hats.

The newest hats are very effective and smart. For the most part they are small in size, resembling nothing so much as a clown's hat, fashioned in the very best black or white Tagel straw and trimmed with one stiff, upstanding bunch of roses—or a long fancy plume. Another fashionable hat is of the wide brimmed mushroom variety made of natural coloured manilla, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with a wreath of palest pink roses and foliage Other smart hats are of fine straw covered with layers of coloured chiffon and trimmed with wreaths of muslin roses devoid of foliage of any kind.



The Shopkeeper: "Pardon me, but I understand your husband cannot meet his creditors."
The Customer: "I don't know that he wants to!"

• • •

The New Pianist

is not one who undergoes a daily grind at the keyboard to keep "in practice," but one who, freed from all the usual drudgery, can devote himself entirely to the spirit of the music, unhampered by any technical difficulties.

This revolution in the Art is effected by the introduction of the well-known MACDONALD SMITH SYSTEM. Little can be explained in an advertisement, but full details of the Postal Course are given in the Illustrated Book, "Light on Pianoforte Playing," sent free by post. Write to



F. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

Letter-writing becomes pleasurable when you use Herons Court. Your pen glides easily over its surface with never a scratch or a "spatter." Herons Court is a "laid" paper of excellent quality, good substance, and uniform colour.

HERONS COURT

is made in two tints, Azure and Cream, and can be obtained in four sizes :—

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Large Octavo - - - - - -	1/6 per 5 quires boxed
Envelopes to match - - - - -	1/6 per 100 boxed



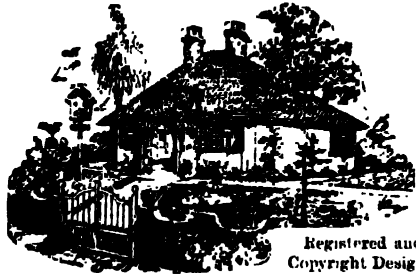
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BUNGALOW COTTAGE,
Costing from £200 to £230 to build,
FURNISHED COMPLETE FOR 45 GUINEAS.

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Costing from £230 to £250 to build,
FURNISHED COMPLETE FOR 60 GUINEAS.

MODERN FLAT,
COMPLETELY, COMFORTABLY, and ARTISTICALLY FURNISHED for about £120.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Illustrated Booklet, "OUR COTTAGE," Post Free.

ZENOBIA PERFUMES

ARE THE PERFECT SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

as supplied to H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
Absolutely identical with the fragrance of the flowers.

2/-, 3/6, 6/- and 10/6 per Bottle.
ZENOBIA TOILET SOAP ... ... 3s. per box,
ZENOBIA SACHETS .. ... 1s. and 2s. 6d. each,
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Stocks and Shares*

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

MARKETS have been steady, but under the influence of the holidays. The gilt-edged market seems fairly well supplied with stock, and the New Queensland Loan of £2,000,000 has taken it somewhat by surprise.

In Home Rails there has been some profit taking, but dealers still seem confident of higher prices. Americans have been left entirely in the hands of professionals. There has been no pronounced feature in foreign stocks or foreign rails. Southern Alberta Lands have had a sharp rise from 46s. to 53s., and are still talked up. Kaffirs have been slightly inclined to dulness, bear re-purchases having ceased. Rhodesians show a somewhat better tendency under the lead of Lonelys. Rubbers have been quite neglected, but oils look more promising.

Home Rails High Enough.

The rise in Home Rails is getting a bit overdone. No doubt the tendency towards close co-operation will result in still further economies, but it is absurd of people to pay £20 more for £100 worth of stock than they would have done a year ago, because they think they are going to get 1 per cent. more annual dividend for a few years. Granted that several of the companies will pay 1 per cent. more during the next three or four years, and perhaps ½ per cent. more for another few years, can anyone believe that, when the next period of industrial depression occurs—and it will occur—dividends will continue to increase? In any case, the purchaser now pays £20 cash down for the prospect of getting £1 per annum more income for four or five years, and he is in the position of the man who buys Debentures, because, forsooth, the vendors guarantee (out of his money) the payment of interest for five years.

The railway companies are going to have labour troubles anyway, and if their dividends rise much they will soon be overhauled by the insistent demands of the 600,000 odd railway workers, who are seething with discontent.

The Railway Year.

In anticipation of the annual Board of Trade Report and Analysis, the *Investors' Review* has been endeavouring to get at the actual position of English railways as shown by the accounts for the whole of 1910, for which purpose it has studied the accounts of eighteen of the principal railway companies. Some of the conclusions are interesting; on the passenger traffic, 1st and 2nd class remain stagnant, but 3rd class traffic continues elastic all over the country, the railways showing an increase of £1,076,000 under this head over the preceding year. Merchandise traffic showed an increase of £1,048,295, while minerals and live stock yielded about £536,000 more. Expenses also have gone up, although it must be admitted, not in the same ratio as the takings; compensation is much too heavy an item, the eighteen companies having paid out £672,000 on this score alone during last year. This reminds one of the American millionaire who imported a replica of the Venus de Milo statue; on its being unpacked he immediately sent in a claim to the railway company for damage on account of the arms being broken; *and the railway company paid!*

Capital Expenditure.

On capital account the eighteen companies spent £4,410,000—moderate compared with former years, but, in the words of the *Investors' Review*: "in the long run increase of capital will destroy the earning power of the Ordinary stocks." The capital overdraft of the eighteen companies amounted to nearly £20,000,000 at the end of last year, and a rather serious point is that the Trust and other funds (employés' superannuation, insurance, savings bank funds, etc.) are mostly utilised by the companies as working capital, only £4,350,000 out of a total of £21,366,000 being invested outside the business of the railways. In this connection the Great Eastern appears to be the least offender, half of its Trust funds of £2,302,000 being invested in marketable securities. The conclusion one is forced to come to is, that while the immediate railway outlook is good, prices are quite high enough.

Steamship Company Shares.

There is some perturbation about the renewal of the North Atlantic Steamship Conference. At the present time only a provisional arrangement up to the end of July is in force, and the chairmen of one or two of the big companies in this country and Germany have been hinting at the likelihood of another shipping war. Speaking generally, shares in shipping companies would not appear to be a very profitable form of investment. At first sight one would think that ships possess a great advantage over factories and other fixed industrial concerns in that they are mobile, and, if profits cannot be earned in one part of the world, can be diverted to another; in practice, however, this does not appear to be the case, and it is not an easy matter for a liner to become a successful tramp steamer at short notice, and the opening up of new services is also a risky affair. If there is going to be a rate war there is no doubt about the Hamburg-Amerika Company being well equipped, for it has of late years been placing large sums to a special competition fund for this very purpose.

Shipping Companies' Yields.

The proportion of shipping companies which have not paid a dividend on their Ordinary shares (and, in some cases, the Preferred) for some years is very large indeed, and among these are such well-known companies as the Cunard, the Houlder, and the Leyland lines. Nor, in the case of such companies as do pay dividends, is the yield in any way commensurate with the fluctuating nature of the shipping industry, as is shown in the following table, the yields being based on the last dividend:

	Nominal Value of Share.	Price.	Yield.
Clan Line Ordinary Shares ..	£10 ...	$9\frac{7}{16}$ ...	£5 8 0
Furness Withy Ordinary ...	20s. ...	$1\frac{1}{16}$ ...	4 0 0
Union Castle Mail Ordinary...	£10 ...	$11\frac{3}{8}$ ...	5 7 6

Holders of shipping companies' Ordinary shares yielding less than 6 per cent. at present prices, should sell, as they could easily exchange into something more profitable and, at the same time, offering more safety.

Kaffirs Analysed.

A further issue (No. 8) of the attractive series entitled *South African Companies Analysed* has just appeared, and the investor who desires both particular and general information regarding this fascinating, though sometimes dangerous, class of investment, will find the details contained in the eight volumes, together with the monthly returns, very interesting and oftentimes profitable.

There is no doubt that these volumes are very popular amongst mining investors, being clearly expressed without too much of the technical detail so often bewildering to the layman.

Exploring Land and Minerals.

The report of this company for the 15 months ended 31st December, 1910, shows a profit of £1,385, which has been utilised to write off the whole of the preliminary expenses. As, during the period under review, the company's operations have consisted principally of the examination and exploration of its properties and concessions, the fact that it has been able to defray the cost of administration out of its income is satisfactory. This it is able to do by reason of the fact that it holds £37,000 of shares and Debentures in other companies, on which it received during the 15 months named, by way of dividends and interest, £4,535. The company owns 326,600 morgen of land in Rhodesia, the cost of which works out at less than 1s. per acre, besides which it has about 140 square miles of land, much of it mineralised, in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. This land appears to have been well chosen, and the managing director is on his way to South Africa with a view to dealing profitably with some of these considerable areas.

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

A Promising Lock-Up.

The company has also a large number of mining interests, on many of which developments are actively proceeding, and an expedition has been despatched to Northern Rhodesia to locate ten square miles and 1,000 mining claims to which the company is entitled; some eighty building stands in Salisbury, Buluwayo, Umtali, and Victoria, as well as market concessions and two large blocks of offices on the Market Square in the first-named town, are also owned.

The authorised capital is £375,000 in 5s. shares, of which £237,918 have been issued. A further £53,312 is under option up to 27th October next at par, which has already been exercised in part, and there is little doubt that the balance of the option will also be exercised. The company's liquid assets amount to £94,000, included in which are large holdings of Crown Mines, East Rand Proprietary, Ferreira Deep, Witwatersrand Gold, and Witwatersand Deep shares, and, in view of the diversity of the company's assets, the shares at about 7s. 6d. look a promising lock-up and likely to be among the first to respond to any increased activity in the Rhodesian Market.

Fanti Consolidated.

From the report recently issued, this company struck a lean year in 1910, the net profit having been £3,637, as compared with £72,917 for 1909. Opportunities for profitable market operations in West Africans have not been plentiful of late, and until things look much livelier in that market, there appears to be little prospect of the shares reaching the price of 30s. again. The company certainly has large holdings in West African properties, and should, in due course, return dividends to its shareholders; but, unless the West African market can be revivified, it means a long wait.

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*Kelly.*"—If you must have low-priced Rubber shares, you might buy Lapings at about 3s. or Galang Besars at about 7s. We send you particulars of what we consider to be a perfectly safe company, giving a return of 9 per cent., which is likely to prove much more profitable than either of the Rubber shares named. "*J. E. M.*"- Rhodesia Exploration is interested in some of the best properties in Rhodesia, and possesses some 3,000 mining claims, the financial position is very strong, and it is quite a good purchase. Do not carry over the other two stocks you mention. "*Olive Oil.*"—We are afraid you will not now see London Ventures back at the price you gave for them. Better cut your loss and re-invest in one of the two concerns of which we send you particulars "*H. B.*"—McNamara 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares appear to be quite a good holding, although we are afraid they do not enjoy a free market. For the last six years 10 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary shares. "*Peter*" - The acreage valuation of Chersonese is high, and we think you could do better. "*W. T.*"- You deserve sympathy for your losses on the "Trusts," but we fear you would be throwing good money after bad by going to the Courts. "*Escompte.*"—Benoni Consolidated Mines at about 20s. would suit your purpose. The company has over 600,000 tons of payable ore developed, and will start crushing this autumn. "*Quest.*"- Have nothing to do with the firm you name. "*J. N. O.*"—The 1910 results of Knight Central were poor, but the price will probably rise when the South African market becomes more active. You might hold for a better price. Among dividend payers we think best of Nourse Mines. See also reply to "Escompte." "*C. G.*"—We consider the Bulgarian Loan to be quite a good investment. "*T. H.*" The object of the International Educational Publishing Company is a praiseworthy one, but you could invest your money to better advantage. "*J. H.*"—You had better rest content with the three shares you already possess in the Javansche Culture Weltevreden. The Oost-Indische Bank is more a Rubber Trust company than a bank, and you had better leave the shares alone. "*J. B. T.*"- The Strand Hotel is doing very well, but the shares already stand at a considerable premium. We send you particulars of two sound investments, yielding over 6½ per cent. and 9 per cent. respectively, which are obtainable in small lots, and are suitable to your requirements. "*R. W. O.*"—We have telegraphed you as desired. We think New Zealand Oils to be a fairly good speculative proposition at the present price. The company is not yet producing. "*W. S.*"—You must put up with the loss. The Government guarantees the interest, but does not undertake that you will receive what you paid for Consols. Many people wish it did. "*A. W. L.*"- The 6 per cent. Bonds of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank, which are unconditionally guaranteed by the Argentine Federal Government, yield £5 18s. per cent., and are the highest yielding safe Government Stock you could purchase. "*Rob.*" - Take your profit on Great Northern Deferred. The Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills (Canada) 6 per cent First Mortgage Bonds, which yield a little over 6 per cent., would suit your purpose. "*Tyro.*" We send you the name of a high-class firm which gives full attention to small business.

A. W. GAMAGE LTD.

The fourteenth annual general meeting of A. W. Gamage Ltd. was held on April 19th at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. A. W. Gamage (the chairman of the company) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the turnover for the past year was the largest on record, but he was sorry to say that the net profits had not increased quite in proportion to the turnover. As they knew, a wet season had been experienced last year, and the death of King Edward told against trade; but the great reason why the profits were not more in proportion to the turnover was the fact that the price of raw materials was very high, especially with regard to rubber goods.

They had increased their building account by a little over £5,000, the chief part of this being due to the fact that 93 Hatton Garden had been entirely rebuilt; and he was pleased to say that they had up to the present let two floors, which would bring them in £300 a year. In addition to this rebuilding there was a small charge for a well—some £1,200—and this the directors were pleased to say had turned out a great success. They were lucky in striking an abundance of water, whereby at the present time they were pumping something like 20,000 gallons, costing them a little less than 3d. per 1,000 gallons.

Their assessments ran to about £12,000 a year; and, as the Water Board charged 5 per cent. on that assessment, the shareholders would readily understand what a saving it was to the company to have its own well. They would notice that on the liability side of the balance-sheet was "Mortgage, Commercial Road, £8,000." On the assets side it figured at £12,000. This property was the headquarters of the Gamage Bell Company, and the Directors had made a very fine bargain; in fact, so fine a bargain, that they gave £12,000 for it, and were able to get the same amount of money on mortgage.

The Gamage Bell Company paid a rent, and part was let off to another Company, all on advantageous terms. With regard to Benettinks, the dividend was 7½ per cent. That business was now in a very prosperous state, and the shareholders ought to be satisfied with the return they were getting. Several shareholders had said to him, "You have not written down your goodwill." and his answer had been that he did not see any advantage in it. At the time the company was formed the goodwill was fixed at £43,300, and since that time the turnover had become five times that amount, so that instead of cutting down the goodwill, he thought they might do as a certain firm in the West-End did recently, have their business valued, and put the goodwill up.

The report was unanimously adopted.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

A Bengal tiger with its tail in the air is not nearly so dangerous as a stupid man with good intentions.—*The Imp.*

If the monkey had never been chased by the tiger, man would never have invented the railway train or the bicycle. —*Ideas.*

• • •

More nonsense is talked about the birth rate than about politics.—*Englishwoman.*

• • •

The Bankruptcy Court is a place which tries the metal of a man.—*British Weekly.*

• • •

The English home would be the ideal home if it were not so draughty.—*Hamburger Zeitung.*

• • •

A Comforting Thought.

I love to sit down by the sea
And think that it belongs to me
As much as to A. Carnegie;
And when I look up in the air,
No Rockefeller has a share
That's bigger than my own up
there!—*Judge*, New York.

• • •

A would-be student entered a bookshop, and asked if they had any works by the celebrated Buffon. "The celebrated buffoon?" asked the shopman. "Yes, we have all of them." And he gravely indicated a shelf full of the books of Mr. Bernard Shaw.—*Daily Chronicle.*



AT THE SALON.

Visitor: "What is the subject?"
Artist: "Study of a delicate woman."
Visitor: "Seems as if you ought to have waited until she got better!"
—"Le Rire," Paris.

Only a foolish woman angles for compliments. The wise one depends more on curves.—*Woodville Post.*

• • •

As the coloured preacher said: "Life, my breddern, am mostly made up of prayin' for rain an' den wishin' 'twould cl'ar off."—*Home Journal.*

• • •

When two women discuss love together they are untruthful; when they discuss marriage, they are unhappy; but let them once get on the subject of clothes, and they are at least both happy.—*Town Topics*, N.Y.

• • •

Every matinée afternoon, at the close of the performance, an enthusiastic crowd remains in wait at the stage door of the Théatre Français to cheer the stars who have acted, as they come out. A tragedian was sitting at a café opposite, having a glass of beer. He saw the crowd hailing his fellow-actors as they left the theatre. He finished his beer hastily, walked across and went unperceived into the theatre by the public entrance. Five minutes later he came out by the stage door, was duly recognised, and walked through the crowd of cheering admirers, bowing his acknowledgments.—*Comœdia*, Paris.

• • •

The Village Blacksmith. (New Style.)

Under a costly canopy
The village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring car
Broken to little bits—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee
As he lights his fat cigar—
He tells his helpers what to do
To straighten up the car—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand humbly where they are.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed
And smiles a smile of cheer
The while his helpers pump the tires
And monkey with the gear—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand reverently near.

The chestnut tree long since has died,
The smith does not repine;
The humble shop has grown into
A building big and fine—
And it bears "Garage" above the door,
On a large electric sign.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

• • •

The Queen of Spain has started a campaign against the promiscuous kissing of infants and young children. The movement, we understand, is heartily indorsed in Spain by Parliamentary candidates.—*Bellman*, Minneapolis.



"How dare you have six dances running with the same man?"
"Hush! Be quiet! It's not a man!"
—"Sydney Bulletin."

IN A BERLIN CABARET.

[Claire Waldoff comes to London next month under engagements to appear at a number of private entertainments in the West End.]

ENTER the Cabaret and note the throng of night-folk chattering, laughing, joking, jeering; pursuing each his plan of pleasure and making the unborn morn jangle with joy. After midnight, when merriment has been crowned, there comes a sudden silence. The jangle becomes a diminuendo and finishes in something less than a whisper. Something like a mental telegram has flashed, and the event which all await with homage mien is heralded.

They nod to each other and understand. No need to tell your neighbour that Waldoff is coming. The silence betokens all. At last she arrives: a movement, suggesting a combination of strut and graceful glide, carries her to the centre of the stage. A flash of Titian hair, cheekily poised and odd in coiffure, two neat apple-like cheeks, full lips that express a world of meaning with no motion at all, a chubby little chin, a *retroussé* nose, and arched eyebrows that seem inordinately distant from the eyes. It is a collection of features that cannot be forgotten, much less dismissed in a glance.

Waldoff knows her colours. Green, vivid and pure, is her pet scheme, and she disposes it in dashes that heighten the blaze of the rich red hair. For the rest she is in black—a non-committal velvet, with, maybe, a single relief of gold embroidery. She is little, but a Colossus—her plump yet never ample figure seems to house an electric battery—controlled by the meter of her facial expression.

It all comes out in her face. Though an actress, she has the secret of repression. Her immobility of body sets off the workings of a seldom restful face. And she is Berlin—nothing short, nothing more. The grating accent, the leer, the impish grimace, the haughty manner, the sad wanness of sorrow, the sheer gladness, the devilishness and the myriad phases of Berlin's most characteristic denizens are there. She speaks without talking; her powers of suggestion are transmitted like a wireless message.

In her seems to be assembled all the emotions of the beings who dance attendance on the dazzling lights, the human moths of the Friederichstrasse and the Linden.

German writers have likened her to Eysoldt in a Tingle-tangle, to the comic illustrations in the New York papers, to Marie Lloyd, to English-Americanism, to Vesta Tilley, to a hundred and one things and people. She is like none of them. She is a creation in herself—a being apart—a veritable Puck of the Cabaret.

One must not forget her voice—one cannot. She is no vocalist in the accepted sense, yet she has a wonderful voice. It may now be a seeming shriek, a harsh note that pierces, or again a tone of a curious heavy quality. But ever and anon come sweetly plaintive notes and tuneful breaks that go to the heart or the head. A little catch in the voice that thrills and makes one oblivious to all else but the mission of her song.

Claire Waldoff is something new, strange, and perhaps a little uncanny in her grip of the hearers, an *artist* with her puppets mentally strung, dancing at her very thought.

After the Waldoff there come singers, humorists, and various entertainers. The procession lasts until the clock has gone well nigh half-way round since midnight, but one goes out to the Linden with the recollection only of the queer little elf with the blazing hair.

• • •

TOO FRANK ALTOGETHER.

Two wretched-looking tramps called on the dean of a medical college connected with a hospital at one of the large northern towns, and proposed that he should purchase their bodies for the dissecting room as they were on the verge of starvation and had not long to live.

"It is an odd proposition," hesitated the dean.

"But it is occasionally done," suggested the spokesman eagerly.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"In London," replied the spokesman, "they gave us £10."

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6th MAY, 1911.

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(Reg. G.P.O.)

STORY OF
H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.
See page 212.

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See page 232.

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FAMOUS ARTISTS.



THE APPOINTMENT.

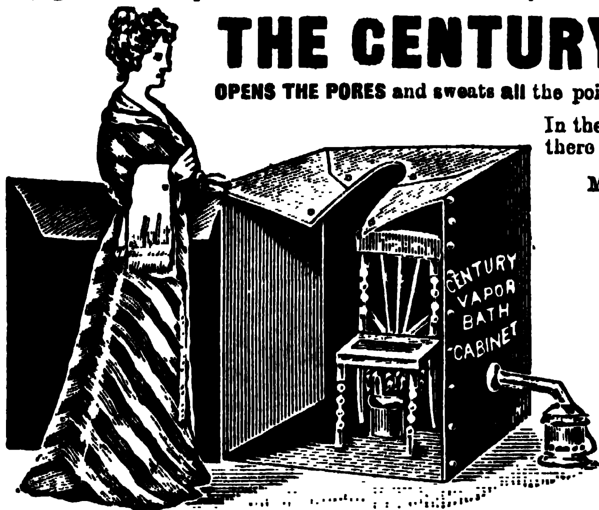
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WHIPPED TOPICS.

Appropriately enough, this Fez affair seems to be coming to a head.

• • •

"The British collar," says *The Outfitter*, "is holding its own everywhere." It is, in fact, standing up for itself.

• • •

Someone has written a book called *When we are Rich*. It might be a companion work to *It's Never Too Late to Spend*.

• • •

"It is hard to lose the savings of a life time."—*Melbourne Age*.

And yet many people have done it easily enough.

• • •

High intellectuality, we are told, conduces to long life. That is why the gentle poet of Spring wilts and perishes ere the down is full upon his lip.

• • •

We knew there was something missing from the newspaper spring topics. What about our river steamboats and their "splendid prospects for the season"?

• • •

Mr. Asquith is really very angry with Lord Loreburn. "Which," in the language of the poet, "is exasperating for, a highly susceptible Chancel-lor."

• • •

On being sentenced to a long term, a prisoner the other day said: "I want to be hanged." He evidently had never been hanged, or he wouldn't have been so keen.

• • •

The dear old *Daily Mail*, having worked out the health loaf and the thousand-pound sweet-pea, now recommends goat farming as a sure fortune winner. What about the tripe orchard as a dead-cert. money maker?

• • •

There *may* be a fortune in goat-farming, but—well, there's many a butt about it, after all.

• • •

In view of bee disease, the Board of Agriculture may shortly ask for bees to be sent to them. A farmer of the old school advises us that members of the Board should search their own bonnets if they want bees.

• • •

A Bill is presently to be promoted to protect poultry from suffering. This being the glad season of the alleged spring chicken, there ought to be a Bill for the protection of the fellow who tries to eat that delicacy in some of our restaurants.

• • •

"In the new town hall at St. Germans there is a large billiard-room, with lantern roof, in which has been placed a billiard table by the Countess of St. Germans."—*Western Morning News*, Plymouth.

Placed in the roof, presumably, for the convenience of airmen dropping in.

It is said that Buffalo Bill wants to be a United States Senator. He could be very useful if it ever came to lassoing a quorum.

• • •

That lynching in an opera house was no particular novelty: we know of several composers who have been murdered there.

• • •

Parliamentary problem of the hour: Oughtn't those who make free use of the "kangaroo" closure to be classed as "bounders"?

• • •

Wagner, says a biographer of the master, was a gambler. Perhaps so, but the Ring in his case has no connection with bookmakers.

• • •

An Army sergeant has had a picture accepted for the Royal Academy. Thus is demonstrated the value of training a soldier for "brushes."

• • •

Mr. Grahame White says that motoring at twenty miles an hour means a mere crawl. We presume he refers to the speed of the resulting hearse.

• • •

London recently had fourteen days without rain. It is now confidently expected that the autumn fashions will make their immediate appearance in the shop windows.

• • •

Carrots, says an authority on gardening, split owing to excessive moisture. We have heard of men, sworn to awful secrecy, who have been guilty of the same weakness.

• • •

A French critic declares that the dignity of the English is their grandest asset. The reports of certain all-night sittings at Westminster have evidently been kept away from him.

• • •

Census authorities express surprise that the populations of the chief Scottish cities are decreasing. It only shows that each year an increasing number of northerners come south to get our money.

• • •

Concerning Sunday trading a Jewish critic of the Bill says that it is not reasonable to be asked what your faith is when you walk into a shop. But couldn't a really bright shopman nearly always tell?

• • •

Those interested in sweet peas are advised by a contemporary that now is the time to stake. Gentlemen with thimbles will soon be telling Epsom travellers that the same holds good in connection with the ordinary pea.

• • •

Four young men of Withernsea, blown away in a row-boat, had to burn their clothes to attract notice. If they had been wearing some of the flannel suitings seen out lately, they would have had to do nothing else to attract notice.

THE DISCONTENTED GIRL.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

I LIKE readers who write to one. Their letters humanise one's dreadful trade. It is pleasant to know that your phrases do not fall like stones into the void. It is jolly to feel that you now and then make your fellow-creatures laugh or cry. It is comforting to find that you are not wholly out of sympathy with men and women who are trying to muddle through the mystery of life in much the same way as yourself. At its best, life is a muddle. The strongest will acts blindly and the clearest vision gropes. No matter how hard you toil towards a fixed point you discover that things work you as much as you work them. For that reason it is a good rule never to envy anybody, for the shining ones of the earth are beings worked by things as completely as the shabby ones. Do not waste all your pity on the shabby ones. Life is very shrewd, and it takes care to get even with felicity.

• • •

MY postman this week brought me a pathetic letter from a discontented girl. Let me call her Pamela. That is not her real name. She has a pretty name, and I am sure she has a pretty face. Pamela is not nearly as charming as the name of my doleful girl. Pretty names are rare, and I cannot think of a name that is as romantic as the name of my unknown. Therefore, let me congratulate her on being so lucky as to own a delightfully musical name. It is easier to fall in love with a girl whose name is enchanting. A girl with an ugly name must work hard to neutralise it. A plain girl with a plain name is doubly handicapped. A pretty girl with a pretty name starts life and love with a double advantage. I feel sure it would be easy to fall in love with my woeful maiden. Indeed, I am half in love with her already. I mean that I am half in love with her name. I run no risk in making this confession, for I have no time to fall wholly in love with anybody. But one can fall in love with a name even if one works for forty hours out of the twenty-four. What a lot of time and trouble we should save if we made it a rule to fall in love only with names and never with persons!

• • •

"I TAKE the liberty of writing to you," says my sorrowful fair one, "for I am desperately unhappy, and you seem to know and understand girls so well. I beg of you, do something for me. This sleepy old place is driving me mad. I long for a little more life and pleasure. Here they cage you up and expect you to be content. Oh, Mr. Douglas, the very thought of the glorious summer coming on sends me crazy. I long for a peep at the dear old picture galleries—a blow on the river, etc. You must know such lots of people. Couldn't I be of use to some of them? Do you not know some dear old lady who wishes for a companion? I should be awfully gentle and kind. Or to take charge of a child—or even a chorus girl. Anything. Anything. I don't care. I'm just desperate and helpless. Do not laugh at me. I am so serious. Only help me if you can. And do please forgive this liberty. I write to you, because you seem to understand and sympathise with us so well."

• • •

I SHOULD be a monster if I were to laugh at Pamela's letter. I do not laugh. On the contrary, I have just shed a large tear. It is diluting the ink as I write. I am sorry for Pamela, and I wish John Ruskin were alive to console her. He understood girls far better than I. Indeed, I advise Pamela to read "Sesame and Lilies." It will help her more than anything I can say. Pamela is like many other girls. She is unhappy because she does not know what she wants. All she knows is that she has not got it. I am in much the same fix myself. The worst of it is that I have always been in the same fix and am always likely to be. I have never yet got what I wanted or wanted what I had got. The truth is, my dear Pamela, we are all in the same boat. We all "long for a little more life," and the more life we get the more passionately we long for it.

• • •

PAMELA yearns for pictures and punts. So do I. I wish we could go picture-gazing and punting together. But I have little time for pictures and less time for punts. I doubt whether even King George has more. Life grudges leisure to most of us. As for the "dear old lady," I warn Pamela that "dear old ladies" are uncertain, coy, and hard to please. I am not quite sure that Pamela would hit it off with a child, for very few girls possess the divine genius of the perfect child-lover. It is easy to be "awfully gentle and kind" to imaginary old ladies and imaginary children. It is not so easy to be "awfully gentle and kind" to those who "cage you up and expect you to be content." My experience of life teaches me that gentleness and kindness are prosaic qualities that are sadly needed in the dull routine of life at home. Caged girls often overlook the opportunity of being gentle and kind to the tired old mother and the weary old father The life that is flickering out is like a desert. A little more love can make it blossom with roses. Youth is often hard-hearted. It often misses happiness by an inch because it forgets that the only happiness is the happiness of making others happy.

• • •

BUT middle age and old age are often as hard-hearted as youth. It is not easy for the mature or the senile to sympathise with the joy of youth. Those who have lost their youth can seldom pity those who feel their youth oozing away in a drip-drip of monotony. The caged girl may have enough food to eat and yet be famished for lack of joy. Some birds are happy in a cage with punctual birdseed and water. Other birds mope in dumb agony. They cannot sing behind bars. Perhaps Pamela is one of these discontented nightingales. The modern world is filled with them, for our newspapers and our novels and our plays trouble the girlish imagination and fill it with a feverish desire for adventure. Pamela is pathetically anxious to spread her wings. She does not mind where she flies so long as she can be free. She is ready to be either a companion or a chorus-girl. She is eager to be anything but what she is.

• • •

THERE are thousands like Pamela. Education is creating the desire of life without satisfying it. It is multiplying needs without supplying them. There is no water for its thirst, no bread for its hunger. The old solaces cease to solace. The old consolations cease to console. Religion is no longer

THE COMING BANQUET.



The Vultures: "Make haste and die—we're hungry."

an anodyne for the bruised spirit. Love is no longer a narcotic for the wounded heart. From the army of youth a terrible cry goes up to the void. "Give us joy! Give us pleasure! Give us variety! Give us happiness! Give us excitement! Give us sensations!" We have all cried that cry, like Pamela. It is the cry of a baffled and bewildered humanity, which has outgrown its environment and exceeded its income. If Pamela were a companion or a chorus-girl she would still be desperately and helplessly unhappy, for happiness is something inside us, not something outside us.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

Doctors are envious of golf.—*Colonel Lucas.*

Fresh air and sunlight are the best cosmetics.—*Sir John Cockburn.*

I dread nothing—unless it is a biography by Mr. Shorter.—*H. G. Wells.*

A tooth in the head is worth two on the dressing-table.—*Alfred Lester.*

Some fellows fall in love and get out of it by marrying the girl.—*Julian Eltinge.*

Many a sentence carries conviction, and many a conviction a sentence.—*G. C. Maunsell.*

The worst evils in the world are done by the weak people, not by the wicked.—*Dr. Boyd Carpenter.*

A cigar is like a woman's dress; you can never judge the filling by the wrapper.—*J. W. Babcock.*

The egotist is a man who has an I only for number one, and even that is so overworked that it cannot see straight.—*H. D. Gastit.*

That many good Samaritans remain outside the churches is perhaps due to the number of priests and Levites within.—*Rev. Ernest Hayton.*

Love is the light of the world, but poverty is a poor oil, that will smoke the globe; and too much money seems to be a high wind.—*Chas. C. Jones.*

Each generation thinks the world is progressing because it is always moving. But a pendulum moves.
—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

Lo! of hundreds who aspire,
Eighties perish—nineties tire!
They who bear up, in spite of wrecks and wracks,
Were seasoned by celestial hail of thwacks.
—*George Meredith.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 27.—The Tailor.

In its Stride.

LONDON has fairly woke up. His most gracious Majesty, the Sun, condescends to honour it with his benign presence. The Americans are arriving—accent and all. The voice of the Parisian is heard in the land. Painters and decorators are having a roaring time. Town is a continual "hammer, hammer, hammer." The front of Westminster Abbey looks like a builder's yard. Passing by one day I was struck by the number of interested spectators watching workmen moving timber, placing poles in position, and doing similar hard tasks. Whenever you see a man at work in public there will you find a crowd of sympathetic beholders, each of them glad that it isn't *his* job. And now woman, ever delightful woman, begins to think of clothes—for what is a Coronation year, or, for the matter of that, any other year, unless it offer an excuse for fresh raiment? It has been impressed even on such a humble individual as myself that one must be a little dressy on such an occasion. Greatly to my joy, I have discovered a splendid establishment where a ready-made rig-out may be obtained for five-and-twenty shillings, with half-a-dozen collars, a couple of shirts, and a new hat thrown in for nothing! How little they know of London who only Bond Street know!

• • •

Over and Past.

AND then sometimes, in the midst of the hurly-burly, I come across an old portrait of Queen Victoria and the industrious Monarch who died a year ago, and I think of the multitudes who cheered and swarmed around them through long years of popular government. All the glory is gone like the baseless fabric of a vision! I was offered, the other day, a book containing the story of the third George's Jubilee. What a mockery it seemed. "The way of life," you say? A generation comes and a generation goes. So the crowds will rejoice and be merry next month, and London will be the gay home of millions of strangers. There will be huge assemblages at Epsom and at Ascot, and great processions through the Metropolis amid living walls of eager and enthusiastic people. Balls, parties, dinners, theatricals, operas, galas, and all the evidences of public rejoicing will be numberless. Will anybody give a thought to the great King lying in his tomb at Windsor, or to the great Queen who formed the central figure of countless pageants and ceremonies during her sixty-four years' occupation of Britain's Throne? I doubt it. The world lives for the moment. The King is dead—long live the King!

• • •

A Famous Church.

THE Metropolitan Tabernacle has just celebrated its jubilee, and a new pastor from America has accepted the office of head of the church there. Since the death of Spurgeon the place has lost a good deal of its "household word" character. During his time in the streets of a Sunday night you could hear the 'busmen, touting for passengers, shout 'Spurgeon's" as one of the points of their destination. To hear the good man preach was a great pleasure. He never lost himself in morasses of theological profundity—he was always simple, direct, and human. And the longer we live the more we recognise that the really human man is the most powerful man. Spurgeon had not the rhetorical grace of Morley Punshon or the cultured softness of Gervase Smith—a very fine specimen of Wesleyan divine. John Bright, admitted orator though he was, struck many hearers with a feeling of disappointment. John B. Gough and De Witt Talmage were of the "robustious" order. The Congregational connection has many able preachers, though none of them strikes the imagination as Spurgeon did. General Booth, probably the most marvellous figure of the nineteenth century, considered from the social-religious standpoint, has much of the old-fashioned Wesleyan method. Mrs. Booth was a most charming preacher. Another lady of much force and sweetness was the late Miss Geraldine Hooper, whose addresses were wonderfully sought after in the country.

• • •

Of Preachers.

THE effects of great pulpit work cannot be overestimated. Spurgeon was essentially dramatic, as great preachers must be. It is the effective presentation of contrast and illustration which makes a preacher. I do not suppose he ever went inside a playhouse in his life, but when Lydia Thompson wrote asking him if he minded being mentioned in her *Blue Beard* burlesque, he returned her the sweetest answer possible. Whenever I pass his old home I think of his bright, broad, honest, almost bucolic face, his simple words, his unfailing optimism, and my mind reverts to an evening when he discoursed on the beauty of self sacrifice. It was marvellous to watch a congregation of thousands silently hanging on the words of a man, while he told what a charwoman had done for another charwoman in the hour of trouble. He made religion an article of everyday wear and not a Sunday habit. "Faith—and works" is a splendid creed, whatever denomination you belong to. If ever you are tempted to doubt whether happiness is an attainable quality in this life, just give a gutter child a halfpenny, and note the effect.

Scandal.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, a man for whom the country entertains sincere respect, recently observed, 'I know not whether scandal is a disease, but where woman is, there it is bred." The idea that women are scandal-mongers, over and above men, is quite erroneous. Experience shows there are scores of Benjamin Backbites to be met every day in club, or tavern, or wherever men congregate. Nor is the presumed pettiness of women's conversation a whit worse than that of men's. If they talk a good deal about dress and children, and the shortcomings of other women, the average man can work in quite a heavy tally of useless words on betting and football, and the weaknesses of his erring brothers. And a man and woman in company can spend an hour or two over the most hopeless and pointless drivel it is possible to think of. A clever woman can always do a gracious act better than a man, but as many of the sex lack that fatal capacity of speech known as "bluntness," their criticisms are usually minus the brutal point cultivated by the "superior" part of creation.

• • •

Funds.

THE things which are "always going up and down in the City"—the funds, not the motor-'buses—have no interest for the multitude. Thousands of Board School children go into the world and stay there without gathering the least idea what 'five per cent." means, and I once knew an amiable lady who, having saved £30, desired to learn how best to invest it so that it might bring her in a snug living. At the same time the smug and complacent satisfaction of high finance is a trifle trying to the lay mind. Last week, while eagerly looking out for some friend to buy me a lunch, I came across a paper with the bold headline, "For money there is no demand." The pleasure derived from that was infinite, nor is it in the least dashed by the fact of my shoemaker coming round frequently to request a settlement of his little account, involving a payment of 2s. 9d. for soleing and heeling my last year's boots.

• • •

Tinkling Brass.

My tailor wants his little bill,
My landlady suggests her rent,
My little angel, darling Phil,
Talks much of dresses, dinners, scent,
And other trifles, which, we know,
To charming woman can't be banned,
And then I read, my blood aglow—
"For money there is no demand."

I notice in the mean, dull street,
The merry—and the cross—child play,
They build mud huts with busy feet,
All heedless of the Rothschild way;
Within my trouser pocket chink
Two coins—both copper, understand—
And yet I know, while parched for drink,
"For money there is no demand."

O Klondyke, what a farce art thou!
Golconda, what a stupid fraud!
I smooth my corrugated brow
And smile me as I stroll abroad;
The pavestones are no longer hard,
Unadamantine seems the Strand,
Blessed City tip of artful card—
"For money there is no demand."

It is a far, far better thing
Than any I have ever done,
To shoot grey worry on the wing,
And dally idly in the sun—
To banish thought of debts incurred,
When winds of fond indulgence fanned,
Why should I toil?—the game's absurd—
"For money there is no demand."

Of cheerful yesterdays am I,
And confident to-morrows too,
The moon's still shining in the sky,
The world spreads wide for me and you;
A fig for gold, except that lock,
On woman by perruquier planned,
The millionaire's an empty crock—
"For money there is no demand."

• • •

The Green-Eyed Monster.

CANDOUR compels me to admit that there is considerable demand for *Money* at the forthcoming Drury Lane "command." A theatrical journal complains that musical comedy—the most prominent staple of the stage to-day—has been coldly sat upon, and that much heartburning has arisen over the casting of the piece to be shown before the Kaiser. I doubt it nothing. Nor am I glad, nor sorry. The whole function is obviously snobocratic, and simply an opportunity for a number of rich people to show they can spend freely. As for the actors on the night, they must know that they are not the attraction people are paying inflated prices for. So why should they feel hurt because they don't show?

• • •

An Escape.

HOW lucky it is that the German Emperor will not come among us in the midst of a trouble which might have shaken Europe to its foundations. One Russian dancer at a "variety" theatre declined to join in a Terpsichorean duet with another dancer, and, thereupon, columns of hash appeared in certain of the newspapers discussing the awful problem. Verily, the standard of the reading public seems to grow lower day by day. If a thousand Russian dancers become restive, what earthly odds can it make to a living soul? Another piece of terrifying intelligence, calculated to alarm all except fat men who sleep o' nights, is the announcement that the Prince of Wales is to be curtseyed to after he has passed his seventeenth birthday. So rub out the rheumatics from your mouldy joints, my pippins, and get your limbs in working order. Well, I suppose the professional courtier must do as he is told. Like the cobbler he must stick to his last. "Knee suitor" is an obligation he cannot avoid.

• • •

The Taxis.

NO GOOD can result from the recent bother about taxi fares. One of the presumed benefits of the new cabs was that a stated fare could be paid, in the comfortable assurance that the proprietors and the drivers were mutually satisfied, and that any gratuity given the pilot was like adding a small piece to a long nose. Recent discussions have elicited the fact that some drivers expect tips, and some of them say they need them to prop up the living wage. This alters the position materially, for it may prevent many persons, with lack of moral courage—and little money—from riding in a hackney carriage whose director looks upon a present as compulsory. It was this policy which abbreviated the career of the hansom.

ROUND THE TOWN.

The King's New Portrait: Sir John Milbanke's Windfall: A Police Libel Action: Forecast of the Home Rule Bill: How to Breed Opera Singers.

FOR the Paris Salon, Mr. George Scott has painted a new portrait of the King, for which His Majesty gave sittings at Buckingham Palace. The King is represented seated on his favourite horse Kildare, the red tunic of his uniform and numerous orders and decorations being reproduced with striking effect. The sovereign is followed by his standard bearer and Field Marshals Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. A detachment of the Black Watch, with the pipers, is seen in the background.

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I FANCY, from observations made, that one of our greatest matrimonial catches, Lord Howard de Walden, may soon be joining the Benedicks; and if my surmise be correct, the lady will not be a titled débutante, but one of the most charming of our prominent young leading actresses.

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THE other day Sir John Milbanke received the pleasing news that a lady whom he had never seen had left him a legacy of several thousand pounds. Upon inquiry it appeared that Sir John's grandfather had, many years ago, done the lady a good turn; and hence her benevolence. This should teach us all to train our elderly relations to be gallant to the fair sex.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE new Earl of Carlisle—better known as Lord Morpeth, M.P.—ten days after the death of his father was not aware that he had succeeded to the earldom. The new peer had just undergone an operation for the removal of a piece of bone from the head, and his condition since had been such that it was thought prudent to keep from him the fact that his father had died.

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HERE is a forecast of the coming Home Rule Bill. I give it with every possible reserve. There are to be 120 members in the Irish Parliament. Ireland is to send 40 members to Westminster, none of these to be eligible for the Irish Parliament. The financial deficiency is to be squared by the British Treasury paying the Old Age Pensions, which amount to two millions. This sum will exactly balance the account between the two countries. The pensions of the Irish judges are also to be guaranteed by the British Government.

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TWO high officials at Scotland Yard are preparing to take action for libel against the *Police Review*, in respect of that journal's championship of ex-Inspector Syme. The case may prove of great public importance, promising, as it does, to raise the whole question of police discipline and control in the Metropolis.

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PREPARATIONS are being made by several famous artists, including W. Nicholson, J. Pryde, and Frank Brangwyn, to start a new art paper, printed in colour. It is an ambitious scheme, and I hear there is money behind it; but I mistrust the reported idea of the editorship being vested in an artistic and literary committee. I remember a former art paper with such an arrangement. The committee used to



"I once got a man to take out a £5,000 life policy, and he met with a fatal accident within a week."
"You must have wished your persuasions had been less successful."
"Oh, I don't know. You see, I married the widow!"



Voice from inside doorway: "I wish to goodness you'd call at the proper time, and not just as the maid's out and I'm getting dressed!"

meet in a comfortable hostelry, and the paper would get out sometimes on the first, sometimes on the seventh, and sometimes on the fifteenth of the month, through the committee's divergences of opinion, or something.

THE first of the Max Beerbohm caricatures at the Leicester Galleries to find a purchaser was that of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill tossing for the succession to the Premiership. Then Sir Carl Meyer and Sir Hugh bought the drawings of themselves; and a friend of the late King secured "Are We as Welcome as Ever?" in which Sir E. Cassel and Messrs. A. and L. Rothschild and A. Sassoon are seen furtively haunting a Royal Palace.

SOME people have taken a malicious pleasure in watching near-celebrities arriving to investigate the collection to see whether it can be really true that they have been overlooked by Max in his attentions to the famous.

ALMOST due now is George Moore's extraordinary new book, "Ave, Salve, Vale." While cast in the mould of fiction, it presents, under their own names, a number of the young Celtic geniuses, and some of their elders, including W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, George Russell, Sir Horace Plunkett, Lady Gregory, and many other personages in Irish contemporary life. Mr. Moore is also dramatising "Esther Waters."

A BOOK which has been in great demand in Paris, "Reminiscences of a Parisian" (Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie) has been translated by Lady Theodora Davidson for publication by Mr. Murray. The diarist has a genius for gossip and a marvellous knack of being on the spot whenever anything happens. He goes for an afternoon walk and witnesses the execution of Marshal Ney. He takes his wife out in the evening for a breath of fresh air, and is caught in the swirl of the mob rioting in the Place du Palais-Royal on the occasion of the proclamation of the celebrated *Ordonnances* which cost Charles X. his throne.

HERE is how a frugal publisher's reader is said to save his firm perhaps £20 a year. He lives in rural Kent, and he has to read and return to the firm in London hundreds of bulky manuscripts every year. Now the Kentish railways allow fruit growers a special rate on fruits for market, and the firm which employs this ingenious person has offices in the Covent Garden district. He packs the manuscripts in fruit baskets, labels them "fruit," and addresses them to ——— & Co., Covent Garden, London." Apparently the railway never has tumbled to the fact that ——— & Co. deal in mental fruit, instead of the kind which grows in the Kentish gardens.

IN writing *Double Lives* (Nash, 6s.) Mr. Francis Gribble has crowded in an inordinate quantity of erotic intrigues to the square inch. Gabriel Vaughan first sets up a flat for Topsy Tintara, then passes the platonic stage with Mrs. Ralston, and finally arranges to carry off Mrs. Goff. Meanwhile, Mr. Goff carries on with Blanche Duplany; Mrs. Ralston follows up the Vaughan incidents with another lover; and James Benskin deserts his wife to elope with Mrs. Lawrence! The story is nothing but a string of such vulgar intrigues. Can it be intended as a burlesque of the modern novel of blueness?

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has written a novel which is going to create a sensation even greater than that produced by *The Jungle*. It is said that it cannot be published in this country owing to the Library Censorship. But the Library Censorship has no power

to control the publication of books. Any book can be published in Great Britain. Many novels which the libraries have censored have been published, and have been freely sold by the booksellers. In fact, the Library Censorship operates only after publication.

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JUSTUS MILES FORMAN says that in writing a story for *Harper's Magazine*, he used the name of an artist friend for the character of a man who fell in love with a peasant girl in Milan. "It made all his friends roar with glee," said Mr. Forman. "But he got even with me by making a large twenty-four sheet poster for a musical comedy. There was a lady, the star, stepping out of a stage door and a long line of Johnnies waiting for her with silly smirks and bunches of violets. And every Johnnie was a portrait of me."

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MR. ARTHUR POWELL, K.C., cross-examining a Covent Garden porter the other day, was confronted by a witness with the sang-froid of a Sam Weller. It was what lawyers call a running-down case, and Mr. Powell asked the witness the name of a certain public-house, hard by the scene of the accident, in Long Acre. "Oh," said the witness loftily, "I do not know the name of the public-house any more than I do your name, although I have seen you before." "But I should have thought the public-house was more interesting than I could be," suggested Mr. Powell. To that the porter would not subscribe. "Your name is often in the paper," he told the Silk, "but the public-house is *not*."

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MR JOHN LANE, the publisher, was telling of the amateur author's persistency. "If the amateur were half as ingenious in writing his material as in trying to land it, he would become a Dickens in no time. An amateur said to an editor I know:

"'Allow me to submit this bear story?'

"'My readers do not care for bear stories,' said the editor. 'They want something spicy.'

"'But this,' said the amateur, 'is a story about a cinnamon bear.'"

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WHOEVER else regrets the rising tendency in champagne prices, the West-end waiters don't. It makes the price firmer for the corks of the well-known brands, for the sale of which by waiters there, is a widespread custom. You can't always be sure, even if the cork is right, that the brand is exactly what it purports to be.

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"SINGERS," according to Mme. Tetrazzini, who has been repeating her Covent Garden successes, "should marry singers, in order that, after several generations, the very essence of music shall flow through the veins of the children bred and educated in this ideal environment. It is so that the dancers of Europe are recruited. The famous musicians, the Bachs of Germany, the Strausses, and others, are brought to excellence by just such high ideals of marriage.

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"WHY not?" she proceeds. "For generations princesses and princes have sacrificed their hearts' desires in order to breed a race of kings. It is almost invariably the case—with Mme. Schumann-Heink and Louise Homer as exceptions—that opera singers lead notably unhappy lives in their domestic relations. Home life is not for them, and their wonderful voices belong to the great world. The qualities of the fine natural voice are purely a matter of birth and the inherited shape of throat and larynx."

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IT sounds reasonable; but, personally, I think more of the Tetrazzini's singing than of her logic.



SPRING CLEARANCE.

Servant: "The dustman sez 'e can't take this away, and the rag and bone man won't have it."
Alderman Buffles: "Ah, perhaps I'd better present it to the local museum!"

THE lake at the Crystal Palace has gone. It has been transformed into a sunken bandstand, with several thousand seats round it, and a circular parade which will form an ideal promenade when the Coldstream Guard's band gets to work next week, and the Festival of Empire, with its city of elegant pavilions, glows with myriad lights.

MARIE LLOYD, a most enthusiastic follower of boxing, was present at Hampstead a few days ago to watch Jimmy Britt doing his work in the gymnasium. After the latter had finished, Marie Lloyd entered the ring, and for several minutes made desperate efforts to punch the ball, skip, and throw the medicine ball, etc. As she retired, she remarked: "I've got off two pounds in the last five minutes; and I wish to goodness I could reduce my bookmaker's account at the same rate."

BARON MAURICE DE ROTHSCHILD deeply regrets having struck Faucheur out of the Derby, for this useful three-year-old has come on by leaps and bounds during the past two weeks, and seems certain to have been well suited by the Epsom course. I find, however, that Faucheur is still in the Doncaster St. Leger, for which the son of Perth is likely to prove exceedingly dangerous, as the English three-year-olds are probably well below the usual standard this year.

I HEAR that, if only a suitable hall can be secured, it is likely that Sam Langford and McVea will meet in London on the Tuesday in Derby week. Which reminds me that 'Gene Corri declares that their Paris encounter furnished the closest contest he has ever refereed.

SAM DARLING trains a very smart two-year-old indeed in Melody, who beat the Brocklesby winner, Mr. Peeper, in a canter at Epsom. The filly finished quite undistressed, and would not have blown out a candle after the race. She will pay to follow.

SUNSTAR'S easy victory in the Two Thousand Guineas unmistakably points to his wonderful chance of following up that success by winning the Derby, for Mr. J. B. Joel told me after the race that he entertained no fears that the colt would fail at Epsom through lack of stamina. He also said that he thought Sunstar would be much better on Derby day, as he considered the son of Sundridge was not now quite as cherry ripe as he could be made.

BY the time these notes appear in print M. Blanc will probably have shown his Derby hand. In the meantime, I may say that George Stern, who will ride the stable's "best," told me at Newmarket that Shetland and Lord Burgoyne, one or the other of which looks like being the stable "best," had never worked better.

FORMER English lady tennis champions will have to look to their laurels this year, as I hear that two Australian ladies are coming over, and are said to be "wonders."

OVERSIGHT got none too well away in the Bretby Handicap last week, and is a very likely recipient of a sprint handicap in the near future.

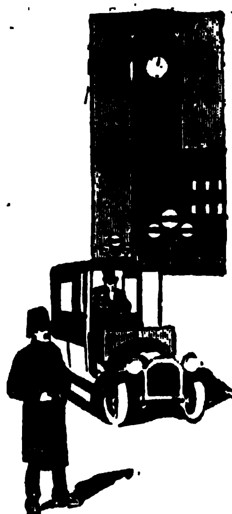
OVERHEARD at the stalls at the Globe: "What a marvellously realistic scene that law-court act was!"

"Nonsense! Seven months elapsed between acts two and three, and Mrs. Admaston still had the same servant!"

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



THE struggle over the Parliament Bill is still proceeding, but it has degenerated into a humdrum, wearisome business, and an intelligent foreigner would find no small difficulty in convincing himself that a "revolution" is in progress.

There is now and then a splutter, but we see more of the flicker, and the other night when I dropped into the Chamber (it was, I should say, the dinner hour), there was one solitary figure on the Government side of the House. It was the Postmaster-General, Mr. Herbert Samuel. A similar spectacle has not been seen for many a year.

Exuberant Lords.

It would, of course, be too much to assume that this idyllic state is always in evidence. Late sittings are always storm-signals, and from midnight one feels as if he were sitting on a safety-valve. It is not merely that legislators are in an after-dinner mood—*cela va sans dire*; but more and more effective refreshments are being consumed as the hours flow by, and one indiscreet member may light a flame which the other 669 may be unable to extinguish.

Even more dangerous to the peace of the House is the anxiety of a number of young Lords to say exactly what they think—a proceeding which is not always wise; but, if they must speak all their thoughts, then 'twere well the speech should be free from personalities. Lord Hugh Cecil has become more restrained in language, and has proportionately regained his former influence.

Will Crooks as Orator.

The speech which Will Crooks delivered a few evenings ago in support of the demand for a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week, has appreciably enhanced the already high reputation of the member for Woolwich. Will Crooks is a born orator. He drops "h's" where he should retain them, and sometimes inserts them where they are not required, and he has no extravagant devotion to the rules of grammar; but in every sentence he speaks there is a ring of honesty and sincerity, and a wealth of human sympathy that hold his listeners spellbound. Nor have I ever heard a public speaker with such an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

He had his work cut out in recommending his Thirty Shillings Resolution to the House, for the proposal was too crude to command anything like general support, despite the fact that the principle of a minimum wage has made enormous strides amongst political thinkers.

A Scottish Raider.

The most destructive criticism came from Mr. Steel-Maitland, a young Scot who successfully invaded East Birmingham, and who does not intend to return to his native heath even when a Home Rule Bill shall have been passed for Scotland. An Irishman would, indeed, be tempted to say that Mr. Steel-Maitland was born outside his native country, for he first saw the light in India some thirty-five years ago; but be he Scot, Indian, or Saxon, or a blend of all three, his fellow-Tories regard him as one of their rising hopes.

As befits a Birmingham representative, he is a bit of an authority on Tariff Reform, and he dabbles now and then in Constitutional problems; but it was the Minimum Wage debate which gave him his first opportunity of convincing the House that he is a deep thinker, and that he has studied the Social Problem to some purpose. He is a young man who will go far, and he has come into the Unionist Party at a time when talent has a unique opportunity. He will never be a "showy" politician, but he is of the stuff of which statesmen are made.

Irish Sea-gulls.

Mr. James J. O'Shee confers upon West Waterford the distinction of representing it at Westminster. His compatriots tell me that he is a solicitor who is really learned in the law, and that he is possessed of a keen sense of humour.

James J. has hitherto been content to blush unseen, but the other day he wakened up to the necessity of demonstrating what Mr. Lloyd George would call his "country of origin." He had been interrogating the Attorney-General for Ireland about a public meeting which the Irish Government would not allow to be held in the neighbourhood of a farm from which the tenant had been evicted, and became naturally indignant when the excuse was given that the object of the prohibition of the meeting was to prevent intimidation. There was, as a matter of fact, nobody there, and how anybody could be intimidated was obviously far from clear to even the Attorney-General.

"Is the right honourable gentleman not aware," asked James J., "that there is not a single animal living on the farm except the seagulls that fly over it?"

It took the House some minutes to recover from the effects of that conundrum, and there were people who wondered whether there was not at least one animal, an Irish bull, somewhere around the place.

Hopes Spring Eternal.

Haddington has sent back to us John Hope, better known as Johnny Hope. Johnny was one of the delights of Westminster until the fortunes of war, in the shape of a three-cornered contest, relegated him at the last General Election to the comparative obscurity of private life. The red rose with which he was wont to bedeck himself was there again when he moved to claim his seat as Lord Haldane's successor, and everybody welcomed the button-hole and its owner as old and familiar friends.

If Dame fortune, however, was fickle to Johnny, she was kind to his brother Harry, who was elected for Buteshire; and, as Johnny is a Scottish Nationalist Radical and Harry is a Scottish Unionist Conservative, each will have the pleasure of neutralising the vote of his heterodox brother. These Hope brothers have no connection with the London firm of outfitters, and they are not to be confounded with Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, the bright, many-sided, and epigrammatic member for Central Sheffield, who belongs, as everybody knows (or ought to know), to the Duke of Norfolk's family.

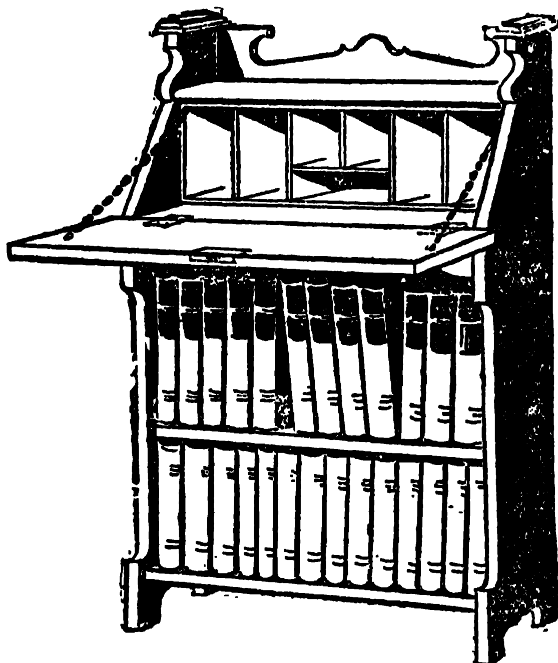
Unfertile Parents and Prolific Widows.

If Mr. Neville, K.C., developed as much unconscious humour "on the hustings" as he has already done at Westminster, his election meetings at Wigan must have been "gorgeous for to see." He was anxious a few evenings ago to persuade the Prime Minister that the Parliament Bill was an offspring of which its father had no reason to feel proud, and, moreover, that it would never be attended with success; and this is how he expressed himself: "The right honourable gentleman is proud of being the parent of the Bill, but I can tell him that there are many unfertile parents in this country." After that, we can never again claim that the best "bulls" come from Ireland, but perhaps the K.C. from Wigan is half a Celt.

It was natural, but unnecessary, however, for the Liberals to laugh so boisterously. They held their sides, tears trickled down their cheeks, and they gave way to uncontrollable fits of merriment. But let us, "lest we forget," recall that it was an English Liberal who, when the Old Age Pensions Act was under discussion, pleaded that a more generous provision should be made for widows. He wanted to convey that in his constituency they were numerous and that many of them had large families to support; but the phraseology into which he stumbled was not well chosen, for he assured the House: "In my constituency the widows are prolific." And thereafter no one dared to rise to support the claim for special consideration for the widows.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

SHALL now never be surprised to hear of Max Beerbohm becoming earnest, Seymour Hicks restful, or Winston Churchill modest, for I have found Jerome K. Jerome dull. During the first act of his comedy, *The Master of Mrs. Chilvers*, at the Royalty Theatre, one felt that the author had hit upon a promising new theme which he was going to develop with his customary ingenuity and brilliancy—the idea of a woman contesting an election against her husband. But, alas! each act got less and less dramatic, more and more preachy and futile, until Mr. Jerome brought down the curtain with one of those stagey devices which he himself was wont to satirise so mercilessly, and everything was settled by the sudden discovery—oh! Mr. Jerome!—on the part of Mrs. Chilvers that she was, in due season, to become a mother.

• • •

Miss Lena Ashwell has an entirely unsuitable part, and even Mr. Dennis Eadie can do but little with the *rôle* of the colourless Chilvers, M.P. Certainly there are some most entertaining character studies, out of which Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Miss Esme Beringer, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn in particular, extract every ounce. But a few good characters don't make a successful play; and I fear that Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie's start in management will prove an unpropitious one.

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It may interest you to know that in this play, the author's daughter, Miss Rowena Jerome, made her *début*. Her part was too small to give any clue to her talents.

• • •

While I wish Fred Whitney every possible success with *Baron Trenck*, I am in fairness bound to say that the show will stand all the better chance of developing into a big money winner by the infusion of the necessary quality of humour, the lack of which was at the first performance one of the most serious defects of the entertainment. Musically the opera is for the most part bright and exhilarating without possessing much originality or distinction, but such as it is, it is, for the most part, treated with admirable spirit both by the principals and the chorus, especially the latter. To Walter Hyde for his fine singing and gallant bearing as the bold bad baron of the story my warm congratulations.

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For the show as a production—I mean in the matter of scenic equipment—I have no sort of congratulations whatever. Indeed, anything so tawdry and cheaply unreal as the alleged farmyard in Slavonia, which is the setting of the first act, I have never seen in a first-class theatre in my life, and it is surprising in these days of superbly-artistic stage pictures, to find so crude a piece of make-believe in a West-end house. However, the play's the chief thing, and when Walter Passmore, Rutland Barrington, and the others entrusted with the comedy element have worked things up a bit the whole show should be vastly improved.

• • •

All those who sympathise with the aims of the League of Mercy should support the matinée performance of *The Marriage of Kitty*, which, under the direction of Elsie Chester, will be given at the Court on Thursday of the present week. May the best of good fortune attend it.

• • •

The Accolade is the title of a one-act play to be seen for the first time at the Coliseum next week. Mary Forbes as Gabrielle the sweet *fiancée* of the Marquis de Valencourt has, I hear, a fine part.

• • •

Arnold Daly, in *Arms and the Man* and other plays by Shaw, is promised for early exploitation at the "Cri," under the Whitney management. Fred certainly is "agoin' of it," and I hope he'll pull out with a bit in all round. When this new spec starts at the Piccadilly Circus house, *Baby Mine* will toddle over to the Vaudeville, which thus returns to its old time form of entertainment. Glad to hear that Margaret Mayo's piece is doing so fine a business. One always likes one's prophecies to materialise.

• • •

To the encouraging accompaniment of wildly enthusiastic applause, the second anniversary performance of *The Arcadians* was given at the Shaftesbury last Friday. Not in a pretty wide experience have I witnessed such scenes of clamorous approval as marked the progress of the piece. For each of the principals there were shouts of welcome that might have been heard in Oxford Street; and for the new numbers—notably Cicely Courtneidge's delightful "I'll be a Sister to You All" (which she sang and danced with rare charm), Florence Smithson's "My Heart Flies Homing" (in which this wonderful singer outshone all previous triumphs), "The Arcadian Two Step," Harry Welchman's "Love Will Win," Nelson Keys' "Have a Bit On with Me" and "George Washington"—there was immense enthusiasm. To gladden the eye there were beautiful new gowns for all the girls, a third act all roses, and a souvenir so exquisite that I wonder the theatre wasn't wrecked in the rush for them. They say that *The Arcadians* is likely to finish its wonderful run in the autumn, but there doesn't seem to be any feasible reason why it should ever come to an end.

• • •

Gold has conquered. Mr. C. B. Cochran had determined to book Claire Waldoff only for private engagements; but the Empire's offer was one—£200 a week, they say—that could not be refused, and the great little Berlin diva opens next Monday at the Leicester Square house for four weeks. She will sing to a piano accompaniment only, with a special background suggestive of the cabaret and the art of the Munich school of caricature.

• • •

For the forthcoming Royal command music-hall performance, at Edinburgh, Miss Vesta Tilley is the first artiste chosen for the bill. And a good choice, too.

• • •

Business at the Garrick with *Kismet* is enormous. I am credibly informed, and firmly believe, that £2,000 per week has been touched. If England did not re-capture the "ashes," the Aeches have captured England.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Cousin Kate."

VALUE OF PICTURE THEATRES.

By PROFESSOR STARR.

THE picture theatre, which was last week denounced in LONDON OPINION by Mr. Charles McEvoy, the dramatist, so far as the "Fiction" picture is concerned, has an enthusiastic supporter in Professor Starr, of Chicago University. He says:

I have seen Niagara thunder over her gorge in the noblest frenzy ever beheld by man—I have watched a Queensland river under the white light of an Australian moon go whirling and swirling through strange islands lurking with bandicoot and kangaroo—I have watched an English railroad train draw into a station, taking on its passengers, and then chug away with its stubby little engine through the Yorkshire dells, past old Norman abbeys silhouetted against the skyline, while a cluster of century-aged cottages loomed up in the valley below, through which a yokel drove his flocks of sheep.

Then I have been to the Orient and gazed at the water-sellers and beggars and dervishes—I have beheld fat old Rajahs with the price of a thousand lives bejewelled in their monster turbans, and the price of a thousand deaths sewed in their royal night shirts as they indolently swayed in golden howdahs, borne upon the backs of grunting elephants—I saw a runaway horse play battledore and shuttlecock with the citizens and traffic of a little Spanish village, whose streets had not known so much commotion since the sailing of Columbus—I know how the Chinaman lives and I have been through the homes of the Japanese—I have marvelled at the daring of Alpine tobogganists and admired the wonderful skill of Norwegian ski jumpers—I have seen armies upon the battlefield and their return in triumph—I have looked upon weird dances and outlandish frolics in every quarter of the globe, and I didn't have to leave my place of residence for a moment.

No books have taught me all these wonderful things—no lecturer has pictured them—I simply dropped into a moving picture theatre at various moments of leisure, and at the total cost for all the visits of perhaps two performances of a foolish musical show. I have learned more than traveller could see at the cost of thousands, and years of journey.

Neither you nor I fully realise what the moving picture has meant to us, and what it is going to mean. As children we used to dream of a journey on a magician's carpet to the legendary lands, but we can rub our own eyes now and witness more tremendous miracles than Aladdin could have by rubbing his magic lamp.

But we are so matter-of-fact that we never think of it that way. We are living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress—in the age of incredibilities come true. We fly through the air—chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle.

The moving picture is making for us volumes of history and action—it is not only the greatest impulse of entertainment, but the mightiest force of instruction. We do not analyse the fact that when we read of a railway wreck we at once see a train before us, or when we learn of a battle that an altogether different panorama is visualised than our former erroneous impression of a hand-to hand conflict. We are familiar with the geography of the world—we are well acquainted with how the Frenchman dresses, in what sort of a home he lives, and from what sort of a shop he buys his meat and greens.

We take so much for granted—we are so thoroughly spoiled by our multiple luxuries—that we do not bestow more than a passing thought upon our advantages, because the moving picture machine is an advantage—a tremendous, vital force of culture as well as amusement. An economy, not only of money but of experiences—it brings the world to us—it delivers the universe to our theatre seat. The moving picture is not a makeshift for the playhouse—its dignity is greater—its importance far beyond the puny function of comedy and tragedy. It is a clean entertainment, lecture and amusement all rolled in one—in its highest effort it stands above literature—in its less ambitious phase it ranks above the tawdry showhouse. It teaches nothing harmful, and it usually teaches much that is helpful.

The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting institution, drawing them to an improving as well as an amusing feature of the city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely through its influence than we of to-day can possibly realise.



AT THE ACADEMY.

She: "And what do you think of the exhibition?"
He: "Oh, a rotten show—so far as *I* can see!"

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

"Antichita" By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

In March a certain collector—Jones, let us call him—returned from Rome with quite a cargo of *antichita*. He holds the belief that collecting cannot be carried on in England any longer. "Everything's been snapped up here," he says. "Italy for me! Italy's still full of loose *antichita*."

So it is, indeed. Verona, Venice, Siena, Rome—all swarm with shops which bear the word "Antichita" for ensign. Some of them are portions of old monasteries or palaces, and the ancient buildings around them seem to make the *antichita* appear more antique. Pleasant hours, and a lot of money, may be spent in such old places, and no doubt the art of collecting adds another joy to the art of European travel. But nowhere more than in Italian curio shops ought you to be on your guard.

The Statuette.

I have translated aloud to Jones some portions of a book by M. Paul Reboux, to serve him as a calmative. Here is an episode:

"Lorenzo drew out of his bundle a statuette. It was terra-cotta, it was a Silenus, that seemed to stagger upon his pedestal—one of those smooth, high pedestals which characterise the class of pottery from Asia Minor to which this was to be said to belong. Silenus held back his bald head, crowned by a wreath that seemed about to drop off; he laughed, his eyes were made little by his puffed cheeks, his nose was flat, his tongue was visible inside his mouth. The dealer examined the figure minutely. Yes, the terra-cotta displayed the swarthy tint of old Mycena figures; you could see traces of white on the body——"

I break off here to remind you that you may see the same careful traces of white upon the false Tanagra figures and the false small Egyptian figures which wait for buyers in certain London shops to-day.

"Yes, you could also see signs of old gilding upon the cup in Silenus's hand, and on the hem of his tunic. Nothing was missing—not even the potting-kiln hole, or the sand-marks that seemed to witness to a thousand years of desert burial. The imitation was perfect. 'Good—very good,' the dealer said to Lorenzo, and paid him twenty-four shillings for the copy. A few days later the dealer sold it for sixteen pounds."

The Dealer's Little Ways.

Himself he knew how to crackle new ivories by boiling them like eggs; how to cook new pictures in the oven; how to smoke new prints; how to green new bronzes with nitrate of potassium. It was so amusing to see the things age in a minute! He would bring a new earthenware dish out of the oven, burning hot, and plunge it into iced oil; result, contraction, chill—chilblains, so to speak and the enamel all cracked into the wrinkles of age. And then he would rub the surface upon a dirty paving-stone, till signs of wear and tear appeared that might outwit anybody.

As for pictures, it was easy to find an old canvas or old panel for a Lorenzo; it was when the artist's work was over that the real science and art began. First of all, a wash of varnish that had been coloured with sepia, next, on the more raised portions, rubbings with liquorice juice, to attract the flies. He could even imitate fly-marks with Indian ink. A few drops of salty water left on the canvas would produce mouldiness and mildew. A needle deftly used would cover the picture with a network of cracks.



Stout Party: "Poor devil! You come round to my place to-morrow and I'll give you some of my old clothes!"

He knew how to transfer the marks of plain old silver to new goblets more imposing to view. And in quite a few minutes, by the use of nitric acid, powdered sandstone, a file, blows with a hammer, and whacks with a stick, he would transform a new wooden chair into an old one, upon which a great-grandfather of the purchaser might have sat, you would think.

The Lace.

He had many genuine *antichita* in his shop, of course—among them some bits of old lace. Venetian, with salient ornaments that seamed to have been sculptured, not needle-worked, out of the thick material of which it was composed; Milan lace, that lost itself in arabesques and capricious efflorescence, madrepore like, upon fine net. And, indeed, one can discover many choice and delightful *antichita* in Italian curio shops; but you need a special knowledge which English experience can hardly give.

I think, *pace* Jones, that the safer plan for a collector is to make indigenous things his "line." as a rule. Because there are more of them available. Because, also, there are more of them in the museums to study. And because the hand of forgery is not yet carried here up to the Italian pitch. But, *how* I sympathise with a collector who longs for Della Robbias, Milanese marriage-chests, wooden saints belonging to the fifteenth century, and bronzes that Cellini may have made!"

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of London Opinion *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

B. M. B. (Westport). If in good condition, your volume, "Walton's Complete Angler," is worth £3 to 70s. Pianos in bad condition are practically unsaleable at anything more than a nominal price

Mrs. L. (Wigton).—You do not give any particulars of the decoration of your Spode china, so cannot value definitely, but sets of Spode Felspar usually realise from £10 to £15 a set.

E. E. C. (Gloucester).—Your small painting on ivory by Bronzino is worth £5 to £6 if a good example.

Crescent (Dumbarton).—Your books are worth the following: "Thomson's Seasons," 10s. to 15s; volume by Smollet, 7s. 6d.; "Tristram Shandy," 7s. 6d.; "Letters of Junius," 5s. to 7s. 6d. You should be able to get these prices from a local dealer.

Miss S. (Liverpool).—If you write to Messrs. W. E Hill & Sons, 140 New Bond-street, London, W., who publish books on all the great violins, they would send you their list.

W. A. G. (Baldock).—Your George IV. sixpence is worth face value only. Cannot state what coin the other is from description; it is probably a Henry V. groat. If so, it is worth 2s. 6d.

H. J. N. (Connaught Street). Your engraving, "Rent Day," after Wilkie, is worth a few shillings only.

L. G. P. (Nottingham).—Your edition of Bunyan's "Holy War" is worth 15s. to 20s. in condition stated. Messrs Puttick & Simpson, Leicester Square, London, W., are good auction rooms. It is questionable if they would take one volume.

G. A. M. (Waterloo).—The artist mentioned is unknown; picture would be of nominal value only.

E. T. G. (Barnard Castle).—Your coins are worth face value only, with the exception of the William III. crown, which is worth 7s. 6d.

E F. H. (Long Eaton).—Your engraving, "The Hop Pickers," after Westall, is worth £2; engraving, "Independence of America," 35s. to £2. Cannot value snuff-box from description; send this for inspection.

Exon (Devon).—Your engraving is of nominal value only.

THE INDEPENDENT NORTHENER.

[The two football teams usually train at the seaside. Their followers go to see the match with hampers of eatables.—*Daily Paper.*]

THE rival teams, by ocean's tide,
For nought but victory provide.
Their friends, of less heroic make,
For win or loss-provision take.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.*

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

THE story of the Flower of Love, one of the quaintest and most entertaining incidents in my experience would be pointless, perhaps, but for the character of its chief protagonist, Charles Frisson.

I met Frisson when I was studying medicine in Paris. He, too, was a student at the Beaujon, where, being of a highly imaginative nature, he was always catching imaginary diseases. I have seen him at five o'clock in the afternoon suffering from locomotor ataxia, and three hours later I have come across him drinking beer in the Café Casino surrounded by other joyous spirits, and quite oblivious of the horrible death his imagination had prepared for him three hours previously.

On the day which was the genesis of this story, he had been suffering, if I remember right, from an impending attack of lockjaw during the morning hours, but he had quite forgotten his disease when he rushed into my room at four o'clock demanding a loan of thirty francs.

"My dear friend," said Frisson, "I am undone. You know I told you I was going for a three days' visit to the country, starting at six o'clock this afternoon. Joulot, who owes me thirty francs, has not turned up with the money. Have you thirty francs?"

"Yes."

"Then I breathe again."

"Excuse me," I said, "but if your breath depends on my thirty francs I am afraid I must be a passive accessory to your death by suffocation, for I have to pay thirty francs to Jules the concierge this very evening——"

Frisson thought for a moment. Then a bright idea seized him.

"I will leave Monsieur Prudhomme as a pledge," said he, "you can deposit him with Jules, if Jules should bother you for the thirty francs. He is worth five hundred. Wait." He rushed from the room. I heard him running up to his own room, then returning helter-skelter down the stairs. He was bearing a parrot cage in his hand, and in the cage was sitting a disreputable-looking green parrot. This was Monsieur Prudhomme.

"I bought him the day before yesterday," said the owner of M. Prudhomme, "at least I got him in exchange for a dissecting case, an umbrella, and the cancelling of a small loan, from Lacenaire of the Val de Grace. He can talk in three languages, he can swear to perfection, and he can sing Partant pour la Syrie. He is of all birds of his kind the most marvellous. Had he been born a woman he might have been a Tetrazzini."

He placed M. Prudhomme on the table and then he continued his panegyrics. The way in which he talked up that wretched fowl would be unbelievable to anyone who had not heard him. He was not in the least trying to foist off the bird on me: he had, I think, forgotten for a moment the loan. He believed what he said; visionary and enthusiast that he was, he saw in this "bargain" which he had procured for a dissecting case, an umbrella, and the cancelling of a small loan, the king of all parrots, and he made me almost a partner in his belief. He stirred my imagination, he hypnotised me. I went to the drawer where I kept my money and handed him the thirty francs.

He departed for the country that evening leaving M. Prudhomme to my care.

Jules the concierge to whom I offered the bird in pledge for my loan rejected the offer promptly. I satisfied his demands by a small transaction at the Mont de Piété and returned to my room and to the doubtful company of M. Prudhomme. For seven days that disreputable bird was my companion and the disturber of my studies. He was what is technically called a "squawker." He could not speak. He could only shriek, and he shrieked most of the time. He ate three francs' worth of parrot seed, and he utterly destroyed the thesis I was writing on "Rest as a Reconstructor of Nerve Tissue."

On the seventh day Frisson returned, repaid my loan, listened to my complaint with an inattentive ear, and invited me to his room.

"I have something to show you," said he. I went upstairs with him. In the very meagerly furnished room where he lived and worked, on the table spread with books and papers, stood a red tile pot in which was growing a plant, a furtive and fusty-looking plant, with broad leaves.

"This is it," said Frisson. "I bought it for five francs from a gardener in the country; it is a champak."

"A what?"

"A Flower of Love. Eastern you know. Have you not heard of the champak? Ah, well! it grows in India and in the tropics, its perfume is the most delicate of all flower perfumes, it has seven blossoms, and each blossom is larger than a rose, pale pink in colour, with a golden heart-shaped star in its centre. When a young man wishes to offer a maiden his heart he symbolises the gift with a blossom of the Flower of Love—you know Coralie?"

I did indeed. She was a dancer at the Petit Casino, a flame of Frisson's, a heavy girl with no intelligence to speak of, but in the eyes of this enthusiast an houri. Indeed, he had talked her up—just as he talked M. Prudhomme to me—till she had gained quite a notoriety in the Quarter.

"And you intend offering Coralie a blossom of your Flower of Love," said I. "Well, my dear fellow, I have no objection—but where are the blossoms?"

"They will come," replied Frisson. "In a month the plant will be in full bloom, it only requires water and care. I water it every day and it is incredible the amount of water it consumes. These Eastern flowers are all that way; so the gardener told me. Will you come to the Petit Casino to-night? It is seven days since I have seen her."

I declined the offer and went back to my room to work.

Next day I went on a visit to Amiens. I was away a fortnight. I returned late in the afternoon, and I was walking up the Rue Rollin to my rooms when, passing the Café de Calais, I saw Lacenaire of the Val de Grace and several other men I knew sitting round a little marble table, drinking coffee and syrups and laughing over some story that Lacenaire was regaling them with.

"What's the joke?" I asked, taking my seat at the table and ordering a cup of coffee from the waiter who had been listening, and who seemed also to have been enjoying the tale.

"Tell him," said one of the others.

"Oh, *ma foi*," said Lacenaire, "it's only about Frisson's Flower of Love. You know he bought it from a gardener in the country. He brought it home. It was to blossom in a month into blossoms with heart-shaped centres. He watered it every day and it drank a jug of water a day; but it did not bloom. Frisson said it was pining for the south."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*," cried one of the other men, "pining for the south," he burst into a fit of laughter as did the rest.

"He played to it on his flute," went on Lacenaire. "He wrote poetry to it. Well, yesterday the pot burst."

"The pot burst!"

"Yes, burst like a bomb shell and the Flower of Love tumbled on to the table. It was a mangold wurzel."

I did not see Frisson that afternoon. He had gone, I believe, to interview the gardener in the country.

But I had a letter from him the other day—the same old enthusiast.

"I have discovered a poet," said Frisson. "I found him in the Rue de Cavour selling paper umbrellas. Verlaine is not in it with him, but he is very poor, and I am getting up a subscription for him; will you join us? He is a star, but at the present moment is absolutely without shoes."

I sent him a sovereign for his star without shoes, promising to recoup myself by using him and his Flower of Love as a story—and a parable.

*** Next week's story will be another of the "Miss White of London" detective series, entitled, "The Uncut Diamonds Puzzle."



"Cold water should be applied to a patient suffering from hysterics." —*See "Manual of First Aid."*

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

By J. C. FORSYTH.

IT is not often that Willoughby is worsted in an encounter. But there was once a cuckoo clock——

He had had to go down to a Lincolnshire village on matters connected with a trusteeship. He found he could not get back to London the same night, and so he accepted the hospitality of the two old ladies on whose business he had come.

He was glad to make his early start an excuse for going to bed at ten. It was not till he got to his room that he discovered he had left his novel in the train. And the only print in the room was the title under "The Soul's Awakening." So he put out the light and got into bed, with the dreary prospect of several hours awake.

He was thanking his lucky stars for the drowsiness that overcame him so early, when there was a sharp whirr, as though a pheasant were rising from beneath his bed; a strident voice cried "cuckoo!" eleven times, and stopped with a mocking clap. His room was at the top of the stairs; the clock appeared to be in the hall below. He lay down, and the drowsy feeling came over him again; he had just slid into a coherent dream—when the cuckoo shouted the half-hour at him.

He was struggling to catch that dream by the tail, when the cuckoo's midnight orgy began. He sprang from his bed, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and felt for the matches. There were none; or if there were, they were concealed in muslin and pink ribbon; and his own were downstairs in his overcoat pocket. "I'll stop that brute, if I pull the house about my ears," he said earnestly.

He crept down the stairs. The shuttered hall was pitch dark, and he only knew the bottom of the stairs by feeling the sheepskin mat under his bare toes. He realised that the hall was wide and full of furniture, and that he had no idea where the clock was. He sat shivering for twenty minutes on the bottom step. Then the cuckoo hooted almost over his head. By pawing gently he found that there was a table under it; he cleared the table of a gong, a card tray, a calendar, an engagements-list, and a Bradshaw, and prepared to mount it.

He did mount, and hastily. A prolonged growl reverberated below him. It was the bulldog who protected the lonely ladies by night. The faithful beast had taken its position in front of the table, and was prepared to stay there; at every movement of Willoughby's it growled most unpleasantly.

Willoughby's teeth were chattering with cold. The thick darkness choked him. He could not remember his bearings. He forgot which end of the table he had approached from . . . He must stay there all night, tucked up tailor-wise, until in the morning the maid—— No, not that!

He suddenly remembered where the stairs were, and took a mighty leap. The dog leapt too—and by a miracle caught only a mouthful of pyjama jacket, which ripped in his jaws.

Tailless, Willoughby sprang upstairs four at a time, and in three bounds was inside his room, with his back to the locked door. The dog gurgled with rage outside.

Willoughby got into bed. He was warm again, and inclined to chuckle as he drowsed . . . It was a good story, even if it was against himself . . .

"Cuckoo!" squealed the clock derisively.

He had forgotten to stop it.



OUR DOMESTICS.

"That's a very startling hat you've bought, Mary."

"Yes, mum, isn't it? If you'd like to borrow it to make some of your friends jealous, you can have it!"

THE NEW PROCEDURE.

In a recent *cause célèbre* in America, counsel for the defence is reported to have successfully pleaded the "unwritten law," backing up his arguments with a rendering of "Home Sweet Home," which moved everyone to tears and secured a verdict for his client. If this method is adopted over here, we may expect law cases to be reported on the following lines:

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Appeal.

(Before the Master of the Music Rolls, and Lords Justices Fairfromwell and Kennerly).

Brown *v.* Smith (Part sung).

At the resumed hearing to-day, Sir Edward Caruson, K.C., for the petitioner regretted that owing to a sore throat he would be unable to give their lordships "The Lost Chord," which he felt certain would have ensued a verdict in his favour, and he must therefore consent to the appeal being dismissed.

The Master of the Rolls gave judgment in a rich bar tone, dismissing the appeal, in which the Lords Justices musically concurred.

King's Bench.

(Before Mr. Justice Anthem.)

Thompson v. Robinson.

There was a large and fashionable audience when Mr. F. E. Jones, K.C., rose to address the Court on behalf of the defendant. During the first few bars of "The Better Land" the eminent counsel appeared to be suffering from nervousness, all traces of which happily disappeared before he reached the third and most impressive verse, of which he gave a truly magnificent rendering, and brought tears to the eyes of several jurymen. On resuming his seat, Mr. Albert Hall at once rose for the plaintiff, and, being in magnificent voice, began to address the jury with "Daddy," putting so much feeling into the words that, without retiring, the foreman of the jury, visibly moved, announced at the end of the first verse that they had unanimously agreed on a verdict for the plaintiff.

Admiralty and Divorce.

(Before the President, with Trinity Mus.Bacs.)

Grounding of the "Sarah Ann" (Salvage Claim).

This case has been of great interest to music lovers throughout, the various counsel engaged being specially chosen for their musical attainments.

Mr. Bally Hash's "Tom Bowling," though powerful, was perhaps a trifle lacking in quality; Mr. Askemall, K.C., rendered "The Harbour Bar" in his usual efficient style, and Mr. J. Ratskin's "Three Fishers Went Sailing," which secured the verdict for the Salvage Company, was a masterly effort which is certain to enhance his already considerable reputation as a leading Admiralty chorister.

Central Criminal Court.

(Before Mr. Justice Pett.)

At the Old Bailey to-day, William Sykes was sentenced to ten years' for burglary with violence, in spite of the noble efforts of his counsel, Mr. A. Singer, K.C., who, assisted by several juniors, sang the "Elijah," the performance lasting over three hours.

Mr. Demure, K.C., prosecuting on behalf of the Crown, was able, with a few short bars of "For Ever and For Ever" to dispel any leanings the jury might have had in the prisoner's favour, and the learned judge's summing up in three flats was of a distinctly unfavourable tenor, with the result reported above.

The proceedings terminated with a plaintive solo rendered by the prisoner in a minor key, aided by a concerted movement in B sharp on the part of the warders.



Orator: "Who threw that egg? The man who threw that egg is a—a——"
Voice from Crowd: "A good shot, mister!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

SHAKESPEARE UNMASKED.

[Miss Harriet B. Chepstow, of U.S.A. claims to possess original documentary proofs that Shakespeare was an abandoned ruffian, who murdered minor playwrights in order to purloin their dramas.]

OH! William S., no more we'll prate
Of you as "Gentle Bard of Avon,"
Since, fallen from its high estate,
Your reputation's hue is raven;
An "ell" is taken from your glory
And leaves it gory.

The poet's licence, we concede,
May oft the laws of man o'erleap,
But yet 'tis commonly agreed,
That homicide is rather steep.
Only when players are uproarious
It's meritorious.

But if a rival should appear,
Who challenged you with pride and swagger,
You deftly shortened his career
By careful doses with a dagger.
His plays you purloined, so they tell:
The stamps as well.

'Tis true your style's no more in vogue.
The modern playwright, though, I fear
With rivals' plots he's but a rogue,
Of homicide he yet steers clear.
And yet the rest we'd let him slay
For one "King Lear" to-day. A. P. GARLAND.

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MORE ABOUT IT.

JACK and Jill had made their trip up and down the hill, with the result already recorded in the juvenile chronicles of the day.

Presently Jack sat up and rubbed his cracked crown.

"How did I get this fearful head?" he groaned.

"On nothing stronger than a pail of water," soothingly answered Jill.

STANDARD TIME.

[The British Science Guild recommends that clocks, regulated by frequent messages from Greenwich, be placed in the principal thoroughfares of our towns, and that the time recorded be called Standard Time.—*Vide Press.*

WITH Standard Time and Standard Bread
The future may contain
Two rather curious problems, which
Perchance you may explain.

Now if we loaf the time away,
As far as I can see
Why, such a waste of Standard Time
A Standard "Loaf" will be.

And if the fare be Standard Bread
For those detained for crime,
Will the unhappy prisoners
Be doing Standard "Time"? F. O.

• • •

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE HEART.

OH to be from England,
Now that April's here!
For whoever wakes in England
Sees some morn with deadly fear,
That the dining-room suite is adorning the hall
And the pictures are missing from every wall,
And the painters are in—we all know how—
In England now.

And after the painters the char-lady follows:
In carpet-beating and scrubbing she wallows.
Hark! where my studio used to be,
And all my pictures, 'neath one vast dust cover
Jumbled together lie, while I must flee.
That's she I ween! She bangs each door twice over
Lest you should think her first enthusiasm
Was nothing but a spasm.
And tho' the strife will settle down again,
Yet life for me will aye be fraught with pain;
For they have sold my favourite armchair—
Far easier than this beastly stiff affair. W. H. H.

SAYS HE IS NOT GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWER.

Yet Prominent People Say This Man Reads Their Lives as an Open Book.

Do you Want to Know About Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupations, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to achieve Success?

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "LONDON OPINION" READERS who WRITE AT ONCE



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centered at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birthdates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

It is not to be denied that astrologers have excited the interest of enlightened people of all ages, but there have been many earnest thinkers reluctant to accept the theories of the ancient Chaldean science. One can only judge the potency of the science of Astrology by a personal application of its principles. To have all the cardinal events of your life spread out before you; to read an undeviating description of your true character, habits and inclinations, is proof positive that the mighty power that shaped the universe and set the hands on the dial of time to mark the destiny of man, has not left us without the means through which we may know ourselves, through which we may fathom the mysteries of life. Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Reddift writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Dalton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of London Opinion, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month and year of your birth, and also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 40, No. 14 Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d postage is required on letters posted to France. **Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.**

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Youth.

"LAUGH and begin again. That's all being young means."—*A Fair House*, by Hugh de Sélincourt. Lane. 6s.

The Ladies.

"No woman ever takes a short cut to anything."

"You walk well with a white conscience, but you walk with still more assurance in a smart dress."

"When a woman discards her hypocrisy what has she left?"—*Phryncttc and London*, by Marthe Troly-Curtin.

The Duchess's Retort.

"The Princess Augusta was supposed to have a certain *tendresse* for Lord Bute, and was giving a little good advice to her ex-Maid of Honour, the Duchess of Kingston. 'Madam,' said the Duchess, 'Chacun à son *But*.'"—*The Amazing Duchess*, by Charles E. Pearce. 2 vols. Illustrated. S. Paul. 24s.

A Prison Flirtation.

"One prisoner at Wormwood Scrubs even managed to do a little flirting over the wall. One evening he shouted to a girl who was walking in the field, and struck up a conversation with her. She came many times after that, until the gay Lothario got tired of her, and told her it was no use her waiting for him, as he was 'in for life.'"—*A Holiday in Gaol*, by Frederic Martyn. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

Why Bridges Should be Revered.

"Everyone in London should revere bridges, for a great number of reasons. In the first place, London never would have been London but for London Bridge. In the second place, bridges enable the people of London to visit the south of the river, which is full of pleasing and extraordinary sights, and in which may be seen visible to the eye, Democracy. If anyone doubts this let him take the voyage."—*On Something*, by Hilaire Belloc.

The English Intonation.

"An American lady once said that she had been some twenty times across to the 'other-side,' and still couldn't say 'Really!' or 'Indeed?' as we manage to say them—with a 'cold-shiver-down-the-back-effect, that sort of makes you feel you're not wanted.'"—*America Through English Eyes*, by "Rita." Stanley Paul & Co.

Thoughts from "Double Lives."

"There is only one drawback to the marriage of a very young man. He invariably marries the wrong woman.

"Our lives are always at the mercy of the next incident waiting for us round the corner.

"Sentimental boys generally begin with actresses.

"Humour is the most serious thing in the world. It is the weapon with which those serious about great things smite those who are only serious about little things."—*Double Lives*, by Francis Gribble. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

To the talent of being a liar in paint
Add the power to gush by the week,
And throw in some French words like "onvelopay,"
"Plew faseel," "Trays abeel," and "tray sheek."

Aphorisms.

"Aphorisms are like paper lanterns hung on the trees of dialectics; in the dark they can be seen, in the broad daylight they are extinct."—*Whirlpools*, by Henry K. Sienkiewicz. Werner Laurie.

From the Courts.

"'Witness,' the judge asked, 'did the prisoner say "I stole the horse"?' 'Oh, no, my lord,' the man replied in a deprecatory tone, 'your lordship's name was never mentioned.'"—*The Lighter Side of my Official Life*, by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. Hodder. 10s. 6d net.

Charles Brookfield's Recollections.

"On the two or three occasions that I have had to witness cricket matches from the alleged security of a pavilion, I have always felt as nervous as the historical sufferer from gout who used to set in his wheel-chair on the cliffs at Ramsgate and wave his stick and shriek with apprehension if he saw a vessel go past his foot so near as the horizon."

"I have never seen any theatrical company cross the border into Scotland without one of the comedians performing an imitation Scotch reel on the railway platform, generally with a railway rug twisted round him, and exclaiming. 'Hoo's a' wi' ye?' to the nearest station official."

"I remember one day, at a rehearsal of the *Merchant of Venice*, the Bassanio advanced at the end of his Casket scene with outstretched arms, prepared, according to the stage directions, to embrace the Lady of Belmont. Poor Miss Terry started back with a look of terror; then recovering herself said with great presence of mind: 'No, Mr. Sykes, we don't do that business; you—er—you merely kiss my hand. It's more Venetian.' 'Oh, come, Miss Terry,' expostulated Mr. Sykes, with an engaging leer; 'you're cuttin' all the 'fat' out of my part.'"—*Random Reminiscences*. By Charles H. E. Brookfield. Popular edition. Nelson. 1s. net.

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Strength; and How to Obtain It, by Eugen Sandow, a manual of suggestions for physical development, has just been re-issued in a revised edition by Gale & Polden Limited, at 2s. 6d. net.

Two Girls and a Mannikin, a recent publication of Stanley Paul & Co. (6s.), is the latest novel of Wilkinson Sherren. Like his former story, *Tumult*, this contains many vivid pictures of Wessex life, with numerous well-drawn character sketches.

THE stream of Coronation literature has commenced, and if the other publications to come are as good as *The Portrait Book of our Kings and Queens*, 1066—1911 (Messrs Jack, 2s. 6d. net), all will be well. It is a sumptuous colour book, and a magnificent permanent souvenir of the great event now so near.

THE NEW FEATHER-WEIGHT TYPEWRITER

For the Traveller and the Home.

ONE WEEK'S TRIAL FREE AT YOUR OWN HOME.

Try to think of a bright, strong and compact little machine, weighing but 5lb., all packed in a handy little leather case, with compartments for your stationery, stamps, etc., and you may be able to form an idea of the new and wonderful little Aluminium "Blick" Typewriter, which has already found its way into the Dressing Cases of many travelling men and women.

When one considers that the ordinary typewriter weighs from 20 to 30 pounds, one almost marvels at the compactness, soundness, and durability of this wonderful machine, which, for clear, rapid, and perfect writing is without a rival, even when classed with the heavy office typewriters that cost twice and thrice as much. Another advantage of the new featherweight "Blick" is that there is a complete absence of the messy ribbon. But the convenience of its portability is one of its strongest points—that's why War Correspondents, Journalists, The Clergy, Military Men, and all important Commercial Travellers have so rapidly adopted the new Aluminium "Blick," which is always bright and ready for use. It cannot tarnish.

YOU CAN LEARN TO OPERATE IT IN AN HOUR.

The operating of the "Blick" is simplicity itself. Any one and every one can learn its keyboard and mechanism in one hour. It is simply a matter of a little practice to acquire the speed of an expert. The Company also guarantee to teach every purchaser of a "Blick" in the United Kingdom to use it.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL.

All busy travellers must surely at times have chafed at the hours wasted when on a long journey and when the rocking and lurching of the quickly moving train makes it impossible to write by any other means than the touching of the obedient keys of the "Blick." Try to write with a pen or pencil, and you will find it absolutely impossible. How annoying! But not so with those possessing a "Blick." When they leave the train their letters are ready for posting, which gives the sweet satisfaction of a tedious duty done, and carbon copies taken at the same time of writing and retained for reference.

ANOTHER IMPORTANCE OF THE NEW FEATHER-WEIGHT "BLICK."

You can use it at your office, and when that's closed you place your "Blick" in your bag, and take it home as easily as you would a book, and there you have it handy, so that your Sister, Wife, or Brother can assist you in typing your notes, correspondence, composition, statements, or whatever you may require. So simple is it to use the "Blick" that many ladies of title and others have purchased them for use by their maids when travelling, and in their Boudoirs.

One lady of title writes: -"With my maid and my 'Blick' my correspondence is quickly over, besides in a business-like way, I make carbon copies of all important letters for future reference—a thing that is really too tedious to do when writing with a pen. I would not be without my 'Blick.'"

A WEEK'S FREE TRIAL.

So sure are the makers that this new and bright Aluminium "Blick" will please everyone who sees it (and who does not need its service?) that they are prepared to send it to you at their expense and risk for one week's free trial. If you like it you purchase it. Otherwise you return it, and there is no obligation or charge. Send for List 12, telling all about the "Featherweight" Blick, or better yet, have a machine sent to your address for a week's free trial. The Address to write to is—The Blickensderfer Co. Ltd., 9 and 10 Cheapside, London, E.C. Readers should state whether the "Scientific" or the "Universal" keyboard is required.

THE MORMONS.

[Every paper one picks up nowadays attacks the Mormons. We always like to help the under-dog, and therefore publish the following article by one who has stayed in their midst, Leonard Henslowe.]

If you throw mud some always sticks. Because up to a decade ago the Mormon Church officially taught a survival of the marriage customs of the Old Testament, and for no other reason, this exemplary faith is being routed and denounced in a fashion that savours of the persecutions in Rome or the methods of the Inquisition. "Polygamists! Polygamists!! that is the one cry, and though the representatives of the Latter-Day Saints give every assurance that there is no polygamy practised now by the church, yet the cry having been raised, even the most incompetent to judge—*i.e.*, the majority—shout and yell at a harmless band of religious enthusiasts as if they were murderous fanatics.

How many people in England have been to Salt Lake and conversed with the leaders of Mormonism? I have visited Joseph Smith, and have stayed in Salt Lake City with Mormon people. I have listened to their sermons and studied their ideals, and a sincerer, gentler, or better organised community I have never found in any part of the world.

To begin with, what have they achieved? Driven from town to town in the Eastern States, they emigrated some fifty years ago by foot to the uninhabited country of the Far West. They found the land a desert waste, and under the fatherly leadership of Brigham Young, who succeeded the martyred founder of the faith, delved and laboured, irrigated and planted, turning their chosen land into a country flowing with the milk of industry and the honey of prosperity. So admirably did Brigham Young command, that for many years there was no liquor shop, gambling den, or house of ill-fame in their domains, and the local prison remained an empty eyesore. People may denounce church governance as curbing the liberty of a people, but when such management makes for a prosperous, contented, law-abiding community, can it be lightly condemned?

Barren was the unknown country when the Mormons settled in it, prosperous did it become under Mormon laws. Then came the Gentiles in their midst, the people who wished to benefit by the prosperity that had been already created, and who, nevertheless, wanted to interfere with the peaceful government established.

It was then that the dram shop, the gambling counter, and the house with drawn blinds came amongst them. It was then that the magistrates found work, and the prisons became populated, but to this day it is a rare thing for a Mormon to be brought before the bench, and there is very rarely a Mormon in the Salt Lake Prison.

The State of Utah is one of the most prosperous and beautiful in the Union. Though other religionists are now 4 to 1 in population above the Mormons, yet it was Brigham Young's settlers who were responsible for the foundation of prosperity.

With a prosperous country and an abundance of men it is perfectly natural that the missioners, while seeking for emigrants, should offer special inducements to women. I met large numbers of Mormon women, some of them polygamous wives, but never once did I find unhappiness or poverty.

It is only natural that marriages entered into previously to the passing of the manifesto in 1890 must



Young Lady: "Never mind the lesse, The penny is for the little boy, I like his smile."
Mother: "Ah, yes, lidy. But you should see his twopenny smile!"

remain: no one could ask otherwise. Will any of the 3,000 women, whom it is claimed have been recently sent to Salt Lake, testify to being married polygamously?

That is the question, and unless that can be answered in the affirmative, there is not the slightest ground for this uproar. I can quite understand the proselytes of rival creeds growling over the competition. But there has been, and always will be, a certain amount of friction between every sect. Have they not denounced the Plymouth Brethren, the Christian Scientists, the Spiritualists, etc.? It is but the result of competition.

Morality is largely a matter of geography. The usages of Turkey would not pertain in India, nor the customs of the Zulus find favour in England; yet each country has its manners and methods defined.

At all events, let me say that when polygamy was practised it was hedged round with most strict laws and conditions. No man could take a second wife whose record with his first had not been a good one, and in that community, where the fathers of the church ruled, a man's life was more of an open book than in a country like ours. Moreover, a man could not take a second wife unless he could well afford to run two establishments and provide for two families, for under no circumstances were they allowed to have two wives in one house. Was not this a good deal better than the surreptitious affairs sometimes carried on in honourable and horrified England?

In the old days in Salt Lake there were never any cast-off women or illegitimate children, no abandoned souls to be despised by their more fortunate sisters.

There was no need for the problem play, for there was no problem to be solved. All lived in harmony and good faith.

And, finally, there are many tenets besides polygamy which make Mormonism different from other creeds. So much has the sensational banner been waved that the tenets of immersion, tithes, the Mormon Millennium, marriage for eternity instead of "till death us do part," and many others, have been quite forgotten by the few inquirers who troubled to ascertain them, and never imagined by the vast majority of persecutors of this harmless and benign religion, who hoot and yell themselves into losing their sense of proportion.

LEONARD HENSLOWE.

MORE ABOUT MARY.

MARY had a pretty foot
And Mary seemed to know it,
'Cause everywhere that Mary went
She tried her best to show it.

• • •

AN UNLUCKY CROSS-EXAMINATION.

A BARRISTER of considerable reputation on a northern circuit found it necessary, if he were to gain a verdict, to discredit a certain witness.

The cross-examination, therefore, suggested that the youth was a wrong'un, and that his relations in general, and his father in particular, were all worthless. The youth demurred.

"Don't you know," thundered the counsel, "that your father would be in gaol if the police knew where to find him?"

"I don't think so," said the youth. "But you'd better ask him yourself. There he sits in the back row of the jury."

• • •

TOO LATE.

A WELL-KNOWN physician was examining a class of nurses. He described the condition of a patient and asked one nurse how much morphine, in her opinion, should be administered to the sufferer.

"Eight grains," promptly replied the nurse.

The doctor made no comment, and the girl passed on. When her turn came again she appeared greatly confused, and said to the examiner:

"Doctor, I wish to correct the answer I made last time. I meant to say that *one-eighth* of a grain should be given to the patient."

"Too late," remarked the physician, without looking up from his question paper. "The man's dead."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

King George's Clumbers.

THERE are several very good dogs in the Sandringham kennels. These were exhibited by the late King, and now the information reaches me that King George will be likely to take over all the dogs under the charge of Brunsden, and that the Sandringham team of Clumber spaniels will be seen on the show benches.

King Manoel's Bulldog.

The ex-King of Portugal is getting his belongings over as he finds it convenient. He is an out and out dog lover, and particularly fond of a bulldog. He may now be seen taking his walks abroad at Richmond with one of these, an old friend which has just arrived. When the dog came across the Channel he was not detained in the usual quarantine. Certain highly placed personages have privileges in connection with Custom House matters, and King Manoel is one of them.

The Londoners' Pet.

Somehow or another London has always been looked upon as the home of the bulldog, and there are many clubs to further the interests of the breed. There has been an intermixing of the social classes to an extent perhaps unknown in any other canine circle. Fustian rubs shoulders with broadcloth, and Somerstown and Club Row hobnob with Mayfair. All have drunk out of the same fifty-guinea challenge cups, or sat down together to the leg of mutton or tripe and onion supper. Thus it is that bulldogs are the London dogs, and there is always anything from a hundred to a thousand sovereigns for a good representative of the breed.

The St. Petersburg Show.

Next week the great Russian show will be held. It will extend over four days. The British sporting or gun dogs shown are certainly very beautiful to look upon. For, as we know, the Russians will obtain the very best of all breeds of live-stock. Pointers and English setters are particularly good, and one would not be surprised to see a representative lot of Irish setters this time, so many of the beautiful red dogs have recently been imported from Ireland and England. Mr. George Raper, of Gomersal, once again goes over to judge. This popular Englishman is a great favourite in Russia.

A Duchess in the Ring.

At the show of the London Fox Terrier Club at the Crystal Palace on 23rd May the wire-haired section of the breed will be judged by the Duchess of Newcastle. Mr. W. H. Wraith will make the awards in the smooth division. Both are well-known experts, but the Duchess leads the world as a woman-judge, breeder, and exhibitor of certain varieties of hounds and dogs. For her Grace of Clumber is a Diana of the Shires as well as a "dog-fancier." Russian wolfhounds were once the favourites in the Worksop kennels. A private pack of harriers realised plenty of sport. Now wire-haired fox terriers have full sway; and, as a matter of fact, the Duchess of Newcastle has "wiped the eyes" and pretty well beaten all the other breeders of these terriers in England with the Clumber productions.

An Australian Deerhound Owner.

Mr. Sam Hordern, of Sydney, N.S.W., will be in London during the Coronation festivities. Mr. H. is one of the most prominent of the merchant princes of the Antipodes, and possesses as nice a lot of deerhounds as can be seen in a country where the deerhound is called upon to accomplish more work than anywhere else, save, perhaps, in North-West Canada. Deerhounds are the correct kangaroo and dingo dogs of the island continent. Crossed with the Russian wolfhound they have been called Strathdoon Dingo killers.

The Coronation Show.

Although several shows will be held round about the Coronation period the great event will be at the Crystal Palace in October. It will be a huge affair, and befitting the occasion.



WHAT FLEET STREET WANTS.

The Newsboy: "Yus, lady, the only thing wot'll do us much good now is a good 'orrible murder reg'lar once a week!"

• • •

WOULD MAKE HIM CARE.

"WHO was it that said if he could make the songs of the people he wouldn't care who made the laws?"

"Don't know. But if he's the chap who's making the songs of the people nowadays I'd just like to have the making of the laws a little while! That's all."

"Jason" ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Socks . . and . . Stockings.

Are made in all styles, weights, and prices, for men, ladies, and children. And whatever price you pay, if the name "Jason" is on the hose you buy you will know they are all-wool: unshrinkable: with a finish as soft as silk.

These are the essentials of "Jason"

Of all Drapers, Ladies' and Men's Outfitters and Stores.

In case of difficulty, write

"Jason Lasteni" are specially manufactured for hard wear.

Three-fold leg, four-fold ankle, five-fold foot, six-fold toe and heel. A graduated hose of "Jason" quality, with strength where most needed.

Only "Jason Lasteni" have these advantages.

In all styles, art colourings vertical and fancy stripes—lace, plain or ribbed—for ladies, men, and children.

C26 **Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester.**

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For Comfort & Appearance

The "ST. ANDREWS" SPORTING JACKET IS UNRIVALLED

This Jacket is becoming more popular and fashionable every day. It is ideal for the outdoor man and sportsman, being delightfully free across the shoulders, and is at once smart and comfortable. In various Tweeds, patterns of which will be sent post free on request. Just the Jacket to potter about in over the week end. Suitable for all but the most formal occasions. Patterns Post Free.

PRICE **15/6**

Breeches or Trousers to match, made to order, **9/6**

When ordering by post send chest measurement.

RIDING BREECHES

THE PERFECTION OF CUT AND STYLE **9/6**

Bedford Cord or Whip Cord. Button or Lace Knee. All sizes in stock. Made to Measure at same price.

Also made in Strong Velvet Cords 12/9

Button or Lace Knee, Leather Knee Strapping. Patterns post free. If ordering now, send P O with this form filled in.

Height........................ | Round Waist..................ins.
Length inside Leg..........ins. | Round Calf..................ins.

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10 for 4½d. 20 for 9d

They are a mild leaf. The quality is equal to the finest hand-made cigarette, and MACKENZIE'S are beyond comparison with low grade papery sticky cigarettes — now so largely bought — and thrown away half smoked! MACKENZIE'S are true to the end.

MACKENZIE & CO., Manufacturers, GLASGOW.

OUR COMPETITION ABOUT PEOPLE.

Five-Pound Notes for Doubles or Trebles.

FOR Competition 370 a £5 note each is awarded to:

J. TIZARD, 33 Montgomerie Road, Southsea.	PHILLIP SHARP, 15 Havelock Road, Eastbourne.	A. GOLDSMITH, 14 Sheep Street, Birmingham.	J. B. HIND, 69 Whitefield Tce., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Double.	*Treble.*	*Double.*	*Treble.*
Mr. Asche (p. 130)	***Sir Herbert Tree*** (p. 124)	***Mr. Shaw*** (p. 123)	***H. G. Wells*** (p. 114)
"Allah"—Mode!	***Treats Shakespeare Handsomely.***	***Mankind's Schoolmaster***	***Wants Humanity Glorified.***

And five Consolation prizes of £1 each to:

EDWARD WEATHERALL, jun., Flint Villa, St. Stephen's Road, Nottingham; MARGARET E. GRAYDON, 74 Otto Terrace, Sunderland; G. B. HUNT, Lower Bridge Street, Konfig Hill, Glam.; SEYMOUR NOON, The Oaklands, Rock, S.O., Worcestershire; MRS. H. BUTLER, "Sub Rosa," Aubrey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.



Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

IF you can find any use for a "fiver," try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week **FIVE Five-Pound Notes**—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Sovereigns among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

Sir Robert Baden-Powell. President William Taft. Viscount Milner.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 198 to 206 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.



President William Taft.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 372, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 9th May. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 17th May.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 372.**

I .... *Signature*

of .... *Address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 372, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... *From page* ....

Double or Treble ....



Viscount Milner.

THE MODERN DANCER.

"DO you Double-Boston?" asked Aileen suddenly.

"No, I don't think so," I replied, a little taken aback.

"Well, you will have to learn, Fred," said my cousin; "it's the kippiest thing you ever saw."

"Would you mind being a little more definite, Aileen?" I pleaded.

"Well, you see," she began patiently, "since you left England for that stuffy Colonial place things have moved some over here—people's dancing, for one thing. The dancing you see over here nowadays is just as good as anything to be found on the Continent. But just you wait. I bet your eyes will be opened to-night at the Warner's hop."

At this point my pretty cousin rushed away to dress for dinner, leaving me very much on my mettle, because I had always fancied myself as a valseur.

At dinner that evening I was further enlightened by a pasty-faced youth, a friend of my cousin's, who, at her request, kindly explained that all the "far-off hoppy" dancing had gone out for good, and that the "hug-me-close," as he graphically put it, had come to stay. He condescended to add that "it was up to me" to learn it!

Thus admonished, I lost no time, on arriving at the Warner's, in establishing myself in a convenient corner, from which I might study to my heart's content this new style of dancing.

There were three couples on the floor when we entered, and the first thing that struck me was the expression of dreamy far-offness which seemed to be the hallmark of these modern dancers; this, and the position of the left arm stretched tensely downwards, were the things which first drew my attention.

I was beginning to agree with my cousin that dancing certainly had changed during the last few years, when she came up to tell me to watch young Smyth, the young man who had dined with us. "He is considered frightfully good," Aileen whispered, "all the girls are mad about dancing with him." It was then that the real possibilities of the modern Boston burst fully on me. I had seen dancing in the bars of Paris, and in the dance-halls of Vienna, but have to own to being a good deal taken aback on finding the same style of dancing enjoying favour in English Society.

I say the same style; but the grace of the Continental demi-monde, the only veil under which such dancing can be tolerated, was wholly lacking here. The more I saw of this modern dancing the more astonished I felt at the tolerance of the British matron of to-day, who can allow her daughter so to be danced with and held.

These reflections were broken into by Aileen, with a request that I would dance with a "topping girl who will teach you a new step." "I think she calls it the Bunny hug," she added.

But I had had enough of it, and left wondering if this modern dancing was not one of the most significant signs of our decadence.

THE COAL-LESS AGE.

A PROPHECY was made last week by Mr. Charles W. Price that within a year the coal bin in the cellar will be replaced by an electrical reservoir which will furnish heat alike to the kitchen range and the living rooms of dwelling houses, and all at moderate cost.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Is coal to be abolished just as we have got two relations appointed County Council coal inspectors?

• • •

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A YOUNG barrister not noted for his brilliancy appeared in court to ask for an extra allowance in an action which he was so fortunate as to have been retained in. The court, not discovering anything at all unusual, complicated, or extraordinary about the litigation, inquired of the young man:

"What is there about this case that to you seems extraordinary?"

"That I got it," blandly and innocently replied the youthful aspirant for fees.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Shabby Overcoats.

It is at this time of the year that one's overcoats show signs of shabbiness. In all probability they have been worn for the past two months without receiving any attention from the tailor who made them; they have never been "pressed up" after they have been out in the rain, and the consequence is that they hang just anyhow. But it is quite likely that many overcoats are not really half so shabby as their owners think them; the cloth is probably not worn out; the only fault with the overcoat is that it is out of shape, and that can soon be remedied. This is where the man who buys good clothes scores over the man who thinks he is being economical with low-priced rubbish. A good overcoat can have its life renewed again and again by being "done up" by a tailor, and it will remain a good coat and have all the appearance of a good coat right to the end.

Unruly Lapels.

The point I wish to make is that it pays to give some little attention to the condition of clothes, and especially overcoats, which are worn for about seven months in the year. The lapels of the overcoat are usually troublesome. After the coat has been in a shower the points of the lapels are apt to stick out. Sometimes this effect is produced by careless hanging up. The coat hangs "all in a heap" and so the lapels get creased and out of shape. When the lapels of an overcoat are wrong the whole coat looks shabby, and yet it is a very simple matter to put right. Put both hands on the lapels of the overcoat you are wearing, with the thumb under the lapels and the fingers over them, and then gradually work them up back into their original condition. They should not lie perfectly flat against the coat—hard, flat lapels are the hall-mark of the "cheap" tailor. If the pockets of the overcoat are emptied every time the coat is hung up they will not soon get out of shape. The man who knows does not use his overcoat pockets for weighty or bulky articles, but the average man is a great sinner in this respect.

Packing a Coat.

My readers will now understand why, when packing a coat in a box or bag, it is advisable to begin the job by turning up the collar, the lapels being thus spread out do not get creased. For the benefit of those who may be in doubt as to how to continue the operation I may say that the coat should be spread out flat, lining downwards, on a table. The sleeves should then be smoothed out and the two sides of the coat folded over them. Then the two sides should be brought together—so that the coat is folded in half down the centre—and the job is done. In the case of a morning-coat or dress-coat the tails should be folded back, so that they cover the ends of the sleeves, before the two sides of the coat are folded. If necessary, the coat can be folded in half, from collar to tail, without damaging it. A well-cut, hand-made coat is not spoilt, even temporarily, by being squashed into a bag. Give it a shake and hang it up for an hour or so and it will be itself again. A so-called cheap coat, which has been filled up with "stiffening" and padding, is broken up by such treatment.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post.

Fancy Waistcoats.

It is high time the season's fancy waistcoats began to make their appearance, but at present they are either in their owners' wardrobes or they have not yet been called into being. When they do I fancy they will be rather disappointing, being mostly of plain blue-grey or tan coloured cloth—no patterns, not even so much as a spot. These cloths have been extensively imitated in cheap qualities, but the real thing is worth the extra money. The cheap cloths are thick and clumsy, and do not tailor well. The right cloths are so admirably adapted for the purpose that they can be made to fit perfectly—that is to say, closely to the figure without being in the least tight or uncomfortable.

The Bowler of the Season.

The bowler of this season has a wide, flat brim and a rather low crown. I do not advise any man to wear such a hat just because it is fashionable; the shape is not becoming to every man; in fact, it imparts to some men a peculiarly undesirable "horsey" appearance. If the brim of the hat is curled slightly inwards and then from back to front the style of the hat is completely changed. The brim of the hat is still wide, and it is the width of the brim that helps to make this season's hat so very different from that fashionable last season.

The Beaver Felt.

This is another hat which is slowly becoming fashionable in the country. It is really our old friend, the green Homburg hat—a stiff felt with a dent down the centre—but with this difference. The "beaver felt" has a surface similar to the old-fashioned tall beaver hats.

• • •



Detective-Inspector: "I want a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he?"

Business Man: "Heaven knows—but he is £5,000 short!"

THEN—AND NOW.

WHEN Edwin wooed fair Angeline,
(At Clapham she was beauty's queen!)
He was no laggard lover—he
Paid his addresses eagerly.

But quite a year since then has fled
And Edwin has the lady wed . . . .
Well! time brings changes (so they say),
It's now *her dresses* he must *pay!*

R. Merton.

• • •

THE IBSEN STAR.

"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing-room."

"Is she changing her costume for the next act?"

"No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."

You can tell at a glance

the man who worries along just brushing his suits, and the careful man—the man who takes pride in a smart appearance and has his suits Achille Serre'd—that is to say, expertly dry-cleaned and tailor-pressed. The former looks smart only when his suit is new, the latter looks smart always. Our charge for a suit is only 3s. 9d., and the time taken never exceeds Four Days.

Write for our new booklet "Pride of Dress." It's full of useful information.

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Lounge Suits	„	£3 3 0
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The MAJOR in this journal writes:—
"Messrs. W. Evans & Co. made me the best suit I ever had."

DISCERNER writes in *S. Times* —
"The best cloths I have seen were in Mr. Evans' shop, 287 Regent St., W.

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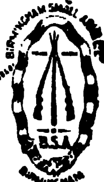
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a delicious increase of health that makes the whole body tingle with

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Even the first wineglassful creates a definite and substantial degree of

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LONDON OPINION, May 6, 1911.



Stocks and Shares*

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

MARKETS have been influenced somewhat by political considerations, which may be more or less summed up in the word "Morocco."

The settlement showed a considerable bull position, particularly in Railway stocks, large quantities of which went into the names of Bank nominees, which indicates a good deal of speculation on borrowed money. A certain amount of genuine buying on the decline was, however, noticeable. Of the active junior stocks Midland Deferred are probably the most attractive on merits. There is nothing special to say regarding Foreign Rails or Commercials and Industrials. As regards Kaffirs, the passing of the Goerz dividend was a disappointment, and the market is inactive. Mincing Lane considers that Rubbers will go higher, but Mincing Lane is always wrong, say the brokers, and we look for a lower level of prices in this market. Oils are a more promising market, and, despite apparent selling from that quarter, we hear that Paris is keen on Spies and Shells, which may be worth buying on this account. Cheleken Oilfields, recommended in our issue of 25th February at 1¼, are now 1$\frac{11}{16}$.

Americans.

Our American correspondents are unanimous in considering the business outlook to be discouraging, and are more inclined to counsel sales than purchases of stocks, particularly should there be any rally after the decision of the Supreme Court in the Trust cases is made known. The big interests in America have plenty of stock to sell, and every effort will therefore be made to make things look good; but, apart from cheap money, fundamental conditions are wholly against a rise yet awhile, and prices will have to adjust themselves to actual conditions. The Steel Trust has not earned the full dividend on its common stock during the last quarter. It will need more than a good crop before the general position is such as to justify a rise in prices.

Better Bond Outlook.

It might perhaps be well to point out that the somewhat bearish views expressed in the preceding paragraph refer to stocks and not to bonds, which are more likely to rise than to fall, for, strange as it may appear to the uninitiated, prices of common stock and bonds move in contrary directions, both at the commencement and towards the end of a period of commercial depression. The present time is therefore probably propitious for an exchange out of American stocks into high-class bonds, such as, for example, the 5 per cent. bonds of the Philadelphia Company, the big Tramway and Lighting concern, which are covered about four times as to capital and six times as to interest, and which, at the present price of about 99 ex-dividend, yield £5 1s. 0d. per cent.

Gloomy Prophecies.

Human nature is so constituted that it is much more popular to prophesy a boom than a slump, and we regret from time to time to have to emphasise the likelihood of a fall in prices. It is, however, the duty of conscientious financial advisers to draw attention to fundamental conditions as opposed to mere market gossip, and thus far it must be admitted that the course of the Rubber and Home Rail markets has fully justified the opinions expressed in this column. Brokers and others are much more prone to advise purchases than sales; if they were more frequently to advise when to *sell*, as well as when to *buy*, it would probably be better for the investing public.

Gamage's.

From the particulars given in the last report no one can allege that this popular firm of providers of athletic supplies, etc., is on the wane. The profits continue to increase, having been £30,993 last year, out of which, after paying 5½ per cent. on £155,000 of Cumulative Preference shares, the £135,000 of Ordinary shares received 10 per cent., £2,000 being carried to the reserve fund and £12,830 being carried forward to next account. With a continuance of the present excellent management the company should prosper even more in future. It has acquired additional freehold and leasehold premises in Hatton Garden. At the present price of 21s. 3d. and 29s. the Five and a Half per Cent. Preference and the Ordinary shares yield 5¼ per cent. and 7 per cent. respectively.

Japanned China.

It is a sign of the times that a new Chinese Government Loan should be floated in Japan, a country hitherto better known, financially, as a borrower than as a lender. An issue of 10,000,000 yen (say, £1,000,000) Five per Cent. Imperial Chinese Government Railway Loan is being offered for subscription in Japan during the week ending 6th May. The Loan is secured by a first charge upon the revenue of the Chinese Government under the item Tribute Grain Conversion Tax of the Province of Kiang su. The bonds are irredeemable for the next ten years, after which they will be redeemed at par within the following fifteen years by annual drawings. The issue price is 97½, and money being at present very plentiful in Japan, the Loan will no doubt be over subscribed. A certain number of applications are being sent forward from this country, and, although, being wholly a Japanese Issue, there will be no official quotation here, there will probably be quite a considerable business in this Loan in London, in the same way as there already is in the Japanese Government Internal Loans, for the yield of £5 2s. 8d. afforded by this loan, not allowing for the profit on redemption, is much greater than that of the existing Chinese Loans quoted in London.

Omnibus Competitors.

The statement that a new London Motor-'Bus Company, with a capital of a million or more, is on the carpet, has been sufficient to depress London General Omnibus stock, which has fallen something like 25 points from the high-water mark of 130 a few weeks ago. Whether the rumour as to a new company is correct or not, we know that one or two smaller concerns are constructing new omnibuses shortly to be put on the London streets, and General Omnibus stock is probably quite high enough at the present level. A company of this description can never be safe unless it has a concession, in the same way as a tramway company.

The Public Trustee.

The report of the Public Trustee for the fifteen months ended March last reads more like that of a progressive commercial concern than a Government Department. The cases dealt with during that period have been 1,053 as compared with 565 during 1909. The fact is, the Department has been well advertised, and is therefore already paying its way. Mr. Stewart, as is well known, is a believer in spreading investments over different countries, and the figures published in the report show that the Department is following this policy. The average estate administered by the Public Trustee is about £8,000.

An Oil Year Book.

THE *Oil and Petroleum Manual* for 1911 (second annual issue), by Walter R. Skinner, proprietor of the *Mining Manual*, has just been issued. It contains full particulars of nearly 500 companies, with their directors, secretaries, consulting engineers, managers, agents, etc. Its compilation is on the same complete and careful lines as those which distinguish the author's other works, and reference to it as the standard work is fully justified by the exhaustive particulars of all the principal companies engaged in this industry. The book is published at 11—12 Clements Lane, London, E.C., price 2s. 6d. net, 2s. 9d. net post free.

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

The Science of Investment.

The fourth edition of a *Primer of Scientific Investment*, by Emil Davies, author of *The Money and the Stock and Share Market*, and numerous other business and financial works, is now on sale, and can be heartily recommended to all interested in what is a subject of immediate importance to all possessors of capital. To the novice in financial matters the book is of great value, and to the more experienced it should be of considerable interest, in that it appraises, from the point of view of investment value, every class of business undertaking, the securities of which are quoted on the Stock Exchange.

The science of investment that is now springing up is not so much positive or constructive, as the result of elimination; but, to eliminate wisely, a certain amount of knowledge and judgment is necessary, and in the acquisition of this, the *Primer of Scientific Investment*, which is published by H. E. Morgan, at 6d. net, is invaluable.

• • • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*T. B. G.*"—We believe that developments show the Geduld property to be patchy, and we would not advise you to add to your present holding. Colombia Navigation 6 per Cent. Guaranteed Debentures are a fair speculative holding. "*G. B.*"—We are afraid Vogelstruis Deep shareholders will have to wait some time before anything can be done with the property. Commonwealth Oil is a fair speculative holding at the present price. "*Realist.*" Sell your Dunlop Deferred at the present price. We have sent you particulars of two good securities suitable for your purpose. "*W. S. H.*"—We do not consider the prospects of Tomboy Gold Mines to be brilliant, and think the shares dear at the present quotation. General Mining and Finance have had an unsatisfactory year, but are a good purchase at the present price. "*Safety.*"—We have sent you a scheme consisting of seven safe Debentures spread over different parts of the world, giving an average yield of over 5½ per cent. "*X. Y. Z.*"—There appear to be prospects of the "A" Preference shares of the New Orleans, Texas, and Pacific Junction Railway receiving their full 6 per cent. dividend this year, but the shares are speculative, and you should sell at the present favourable price. "*Outsider.*"—We send you particulars of the best Trustee securities for the investment of your £1,000. "*Vestor.*"—If you will send us your list of investments, we shall be pleased to make suggestions as to its improvement. "*Eccentrico.*"—The present price of Langlaagte Estates is high enough. Keep your Moss Empire Preference and Holzapfels Preference. "*O. T.*"—We do not advise a purchase of Midway Alliance Oils. "*I. I. C.*"—We think well of numbers 2, 4, and 9, but do not advise you to retain your other holdings on margin. You have already incurred sufficient loss. "*T. V.*"—You appear to be entitled to a return of £1 10s. on your option, and should write to the firm in question claiming the amount. We hope you will get it. "*A. E. C.*"—We have inquired on the market, but cannot find any quotation for Newfoundland (Parent) Oil Development. We believe the company to be a genuine one, but it will probably be some time before you get any return on your money. "*P. R.*"—Take your profit on the railway stocks. "*Junior.*"—Union Cold Storage 4½ per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures and Mortgage and Debenture Company Debentures, both first-class investment securities, yielding between 4½ and 4¾ per cent., would suit your purpose. "*Bromoil.*"—Avoid the firm you name. "*L. S.*"—Hold your Knight Centrals for a higher price. "*C. S. S.*"—Cordoba Central 5 per Cent. Debentures are an excellent investment, but it is unwise to put all your money in one stock. "*H. G. L.*"—Raphael Tuck Ordinary shares at about 16s. 6d. are a fair speculative investment. "*Whitewash.*"—To hold, buy Crown Mines, Nourse Mines, Benonis, and Main Reef West. "*Props.*"—Lake View Consols may be held for an improvement, but sell when you see a profit. The same applies to Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia. "*S. M. J.*"—We prefer Straits Bertan Rubber to Merlimau. "*M. E. W.*"—Sell your Maikop Standards on any rise in price. "*F. L.*"—Sell your Prestea Mines and Zambesi, but hold the others.

An exhibition of photographs representative of South Africa and its customs is now being held at the "Kodak" galleries, 40 Strand. It possesses an added attraction in that the exhibits afford a full pictorial record of the South African tour which the Duke of Connaught made last year.

• • •

A Coronation Novelty.—The "Kutangle" postal letter-card just issued is good value in cards for postal use. It is a penny line, and can be obtained wholesale from Jarrold & Sons, of Norwich, or Warwick Lane, London.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

Pianos may be divided roughly into two classes—those we use and those the people next door abuse.—*Ideas.*



BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Visitor: "Could I speak with the parson for a moment?"

Servant: "Oh, if I disturbed him now he'd snap my head off. He's writing a sermon on 'self control'!" —**"Puck," New York.**

It's a wise child that resembles its richest relative.—*Dansville Breeze.*

• • •

The tax on bachelors in Wisconsin is classed as a tax on unimproved property.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

• • •

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

• • •

Lloyd's has begun insuring seaside hotel proprietors against rain during the summer season. When will Lloyd's begin insuring bachelors against getting married?—*Boston Globe.*

• • •

We like a man who knows how to seize an opportunity and have nothing but admiration for the dentist who is advertising "Coronation Year—Why not have your teeth crowned with gold?"—*Punch.*

• • •

That is life's tragedy—to find suddenly that you are too old; to find that you no longer desire to play truant, that you are content to work, work, work, even when the spring comes in and the sun wakes up, to find that you are good for nothing but to stay at home and be good.—*Black and White.*

• • •

You may carol a barrel of daintiest lays
  With lilt and with laughter and swing to 'em,
You may coddle and model 'em various ways
  To give a melodious ring to 'em;
Of flowers in showers your verses may trill,
  Of brooks, with a ripple and purl in 'em,
But their savour and flavour are tota nil
  Unless there is plenty of Girl in 'em!
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

A London clergyman was called on to address an audience of actors. Alluding to the better social status of the players, the clergyman said that in former days it was sometimes customary to brand them as vagabonds and bore a hole in their ears with an awl, that the citizens might thus be forewarned. "And who knows," the clergyman added, "but that it is a survival of an endeavour to hide this mark of indignity that causes some of the actors even to-day to wear their hair long?"—*Munsey's Magazine.*

You don't need a very complete list of funny stories to amuse a girl who is gifted with pretty teeth.—*American Magazine.*

• • •

Happiness is a by-product obtained from work well done.—*Panton Star.*

• • •

If home is where the heart is, it's a wonder more girls are not homeless.—*The Gleam.*

• • •

Some people would find fault with the weather if it was raining money.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

There is no place like home from which to roam when female temper is on the foam.—*The Searchlight.*

• • •

No matter how intellectual she may be, after a woman reaches a certain age she feels that almost any man is a match for her.—*The Owl.*

• • •

A Chicago mail-order house has shipped 10,000 alarum clocks to Peking. There can be no further doubt as to the awakening of China.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

• • •

MATRIMONY À LA MODE.

Jack and Jill
Rushed up the hill
  Of reckless matrimony.
Year expired,
Both grew tired—
  Now Jill gets alimony!—*Judge.*

• • •

Advice is lost on woman—though she continues to receive it in car-load lots.—*Smart Set.*

• • •

The fun that a man gets in watching a woman sharpen a pencil is only equalled by the quiet amusement a woman experiences while the man is endeavouring to thread a needle.—*Tatler.*



Wife: "What on earth are you doing with a sheet over your shoulders in front of the glass?"

Newly-knighted Parvenu: "I want to see what I shall look like as a ghostly ancestor!"

—"Meggendorfer Blätter."

LONDON'S TIME PROBLEM.

By JOCELYN BRANDON, L.C.C.

WE are all more or less slaves of the clock, from King to artisan; and yet we do not minimise some of the tyrannies this master inflicts upon us, as we could by insisting that all clocks should agree about the time they tell.

For ten years now I have been agitating for the institution of public clocks, to be synchronised hourly from Greenwich.

Consider the cost of indicating time in a great city like London. For its six million people there are in daily use, probably, five millions of watches and clocks, which have certainly cost as many pounds, and involve an annual expenditure of £250,000 in maintenance.

We punish children if they arrive late at school; we fine employees if they come late to work; and yet we employ a mechanical arbitrator which often arbitrates unjustly. We miss trains and suffer untold inconveniences.

Those who reside near factories have, doubtless, often been annoyed by the steam sirens which indicate time to the employees. From observations made for the purpose, I am able to say that our London factories, and also our London clocks, often differ by as much as seven minutes; and this has led to the necessity of allowing a margin of five minutes to the operatives. Assuredly those minutes are deducted from the factory working day, and are all paid for by somebody! And the cumulative value of those minutes lost is enormous.

It is of little use that my watch keeps Greenwich time exactly, if the timepieces of those with whom I do business are not equally exact. They will waste my time or I theirs.

The difficulty should be met by indicating Greenwich time uniformly upon a number of public clocks, so disposed as to be available to everybody as authoritative standards for the purpose of correcting their own timepieces.

The majority of publicly exhibited clocks have been provided by private enterprise, to attract public attention to their owners' premises rather than exhibit time.

The remedy is available just so soon as Municipal Corporations, and other owners of publicly exhibited clocks, like to take advantage of it. The remedy is synchronisation!

A clock is said to be synchronised when it is mechanically corrected every hour of the day, and night, and so kept identically uniform with the solitary clock from which our standard time emanates. This is automatically effected by hourly electric time signals from Greenwich Observatory.

The only *real* objection ever raised to synchronising is that of cost, but we are not now getting full value for our vast outlay, and it is worth while to spend a further £1 or £2 per clock to provide a sufficiency of standards by which to correct the millions of watches and clocks in use. I advocate a municipal conference of all the Borough Councils under the auspices of the L.C.C. to first agree upon a definite project, so that the supervision of church clocks should be undertaken by the respective boroughs in which they are situated, while town-hall, market and public clocks of a similar character, should also be maintained, and synchronised, at the public expense. Traders exhibiting public clocks should be required by law to keep them right, or remove them; Then at last our public clocks everywhere would tell us "the right time."

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
13th MAY, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 373.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 240.

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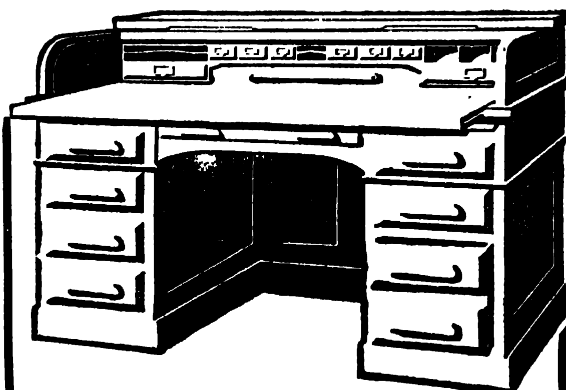
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WHIPPED TOPICS.

MR. TAFT's pacific proposals have set some of our poets rhyming. Peace has its terrors no less than war.

• • •

The headgear of golfers, says a trade paper, is too thick. Most players we know could talk through anything.

• • •

While there is wrangling over the appointment of Liberal and Tory J.P.'s, why doesn't Keir Hardie demand a Labour Lord Chief Justice?

• • •

Gooseberries sold for one shilling a quart at Covent Garden last week. Thus early are evident the far-reaching effects of the champagne war in France.

• • •

A spell that would diminish debt may sound like an absurdity in the twentieth century. Yet the Simplified Spelling Society propose to cut it down to "det."

• • •

"Bust of Harry Lauder?" remarked a minor "pro." scanning the newspaper headlines. "Well, that's queer! I always thought he was such a saving sort of chap."

• • •

The fasting cure, which still excites controversy in the United States, is said to produce a remarkable change of appearance in the patient. Even in the most patient, we should think.

• • •

An Australian visitor who knows his England is surprised at the eagerness of London astronomers to see the eclipse of the sun. He says we are liable to have one lasting all the summer.

• • •

Members of women's clubs in Boston, U.S.A., must take their cocktails and gin-fizzes while seated. The ladies on the other hand are determined to stand up for the right to drink in any position they prefer.

• • •

A Viennese visitor is surprised at our frequent use of the words "Please" and "Thanks." Why, even in our busiest moments we find time to preface those polite terms with "small soda," and "same again."

• • •

Municipal cats have been suggested for the extermination of rats. To prevent jobbery it should be ordained that town councillors shall not give appointments to their own grimalkins, nor take political leanings into account.

• • •

A gardening expert says that nitrate of soda has the same effect upon flowers that whisky and soda has upon man. Sweet pea competitors who are also ardent abstainers, are now, we understand, abandoning the use of artificial manures.

Birds'-nest hats have appeared in Paris. But they are made of cocoanut fibre. Surely nests should be sat in?

• • •

"Wedgwood china hats" are to be fashionable this summer. We ourselves shall continue to wear our old "tile."

• • •

An art critic assures us that the painting of clothes is most difficult. On the contrary it's dead easy during spring cleaning.

• • •

A new novel is called "The Man with the Red Beard." We have not yet heard what steps Mr. George Bernard Shaw is taking in the matter.

• • •

A play has been produced in Germany written by a carpenter. Probably the construction is very sound, and the characters inclined to be wooden.

• • •

Fashion's decree for the season is that every woman may wear whatever she looks well in. Yes, but how about the poor girls who never look well in anything?

• • •

Japanese patients, we are told, are never asked for fees. They pay, unasked, just what they can afford. That is, of course, after the deduction of funeral expenses.

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The Futurists are a band of Milanese playwrights who have a horror of applause. They must have written some of the pieces we have recently had in London.

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According to the *National Telephone Journal*, the telephone operators' calling compares favourably with others. It is the subscribers' calling which is so commonly attended with trouble.

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"The cats' meat trade," says a veteran of the calling, "has been killed owing to the shortage in horse flesh." The statement should have been headed: "Slain by the Sausage."

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The exodus from Scotland is naturally causing anxious concern to many members of Parliament. If Scotch voters emigrate, quite a lot of English politicians will be unable to find safe seats.

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Dresses that "miss the figure," says a fashion writer, are the fashion now in Paris. What figure? Is it too much to hope that the exorbitant one usually reached by Parisian confections is meant?

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"Nearly everybody in London seemed to be present at the ball which Mr Ludwig Neumann gave for his nieces at the Ritz."—*Evening News.*

Then some of the six million must have gone uninvited.

THE LUGUBRIOUS LESTER.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE other night I revisited *The Arcadians.* I found the pretty immortals all wearing new sandals, Florence Smithson warbling new ditties, Dan Rolyat twisting his indiarubber legs into new knots, and Alfred Lester looking more miserable than ever.

The question is whether *The Arcadians* can ever be killed. It would not be enough to kill either Florence or Alfred or Dan. One would have to kill the whole Triple Alliance of large-eyed Innocence, irrepressible Agility, and unfathomable Woe. There is a danger that our Three Graces will harden into an institution like the House of Lords. However, for the sake of our Coronation guests, we must not hanker after novelty. It would be a pity to upset the settled habits of our American visitors. London to them without *The Arcadians* would hardly be London at all. We ought also to think of those country mice who have never seen Alfred Lester. The Coronation is all very well, but it can provide no misery so delectable as the sight of his sorrowful face.

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HE is a unique and separate ecstasy. In all the world there is nobody else who has established a monopoly in melancholy. Other comedians try to be funnier than each other. They toil carefully with tears to tickle our risibility. Alfred Lester is like the lilies of the field. He toils not. He is a man of misery who allows us to do all the laughing. He never lifts even his little finger to help us. We laugh. He rests. He has faith in his dolefulness. He believes in his tombstone face, his churchyard voice, his lack-lustre eyes, his dejected limbs, his woebegone soul. His sole care is to guard against the awful peril of mirth, the dreadful catastrophe of joy. He must keep grim watch and ward against gaiety. He must, at all hazards, prevent cheerfulness from breaking in. Other men welcome the jest that spurs the smile, the jape that goads the guffaw. Not for him the sweet relaxation of the facial muscles. Not for him the ventripotence of laughter holding both his sides. One smile would make him bankrupt. Like the lady in Tennyson's poem, he must weep or he will die.

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IS there any other case in which a man has made sorrow his trade, despair his profession, anguish his métier? Has anybody ever established a monoply in groans and moans, in sighs and sadness? One thinks of Mrs. Gummidge, that lone, lorn creature; but she was not a real person. Dickens blew her like a bubble out of his comic imagination. But she was not a solid human being like Alfred Lester. We never had the joy of gazing on her, of listening to her dreary babbling. Mr. Lester has gummidged himself. He has saturated his flesh with sadness. He has impregnated his soul with lonely hopelessness. He has dyed his heart black. He has made his whole being so wretched that we shake with laughter as we contemplate the ruthless perfection of his achievement. Just as extreme gaiety makes us sorrowful, so extreme sorrow makes us gay. When we see a comedian working with ferocious energy to make us laugh, we burst into tears. So, when we see Alfred Lester turning himself into an epitome of woe we burst into groans of laughter. I pitied one poor man who was nearly riven with his merriment. He writhed in his stall. He doubled himself up. He chewed his handkerchief. He wept. He perspired. He howled. Finally, he fled in a convulsion of hilarity. We could hear him laughing all the way to Piccadilly Circus. Perhaps he is laughing yet. Perhaps, like the old Greek humorist who saw a donkey eating thistles, he died of laughter.

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I WONDER whether Alfred Lester ever grows weary of being miserable. Is he ever assailed by a temptation to grin at the audience? If I were in his sandals, I should risk at least one faint smile a week. But I recognise the folly of trifling with a reputation. If it were rumoured that Alfred Lester had been caught smiling, his occupation would be gone. I am not sure that it would be safe for him to smile even in private life. Humourists must be careful. They must not rashly experiment with their stock-in-trade. They must keep it up even in bed. I have never seen Alfred Lester asleep, but I am sure that not even in his dreams does he permit himself the luxury of a smile. Other men may smile at their wives, their sweethearts, or their children. Not to this artificer of woe are these human frailties permitted. Neither at a wedding nor a funeral can he afford to allow his professional gloom to be perforated with jollity.

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I PRESUME he reads *London Opinion*, as he occasionally contributes to it. If so, he must deny himself the delight of laughing at its pictures. He must resist the cunning ambushes set by Mr. Bert Thomas and Mr. Bateman. In the dark depths of his soul he may stealthily chew the cud of comic appreciation, but he must keep his face straight and control the hollow music in his throat. Not even for a split second must he allow his murky eyes to sparkle. He must take care not to Rendle unto Rendle the things that are Rendle's. He must bury his natural levity at the bottom of his heart. It is well that the British character and the British climate do not make his task insuperably hard. In no other country could a man preserve his mournfulness against all attacks of mirth. We make it easy for the artist in spiritual fog. We help him to be miserable.

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I DOUBT whether Mr. Lester would be as popular in Paris as he is in London. The reason why we glory in his gloom is that we are glad to see one human being who is more melancholy than ourselves. It tickles us to discover an Englishman who is more doleful and more dolorous than the average Englishman. We chuckle over his exaggeration of our national lugubriousness. We laugh hysterically as we realise that, after all, it is possible to be more miserable than John Bull. Accustomed, as we are, to belittle ourselves, to take a sombre view of our national fortunes, to groan over our national shortcomings, it relieves us to see a being who out-moans us and out-groans us. Being gummidges in our politics, our fiction, our drama, our poetry, our manufactures, our commerce, and our education, we

THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.



Just as Frankenstein was unable to control his own creation, so the Liberal Party finds it cannot control its Lord Chancellor's action in the appointment of Justices of the Peace.

go into screams of laughter at the spectacle of one who surpasses us in the art of pessimism.

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JOHN BULL is a maudlin old fool. He pities himself all day long. He weeps over his own ineptitudes. He sobs over his own defects. He is the Job of nations. But here is a comedian who is drearier in his despair than John Bull in his darkest hours of self-depreciation. No wonder that John roars at his resolute agony. For although John may be reduced to making a meal off a caraway seed, at least it does not lodge in a hollow tooth. Thank Heaven, John's teeth are sound.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

The end of all art is to produce the perfect human being, the perfect race.—*T. Heron.*

To see the humorous side of the troubles of daily life is often to lose half of them.—*Herbert Brook.*

You must treat the public as you treat women; you must tell them nothing but what you know they would like to hear.—*Goethe.*

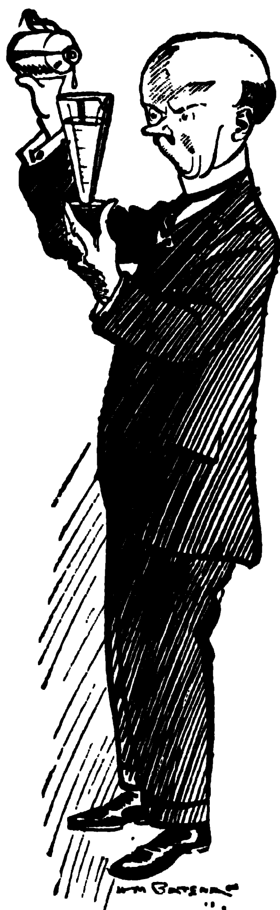
A man is never deserted until he forsakes himself. —*A. E. Waite.*

The disappointed shareholder thinks he knows everything about finance.—*Sir William Treacher.*

Petty insular prejudice can never bring forth fruits of greatness and prosperity.—*Charles Behrens.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 28.—The Chemist.

A Beautiful Land.

GAY blossoms and a sense of green fresh sweetness through the land tell us that May is here. The landlady of the seaside lodging house is having her establishment done up for the season, so that the done-up people from the towns may behold it in unspeckled glory. The Londoner, on the line of Coronation and Royal processions is endeavouring to let his windows, and the Londoner, off the line aforesaid, is cursing his luck at having no windows to let. The throb of expectation and the bang of the hammers strive together. It is a curious sight to see a great city working up to its grand climacteric of excitement, and excitements within the next few weeks are guaranteed to those who need them. Illuminations and emblematical devices are beginning to place themselves on view in shops. Such soul-stirring aspirations as "Heaven Bless our Realm!" and "Long Live the King!" with highly-coloured, not to say flattering, presentments of Royal personages, shine through diaphanous and electrically lighted contrivances. "Everythink Rile—a penny!" shouts the hawker in the Strand. Well, well, so mote it be! Yet even Loyalty is occasionally ambiguous in its enthusiasm. When the former King and Queen were married, a devoted publican put outside his house a large sign combining commercial advertisement with personal good will. "A sandwich and a glass of ale, fourpence. Heaven bless them both!" along the line the signal ran.

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Getting About.

WE are a busy people, and we are a 'bussy people. Many years have elapsed since an ardent legislator directed the attention of the House of Commons to the excessive number of "omnibi" plying in the public streets. What would he have said to present-day developments? "It has long been evident," remarks a paper, "that the omnibus facilities at present available are far from adequate." Are they? And yet the ordinary man will scarcely venture to cross the road without making sure that he has in his pocket an insurance coupon securing an odd million or so to his heirs, executors, and assigns in the event of his demise, or £500 a week in case of the loss of a leg or a profitable "tip" for the coming Derby. Without any desire to be alarmist, I would counsel all country visitors during the next few weeks to keep their wits about them (if they want to keep their limbs) when negotiating the crowded thoroughfares of London, made increasingly dangerous as they are by the motor traffic proceeding swiftly and the horse traffic at a slower pace. What the streets will be like at the actual Coronation days I tremble to think. There will be dust and stupendous crowds. And the heat will be sufficient to overwork any Kitchener.

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Lungs.

A TRIO of great exhibitions oppose each other this year. At the Crystal Palace, at Shepherd's Bush, and at the older resort in the West Kensington district, holiday-makers will be able to enjoy fun and fresh air. The opening of the last-named venture is to be made an imposing ceremony (Earl's Court costume essential), and the music of the tube lifts will be like the bell which went ringing for Sarah, continuous from morning to night. I wonder how many thousands of brains are at work devising schemes and plans for pleasing multitudes—and making money—during the coming months. The stacks of food to be consumed in this Metropolis of ours will be wholly incalculable. For food is an unfailing favourite and no generation can affect to despise it. Sir Frank Burnand told us in the long ago of the young gentleman:

> Whose style is not piano,
> When he's dining, chez Romano.

But he will be in a minority to the tens of thousands who must eat in the restaurants of London. I am no authority on dining. A few honest vegetables, a taste of bacon, and a crust of bread suffice me. If any well-known restaurateur were to compile "A Handbook to the Stomach," it would be quite wasted so far as I am concerned. There would be as little value, to a person of my humble palate, in a volume, "Lyons on Dinners," as there would be in "Stockton on Teas."

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A Fine Opening.

[RABBITS appear on the stage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at His Majesty's.]

O opportunity most rare!
At once may burly Bottom grab it—
When to the Lane they bring their Hare,
Let Arthur Bourchier bring his Rabbit.

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Of Prisoners.

MUCH nonsense is written about the treatment of convicts. That the tendency of the times is to exhibit a more humanitarian spirit no feeling-hearted person will regret. Some writers in the Tory press have tried to make political capital out of Mr. Lloyd George's shepherd. The particular line of conduct towards the individual was inspired by the best of motives, and if the shepherd should prove unworthy of the kindness, that is no fault of the Minister, who was inspired by benevolent intent. Many a man is discouraged from performing good deeds from fear that the recipient may prove ungrateful, unappreciative, and unmeriting. If we could ensure the success of every individual act of

philanthropy we should never do anything that was gentle or considerate. Marcus Aurelius warned us about that.

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Trying it on the Lag.

After all, a convict is a human being who has had the misfortune to have been found out. Most of us, in our lives, have committed some act or other which entitled us to be kept free of board and lodging for various periods. We have had the luck not to be caught. But a convict is not a wild beast or of different clay to the self-conscious rectitudinarian who goes through life "highly respected" by his fellows. Thank Heaven I have never been "highly respected" by anybody, though heartily detested by scores. The suggestion, therefore, that the heads of convicts should be used as trial seed grounds, and their bodies transformed into experimental areas for scientific medical explorers, is nauseous and repulsive. Suppose a bald convict had a hair-restoring lotion tried on him—and it succeeded! What would become of the music-hall comedians and American humorists who have found jokes about bald heads their only means of subsistence during many long years? It would be a nice thing if a man sent to penal servitude for forgery were made the means of testing a smallpox or eczema remedy. The specific might fail, and it would be a curious public attitude if we at once said, "Oh, never mind, he's only a convict." And fancy the lean men who went in like living skeletons and came out as Daniel Lamberts. No, no, we must not turn our prisons into hospital theatres. Leave the convict freedom over his natural frame. If he is without thatch, do not try to make an Absalom of him. Better for him to remain bald than to come out of gaol with his hair "jugged."

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Like the Pard.

Far be it from me to say anything unkind of my fellow man, yet I am tempted to speak the bare truth when I read the proposal of "Captain, R.N., Retired," that the best memorial to the late King would be to make beards the general growth of manhood in the British Empire. The author of this original idea is evidently unable to fathom the terrible possibilities here opened up. Let us recognise at once that it would be far easier to put the British Empire in beer than in beard. Despite the advances of temperance advocacy, and the cold water thrown on the liquor traffic by a paternal Government, the ordinary Englishman loves his glass of good beer. That he loves a good beard cannot be shown. Time was that the legal profession displayed a variegated patchwork of moustache and whisker. Now the lawyer and the actor both shave. The latter does it from necessity—the former from choice. A barrister thinks he looks wise with a smooth face. There are several barristers of my acquaintance whom I admire for wishing, at least, to look wise.

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Hair, Hair.

According to the proverb, "a kiss without a beard is like meat without salt." My heart accordingly bleeds for the sufferings of unhappy girls compelled to endure embraces of male youth from whose chins all stubble matter has been carefully eliminated. Once upon a time I made a desperate struggle to cultivate a beard. To my dismay the colour came out in most uncomfortable hues, and the only girl I could ever love expressed her disapproval in the most impassioned and picturesque language. She informed me that she hated a man who looked "a perfect cough-drop," and, had she known, at the outset, I was likely to develop straggling hairs of a ginger tint, she would have hesitated before casting her young affections upon me. Since that period shaving has become a daily habit. I admit the slavery of it. Once shave, and you shave always. An empire in beards would, however, mean ruin for the barbers, and of all classes in the community there is no more deserving body of men. So, while most of us could not grow beards if we would, the remainder would not grow them if they could. Loyalty is not less sincere because beards are suppressed. To honour a King we need not make our hair apparent.

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Degrees of Importance.

In the report of a recent wedding the bridegroom was just mentioned. The bride was said to have worn a dress of silver brocade over white chiffon. But the costume—is that the proper word?—of the bridesmaid was described in detail, down to the lace cap with a large pink bow at the back and the wreath of pink roses and forget-me-nots. The name of the bridesmaid was Lily Elsie.

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Up the River.

Londoners go far afield in search of pleasure and fresh scenes. Still, how many of them neglect the beautiful river which flows at their very feet? Few of our teeming millions know anything about it, and at many points on a fine Sunday it is quite a common thing to see nobody afloat. We are told that this is to be a great year for the Thames, and the fact of Henley regatta being extended to Saturday should do something to revive the popularity of a fixture which has lost a measure of its pristine colour during recent seasons. Taken all round, sport in England does not appear too flourishing. Complaints as to the declining interest in cricket are rife. I am sorry to hear it. There is no better game than cricket. Racing is dependent for its existence on betting, and betting keeps half the newspapers alive. Golf, of course, is not a game at all. It is simply a delusion afflicting middle-aged gentlemen running to fat. They cod themselves that they are taking healthy exercise when, as a matter of fact, any one of them could get the same exercise—and more—with a quarter the trouble and none of the expense.

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Put them on an Island.

Dr. Macnamara says that if half a dozen British families were cast on a desert island they would at once elect a rural district council. No doubt they would. And, having done that, somebody would propose that the chairman should be paid a salary. When the manufacture of his seat had been decided by public tender, somebody else would denounce the acceptance thereof as "a job." Nothing creates such general suspicion as the creation of a new public body of any description. Nor is the suspicion ill-founded. For one single-minded individual in any Corporation—from Parliament downwards—there are half a dozen on the make. When popular Government is wholly clean it will cease to exist.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Bernard Shaw as Actor: A Literary Libel Suit: Lord Winterton Angry: Latest Flying and Sporting Gossip.

"THE little Mouse-Princess," the Germans used to call the Kaiser's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, who is coming to London with her parents next week. But she has grown out of her homely looks. It is barely a year ago that Berlin knew her as a gawky school-girl—plain, uninteresting, and carelessly dressed. But just about the time she put her hair up, she took to Paris frocks and a lively manner, and suddenly blossomed into a stylish girl of undeniable good looks. The fact that no match has yet been made for her does not make her less interesting.

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THERE was an idea that the Royal clemency would be extended at Coronation time to Mylius, the libeller of the King. But such a course is made almost impossible by Mylius' comrade, Edward Holton James, who, bearing Mylius' imprisonment with great fortitude, continues from the safe distance of Paris to issue number after number of *The Liberator* repeating the exploded scandal.

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IT is said that Mr. Bernard Shaw intends to break out in a new *rôle*—that of the actor. At a forthcoming private performance of his play, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, he is likely to appear as Shakespeare. The question is whether he will shave a portion of his red beard in order to present Shakespeare in the traditional beardette.

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I HEAR that next week the Courts will be enlivened by the hearing of a literary libel action. It has been brought by an author against a famous newspaper. The subject of the litigation is a review of a book. It is not often that an author invokes the law against a critic, so that this suit has the added interest of novelty.

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THE supper at the Savoy given by Mr. Robert Courtneidge to his *Arcadians* Company and a number of personal friends was as gay a gathering as this round revolving earth has ever witnessed. I saw more pretty girls that night than I had ever seen in one room before. Everybody you know by name as being connected with the famous Shaftesbury show was there with, I fancy, but one exception—Alec Thompson, who had unfortunately met with an accident, and was unable to be with us.

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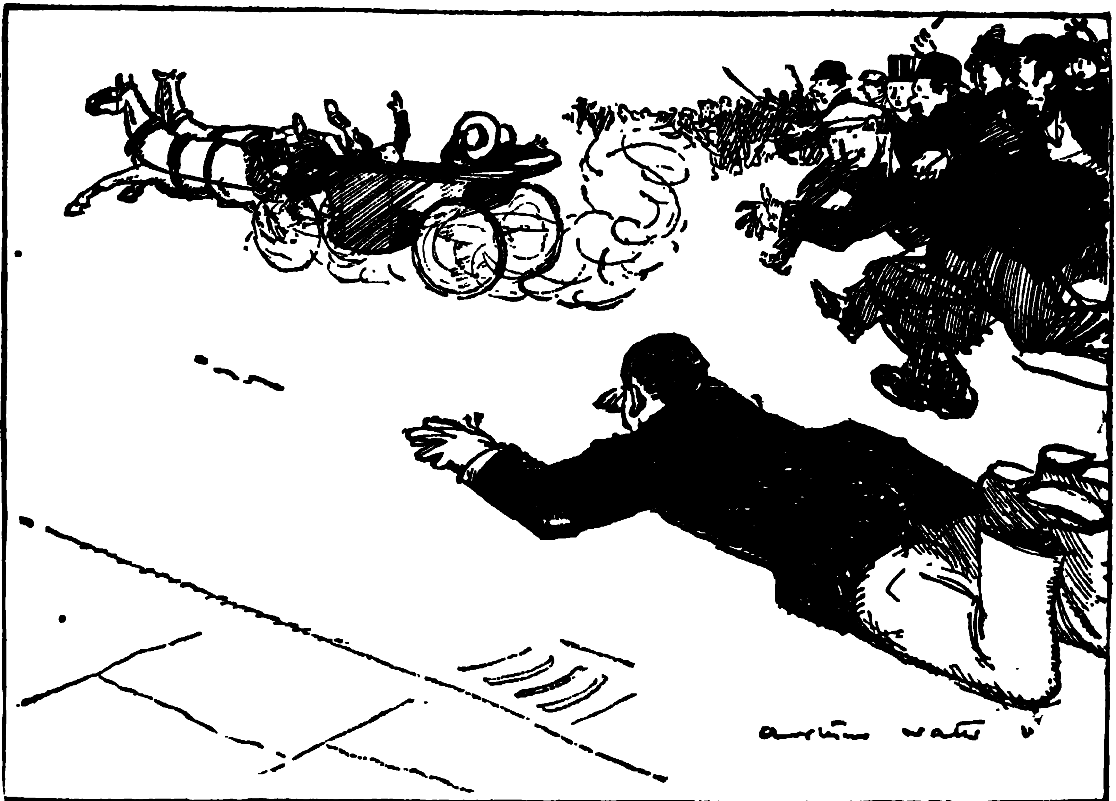
SPEECHES were less popular than the measles, so, barring a brief address of congratulation] addressed by Lionel Monckton to Robert Courtneidge, it was (pray do not misunderstand me) a speechless gathering. But in that brief address Monckton so adroitly, so wittily, and withal so amiably chaffed his colleagues both behind and in front of the curtain that the company rocked with laughter. After supper the dance—the most exuberantly joyous dance you ever knew—the dreamy waltz, "the fascinating tip-toe two-step," and just one set of lancers for a romp. Then the rosy dawn, and a wonderful night became a memory.

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SOME of our leading novelists write "far from the madding crowd," others have rooms in the heart of London to which they go with the regularity a commercial man attends his office. At least one great story teller writes in bed, while another, David Whitelaw,



What Jones thought would happen if he got the chance of stopping a runaway—



—And what did!

does all his work in the train, travelling between Brighton and London. He is not very fond of admitting the fact. He says laughingly that to do so would give the critics such a handle. They might retort that the books "read like it." But to-day his novels are too successful to allow of any such "smartism."

BY the way, the last book of Mr. Whitelaw's, *The Princess Galva*, had the distinction of being placed in the *Bookman's* list of the season's best sellers. Certainly that romance brought its author into the front rank of novelists. Now a new work from his pen has just been published by Greening. It is called *The Man with the Red Beard*, and every lover of good fiction should read it. It is one of those tales you cannot forget.

IT is nearly twenty years now since a number of photographers, intent upon realising the best possibilities of their medium, formed the Society called the Linked Ring, and held a Photographic Salon annually. Recently it was thought that a considerable section of this Society, in its desire to make the Salons what it termed "widely representative," was in reality championing the mediocre and commonplace. Consequently the London Secession has been organised. It is holding its first exhibition now at the Newman Gallery.

AFTER the deluge of novels dealing with sex problems and domestic troubles it is a relief to welcome back to the literary fold a writer of the calibre of Jack London. His new book *Burning Daylight*, which Mr. Heinemann has just published, is a romance of life in Klondyke. All who have read Mr. London's *Call of the Wild* and other books will know how he can make us breathe the thrilling atmosphere of pioneer life in the wild north.

A SISTER of Richard Harding Davis, Miss Nora Davis, is to be married in London in July to the Rev. F. P. Farrar, one of the King's Chaplains-in-Ordinary. Mr. Farrar met her when, many years ago, he was a reporter on a Philadelphia journal, of which her father was the editor.

EARL WINTERTON has been only six years in Parliament, but he is already one of its best known "characters." He was Lord Turnour until the death of his father last year, and he came to the House with the reckless, rollicking airs of a schoolboy. He is still the schoolboy, and the result is that he is in frequent collision with not only his political adversaries, but with the authorities of the House. He is pachydermatous, and rebukes and abuse are absolutely wasted on him.

THE censure visited upon him by the Chairman of Committees has excited his wrath, and he has given notice of a full-blooded vote of censure on Mr. Emmott for having had the hardihood to rule his remarks as irrelevant. The motion will never come up for discussion, and the world will never hear any more of it, whilst it is not suspected that it has cost Mr. Emmott a sleepless night; but its terms will remain on the notice-paper as a warning to all and sundry of the danger of accusing a Lordly Commoner of irrelevance.

ST. BOTOLPH'S COLLEGE at Oxford—I will not give its real name—is, to put it mildly, a fast college. The other night an undergraduate gave a champagne supper, and one of his intimates remonstrated with him on the needless extravagance of such a



Fussy Lady Patient: "I was suffering so much, Doctor, that I wanted to die."
Doctor: "You did right to call me in, dear lady!"

proceeding. "A bowl or two of punch would have done just as well," he said. "I daresay it would," retorted the devotee of the credit system, "but where was I to get the ready money for the lemons?"

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VARIOUS English musical artists, including Gertrude Peppercorn, Percy Grainger, John Powell, and Beatrice and May Harrison, have been scoring successes on the Continent; and now Lennox Clayton shares the honour with Landon Ronald of being invited to conduct concerts in Germany. He seems to have impressed both Press and public in Berlin, Leipzig, and Munich, and has booked return dates

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ONE of the latest additions to the decorations in the office of the Aeronautical Society in Victoria Street is a large stuffed specimen of a condor, the South American bird of prey, with outstretched wings. It is known to the younger members of the Society as "Claude," presumably after a well-known aviator.

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THE London Balloon Company, which is The Territorials' Aeronautical arm of the Service, is now to be known as the Third Company of the Air Battalion. This year it will go to Salisbury Plain for training, and its members, among whom are a number of young and well-placed civil engineers, are keenly hoping that certain of them—perhaps two of the non-coms.—will have an opportunity of learning to fly. This, however, is not in the official programme; but I understand that a well-known maker of aeroplanes desires to place freely machines and tuition at their disposal if it can be arranged.

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CHARLEY TURNER, a popular Fleet Street man who has made aeronautics a speciality, has just gained his aviator's certificate, having learnt to fly at the "Bristol" school on Salisbury plain. Mr. Turner was with Mr. Gaudron in the *Daily Graphic* balloon that established an oversea record on its voyage from London to Sweden in 1907, and also a member of the balloon expedition from London to Russia in 1908, when the British record of 1,117 miles was made. He has written text books on aeronautics, and was Cantor lecturer on that subject.

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MR. DOUGLAS MAWSON, who will lead the Australian Antarctic Expedition at the end of the year, has decided that he will add a Farman biplane to his equipment. Mr. H. E. Watkins, the Brooklands aviator, tells me that Mr. Mawson has approached him with a view to his accompanying the expedition as pilot.

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MR. MAWSON declares that on such an expedition an aeroplane will be invaluable for crossing the ice rifts which are met with at frequent intervals, and particularly for making observations and sketching charts of the surrounding country over an area of hundreds of miles.

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THE delay in choosing a place for the Gordon-Bennett aviation contest, in which, on 1st July, the airmen of five nations are to race over a circuitous course of 90 miles, is causing some uneasiness. It is very well known that the Royal Aero Club encounters serious difficulties on account of this country's lack of a suitable flight ground. Certainly no locality in which a "gate" will be possible is available, and it has been rumoured that the Club intend to ask the International Federation for permission to have the race held in France.

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I SEE the authorities are annexing the whole of the northern part of Trafalgar Square for a huge official Coronation Stand. John Burns used to say the Square belonged to the people. But not when they want it, of course.

MR. CHARLES AWDRY, senior partner in the famous firm of W. H. Smith & Son, is retiring, after over forty years of service, and has just been presented with his portrait, a handsome set of silver flower bowls, and antique candelabra, on behalf of some 6,000 of the staff. At the smoking concert at which the presentation was made, the right things were said, tactfully and well, by Mr. W. C. Smart, the genial manager.

MR. J. B. JOEL'S horses are in wonderful form at the present time, and the ring has been hit pretty hard through the successes of several winners turned out by Morton lately. It now only remains for the "clerical" champion, Dean Swift, to end his Turf career with a winning bracket. If the old chap will only put his best leg foremost he may do this in the Durdans Stakes in Derby week.

SENSELESS was eased at Hurst Park when it was seen that Spanish Prince had the Victoria Handicap well won. The little grey, however, ran very fast to the distance, and will pay to follow.

GEORGE STERN has been offered an exceedingly handsome retainer to ride Sunstar in the Derby. If M. Blanc finally decides not to send a representative to Epsom, as I now hear is probable, this year, Stern is to have the mount on the favourite. I am told to take the long odds both ways about one of the Derby outsiders, Beaurepaire, who may also win the Payne Stakes to-morrow.

FEW people are probably aware that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a "double" on the stage, in Miss Portia Knight, one of Miss Ellen Terry's leading ladies. As a matter of fact, however, the two actresses are so much alike that at Stratford-on-Avon last week Miss Terry jokingly introduced Miss Knight to a friend as "Mrs. Pat," and the former was fully under the impression that she was conversing with the creator of *Lady Patricia* at the Haymarket, until the case of mistaken identity was explained to her.

THE well-known South African lightweight jockey, Longhurst, is due to arrive at Southampton on Saturday next. Longhurst should get plenty of riding over here, as his record in the Transvaal is particularly good, and he can go to scale at 7 stone or thereabouts.

LADY LOOKING-GLASS, who was a very warm order at the S. P. offices last week, does not quite stay a mile. In Duller's hands, however, the filly is sure to be well placed, and will shortly catch the judge's eye in a race over a shorter distance.

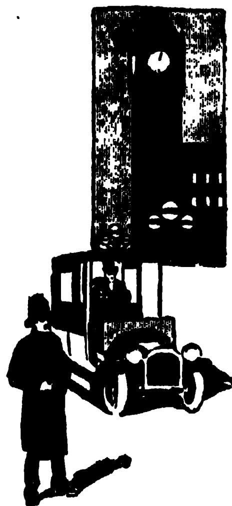
ONE of the leading professional backers on the Turf, who has made the ring groan on many occasions, has been dead out of touch with Fortune during the past few weeks. At Chester the other day he remarked to me, with an icy, Arctic, melancholy smile, "If I were to back a horse in a walk over just now I believe he would get shut in."

C. B. FRY tells me that he expects to play pretty regularly for Hampshire this season. He has been practising quite a lot lately on the pitch hard by the training ship *Mercury* on the Hamble River.

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



THE House of Commons has now all but done with the Parliament Bill, and all the prophets of evil have once more had the sad experience of seeing their predictions falsified.

We were promised a continuous orgie of all-night sittings, and such an abundance of "scenes" as had never before been witnessed on the Parliamentary stage; but it is the unexpected which generally happens at Westminster, and everything has passed off on a scale that was respectable even to the point of dullness.

The tameness was due to two causes — first, the self-denying ordinance under which the Ministerialists left practically all the talking to the occupants of the Government bench, and, secondly, to a perplexing want of cohesion on the part of the Opposition. The silence of Sir Edward Grey, the Sphinx of Parliament, who is known to have views of his own on the Veto question, was distressing to the Unionists; but still more significant of cross-currents was the taciturnity of the more ardent Tariff Reformers, who did not appear to regard the House of Lords issue as one on which they were likely to gain popularity in the constituencies, and who preferred to "sulk in their tents" until more promising opportunities would present themselves.

The Future of Statesmen.

Not the least welcome result of the slumbering of such a highly controversial issue is that it has brought us face to face with one of those great and momentous efforts to solve a social problem—efforts in which, to a large extent, the voice of party strife is stilled. The unemployment and invalidity scheme is a colossal undertaking, and it has brought Mr. Lloyd George once more into the limelight. The passions of the House of Commons are ephemeral. A few years ago, the Chancellor was the *bête noire* of the Unionist Party, but when he returned the other night after his long illness, the heartiest cheer which greeted him arose from the Conservative Benches. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman passed through similar vicissitudes, as did Mr. Balfour. The victim of the moment is Mr. Winston Churchill, who is hated by the Tories with all-consuming hatred. They call him a renegade, and vow that they will never, never forgive him; but "never" generally means in English politics about two years, and have we not had historic precedents to guide us on that point? Disraeli and Gladstone were renegades, for Disraeli began life as a Radical and Gladstone as a Tory; but Gladstone became the greatest leader the Radicals ever had, and Disraeli won similar recognition from the party of his adoption. Who, then, dare forecast what the future may have in store for an intellectual phenomenon like Churchill?

Shorter Speeches.

I cannot remember a time when there was not in the House of Commons a strenuous advocate of short speeches. For some years it was my humorous and lamented friend, Sir Carne Rasch, who proudly held aloft the banner of a forlorn hope; but now a dozen of them are struggling for Sir Carne's mantle. It is all the by-product of that famous Ginnell - Wedgwood episode; but even before that stimulus was applied, sensible men were convinced that in ninety-nine cases in every hundred, the Parliamentary speech could easily be condensed into a ten-minutes pronouncement. I have heard of a clergyman who apologised for delivering a long sermon by explaining that he had not time to prepare a short one, and doubtless that excuse could be legitimately pleaded by many an M.P.; but the Empire would not lose much if the tendency to sensational windbaggery were restrained. The motto which is said to have adorned an American pulpit might, in fact, be placed in letters of gold in the House of Commons: "Notice—If the speaker does not *strike oil* in ten minutes, he must cease boring."

The present Speaker is said to be friendly to the movement, and disposed to allow it a trial by giving a preference to those who promise not to speak more than ten minutes—in other words, he will turn a blind eye towards those who have not given him a pledge in advance. But why omit the occupants of the two Front Benches from the experiment? Are not they the very worst offenders? And how are we to closure the orator at the promised period? He may have promised to speak for only ten minutes; but at the end of the ten minutes, he will be quite certain that he has spoken for only five minutes, and everybody else will be equally certain that he has been on his feet for twenty minutes. That's human nature, and we can't change it.

The Shannon Pilot.

On the brow of Mr. Michael Joyce, member for the City of Limerick, I reverently place the bays for the joke of the session. Mr. Eugene Wason and Mr. Cathcart Wason are, in more senses than one, men of weight. They are two of the biggest men in the House, and when Cathcart of that ilk rose the other day to complain that the Ordnance map of Orkney was on a smaller scale than that of the rest of Scotland, Mr. Joyce lost no time in solemnly suggesting that the maps should be prepared on a scale proportionate to the scale of the member for the constituency. The House looked at Cathcart, and then laughed uproariously.

It was not Michael's "maiden" joke, not by any means. He is, in fact, dowered with an inexhaustible supply of fun, and if he would only "let himself go," he would add immensely to the gaiety of Parliament. His earlier days were spent as a river pilot on the Shannon, and he has retained the breezy style and the quarter-deck voice which one associates with the maritime calling. His first speech gave us a foretaste of his quality, and delighted his listeners. He talked about the shoals and quicksands of Parliamentary debates, and the rocks on which the amateur sailor is likely to be shipwrecked, but expressed his confident belief that, if he should lose his bearings, the Speaker, "with his usual kindness," would sound the fog-horn. Since which time—eleven years have since rolled by—Michael has been successfully negotiating the shoals and quicksands of Westminster.

President of the Local Government Board.

The besetting sin of many democrats is personal jealousy, and John Burns has got on so well that some of his old comrades cannot forgive him. It is true that he irritates them by his weakness for the first personal pronoun, and by his tendency to lecture his benighted brethren, for John Burns is endowed "wi' a guid conceit o' himsel'"; indeed, it is related of him that when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman invited him to come into the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board, John thought the honour was with the Cabinet, and said to C.-B.: "This is the most popular thing you have yet done."

Still, such ill-will as was shown to him in the Poor Law debate last week is misplaced, for, when all is said and done, John Burns is a credit to the ranks of Labour. He has got what is called "the ear of the House," and is listened to with respect and admiration by men who do not share with him one political conviction. That, indeed, has been the happy fate of nearly all the Labour members; but for capacity, administrative power, eloquence and dash, John Burns is an easy first.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

A most interesting gathering took place in Laurence Irving's dressing room at the Duke of York's a few evenings ago, when the distinguished actor received a party of the Arawa Maoris who have come to England as one of the attractions of the Festival of Empire. Irving having invited the Maoris to witness *The Lily*, and having, moreover, most hospitably welcomed them, a deputation, consisting of Maggie Papakura and Mita Taupopoki, the aged chief of the tribe, went behind to express the warm thanks of their people. First Maggie, speaking in her cultured English, delighted and surprised her host by referring in glowing terms to his father, of whom she had read and learned much. Then the old warrior Taupopoki, in the soft musical tongue of his race, spoke with dignity some words of thanks which Maggie translated; and so with sonorous "Kiaoras!" the little ceremony ended. The Maoris loved *The Lily*, which they followed with the keenest interest.

• • •

It is of interest to note that in the cast of *Pomander Walk* at Wallack's, New York, is Dorothy Parker, daughter of Louis N., the author of the play. Now I suppose it's sheer ignorance on my part, but it was news to me that the distinguished playwright had a daughter on the stage, and I mention the fact here and now in the hope that it may be news of interest to others besides myself.

• • •

Everybody asks you nowadays whether the Pavlova-Mordkin falling out was the real goods or an ingenious fake for advertising purposes. How the latter theory can ever have found believers I cannot imagine, seeing that there never was an attraction which was less in need of adventitious aid than that of the wonderful Russians at the Palace. I, for one, believe that the quarrel was on the level; but what does it matter, anyway? The great point is that the Palace is doing a roaring trade, and the expansive smile on Daniel Mayer's face is like unto the roseate glories of an August sunset.

• • •

Many new features are being introduced this week into the revue "By George" at the Empire, including skits on the merry Mormons and on plays of the hour. At this house Claire Waldoff, the singer of songs typifying Berlin life, is making her first appearance (at least, I presume it is her first appearance) in London. The present programme at the Empire is about as lively as the severest critic of variety fare could wish.

• • •

Glad to hear that James Macready Chute, of the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, whom I found in poor health at a south coast resort some months ago, is so much improved in condition that he has returned from Folkestone to his residence at Clifton. Here's to his complete recovery.

• • •

Bon voyage and prosperity to Ethel Irving, who sails in the *Orsova* from Tilbury this Friday. She will, I am told, open in Melbourne—presumably at the Royal, on 3rd July, and the repertory will include *The Witness for the Defence*, *His House in Order*, and *Lady Frederick*. G. E. Minor will, as I recently told you, be the business manager of the tour. He left for the sunny south last week. Upon the fact that they open in mid-winter I congratulate all concerned. I know that Melbourne "norther" in the sweet summer time.

• • •

It is all very well to express surprise at the fact that but a beggarly £8,000 was bid for the Aldwych Theatre at auction, but the buying of a playhouse is not so sure a road to making money out of it as some people appear to think. Nor is the demand for theatres so keen and so constant as it was. The sum named is, of course, absurdly below the actual material value of the property, but speculators in theatrical bricks and mortar are wary nowadays. All the same, the Aldwych is a handsome, commodious house, and should find an owner. What about the all-absorbing Fred Whitney? He might just as well secure the hotel and the Aldwych, and call the whole outfit the Whitney Block.

• • •

They have been scouring the Continent for talent at the Hippodrome, for last week's programme included a Dutch baritone, a Parisian humorist, some Russian dancers, and the Sicilian players. This week an English attraction tops the bill—Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Graham Browne in *The Shearing of Samson*, which permits us to hear Marie's singing once again.

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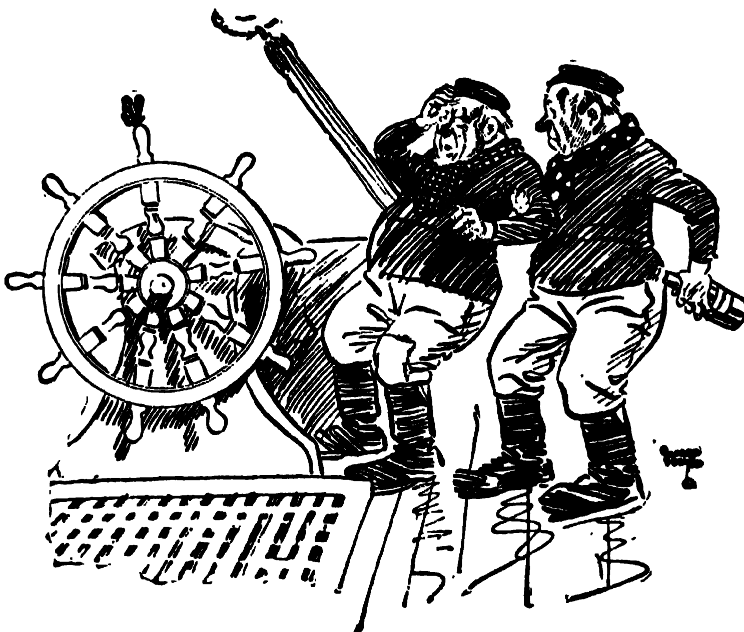
A Fool There Was is removed to the Aldwych Theatre. The Vampire's victim is now played by Herbert Sleath. Miss Kaelred tells me she is sure, from her experience with the play in the States, that the Aldwych is just the house for this play.

• • •

During the season of Shaw's plays, which Mr. F. C. Whitney opens on the 18th inst at the Criterion Theatre, Miss Margaret Halstan will play most of the leading parts, beginning with Raina in *Arms and the Man*. It will be remembered that Miss Halstan originally created the parts of The Strange Lady in *The Man of Destiny*, and of Gloria in *You Never Can Tell*, although of late she has been known chiefly as a Shakespearean actress, making striking successes during four Manchester Shakespeare seasons as Juliet, Desdemona, Viola, and Rosalind.

• • •

The best I can say of *The Remedy*, a new farcial comedy by Barton White, which was given at a special *matinée* at the Court last Friday, is that it is an intensely laboured piece of work with an occasional bright line and a great deal of mere pointless fooling. I should like to say much nicer things about it, but if I did no one who was there would believe me. Still, when the author of *The Remedy* does a really good thing I'll be all the more eager to say so.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"A Butterfly on the Wheel."

THE NEW BEAUTY SECRET

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WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF SCIENTIFIC COMPLEXION TREATMENT.

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Every kind of complexion defect has yielded to this Treatment. If you suffer from any of the following, David Macqueen's Vegetine will rapidly remove the trouble.

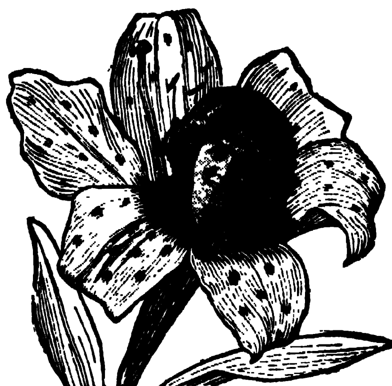
Pimples,	*Unnaturally high colour,*
Greasy Skin,	*Blotches,*
Blackheads,	*Pasty Complexion,*
Roughness of Skin	*Coarse Skin,*
Sallowness,	*Want of Colour.*

In all cases David Macqueen's Vegetine will improve the complexion. In some cases the improvement is astonishingly rapid. Faces positively disfigured have been cleared and rendered beautiful in a few days.

In all cases some improvement is at once perceptible. That is why we ask you to make a 4 day trial free.

Do this, and if you see no improvement the experiment has cost you nothing. But you *will* see an improvement. A most marked improvement will be apparent to you on the third and fourth days.

Then without any persuasion from us you will continue the treatment and rapidly grow into beauty with shining, lustrous eyes, and exquisite clear complexion, white as the lily tinged with the delicate pink of the blush rose.



Just as the tint of a flower proceeds from the root, so does a clear peach-bloom complexion proceed from the purity of the blood flowing through the capillaries of the skin. To plaster the face with cosmetics can only be compared with a foolish attempt to paint a lily —both result in spoiling—not improving—the appearance. Pimples, skin eruptions, and complexion blemishes are due to impurities in the blood. The famous Beauty Secret described in this announcement purifies the blood, and thus creates a flower-like complexion from within. You can try this secret for four days, free. The coupon entitling you to this Free Trial is given below. Use it to day.

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David Macqueen's Vegetine contains nothing harmful. In spite of its almost magical powers it contains nothing that will injure the most delicate constitution. *This we guarantee.*

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me, free of all charge or obligation, a 4 day Trial Supply of DAVID MACQUEEN'S FAMOUS VEGETINE BEAUTY SECRET.

I enclose a penny stamp to pay the postage of same to the following address:—

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PICTURE THEATRES A NATIONAL ASSET.

By THE EDITOR OF "THE KINEMATOGRAPH WEEKLY."

PROBABLY no popular form of amusement has escaped the virile attacks of its opponents, and on no kind of entertainment has a certain class of critic poured forth its eloquence with such venom, as upon the picture theatre.

I maintain that these attacks are for the most part not only unjustifiable but unwarranted. They are not genuine, those who indite them are not sincere in their arguments, and they are written, in some cases, merely with a desire to crush out of existence a legitimate industry in which millions of pounds have been invested, giving employment to hundreds of thousands of persons. And why?—merely because those who inspire the attacks find that the competition of a cheap, clean, and instructive form of amusement is resulting in the depletion of their own coffers.

In a recent issue of LONDON OPINION Mr. Charles McEvoy, who is I believe a playwright, had some hard things to say about the "debasing picture theatre," but I fail to find on analysing his arguments that his facts justify his conclusions.

He stigmatises the "Flickergraph" as "entirely without beauty," an "orgie of ugliness," of "indifferent presentation." Does he include in those expressions the representation of Sir Herbert Tree and Company in *Henry VIII.*, or Mr. H. B. Irving in *Princess Clementina*, or such a film as The Fall of Troy? Has Mr. McEvoy ever been inside a picture theatre when such films as Foxhunting, the Grand National, the Boat Race, the Cup Tie, or the Derby are being shown? I doubt it; otherwise he could not say that the "fact" pictures do not fill the palaces. It is incontrovertible that when such "fact" pictures as I have mentioned are shown, queues, the envy of the legitimate theatre manager, line up outside the electric theatre, and wait hours for admission.

The Picture Theatre is a national asset, and I will tell you why. Because it opens our eyes to the vastness and the wonderment of the world, and takes us through scenery which, however graphically described by writers, can never thus be grasped in its full magnificence by even the most imaginative mind. Because it shows us workmen working at their crafts, and unfolds before our astonished and unaccustomed eyes the various processes of manufacture of almost everything under the sun. Because it shows us women and girls of every age and of every possible temperament, disposition, and degree of goodness, or the reverse, undergoing every kind of temptation and trial to which the lives of all women are subject, and the eventual outcome is sure to point its own moral and adorn its own tale.

It is an educational asset by appealing to the class that most frequents it, the working class, who live in varying degrees of comfort and who can by its means leave their cares behind them whilst they enjoy the emotions that the pictures supply.

In the picture play of to-day is to be seen the essence of the modern drama—concise, snappy, realistic, packed with significant action. The modern stage with its intricate development has met the demands of real life in that it is able to present artificially, and yet in such a manner as will create an illusion of reality, the better part of the happenings of the modern world. In our day we play up the action, and minimise the talk.

It has remained for the motion picture to reduce the drama to its essence, which is action. Minus dialogue, the picture play has no other material than action, and in many pictures it has carried this to a point of great effectiveness and refinement. Given a particular set of characters, under certain circumstances which are stated at the outset, the picture play shows us in the course of fifteen minutes the most intricate workings of an impelling force and its results.

One cannot fail, as one sits in a picture theatre—provided, of course, that one's mind is open to conviction—to realise what a power for good the silent theatres are in the land, and what a grip they have taken upon the mind and imagination of their devotees. The halls themselves are warm and comfortable, a cheap and happy retreat from cold streets and cheerless homes, in which even the most squalid may forget for a time the miseries of the daily life and enjoy the delights provided.

And "its influence upon the character of the people" is the strongest testimony in the picture palace's favour. What do the police authorities, those in a position to judge, say upon the point? Only this week the Chief Constable of Brighton, reporting to his Council, said: "Before the opening of picture shows on Sundays, complaints of disorderly conduct in the streets were numerous, but since such performances were permitted the appearance of young people at the police stations has been a novelty, and a marked improvement in the order of the town has been noticed." And he even begged that these "debasing picture shows" should be allowed to open on Sundays.

Many others have spoken in equally strong terms of the benefit these shows are to the community, and it is notorious that statistics clearly demonstrate that they are a potent factor in diminishing drunkenness; hence the outcry that is raised against them by the publican. They enter into competition with the legitimate theatre; hence the opposition of the dramatist and the critic; and they have proved, too, that whilst the Church cannot attract the masses the picture theatre can; hence the pious horror of the clergy at this public demonstration of their weakness.

The picture theatre will survive even the declamations of all these forces combined, by reason of its being "essentially a cheap entertainment," neither coarse nor unrefined, but just something which even the poorer classes are in a position to patronise and to enjoy.



A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Professional-looking Caller: "Laddie, I see you advertise that you are selling overcoats for a mere song."

Tailor: "That is so, sir."

Caller: "Well, laddie, I should be willing to give you a first-class rendition of 'I Wonder if You Love Me Sometimes' in return for yonder check mantle on the hook!"

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The Shipload of Pictures. By Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

SOME day some collector with a turn for writing may give us a history of collecting, and meantime it is almost a duty to jot down memoranda on the subject, for historians build with bricks and mortar procured by others, as a rule.

I have printed some material of the kind concerning English porcelain and earthenware, in "The Wander Years" and "The A.B.C. about Collecting"; but who will search out the history of picture collecting, in such a way as has been thoroughly done concerning the collecting of old books? It should be a delightful piece of work for a collector with leisure; for, to speak frankly, the mere getting a collection together, irrespective of research and the accumulation of lore, cannot commend itself to the intelligence. A magpie is a kind of a collector of things that glisten, and a dog is a hoarder of bones. If we do not note, read, and cogitate about our treasures we miss the intellectual part of our hobby.

To Picture Collectors.

The eager picker-up of old pictures, for instance—does he know when the canvases he seeks for came to England, and why? The *Times* of September 1st, 1846, contained the news that "a vessel has arrived in London from Leghorn with a cargo of paintings by ancient masters." In the year 1845 the Customs return showed that the number of pictures imported into the United Kingdom was 14,091. Count was kept those days, because of the dues—a shilling a picture, *plus* one shilling per square foot up to £10. At that rate, a million old pictures must have been brought on here during the nineteenth century alone; where are they all to-day?

And it began long before then. We travel and admire the galleries on the Continent, but they all either are or were the property of kings and Popes; *our* National Gallery did not begin like that. When, early in the sixteenth century, pictures ceased to be church ornaments only, and became articles of commerce, how many collectors and galleries for them were there abroad? Except those belonging to kings, Popes, and sovereign princes such as the Medici and the Gonzagas, practically none.

The Start, and the Fashion.

In point of fact, the earliest non-royal great collector was an Englishman, Lord Arundel (1586-1646), of whom the Arundel Society prints commemorate the name. The current Duke of Buckingham emulated him, and Lely got together "many Titians and twenty-six Van Dycks," together with "drawings, of divers finishings, which had been the heart of great designs." Fine private collections of such drawings—the *materia* of pictures—are being made to-day. What had been taste with Arundel, show with Buckingham, and art-study with Lely, began to be fashion with Englishmen of rank and wealth. Sending pictures home to England became the duty of every travelling milord.

The collecting was not always done with taste and discrimination, of course, and that is why rather bad old pictures swarm in this country to-day; I say *rather* bad, because those that remain loose abroad are worse. English taste deserved some of the gibes at it. There is a story of an English nobleman who employed a local dauber to put periwigs on the heads of his ancestors portrayed by Van Dyck! But English taste was then the best taste in Europe, and I am not sure that it is not so still.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century really fine old pictures began to crowd in here. The French Revolution, Napoleon's conquests in Italy, the wars of the Empire, and then the Peninsular campaigns, caused the dispersion of foreign royal and princely galleries. The pictures which had belonged to the Regent of France came here to be sold. Napoleon's Army Com-



The Sitter: "Yes, it's very nice, but you've made my hair too dark."
The Artist: "Shall I alter it or will you?"

missioners sold loot of the kind to English bankers and British Consuls in Italy and Germany, who bought them for patrons and customers at home. And even Napoleon's *vendetta* with us could not stop the export; amazing the number of canvases and panels shipped to England during even the height of the war.

The Hertford Taste.

Then, when peace came, milords went travelling about impoverished countries, buying pictures by the hundred for a song. The contemporary Marquis of Hertford posted through Italy, from town to town—imagine his hauls at places like Bergamo and Brescia—with *fourgons* full of pictures and *bric-à brac* lumbering behind. It was thus the Wallace Collection began. But the Hertfords were connoisseurs indeed; many other purchasers were incompetent judges. Rubbish came over to England by the shipload, and that is why there are so many small, poor old pictures in this country to-day.

The Copyists.

After a while, the travelling Englishmen with money formed a fashion of ordering copies of the great gallery pictures which they liked but could not buy. Then there were the contemporary copies, done by pupils or friends of a great artist, and often now supposed to be the work of that artist himself. This made confusion worse confounded, but it is one reason why you may still pick up a really fine old picture now and then for a small sum. I confess I like those contemporary copies. "I am not the rose, but I have lived near it," such pictures seem to say.

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Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

G. W. (Exeter).—Your plaster casts by Justin are of no commercial value; worth 2s. to 3s. each at the most.

H. F. D. (Belgrave Gate).—Black tea-pot is of very little value; worth only a few shillings, even if Wedgwood. This class of ware has been made by many other factories.

T. D. C. (Barnsley).—First edition "Pickwick Papers," in faulty condition described, worth £2; "Dombey and Son," £2 10s. to £3; "David Copperfield," £4 to £4 10s.

F. G. (Gosforth).—Your engraving of "The Mill" is not what would be described as an old print. It is, however, if in good condition, worth £2 to 50s.

WINE GLASS (Beeston).—Your glass, from photograph, appears to be an old engraved rummer. The value is from 10s. to 15s.

L. H. (Manchester).—There is no demand in this country for the woodcut prints you describe; they are of no commercial value. If, as you say, they are esteemed in Germany, should advise sending there for sale.

J. B. (Swansea).—Your engravings are worth the following: "Alehouse Door," engraved by Syer after Morland, if printed in colour, is worth £10 to £12; "Woodman," by Williamson after Morland, printed in colour, is worth £3 10s. This latter is not a subject that is in great demand.

M. J. W. (Cardiff).—Could not value your spoons unless sent for inspection. There is no Dresden mark such as you describe. If you will send a photograph, or the bowl itself, will tell you what make it is

T. D. (Penarth).—Your engraving by Turner after Singleton, "The Industrious Cottager's Wife," is worth £2 to 50s.

M. A. P. (Chigwell).—Your picture is a coloured print on glass; from description, worth 15s. to 18s. Chrystoleum painting of the present day is done in a somewhat similar manner to the methods used on these old prints.

X. Y. Z. (Fulham).—If your painting by Zuccarelli is genuine, it is worth anything from £10 to £25. Could not give more definite value unless inspected.

OLD MASTER SAPPHIRE (Eastbourne).—Your painting must be a copy of "Esther before Ahasuerus" by Francks, as the original is in the Darmstadt Gallery. Copies of this sort are of very small commercial value. If your other picture is a genuine Rosa-de-Tivoli it is worth £8 to £10. Am afraid your pictures would not be of sufficient importance to be worth the while of any dealer coming to see you about them. Could not value your white sapphire unless sent for inspection, as the price per carat of these stones varies considerably according to the quality of the stones, from a few shillings to a few pounds.

W. H. G. (Kennington Park Road).—Your aquatint, "The Battle of Copenhagen," by Wells after Chesham, if in good condition, is worth 35s. "Attack on the Danes before Copenhagen," by R. Dodd, is worth 30s.

EACH STORY COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MISS WHITE, OF LONDON.

By F. Morton Howard and Derwent Miall.

THE UNCUT DIAMOND PUZZLE.

I.

There was a certain feature in the Farm Lane murder mystery that utterly confused and baffled the keenest intelligences of Scotland Yard.

Mr. Andrew Brown, an elderly tea-broker of Mincing Lane, had been found on a rainy spring night, killed just inside his own garden gate. Whatever may have been the motive for the crime, it seemed that it could not have been robbery. Mr. Brown's valuable watch and chain, and a purse full of money, were found intact on his body, and—this was the puzzle that all the crime experts of England set themselves to solve—a number of uncut diamonds were found sprinkling the gravel close beside one of his unclenched hands.

His unknown assailant had not only *not* robbed him, but appeared to have endowed the dead man with riches from the mines of Golconda—or elsewhere. It was an ascertained fact that Mr. Brown himself had never had any dealings in diamonds.

Farm Lane, S.E., is not, as its name might imply, a rural thoroughfare. In early Victorian days, when the rather pretentious stucco villas that occupy one side of it were built, it may have possessed country charms. At the present day it is merely a dull *cul-de-sac*, turning out of a bustling suburban highway. The stucco villas stand well back from the road behind semi-circular carriage drives and groves of evergreen shrubs. Mr. Brown, a widower, with no family, had occupied a house known as "Sobraon." On the opposite side of the way, behind a tarred fence, the park of a derelict mansion waits to be cut up into "eligible building sites."

It is a quiet, gloomy road, and is ill-lighted at night. Two days after the murder Miss White was earnestly and urgently requested to call and see an inhabitant of the lane. This was Mr. Geoffrey Lambard, of "Aliwal"—another of the secluded stucco villas—a young stock-broker, who had been on a friendly footing with the late Mr. Brown.

"I'm uncommonly glad you've come," he said, after preliminary greetings, "for, although I may be altogether wrong, it seems to me as if the police are trying to build up a case against me. This sad affair has rattled my nerves altogether, and I'm afraid I may have seemed confused and apprehensive—out of sheer desire not to appear so—when the police questioned me. They have been here three or four times already, and the jurymen at the inquest yesterday looked at me in a way I didn't like, though they ultimately returned a verdict against some person unknown."

He broke off with a nervous laugh, and looked at Miss White appealingly, with mild blue eyes.

"Well, let me have all the data you can give me," said Miss White in a businesslike tone. "To begin with—Mr. Brown was a friend of yours?"

"Yes. For the most part Andrew Brown was a solitary, reticent man, but he and I had one taste in common. We were both keen collectors of engravings."

A glance round the room confirmed this statement so far as Mr. Lambard was concerned.

"I've been in the habit," he went on, "on returning from the City, of whistling part of a bugle call when passing old Brown's—I mean poor Andrew Brown's—house, if I had anything particular to say to him. Then, if he was in a sociable mood, he would either come out at once, or come round after dinner.

"On the night of the crime I gave the signal, and he came out at once. We strolled along towards my gate—towards the blind end of the lane, and came to a halt under a street lamp. There we stood for a few minutes engaged in what might have appeared to an outsider to be a violent quarrel. We both talked loud; we both gesticulated, and poor Brown was very vehement. Then I walked back a little way with him. That was about half-past seven. At twenty to eight a postman found his body on the edge of his gravel drive a few yards inside the gate. Unfortunately, a constable saw us 'quarrelling,' as he puts it, under the lamp-post, and duly reported the fact at the inquest."

"Were you quarrelling?"

"We were having a rare set-to—about the authenticity of a Bartolozzi print Brown had bought a few days previously. If you know anything of the collecting mania you will know how violently collectors may differ about the merits of their respective treasures, but I am doubtful whether the police accept that explanation of our raised voices. Then there is another thing. I have been asked whether I benefit under Mr. Brown's will. I do. He told me long ago he had willed his collection of engravings to me—a collection, I may tell you, of great value. But do you think I should kill a kind old chap for the sake of his pictures?"

Miss White smiled and shook her head. "Who were his usual visitors?" she asked.

"He had none excepting myself. But I have been trying to puzzle things out, and—there may not be much in it—you may as well know that Brown's housekeeper, Mrs. Cragg, has a loafing sort of a son, who sponged upon her cruelly till Brown interfered, and got him a job."

After a few more questions Miss White left the apprehensive young man, and returned up the lane to "Sobraon." The policeman guarding the gate allowed her to pass in to the envy of a knot of morbidly inclined people outside. A few yards inside the gate she found a tall, shambling youth, turning over the gravel with the toe of his boot. It was plain what he was at; where the ground had been well salted with diamonds one might have been overlooked.

"You are Mrs. Cragg's son, I suppose?" she said at once. He had a furtive, uneasy look, but he replied civilly—

"Yes, miss. Mother don't like to be alone in the house since the murder, and I'm staying with her."

"Is this where the body was found?"

The young man replied that it was. The victim of the mysterious crime had been stabbed three times in the chest, and his left hand—the hand that lay inert among the diamonds—had also been stabbed, or cut.

Miss White scanned the ground narrowly.

"Who has been here since the crime was committed?" she asked. "Try and think of everyone who has been here."

"Only the postman who found the body, the police, the doctors, and me," was the reply.

There were three shallow depressions, the size of a penny, on the gravel, and one deeper one on the softer ground of the grass border, but none of them very noticeable.

"Now I wonder what the police made of those marks" thought Miss White, "or if they saw them at all."

II.

Mrs. Cragg, a neat, anxious-looking body, was more inclined to praise the dead than to give serviceable information. She was, however, able to fix the precise time at which Mr. Brown had gone out to meet his doom.

"I heard a whistle," she explained, "and I looked up at the clock, and I said to Jane—that's the kitchenmaid—'Jane, there's Mr. Lambard whistling, and we shall have to put back dinner.' A minute later, about twenty past seven, I heard Mr. Brown go out."

"And twenty minutes after that the postman told you he was dead?"

"Yes, miss. It was at twenty to eight that the postman came, and kept on knocking till he was answered."

It appeared then that Mr. Brown, between half-past seven and twenty minutes to eight, had become suddenly involved in some transaction into which uncut diamonds entered, and it had cost him his life.

"Well, this is a sad break-up for you, Mrs. Cragg," said Miss White sympathetically, as she rose to go. "I hope,



Bertie (discussing the very latest): "But aren't you ever mistaken for a man?"
Miss Smart: "No—are you?"

if I may say so, that Mr. Brown has made some provision for you."

"Yes, miss, indeed, and beyond my deserts," was the humble reply. "But Mr. Brown was always generous and thoughtful. He helped my son to South Africa; but poor Alfred don't seem one to push for himself, and he came home again no better off than he went."

"Ah, and now you will be in a position to help him yourself?" continued Miss White.

"Well, miss, he wants me to set him up in the public line. But that I will never do," said the old lady with sudden heat.

Had young Cragg ever counted on the fact that he would profit by Mr. Brown's death? It was a plausible theory except for one thing—it did not seem in any way to fit in with the discovery of the diamonds.

Miss White next went in quest of the postman who had brought the news of the murder to Mrs. Cragg. He had only one fact to communicate that was not already known to her. Before passing through the gate, and stumbling upon the prostrate body, he had seen a tall man hurrying towards the blind end of Farm Lane. He had taken little notice of him at the time, but judged him to have been about the height and build of Mr. Lambard.

Miss White had stopped the postman and interviewed him in the lane itself. After doing so she walked to the end of the *cul-de-sac*, and then returned slowly to its junction with the main road. At the right-hand corner was a newsagent's shop. On the left, exactly opposite, was a small public-house—the "Swan and Sugarloaf."

Here Miss White came to a momentary halt, and experienced a little thrill of surprise and excitement. Standing outside the "Swan and Sugarloaf" was a man of remarkable aspect—a massive, powerful-looking fellow, with a weather-beaten, fiery face. He stood motionless sphinx-like, staring down the lane, and leaning on a crutch. Presently a sallow, clean-shaven man of "horsey" appearance came through a swing-door marked "private bar," and joined him. They both stared down the lane together, and then went into the "Swan and Sugarloaf."

A few moments later Miss White entered the "Bottle and Jug" department of the same hostelry, and, with many apologies, asked the barman for change for a sovereign. The young man was not insensible to the attractions of a soft-spoken lady, and leaning on the zinc covered counter, discussed the all-absorbing topic of the murder. If Miss White had hoped to overhear any conversation between the lame man and his companion she was disappointed. The next compartment was empty, and she heard a crutch stumping the floor overhead.

"Those are a queer-looking couple who came into the house just now," she said. "Do you know them?"

The barman leaned a little nearer and lowered his voice.

"I believe they're 'tecs in plain clothes, miss," he said. "They've taken the room upstairs, and one or other of 'em watches the lane all day. And another thing—they've fixed things up so that they can quit at a moment's notice."

"How so?"

"One of 'em gave me ten pounds when he came in, and asked me to put it up behind the bar."

To "put up" money behind the bar is a method of payment in advance that savours of colonial experience.

III.

That evening, news contents bills flamed all over London bearing the legend, "The Diamond Murder Mystery: An Arrest." Mr. Geoffrey Lambard's apprehensions had been justified. The police had got sufficient evidence, as they thought, to justify an arrest, and Mr. Lambard had to put up with the privations of the police-cell.

The same evening, Miss White vanished completely from the ken of her friends.

As a matter of fact, she was not far away. In an upper room of the newsagent's shop at the top of Farm Lane she was watching the house opposite—the "Swan and Sugarloaf."

It was certain, to her mind, that a crutch had imprinted the gravel on the spot where the ill-fated tea-broker had been killed. It was equally certain that those marks had been made about the time of the murder. Rain had followed a long drought on the very evening of the crime, and a crutch would have made no such definite marks on hard, dry gravel. After the postman's discovery no one with a crutch could have passed the gate unnoticed, and none had been noticed.

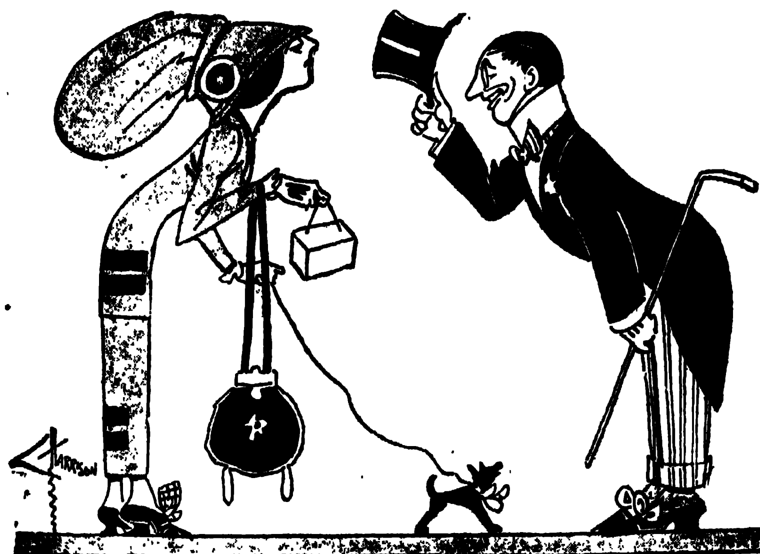
That a man with a crutch should be keeping watch at the entrance of the lane was, therefore, a thing to look into. There was reason to suppose that he was a man of colonial experience, and uncut diamonds come from Colonial sources pretty often.

Miss White could see into the room opposite quite plainly. Either Fiery-face or the sallow man were continually at a window commanding the lane, or else on the pavement outside. The open way in which the lame man stumped the pavement suggested that he was no murderer lingering near the scene of his crime. And from that also Miss White drew her own deductions.

At the end of three weary days came the reward of patience. A tall man, with his collar up, and his hat pulled down, came shambling up the lane from the blind end. Once he halted, and looked up at the tarred fence, but the spikes by which it was topped discouraged him, perhaps, for he came on again, quickening his pace.

A swing-door slammed below. The little sallow man was out in the roadway in an instant. He seized the tall man by the lapels of his coat, and there seemed the promise of a tussle. But the captured man had no fight in him, after all; after a few seconds he allowed himself to be led into the public-house, and was visible a moment later in the room upstairs.

And now Miss White watched with intense interest. She could hear nothing, but it was plain that threats were being made. Momentarily the men vanished from her line of sight, then the sallow man came to the window, examining a leather belt—a belt with pouches. And then he was turning over in his hand something that may have been gravel, or quartz, or even uncut diamonds!



Where have you been to my pretty maid?
Where have you been to my pretty maid?
I've been to a beauty shop, sir, she said,
To buy a complexion there, sir, she said.

Before Miss White could stir, the tall man was outside again. She ran down the stairs, followed him into a tram, and sat beside him. When he alighted, which he did at Westminster, she instantly gave him into custody on a charge of picking her pocket. Though nothing of hers was found on him when he was searched at the station, yet the police detained him in custody. For in one of his pockets was a small canvas bag, cut and bloodstained. When Miss White knew this she said: "Then I've brought you the Farm Lane murderer, and two men who knew of his guilt, and blackmailed him on the strength of it, are probably still ready to your hand at the 'Swan and Sugarloaf.'"

* * * * *

The sallow man deemed it advisable to make a statement to the police. His name was Hancock, and he had been convicted at Kimberley with Steinkirk—the man now charged with murder—of Illicit Diamond Buying. Steinkirk's sentence had run out sooner than his, but Hancock, when free again, had followed him to England, knowing him to be in possession of the diamonds they had illegally acquired; for these had been hidden before their conviction. He ran against Steinkirk on Brixton Hill, and demanded his share of the diamonds. Steinkirk eventually bade him call at a house in Farm Lane, which he falsely represented himself to have rented. Hancock, being in ill-health, said he would send a friend of his named Braun, who knew all about their transactions, but who was unknown to Steinkirk. At the appointed time, Braun went to "Sobraon," the house named by Steinkirk. As he neared the gate he saw a man come from it and cross the road hurriedly and go up the lane. He realised a minute later that this was Steinkirk. He passed through the gate, found the body of Andrew Brown, and at once jumped to the conclusion that a trap had been set for him, but that, through some mistake, another man had walked into it. Not caring to be seen near the body, and as a postman was coming up the lane from house to house, he beat a hasty retreat. Knowing Steinkirk to be still in the lane, and knowing it to be a blind alley, Braun, a man of fierce determination, instantly set watch on the end of the lane, and sent word to Hancock to come and help him. They would now, he thought, be able to extort all the diamonds from Steinkirk, and eventually succeeded, when Steinkirk, who had been lodging in a cottage at the end of the lane, took such fright at some observation of his landlady's that he bolted from hiding in broad daylight.

His return into a *cul-de-sac*, after the commission of the murder, was made in order to secure the rest of his diamonds, which he had left in his obscure lodgings. Having reached his lodgings, his nerve failed him, so Hancock gathered; police whistles were sounding in the lane, the murder was discovered, and he was afraid to make a bolt for it. Hancock and Braun would have gone up the lane in search of their man, but for the fact that a house to house visitation would have been necessary—and perhaps fruitless. It might have roused suspicion, too. Their safer plan was to wait, and watch.

How the diamonds came to strew the ground was plausibly theorised by Miss White.

"Steinkirk, as he brought a bag of diamonds with him, must have intended to keep faith with Hancock's messenger, in order to avoid further persecution. When Mr. Brown entered his garden the man asked; 'Is that Braun?' and Mr. Brown, thinking himself addressed, said, 'Yes, what do you want?' Steinkirk, who was armed, saw that he had only an elderly and frail man to deal with. He changed his purpose. Why not rid himself of one of the men who knew his secret? So he struck out. In the struggle Mr. Brown, trying to seize the weapon, seized the canvas bag; as he defended himself with his hands, it was cut, and the gems poured out. Then, when all was over, Steinkirk picked up the bag, probably still containing some of the stones, or it may be that Mr. Brown attacked the man, and the struggle began in that way."

"Well, however it happened, you have brought us the right man, Miss White," said the Inspector.

And a jury eventually took the same view of the matter.

*** **Further "Miss White of London" stories will be published in subsequent issues.**



HARDENED.

Mother: "An' look 'ere—yer father meant them sweets fer me as well as you; so none of yer doin' me like yer did last Satyday!"

TOPICAL VERSES.

ULTERIOR MOTIVES.

[If you want good milk, cheese, beef, etc., you should keep the animals that supply these articles constantly amused.—*Daily Mirror.*]

I HAVE a little lamb (the case
Is not without a parallel),
Few members of whose woolly race
Were ever treated half so well.
To check its tendency to mope
I take it, now and then, to see
The pictures on the bioscope,
A cup-tie, or Sir Herbert Tree.

It has a punching-ball, whereat
It tilts with all its might and main,
Besides an indiarubber cat,
Tin soldiers, and a clockwork train;
And, when its bored demeanour shows
The urgent need for something new,
I dab vermilion on my nose
And sing a comic song or two.

My efforts to divert it earn
The praise of vegetarians, who
Recoil with horror when they learn
The object that I have in view.
For romping with a quadruped
I do not, really, care a button,
But when the little beggar's dead
I want a juicy cut of mutton!

F. J. WHITMARSH.

TO THE MALIGNED MONTH OF MAY.

O BUT I, whereat each boastful comic bard
Takes his time-honoured gibe and ancient fling—
If it can any consolation bring,
Remain assured of *my* unchanged regard!
Great Scot, my dear, although your ways are hard,
Although about your fickle presence cling
The icy rigours of an English spring,
You're not as black as *they* would have you tarred!

And all these little tantrums that you've got
(Tempests, tornadoes, and one knows not what),
I view 'em with a mildly lenient eye:
My dear, it's worth your very fiercest frown,
To see once more, as night comes softly down,
Green leaves that shiver 'gainst a paling sky!

GORDON PHILLIPS.

• • •

ORIGIN OF LOVE STORIES.

"Do you think," asked the beautiful girl, "a man must be in love to be able to write a love-story?"

"No," replied the rising young author. "I've found that being hungry helps most."

• • •

MAKING QUITE SURE.

"YES, Clarence," said the beautiful typist, patting the millionaire's scant grey hair, "I will marry you, but I have one request to make."

"Name it, my love," said the doting old man.

"Let me select," she replied, "my successor at this desk."

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

So Reassuring.

"Nothing gives so much confidence as a swollen pocket." —*The Broken Butterfly*, by Ralph Deakin. Stanley Paul. 6s.

Parents.

"Parents who 'live entirely for their children' are seldom good company for them."—*Love and Marriage*, by Ellen Key. Putnam. 6s. net.

Caned By a King.

"Frederick William I.'s methods were prompt, energetic, and exceedingly unpleasant. The postmaster of Potsdam was one of the first to feel the weight of the royal cane. On his early morning constitutional he saw the night diligence from Hamburg drawn up in front of the post-house, while the travellers were vainly endeavouring by vigorous knocking to obtain admittance. The King forced his way into the house and himself belaboured the slothful postmaster in his bed, driving him into the street and out of office; he then turned to the travellers and humbly apologised to them for having been kept waiting and for the laxity of Prussian officials."—*The House of Hohenzollern*, by I. A. Brayley Hodgetts. Methuen. 15s. net.

An Opposition That Knew Better.

"Ismail Pasha made up his mind that it would be a good thing to have Egyptian Houses of Parliament. He got them together somehow and proceeded to instruct them in their duties himself. He divided them into two lots, without any rhyme or reason in the selection, and said to the people on one side: 'You are the government. You have to bring in the measures,' and to the people on the other side: 'You are the opposition; you will have to oppose the measures. And then you can take a vote.'

"The first motion that Ismail suggested for them to discuss was an increase in his salary by so many thousands a year. They all voted for it.

"'But you are the opposition,' protested the Khedive to the people who had been so arbitrarily selected for the purpose. 'You ought to vote against it.'

"But the opposition said, in other words: 'Never fear.' They knew far too well which side their bread was buttered."—*Queer Things About Egypt*, by Douglas Sladen.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
THE EDITOR.
Take a personal hatred of authors,
Mix this with a fiendish delight,
In refusing all efforts of genius
And maiming all poets at sight.

Some Royal Theatricals.

"An aunt of mine, whose height would very well enable her to pass for a man, had agreed to enact a male character in one of our amateur theatricals, and for this she was to wear a suit of my father's clothes, stipulating, however, that neither he nor any other of the opposite sex were to know of this—the impersonation was to remain a profound secret to the audience. But, unfortunately, on the evening in question, as my father sat quietly smoking with a few friends, his valet appeared, and without the slightest circumlocution, bluntly requested "the loan of the brocaded breeches, for her serene highness, Princess Solms!" Inextinguishable laughter broke forth from all present, and I really doubt whether my aunt's success in the part itself, which she now threw up, would have been as great, or have provoked such hilarity."—*From Memory's Shrine*. The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Translated by Edith Hopkirk. Low. 10s. 6d. net.

Love's Dictionary.

"Alimony is the fine for speeding in the joy-ride of matrimony."

"A duel is the highest compliment two men can pay one woman."

"A knee is an adjustable, animated settee designed for the use of ladies."—*Cupid's Cyclopædia*, by Oliver Herford and John C. Hay.

The Turk and His Wives.

"Polygamy is not, as commonly supposed, the general rule in the East. Statistics are unreliable, but it is said that less than five Turks in every hundred practise it. They are a poor nation for one thing, and whether, as Plautus said, two women are worse than one, they unquestionably are more expensive."—*Regilding the Crescent*, by F. G. Aflalo.

The First Question.

"The modern disposition to subordinate intellectual interests to material advantages is the most alarming evil of a super-materialistic age.

"Men no longer inquire about the morals or intellect of an individual. The question which agitates the public mind is: 'What is he worth?'"—*In the Land of the Pharaohs*, by Dux Mohamed. Stanley Paul & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

An Eccentric Marquis.

"The Marquis of Waterford painted the Melton toll-bar a bright red, put aniseed on the hoofs of a parson's horse, and hunted the terrified divine with bloodhounds. On another occasion he put a donkey into the bed of a stranger at an inn. He took a hunting-box in the shires, and amused himself with shooting out the eyes of the family portraits with a pistol. He smashed a very valuable French clock on the staircase at Crockford's with a blow of his fist, and solemnly proposed to one of the first railway companies in Ireland to start two engines in opposite directions on the same line in order that he might witness the smash, for which he proposed to pay."—*Sporting Days and Sporting Ways*, by Ralph Nevill. Duckworth. 12s. 6d. net.

Frank Richardson Again.

"In choosing your wife be careful not to choose anyone else's. If you love the lady at all, you do not want her to spend the honeymoon in gaol. Later in your married life you will not mind her being incarcerated for two or three months in the year while you take your holiday. But any man who has a decent idea of what love really is wants to spend his honeymoon *with* his wife. Besides, bigamy is a sin, also it is not a fashionable one. None of the smartest women you read about in the Society papers are bigamists."—*Love and Extras*, by Frank Richardson. Grant Richards.

• • •

The Trail of '98 is a romance of the time of the Klondyke boom, by Robert W. Service, the author of *Songs of a Sourdough*, which won for him the name of "the Canadian Kipling." This story is told with all the vivid force displayed in his verse, while poetic love episodes run through the stern scenes of mining life. The book—decidedly one to read—is published by T. Fisher Unwin at 6s.

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£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to any four wheeled or hansom cab which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which the holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or

£500 if the holder shall be killed or fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to any passenger-steamer in which the holder is travelling as a fare paying passenger; or

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The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium.

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FOUR WHEELER.

A Sketch of the Day. By Cyril J. Hodges.

ONCE again the whistle blew. Again a taxi glided smoothly from the rank. Once more the sorry-looking steed harnessed to the dilapidated four-wheeler looked round inquiringly at her master, who dozed in seeming contentment on the box of his cab.

"He's still dreaming," the old mare seemed to say, and she hung her head even lower than before, and went further over at the knees, crestfallen and ashamed of her idleness. And the old Jehu dozed on.

He was dreaming of the glorious past, when his "turn-out" was the beau-ideal of what a cab should be; when the mare was faster than anything in shafts between Bayswater and Brixton; when the gloss of his silk hat excelled the glow now upon his nose.

He was dreaming of the night when he picked the Prime Minister up at Waterloo and dropped him at Downing Street. In his dreams he distinctly saw the glitter of the golden coin tendered him in the gas flare, and he distinctly heard his own rejoinder—"No thank you, me lord, the honour's mine. Only too pleased to 'ave drove yer lordship. Besides, I'm one of the party, me lord——"

Once again the screech of a whistle smote the old mare's ears. Once more she lifted her head in anxious expectation. This time the policeman on point duty came to the rescue.

"Now then, sleepy, there's a bit of luck for you at last. Goodness only knows you've been waiting for it long enough. Hi! sleeping beauty, wake up."

"You don't mean to say I'm the only cab on the rank?" inquired the driver of the growler. "By jingo, though, it's true!"

Seizing the reins, he whipped up the old mare, who sprouted her tail at the prospect of a jaunt, and came up with some show of style to the kerb alongside the terminus exit.

"Cab, lidy?" he inquired eagerly of the elderly lady who, with an outside porter in attendance, stood surrounded by trunks and portmanteaus.

"Well, as I can't get a taxi I suppose I must engage you," she said.

"No must about it, mum, it's a free country," retorted the cabby, eyeing the luggage disrespectfully. The outside porter decided the matter by commencing to pile up the traps on the roof of the cab. When all the cargo was aboard he invited the lady to step inside, while cabby made all snug aloft.

"Where to, mum?" inquired the driver when all was ship-shape.

"48 Brown Street."

"Brown Street where, mum?"

"Brown Street where!"

"Yes, which Brown Street?"

"How silly of me, to be sure! I was forgetting London is such a big place—let me see, now, where did I put that slip of paper?" While the passenger rummaged among the contents of her handbag the old mare pawed the asphalt impatiently.

"What a memory I've got to be sure—of course it's Bermondsey—I remember now—48 Brown Street, Bermondsey."

The door was slammed rather ungraciously by the outside porter, and the vehicle moved off, though at no great danger to road-crossers and street-sweepers. Warming to her work, however, the old mare showed up more favourably than when on the rank. The cab even rocked a trifle rounding a corner, and the luggage might have been detected, even with the naked eye, to shift uneasily, though not more uneasily than the fare inside.

The lady was evidently far from feeling at home. She changed her seat on two occasions; opened the



Authoress (in search of "copy"): "And I suppose visitors are not common in this out of the way place?"
Superior Waiter: "Hindeed they har—painfully so, most hof 'em!"

window, then pulled it up, then let it down again. Three times she poked her head out as if to hold converse with the driver; thrice she withdrew it, then thrust her head out a fourth time and called: "Are we nearly there, driver?"

"About 'alf-ways, mum."

Five minutes elapsed, then out went the head again. "Driver!"

"Yes, mum."

"Would you mind pulling up a minute?"

The cabby's reply was lost in the rumble of the traffic, but, nevertheless, the four-wheeler came to a standstill against the kerb.

"What's the matter, missis?" inquired the man in charge of affairs, not over politely.

"I was wondering whether you would object to me taking a taxi for the remainder of the journey. I see there's one disengaged on the rank yonder. It's like this. I'm on a visit to my daughter Em'ly, and as she's married remarkably well, has Em'ly, I should so much like to drive up to her place a bit stylish like; especially as I've never met my son-in-law. To say the least, your cab isn't quite abreast of the times, you know."

"As I said afore, it's a free country," snapped the cabby, alighting from his box. "You pays yer money and you takes yer choice. My fare's 'alf a dollar."

So the taxi was hailed, and, when it drew up alongside the four-wheeler, the lady was transferred, her face wreathed in smiles. It was only when the transfer of the luggage was mooted that any hitch arose.

"Nothing short of a furniture van will take that lot," said the chauffeur.

"What do you imply, young man?" retorted the cabby icily.

"No offence, old sport, but I can't take it, and, what's more, I ain't a-goin' to."

"Then you'd better tell 'er so."

But once in the taxi the woman was not to be shifted. "Money was no object," she declared, and if the driver of the four-wheeler wouldn't mind following on behind, she would pay. Thus the matter was settled, to the disgust of both chauffeur and cabby.

"Now no scorching, young man," said he of the growler as the procession moved off.

In spite of this injunction, not many streets were covered ere the old mare began to resent that policeman's interference with her sleeping master; but like the thoroughbred she was, she did her best. It was not long, however, before the taxi disappeared amid a maze of turnings. When next it came into view it was pulled up opposite a disreputable and dirty-looking row of houses which flanked one side of a very indifferent street. Down the thoroughfare lurched the mare with nostrils extended, but when nearly up to the stationary motor, she stopped suddenly, lunged heavily forward, and dropped dead in the shafts.

The lady screamed, while the chauffeur ran to the assistance of the cabby. That individual arose from beneath a portmanteau, covered with dust, but apparently uninjured.

"That's what comes of 'umouring the pride of a woman," he expostulated wrathfully, pointing to his fallen steed. "It was more than the old mare's flesh and blood could stand. 'Er what 'ad pulled a Prime Minister up to his palatial residence, not fitted to bring a second-'and kind of lidy up to a dirty 'ole like this. It's broke the old gal's 'eart, that it 'as."

"I'm so sorry, but it's all a mistake," interposed the lady tearfully.

"What's a mistake?" inquired the cabman.

"It should be Bloomsbury, not Bermondsey. I mistook the name."

The arrival of a constable on the scene cut short the cabman's reproaches. That officer took matters in at a glance. He saw it was advisable to summon assistance to deal with the rapidly assembling crowd. Accordingly he drew out his whistle, and was about to blow when the old Jehu gripped him by the arm.

"Ssh! not that, matey," he said softly. "I'll fetch another copper if you need one, but don't insult the old mare's deathbed. If there's a spark of 'earing left in 'er she'll sure to think you're whistling for a taxi."

THE BORE OF THE MOMENT.

By SYBIL CORMACK SMITH.

As soon as a man gets thoroughly interested in anything, he becomes, while presumably a pleasure to himself, certainly a curse to everyone else.

Witness the amateur gardener, the drunkard, or the man in love. Each of these gets, it is to be supposed, a great deal of joy out of his particular pet obsession; but, as for the rest of us, we care for a man only so long as he is interested in us. Should he lose his individuality and his capacity to be interested in the rest of the world, whether it be in a garden-bed, a beer-barrel, or a lady's eyes, he becomes a nuisance.

The botanical bacillus stalks the land at present—more deadly than the influenza germ or the menace of the harem skirt. Anyone may get it. Your best friend to-morrow morning may meet you with his arms full of seed-catalogues—and you will know that he is lost. He will take you aside and rave in his delirium until you feel that you hate the thought of a carnation which can be born with so much travail in a good man's breast.

No other malignancy is quite so bad. The drunkard has his lucid intervals of self-accusation, and even the lover will pause occasionally to straighten his tie; but the victim of gardenitis will never for a moment escape from the clutches of his enemy until the fever of spring has blossomed into the geniality of summer, and has then been chilled into the calm of autumn.

Six weeks is the length of the run of a number of minor infectious disorders, such as cholera and spotted fever; the gardening disease runs for six months or longer, and its dregs never entirely leave the blood of its victims.

It is not generally a fatal disease—to the sufferer—and that is the worst of it. The normal instinct is to admire the flower, and, if you will, the first shoot of a grass-blade after the winter's repression. We do that as naturally as we stop to admire a girl in her spring hat in the street, without stopping to consider how many cells to the square yard go to make up her elastic step, or what impulse of sap-rising has made it essential for her to wear a new hat this morning. But the Bacillus Botanica makes its victims forget the flower, because they are so busy watching the process of production.

Their only joy is in classification; mere blooms are empty of charm, for them, and the sight of a flower which they have not reared is almost in the nature of an irritant. The process hides the result from their sight, just as the doctor's investigations often obscure, to his eyes, the beauty of the life he inquires about; he is too intimate with red corpuscles to admire the glow in a young girl's cheek; inquiry, if not familiarity, has made him contemptuous.

So it is with the man who gets the gardening mania. He will imagine—just as the drunkard thinks everyone is drunk but himself—that you are at least as thoroughly interested in the phenomena of flowers as he is; and so, when you venture a mild inquiry—as a caller will ask gently after the welfare of a sick man—you find in a moment that you have started the stream of delirium in full flood, and that it will be a strong man who will stem that current, once it is fairly set going. With the feverish childishness of a strength-sapping disease, he will pour into your ears all his hopes, his plans, his fears; his symptoms will be paraded for your benefit; he will name his roots and stems by their less usual and more portentous names, just as a man who is down with rheumatism will talk largely and familiarly of rheumatoid arthritis and all the allied forms.

It wouldn't be quite so bad if he didn't want to tell; but evidently the chief joy of the mania gardenia is the joy of speaking about it—as the lover raves of his mistress's hair and brows.

You may visit a man afflicted with typhoid fever in its most virulent form, and, having soothed his weariness with a few words of sympathetic questioning, may depart with the consciousness of a good deed well performed; but not so will you escape from the victim of gardenitis, once you have allowed yourself to broach the subject of his craze. He will seize on you as a lost soul may be fancied to seize the hope of redemption; who knows but what he may see in you, with that minor part of his consciousness not yet entirely lost in the mazes of his mania, the last receding chance of his sanity slipping from his grasp? At any rate, the chance slips as he tries to grip it; there is very little sanity left by the time he has talked at you for ten minutes, and if you are not violently torn away from his reach within twenty, there is little sanity left to either of you.

It makes no difference if you are his best friend, the father of his wife, the man who has lent him money; he is totally oblivious to consequences, and nothing seems of the least moment to him, but to explain in detail some process which he tried to carry out yesterday, or hopes to carry out to-morrow. He measures the sunshine by the effect it has on the soil; no east wind is cold to him if it does not blast his tender sprouts.

And you are never safe from him—for the Bacillus Botanica may flourish anywhere. It depends for its nourishment only on the elements of the air, and no soil is inimical to it. You may meet it on the dry and arid wastes of the veldt, or in the two-foot front-garden of a London suburb. You may go to the ends of the earth, and there you may find it. It is to be supposed that when the chilly sunshine begins, in early spring, to warm the environment of the Poles with the promise of a new-born year, there will be the victim of gardenitis, examining his seed catalogue, and buttonholing the intrepid explorer with his dissertation on the newest type of ice-plant.

Total escape, therefore, from the disease is impossible; you are bound to suffer, either in the guise of victim or victim's victim. Silence is the best remedy yet discovered. It has been found that each fresh question as to a symptom, each sympathetic observation or ejaculation, has been the beginning of a new access of fever; in total silence the attack may run itself out, and the sufferer be calmed to inactive activity, in the garden, once more.

In the garden, too, it is best to leave him; I do not advise that he should ever be sought out. For the disease with which he is afflicted is one easily caught.



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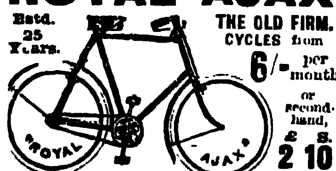
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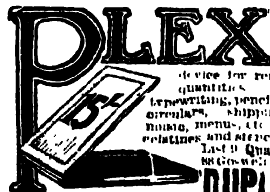
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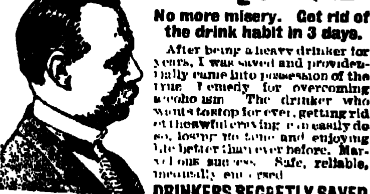
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If you can find any use for a five pound note try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week **FIVE Five-Pound Notes (£25** in all)—Five Pounds *each* to the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

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or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 238 to 246 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

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Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

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enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 373, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... *From page*..........

Double or Treble ....

AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

By T. HODGKINSON.

As a girl, she had talked about the emancipation of women and been wholly adorable.

This was not my own unsupported opinion, for, in due course, somebody else found her adorable, and, as a wife, she talked of the hardships of the woman who has to earn her own living.

And now I had no doubt that, as a mother, she was adorable still, and talked about her infant; but when she summoned me by letter to come and see the child, I viewed the prospect with trepidation.

Babies are not in my line. Few men in Upper Tooting can rival me in familiarity with the idiosyncrasies of the tadpole, and on the subject of guinea pigs my words are worthy of respectable attention; but in the matter of babies my education has been sadly neglected.

So I wrote to the editor of my favourite paper, as I always do when in trouble. He is a dear man, and will tell you (in his correspondence column) almost anything you want to know. His reply was cryptic, but reassuring, for it ran:

"Naturalist": 1. Yes.

2. No. Sticky fingers seldom develop at that age. You might, however, wear your gardening clothes to be on the safe side.

3. Also no. It is puppies that like being tickled behind the ears.

Personally, I should have said "it are puppies," but the editor of my favourite paper is awfully good at grammar. That is why I admire him so much.

I did not wear my gardening clothes on the fatal day, partly because to have done so would have savoured of discourtesy, and partly because I had not any. I did, however, abstain from smoking on my way there, having heard that some babies were rabid anti-tobacconists.

It was a good baby. Not much use for show purposes, but quite worth keeping.

"Who do you think he's like"? demanded the doting mother, before I had had time to think at all.

I bent down to kiss it, for I can always do tactful things, though I can seldom say them.

"Oh! exactly like its father," I declared, bending down again, and evidently making a conquest at once, for the little beggar put a dimpled arm as far round my neck as it would go, and generally seemed to be really pleased to make my acquaintance.

And then the nurse removed the prodigy, much to my relief.

"Well and what do you think of him," the mother demanded.

"It certainly wasn't so bad as I expected," I admitted, thinking, of course, of my own dread of the interview.

She cut me dead in the street yesterday.



A HIDEOUS DOUBT.

[Captain MacIlwaine suggests that men should wear beards, out of regard for the memory of the late King]

ONE haunting dread makes me afeard
To grow this crop of loyal beard.
Since I've been bald for many a day,
Will it be old red, or new grey?

• • •

TOO APPROPRIATE.

PENELOPE has always been an original girl, and would never do things just "because other people did them." When it came to making arrangements for her wedding, her dislike for the purely conventional showed itself as usual, and among other things she declared that she would have her own favourite hymns sung, or she would have none at all.

But she could not understand why her friends laughed when she announced that one of them was to be "Fight the good fight!"

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS, *Editor of the "Social Guide."*



Much of what, in other days,
Was donned by Miss MacFluff,
She now considers (plain to see)
A lot of useless stuff.

Paris Fashions.

At the present moment every other woman one meets in Paris is wearing a smart tailor-made costume, fashioned, as a general rule, of dark blue serge of finest quality. Indeed, there is a perfect rage for blue in Paris just now—frocks and tailor-made costumes alike being fashioned of dark indigo blue cloth, serge, satin, or silk.

With such costumes large white *jabot* frills made of muslin or lawn and edged with very narrow lace are worn. These are made without a neck band, and they are worn simply pinned on to the blouse or bodice in the form of a front—the frill being arranged to lie well over the left shoulder.

Millinery.

Hats seen in Paris are not nearly as eccentric as the "Paris models" on show in the London shops would lead one to believe is the case. Most of them are of the small variety with very high crowns, and trimmed with an up-standing coloured ostrich feather or a bunch of deep red roses stuck straight up right in front.

White tagal straw hats lined underneath with black straw are very much worn; while cabochon ornaments formed of small artificial flowers such as forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds are a very favourite trimming. Lancer ostrich feathers of huge dimensions, which are dyed to shade to a lighter colour at the tips, are likewise favourite trimmings for all the big picture hats, a very favourite variety being mole-coloured feathers which shade to a rich red tint toward the tips.

Neck-Wear.

All kinds of dainty neck-wear is being largely displayed in the best Paris shops just now. Dainty little ties and fancy collar ornaments are made of rolled black satin ornamented with sprays of small Watteau roses made of pastel-coloured ribbon with embroidered tinsel leaves. Coloured neck bands are likewise embroidered with Empire wreaths made of ribbon flowers, while several of the newest scarves have their ends ornamented with big sprays of violets worked in mauve and green ribbon. One very charming black satin scarf was lined with black and white Pekin satin, and finished with heavy silver and chenille tassels. Lancer-plume boas are the latest extravagance in neck ruffles, many of the most expensive of these showing very charming shaded effects, such as green that shades into lovely tones of peacock-blue, greys that blend from pearl colour to a dark slate, while for evening wear one finds the same kind of boas in tones of white and cream colour that shade to palest pink, delicate mauve, or light lemon colour at the tips.

Frocks at the Theatre.

The new plays are productive of a whole host of new ideas in dress. Perhaps the most beautiful frocks to be seen in London just now are those worn by Miss Alexandra Carlisle at the Comedy Theatre. Quite the most lovely of the many exquisite frocks worn by this actress is one made of gold tulle over gold satin. Like all the rest of the latest models this is fashioned with an overdress, which is made of gold tulle embroidered in gold which fits closely round the waist and hips, so that the embroidery, which is enhanced by touches of black, is seen to the greatest advantage. From the waist downward the skirt is embroidered with gold tubes—the same ornamentation appearing on the pointed train. A very charming effect is gained by making one sleeve of this frock of black tulle and the other of the gold embroidery.

A Charming Tea-Gown.

A very beautiful tea gown which is also worn in the new Comedy play is fashioned of old rose-coloured chiffon which is embroidered in beads of the same shade. This is draped over a soft rose-coloured underdress of satin, which is relieved by motifs of cream-coloured lace which adorn the corsage. A sleeveless mantle with a deep hemstitched border of chiffon made of a darker shade of rose colour completes this toilette, which has been made by the London house of a famous Paris firm.

A Little Conversation.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."

• • •

The "Black and White" Handbook to the Royal Academy, with reproductions of more than a hundred of the leading pictures, is again out at a shilling. It is as well done as usual, than which one cannot offer higher praise.

• • •

With the current issue, *Amateur Gardening* enters upon its twenty-eighth year. This journal has had a marked influence on the progress of gardening in the British Isles.

• • •

The Veterans' Club, founded by Major Arthur Haggard, is the local habitation of the Veterans' Corps, an organisation finding employment for Service men. The premises in Hand Court, High Holborn, are large and convenient, near Chancery Lane and Holborn Tube stations. Information as to membership, etc., may be obtained from the Secretary, 47 Bedford Row, W.C.

• • •

Globe Metal Polish is of great assistance in the brightening of homes by polishing brasses, etc. It readily removes tarnish without a lot of hard rubbing, and the shine withstands the action of the atmosphere.



All are gone, the old familiar faces.



STOCKS & SHARES*

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

MARKETS have been quiet. In foreign stocks and rails there has been nothing doing. Home Rails were fairly firm until Thursday, when heavy selling set in from the country, where some difficulties are believed to exist.

A feature has been the strength of Canadian securities, more especially Canadian Land shares. Western Canadian Land, Southern Alberta Land, and Canadian Wheat Lands are probably good for a quick rise. Canadian Pacifics have again risen sharply, and there are rumours of a proposed capital increase.

Kaffirs were a bit weaker; this, we are informed, being due to the aftermath of the big Paris failure some months ago. The public is hardly in this market. Some individual shares are, however, attractive as lock-up purchases.

Oils seem a little flatter, although there is probably plenty of life left in this market. Rubbers have been slack.

A Cheap Kaffir.

When the Kaffir market is stagnant it pays the investor to put his money in dividend-payers. There is, however, a demand on the part of many small investors for low-priced mining shares, the purchase of which is usually risky. Now and again, however, it is possible to buy a low-priced share which, while not yet dividend paying, should reach that stage before very long. Such a one is Benoni Consolidated, which is now putting up a mill that is the last word in modern mining equipment. At the end of 1910 this company had 606,177 tons of payable ore developed of an average milling value of 6½ dwts., and it is expected that milling operations will commence at the end of August next. The capital of the company is £394,249. On the rumour that the capital was to be increased the shares fell some months ago from about 27s. 6d. to their present price, but the company has arranged to borrow £100,000 from one of the big African banks to be advanced as required, repayment being spread over a period of four years. This arrangement, which prevents over-capitalisation, is a most advantageous one. Of the ore bodies recently developed, as much as 62 per cent. is payable, and at the present price of 20s. Benonis appear to be an excellent purchase, and should see a good rise in price by the time crushing commences.

Budapest Loan.

A short time ago a certain amount of political tension was created by the refusal of the French Minister of Finance to allow the new Hungarian Government Loan to be quoted on the Paris Bourse. The result was that the Loan—about £10,500,000 in amount—was taken by a syndicate of German, Austrian, and Hungarian banks, and was subscribed fifty-eight times over. Since then the Ministry has changed in France, and the French Banks are now placing a Four per Cent. Loan of the City of Budapest, of about £1,164,000, on the Paris market. This should serve to strengthen the London Loan, and there are indeed rumours in circulation that it may be redeemed. In any case, it is perfectly well secured and is one of the highest yielding first-class Municipals, returning, as it does, at the present price of 92, about £4 8s. 3d. per cent.

Hungarian Loans.

There is no need to go so far away as South America to find countries of great potentialities able handsomely to remunerate foreign capital. Hungary is a country having little accumulated capital, but possessing a fruitful soil, an industrious population, and a government desirous of doing all it can to encourage the influx of foreign capital. Its economic progress is steady and undeniable. The total Hungarian debt amounts to £220,000,000, against which the State owns reproductive assets worth much more than its debt. Of the total debt, 35½ per cent. is held by home investors, 30½ per cent. by German investors, and 20¾ per cent. by the Austrian public. The Hungarian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes are quoted in London at 95, and other absolutely first-class Hungarian Bonds can be purchased to yield 4½ per cent., so that this country is worth attention on the part of investors. That the political situation of this portion of the dual monarchy is not regarded with disfavour by the Continental public is shown by the fact mentioned before that the recent loan was over-subscribed fifty-eight times.

Cheaper Rubbers.

That there is still a public for attractive rubber propositions is shown by the fact that the Port Dickson—Lukut issue was subscribed fifty times over. The rubber boom brought into the stock markets thousands of people up and down the country who had hitherto held aloof from share speculations, and the knowledge and experience (for which many have had to pay) of this new speculating public is still more or less limited to rubber shares. As is shown effectively by a list published recently in the *Financial Times*, prices of rubber shares have declined considerably during the last twelve months; and the fall has been fairly pronounced since the beginning of this year, although to this last there are a few exceptions—Castlefield and Highlands & Lowlands, which have risen ⅛; Malaccas, which have risen 1⅞; and Linggis, which have risen 5s. Some of the shares among the dozen or so well-established companies may be worth picking up soon if the decline continues further, as we think it will do.

Doranakande.

As the annual reports come out it is interesting, and in many cases saddening, to turn up the prospectuses and Rubber Year Books of a year or so ago and compare the actual results with the estimates so neatly printed for 1911. Take Doranakande Rubber Estates, for instance, which has just issued its report for the ten months to 31st December, 1910. This company's prospectus estimated a profit for the first year equal to a dividend of 18 per cent., for which purpose it took the price of rubber at 10s. 6d. per lb. So far as quantity is concerned, the prospectus estimates have been fulfilled, but the average price realised for the crop was not 10s. 6d. but 5s. 8d. per lb., and the company is paying a dividend of 8 per cent. for the eight months.

Eries.

There has been good and continuous buying of Erie common stock for some months past, both firm and on option. We believe the underlying idea to be that, on reciprocity going through, the Canadian Pacific Railway will be desirous of finding an entry into New York, and that the only company available for the purpose, whose stock can be bought for voting power at a reasonable figure, is the Erie. At the present price of about 31⅛, Erie common stock is probably a good speculation.

A High-Yielding Government Bond.

Probably the highest yielding Bond of the very first class obtainable is the Six per Cent. Bond, 1910 Issue, of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank. The bank issuing these Bonds is a department of the Argentine Federal Government, and grants loans on first mortgages of property, such loans not to exceed 50 per cent. of the assessed value. In addition to the security of the mortgages, the Argentine Federal Government absolutely guarantees both interest and re-payment of the Bonds. The price of these Bonds which are obtainable in small denominations, is about 102½ per cent., and, as this includes about five months' accrued interest, the cost to the purchaser is round about par. As Argentine Government Fives are quoted at 103, these Six per Cent. Mortgage Bonds are very attractive; they are exceedingly popular on the Continent. According

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

to a statement made by the chairman of the bank recently in Buenos Aires, the actual value of the properties mortgaged to this State institution was $400,000,000 as against $123,000,000 of loans issued. The total authorised circulation of Bonds is $300,000,000, and, as the total circulation at 31st December last was over $287,000,000, these Bonds should shortly appreciate in price, and deserve to be better known among investors.

De Dion Bouton.

Anyone looking for a low-price share susceptible to a quick rise might do worse than invest in the Ordinary shares of De Dion Bouton (1907), which are quoted at 11s. 9d. for the fully-paid £1 share. The balance sheet to September last showed a profit of £12,178, and, eliminating the items of goodwill, patents, etc., showed liquid assets of over 10s. per share. The Ordinary shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent., and then take one-third of surplus profits. The full 7 per cent. was paid last year, but there is still 4 per cent. accumulated dividend owing to Ordinary shareholders in respect of previous arrears. The company is stated to be doing good business, sales showing an increase over last year of 25 per cent.

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*P. M. H.*"—In view of the uncertainty as to the exact date on which the National Telephone Preferred will be repaid, it would probably pay you to sell at market price, and reinvest proceeds in a security giving the same yield. "*R. P.*"—We do not think well of Southern Shan State Syndicate. We send you particulars of what is, in our opinion, the best high-yielding investment going, producing over 9 per cent. "*J. A. F.*"—Do not, on any account, purchase Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts Shares. "*F. S.*"—Sell your Henderson's Estates. Buluwayo Exploration may turn out all right, but you would probably do better to cut your loss and reinvest in a dividend-paying concern.

"*J. S. G.*"—We have looked up the files at Somerset House, and find that the British Automatic Telephone Syndicate was formed in 1906 to acquire a patent. Most of the shares appear to have been allotted to the patentee, and we are afraid the shares are unsaleable. "*R. J. P.*"—Hold your South African Gold Trusts for a better price. Pataling and Selangor are good companies, but we think the shares more likely to fall than to rise. "*F. M. W. P.*"—We have written you regarding Simmer Deep and Baku Oil. "*Basta*"—Sell your Jequie West and Sampangs. Retain Mashonaland Consolidated until Rhodesians revive, but sell as soon as you see your money back. "*Goult.*" We thank you for your appreciative remarks. "*W. J. B.*"—We have sent you a scheme for the investment of £500 as desired. "*J. E.*"—You will have to pay the calls on the Oil shares to which you refer. "*J. D.*"—We think you might hold your Canada Iron Corporation shares for higher prices. "*G. F. C.*"—We have sent you particulars of two securities which we consider to be safer than the share you mention, and give a higher yield. "*F. W. F.*"—Have nothing to do with the people you mention. This class of operation almost invariably results in a loss, and, if profits result, it is difficult to obtain payment of the money. "*K.*"—New Goch appears to be doing as well this year as last, and will probably continue the 15 per cent. dividend. Hold your shares until you can get 40s. for them. "*W. G. J.*"—Why put your money in an absolutely new and untried concern, when you can get as much as 8 and 9 per cent. on the shares of old-established and proved undertakings. We send you particulars of one or two investments which would suit your purpose. "*J. W.*"—Have nothing to do with the firm you name. "*Marsum.*"—British New Guinea Development shares stand at a discount. If you could sell them, do so, as you can probably do better with the money elsewhere. "*Celtic*"—The property of the Mabira Forest (Uganda) Rubber is an enormous one, but will probably be difficult to work. We do not recommend a purchase. "*G. H. B.*"—We do not think much of your list. Watch the course of prices, and compare results with the two investments we have suggested to you. "*W. H. B.*"—We think well of Singapore United Rubber shares, and the fact that the whole of the purchase price was taken in fully paid shares is a good sign. "*P. A. C.*"—We believe that Kern River Oil is doing well, and if you are prepared to hold for some time you should see higher prices. "*Loser.*"—We cannot advise you to average your Jequie Rubbers. Hold Johannesburg Consolidated for higher prices. "*Spot*"—Fanti Mines are sure to advance in price when there is a revival of activity in the West African market. There are no signs of this at present, however, and, in our opinion, you are very foolish to carry over. "*R. W. S.*"—You have lost your money. "*W. P.*" Hold your African Farms for better prices. "*Bonds*"—We think well of some of your selections; others can be improved, and we have written. "*Bass.*"—We do not recommend Galatian Tustanowice Oil Wells. "*T. B.*"—We send you particulars of two high-class Bonds yielding 6 and 6½ per cent. "*H. B. F.*" Ames-Holden-McCready 6 per cent. Bonds are a perfectly good investment, and yield practically 6 per cent.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.



Pedestrian: "'Allo! 'ad a smash?"
Cynical Cyclist (spitting out another tooth): "No! Oh, no! Merely resting!"
—"Sydney Bulletin."

Flirtation: A spoon with nothing in it. —*Town Topics*, New York.

• • •

Man is never so happy as when advising woman; and woman is never so happy as when ignoring his advice.—*Smart Set.*

• • •

Motto for the dining saloon of an ocean steamship: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."—*Brooklyn Life.*

• • •

We agree with Dean Hannah that "there is nothing in life so easy as turning over a new leaf." But it is the keeping it turned that bothers us.—*Star.*

• • •

We are not in favour of this scheme of putting a tax on bachelors. On the contrary, we think most of them should be pensioned for refraining from making homes unhappy.—*Toledo Blade.*

• • •

A new Danish nerve cure consists in laying the patient out on a grand piano while a musician plays dreamy music to lull him to sleep. Only one fatality has been reported so far; and in that case it was the victim's own fault. He played a false note.—*Westminster Gazette.*

• • •

We shall be interested to see whether the cause of decreasing attendance at church has at last been discovered. The Rev. F. A. Adams, Rector of Doddinghurst, has invented an arrangement of wire clips to be fixed beneath the seats which will take a silk hat and prevent its getting ruffled.—*Punch.*

It costs more to maintain a vice than a family.—*'Frisco Call.*

• • •

The fellow who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth generally marries a girl who makes him fork out.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

The American woman stands in a class by herself in the game of bluff; she has no real competitor among the nations of the earth.—*New York World.*

• • •

The old saw says: "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake, it is better to get a newspaper to do it.—*The Lutheran.*

• • •

House cleaning time, house-cleaning time,
A victim chants thy praise in rhyme.
When law and order all must cease;
When eating from the mantelpiece
Is quite the rage; when furniture
Is standing where you hit it sure
As, coming in the house at night,
You grope forth blindly for a light,
And over chairs and tables climb
With curses—at house-cleaning time.—*Judge.*

• • •

The actor's life has some sad moments. My friend Augustus Roarer confided to me the story of one of them. Realising that he owed his landlady much board, he had considered it wise to sweeten her by a pass for the show. When he arrived home after the performance, he found his landlady waiting for him with a stern, cold aspect. "Mr. Roarer," she said, "I'll thank you for your board." He began with a recital of the old excuses. "No more o' that to *me*, Mr. Roarer," she said, severely. "Why, I saw with my own eyes the man with the black moustache hand you five pounds to-night!" It took Augustus quite a long time to explain matters.—*Sydney Bulletin.*



"Do you buy things at this expensive jeweller's? Can you afford to buy such expensive jewelry?"
"My wife always smiles twenty per cent. off the price!"
—"Fliegende Blätter."

SHOP-WINDOW WORSHIPPERS.

By K. V. KAYE.

LET none say that the London woman of to-day is irreligious. Such a statement can be refuted on every day of the week (except Sunday) by anybody who takes the trouble (and it *is* a trouble) to walk down Regent Street, Oxford Street, or the High Street of Kensington.

Thousands of feminine pilgrims are to be seen at all hours flocking towards these thoroughfares, seeking the shrines of the god of clothes, whom they worship with a fervour only surpassed by those who in times gone by went cheerfully to the stake for religion's sake.

Fortunately, their particular deity is safely enshrined behind thick plate-glass, or it is certain that the devotees, in the heat of their religious frenzy, would thrust forth eager hands and despoil the sanctuary that they might carry home with them some adored relic of their pilgrimage.

Nothing could be more cosmopolitan than the unending stream of these pilgrimettes, many of whom have nothing in common, except a great eagerness to reach their Mecca. Duchess and courtesan rub shoulders together, unmindful of the fact in the ardour of their devotions. Whitechapel and Balham are well represented; Bloomsbury and Pimlico send their delegates. The god of dress is worshipped equally by East and West, by rich and poor, young and old, ugly and beautiful alike. The goal once reached, the pilgrimettes slowly wend from shrine to shrine. Each devotee, in the ardour of her enthusiasm, seems dead to the world as she gazes and worships Husband, home, children—all are forgotten while she steeps her soul in ecstasy with hands devoutly clasped before her.

At the altars where the worshippers are only three deep it is evident that there is little to rouse any religious enthusiasm, and the pilgrims pass expectant on their way. Presently they come upon a shrine whose congregation, reaching across the pavement, forces the irreligious male, who only wants to reach the Marble Arch and cares naught for the Temples by the way, to step into the gutter in order to proceed. What have we here? Is it some miracle-working relic, some holy token from afar—a garment, perchance, from Treves? By dint of much patient waiting, supplemented by pushing elbowing, and tip-toeing, the sacred emblem is at length revealed to the yearning gaze.

It is a harem skirt!

A sigh of ineffable bliss goes up. Every "religious" instinct within them is completely satisfied, every desire fulfilled.

The pilgrimage is over for to-day. The pilgrimettes with full hearts can go home to lunch or to tea.

Filled with renewed faith they will start off again on the morrow.

There may be something even more soul-inspiring to be seen then. Who knows?

THE ACCUSATION.

PHYLLIS was quite put out: she said
  Her feelings had been *hurt*
By something that she'd lately read
  About the hobble-skirt.

"You ridicule and criticise
  Our garments, one by one—
And fashions that we *idolise*
  Only excite your fun . . . .

"At all our clothes you have your fling;
  It's shameful, I declare;
You men just *take off everything*
  That we poor women wear!" R. MERTUN.

• • •

THERE is an endless variety of pipes for the pipe smoker. One of the neatest is the "Konak," which is made with a specially-constructed mouthpiece to minimise the pressure upon the teeth. The "Konak" can be had in all the favourite patterns from any tobacconist at 2s. 6d. each.

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LONDON OPINION

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EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 280.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 310.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



THE LITTLE GERMAN PRINCESS.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

All the Mormons are not in Utah—only their wives don't know it.

• • •

Mirrors are to be provided for the peeresses at the Coronation service. What an enormous number of "peers" there will be!

• • •

Though the shooting season is over, a very large bag has been secured on Lord Rayleigh's Essex estate. It was a fallen balloon.

• • •

Recent photographs of King George give him a severe expression—as if he were anticipating the Coronation ode the Poet Laureate threatens.

• • •

P.C. Greaves has been transferred to Pinner, and now the inhabitants of Pinner want to know whether he is to look on this as a punishment or a reward.

• • •

What was described as a "Suffragette Wedding" took place the other day in Brighton. We have not yet heard which of the parties it was who promised to "obey."

• • •

The appointments of the new recruiting depot in Great Scotland Yard are most luxurious. The contract for the supply of powder puffs and perfume is not yet settled.

• • •

A barber in Germany has been sent to prison for trying to get a customer to buy things he didn't want. Germany has its faults, but they do some things better than we do here.

• • •

Sportsmen, attired in readiness for their pastimes, are invited to attend Sunday services at a suburban church. This may be all right for the cyclists and golfers, but how about the swimmers?

• • •

Skakespeare, says a contemporary, is frequently cooked—garnished à la Tree, potted à la Pélissier, or scrambled à la Coronet. Musical comedy plots, on the other hand, are not uncommonly poached.

• • •

Mr. Lloyd George's scheme would oblige the harassed housewife to stamp her servants' insurance cards every week. She is more likely to stamp her foot at this male interference with domestic routine.

• • •

Owing to a printers' strike, Cape Town papers have been coming out with only the barest news. People tired of reading about heavy boys and Standard bread will now know where to go for a rest-cure.

• • •

Here's a man writing to the newspapers to complain that when he recently visited a kinematograph theatre a lady behind him accidentally stuck a hat-pin half an inch into his back. But she was very nice about it; she laughed it off most pleasantly.

Census returns are headed "Britain and Figures" and have nothing whatever to do with woman's new outline.

• • •

The first strike of aviators took place the other day. How quickly this new science has become up-to-date!

• • •

It is stated that carrion crows have been seen at Gray's Inn. Some people declare that sharks have been found in the Temple.

• • •

A new incombustible material has been discovered by a German. It must be the stuff that they use so freely in Christmas cigars.

• • •

It is a punishable offence to throw banana skins about in Sheffield. Nothing about putting them down gently is mentioned in the by-law.

• • •

Inexperienced Americans are greedily buying "rare" books at ten times their value. Well, what is the inexperienced American for, anyway?

• • •

Pennsylvanian society divorce cases may in future be heard *in camera*. The Society wedding without the camera would be an equally desirable novelty.

• • •

The *Sketch* says that "no man objects to dress extravagance in a woman, unless she is his wife." The man who wrote that evidently has no grown-up daughters.

• • •

It is reported that at a recent meeting of Park Lane residents to decide whether they should or should not have tramways in that thoroughfare the Nose had it.

• • •

At the taxi-cab inquiry it has been stated that there are far too many taxis in London. Try and remember that some wet night when the theatre linkman is vainly blowing his soul out.

• • •

The feminine practice of pinning hats to the backs of theatre seats has resulted in several people being stabbed. This is too bad; one goes to the play to forget the pinpricks of daily life.

• • •

The only reassuring thing about the springtime rhapsodist who is pouring out his soul in newspaper articles on tender verdure and sun-steeped blooms is that all the while he holds his pencil he is touching wood.

• • •

By dropping oranges, an aeroplanist is supposed to have shown the ease with which he could have demolished a fort at Portsmouth. If the gunners, however, had hit back it might have been the aeroplanist who got the pip.

ACADEMY HEADACHE.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THERE are many forms of heartache, and there are many forms of headache, but I think the Royal Academy heartache and the Royal Academy headache are the worst. At any rate, when I go to the Academy my heart aches and my head aches more deliriously than in any other abode of boredom. The House of Commons headache is horrid, but it is not quite so horrid as the Academy headache. One expects to be tortured by oratory, but one does not expect to be tortured by paint. And the contrast between the Chambers of Horrors and the sunny gaiety of Piccadilly is very hard to bear. In Piccadilly one loves one's fellow-creatures. In Burlington House one hates them. There is room to amble along the pavement in Piccadilly. There is never room for ambling in the clotted crush of the Academy.

• • •

AND yet there is a custom that condemns sane men and sane women to sardine themselves for hours among the pictures that are sardined on the walls. There are nearly two thousand pictures and nearly two thousand picture-gazers, and I do not know whether I ought to pity the pictures more than the people. If the pictures could talk I am sure there would rise from them a perpetual chorus of groans. I am sorry for the poor pictures, they cannot help themselves. It is otherwise with the people. Why do they tread on each other's toes? Why do they gasp like dying trout? They are not happy. Pain and anguish wring their brows. Why, then, do they toil to acquire Academy headache? No harsh judge has sentenced them to pass the afternoon in misery. They "do" the Academy because it is the thing to "do."

• • •

IT is many years since I had Academy headache. I had taught myself to take the Academy for granted. I had discovered that the Academy is eternally the same. But in a weak moment I broke the habit of not going to the Academy, and I found that it was triumphantly unaltered. Some wild poets avow that the Academy is worse this year than it ever was. I deny it. It is not worse. It was never worse and will never be worse. If it were worse, one would whoop with exultation. To be worse is to be capable of change. But the Academy never changes. The pictures and the people are immutably the same. They go on reproducing each other with meticulous accuracy.

• • •

IT is not for me to say whether the pictures reproduce the people or the people reproduce the pictures. All I know is that they are there to-day, as they were ten years ago. The frames are new. I dare say that the canvas is new. It is possible also that the paint is new. I am ready to admit that some of the old gentlemen and some of the old ladies one meets were once young. But in the Academy they seem to be unaged and unageing. The curates are not a year older. The brown-faced young men and the sunburnt young girls are exactly as old as they were when I saw them in the nineties. Reason tells me that this is impossible, but I am not concerned with reason. What I see, I see. In other galleries pictures and people betray the march of time. Here they are always what they were.

• • •

THERE is something awful in the persistence of the Academy. Granite promontories are worn away by wind and wave, but these pictures and these people defy time and tide. What is the secret of their perdurance? Upon the whole, I think it is stupidity, that sword against which the gods fight in vain. Yes, we are a stupid nation, and the Academy is our stupidity painted and framed. The joke is that the Academy vaccinates all its denizens with stupidity. One is not there half an hour before one's brains are beaten out by blows of banality. Perhaps I exaggerate. Only the abnormally intelligent minds can hold out for half an hour. There is a terrible valour in the onset of these serried artists. Their charge is more irresistible than the charge of the Heavy Brigade. In a solid phalanx they crush their victims to death.

• • •

THEY do not shirk their task. They labour with a will. Their strength is as the strength of ten. They lay on their paint stoutly and sturdily. If our house-painters could be persuaded to toil so arduously, how happy we should be. If our plumbers could be induced to plumb so industriously, we should adore plumbers. Indeed, these painters set us all a good example of honest effort. Whatsoever they do they do thoroughly. They seldom vacillate. They never hesitate. They are never enfeebled by imagination. They are not afraid of life. They dump things as they are upon their canvas, and they defy you to contradict them. And no matter how pugnacious you are you cannot contradict them, for they stick to facts. The Academy is a Palace of Fact. But miles of facts make one's headache.

• • •

THE knighting of Alderman Edward B. James is a fact. As Robert Burns would say, it "winna ding." It is idle to argue about it. You cannot deny the existence of Alderman Edward B. James. He is an Academy fact. He is only one fact out of thousands. You cannot quarrel with painted facts. But facts do not feed the soul. One yearns for the little fantasy here and there now and then. Life outside the Academy is choked with facts. The Academy pelts you with flattened versions of them. After walking through several avalanches of facts, you grow so surly that you cannot unearth the little bits of poetry that have crept in. The facts deafen you and blind you, and in despair you carry your headache into Piccadilly.

• • •

HAPPILY there is a cure for Academy headache. It is the "International." Go and sit in the charmed quiet of the Grafton Galleries and gaze at Mr. Lavery's Pavlova. It cured my headache in five minutes. It is not a fact. It is a reality. The fresh joyance of woods and winds and waters smiles in her swift grace. She is the earth leaping into poetry. She is laughter incarnate. She is life made lyrical. She is youth in rebellion against sorrow. She is the vision and the faculty divine. She is our beckoning dreams. When she has filled you with deep rapture, go and look at "The Plague," by Mr. Charles Ricketts, and sate yourself with its tragic beauty in which the sadness of life soars into a healing song. Then, if you wish to capture a mood of utter restfulness, drink the still loveliness of Mr. Duff's "Boy Shearing Lamb." These three pictures are like cups of cool water dipped from the wellspring of poetry. And after you have sojourned in the Academy Sahara your thirst is like the thirst of Dives. I am sure Dives is committed to the Academy every spring. And serve him right.

ABANDONED.



Lord Lansdowne's Bill provides that no Peer is to sit in the House of Lords without credentials other than those of a hereditary character.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

Perseverance is the root of all money.—*Julian Eltinge.*

A long head and a long face rarely go together.—*J. W. Babcock.*

We can live without our relations, but we can't live without our friends.—*Howard McDonald.*

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.—*Swift.*

Some men can only get respect as a highwayman gets money—by demanding it.—*William Shenstone.*

The fact that truth lies at the bottom of a well is probably the reason why truth is often so fearfully watered.—*H. D. Gastit.*

To combat an opinion is as often as not to strengthen it; if you would really destroy it, do homage to it and then interpret skilfully.—*A. E. Waite.*

Science tells us How; philosophy answers Why.—*Dr. Rabagliati.*

Post-impressionism is the influenza of the art world.—*Wake Cook.*

I do not know a more exact person than the angler!—*Mr. C. T. Stanford.*

The rolling stone may gather no moss, but it gets to be a pretty smooth article.—*Greenwood Lake.*

The friend that flattereth, weakeneth at length.
It is the foe that calleth forth our strength.
—*George Meredith.*

The trouble with whisky is that the bad kind is too bad to drink and the good kind is too good to keep.—*Pulitzer.*

In my conceit, he understood it right that said a good marriage might be made between a blind woman and a deaf man.—*Montaigne.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



IN THE TRADE.
No. 29.—The Watch and Clock Maker.

Balmy.

SUMMER, flowers, the holiday spirit—what more do you want? I am drawing my few shillings out of the Post Office Savings Bank and preparing for a good old—which is equivalent to a high old—time. The moral influence of this season is enormous. May, taken all round, is the best month of the year, and except for the fact that there is so much hot weather remaining to be got through after we return, the present would be accepted as the ideal holiday month. Soon shall we revel in a real gooseberry tart—your gooseberry tart is the best of all thirst quenchers – and it is glorious to be in England when the gooseberry's here. We hear much talk of legislation for improving and uplifting the people, but the question of fruit cultivation never excites the multitude as it should do. Were it not for Australian pears and Colonial apples there would be precious little in the way of modest luxury for many of us. Personally, I hate bananas, even with the added attraction of "going down the Strand" thrown in. And through the banana skin, which I bless, I have frequently very nearly gone down—in the Strand. Fruit-eating in the street should be prohibited by Act of Parliament.

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Overdoing It.

SIGNS are not wanting that the Coronation is already being overdone. The Americans have taken fright, and many regular visitors to England are skipping this year and its "lick creation" charges. Although accustomed to talking through the nose, Brother Jonathan objects to paying through it. The result is that the steamship companies, which imagined they would do marvellous business, find they are mistaken, and are adopting adventitious expedients to induce people to travel. Along the route of the processions the demand for seats is much smaller than was expected, and the experience of the Jubilee seasons will be repeated. Magnificent places at so many guineas were almost being given away at the finish. From the pavement in Fleet Street I saw Queen Victoria go to St. Paul's, smoked my pipe in comfort, didn't pay a farthing, and pitied the poor wretches cooped up behind hot windows. We ought to remember that the Coronation is a function for the masses and not for a crowd of well-to-do's and foreigners with money to throw about. But I fear thousands of the poorer sort will get nothing but clouds of dust to swallow, and thousands of policemen to see.

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For the Masses.

"ENGLAND for the English" is a good motto, and I should like to ask, just for the sake of information, whether Tariff Reform means an opportunity for the poor British working man and his wife and children to see the show for nothing, as they should be able to do? Royalty is an expensive institution in this kingdom, and we might at least, without extra charge, be allowed to observe our Monarch. The sight of churches surrounded by scaffoldings and seats with "Box office open from 10 to 10," is far from pleasant or edifying. If these stands were erected for the free use of feeble and indigent parishioners one could understand them and appreciate them. As it is, they are mere money-makers, and, with the utmost benevolence of intention, I hope they won't make much. Meanwhile, the stranger (who might be within our gates) appreciates the fact that a good many high-minded hotel and house proprietors, and other persons, wish to "do it on him," and he is "not taking any."

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Wise Men.

OUR loyalty is unalloyed—
May George's reign increase!
But wily Argonauts avoid
Land of the Golden Fleece!

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Coronation Hubbub.

THE Earl Fitzwilliam of the period objected to the Coronation of Victoria as an unnecessary ceremony. We certainly pay heavily for such entertainments, and in many ways. London is looking hideous now and will look hideous for months to come. After all scaffolding and stands have been put up it becomes obligatory that they be taken down, and winter will surely be upon us before the streets resume their normal condition. Waves of interest, however, drown such considerations as the Coronation Day draws near, and I presume on the arrival of that auspicious date most of the population will struggle to see the show. On a warm June afternoon, when Kings are being crowned, it is hardly likely that you should sit in the back parlour trying to wax hilarious over the trigonometry, geology, and algebra sections of an encyclopædia, whether in a fumed-oak bookcase or otherwise. If all the folk who promise to "go up the river for a few days" carry out their threat, the Thames will be as crowded as Pall Mall. Yet why worry about the Royal procession when those exceedingly dolorous institutions, the "picture" palaces, will present you with the whole thing at the modest price of threepence or thereabouts?

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Our Town.

LONDON looks a city of timber, very much the same as Chicago was before the injudicious cow kicked the lamp over. No matter. The days of fever will pass, and the autumn be quickly on us again. That is the only time of the year when I hold friendly

greeting with my pawnbroker. I am thankful for the day a body of earnest admirers presented me with a gold cigarette case—one of the most useless articles the mind of man can conceive. Year after year it provides me with the wherewithal for a winter overcoat, and I regain the piece of plate in the glorious springtime. The quiet of the winter months is very soothing. Nothing is more symbolical of peaceful content than to sit by the fire when the wild winds do blow and we think we'll have snow, and marvel what will the robins do then, poor things!

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Proposing.

SOME observations have recently appeared in print concerning the manner in which men propose. The subject is an inexhaustible one, and can never be sized up according to any rule or measure. Proposing marriage is a process crusted in hypocrisy, for it is ever regarded as a settled principle that the young woman does not wish to be married at all, and merely consents in order to vindicate the obliging sweetness of her sex. Concurrently, everybody knows it is the one thing she is constantly looking for and that her parents are angling for. The best way to propose is to do it in a calm and philosophical manner, as if you are not very anxious about it, with a few incidental side remarks upon the beauty and amiability of some other young woman. If the lady can stand these unmoved, she has, you may depend on it, very little heart and soul, and such a cold-blooded person it is well to escape from. But she will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred accept a man to prevent the other girl getting him. Just take this from "one who knows," the next time you feel there is only one girl in the world for you.

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Marriage.

IT is sad such things should be and overcome us like a summer cloud, and it is more sad that such an institution as marriage should be conducted on a haphazard principle. Why do we not have a Marriage Registry in this realm where the names and photographs of possible brides—together with the amount of money they possess (if any) or are about to inherit—can be inspected free of charge? Many a girl hasn't enough money to purchase a trousseau, and matrimony loses half its charm when your future wife cannot bring a shilling along with her. Remembering the long years you hope to maintain her out of your own earnings, this seems hard on suffering man. And recollect that the expenses of marriage do not start with the actual ceremony. There are pounds and pounds to be spent in advance—spent on dresses and theatres and presents, in the hope of finding out the nature and disposition of the young thing you have taken a fancy to. Whenever a husband grumbles about expenses a wife should at once retort with "How much did you spend on other girls before you met me?" He will be a clever man if he can answer that off-hand—the brute!

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Dress.

"CALL me Daphne, call me Chloris, call me Lalage or Doris—only, only, call me thine!" sang the poet aforetime. Still, we realise full well that you may call a charmer any old thing provided you have the heart to buy her a nice dress or a becoming toque. The humble bonnet is as dead as the Garibaldi tunic, but the devisers of fashions never understand what the word "rest" means, and therefore the Fair of Fashions—it might as well be called "Fashions for the Fair"—now in full swing at the Crystal Palace, is sure to make a strong appeal to every feminine heart. It was a daring thought to lay bare the "secrets which lie behind the making of fabrics for woman's dress and her articles of adornment," and the mere mention of such a thing must excite a curiosity equal only to that of Ganem before he entered the magic cave. The prestidigitateur instructing us "how it is done" invariably makes the word promise to our ear to break it to our hope. At the temple of glass upon Sydenham Hill there is literally "no deception." The processes of manufacture are fairly *in conspectu*, and what could you wish for more?

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In Demonstration.

THUS it is that the composite exhibition constructs a blouse, a dress, a woollen cloth under your very eyes, and the mysteries of wig-making and hair lace manufacture are demonstrated with corresponding candour. Lord Ogleby, had he lived in these days, would have been rather embarrassed to find the "powdering chamber" presented with all the minuteness of exact detail. Dress has no seasons—or rather all seasons accommodate themselves to dress. Therefore this bright idea, associated with the Festival of Empire, is likely to catch on. Apart from the stands of the exhibitors and the working of the machinery, the dress section shows a series of tableaux, with waxwork models bringing the modes up to date from day to day. And the Pageant of Fashions with the beautiful mannequins! It would take many kinematographs to illustrate the glories of these! The pity of it is that I was born a male and have no chance of obtaining any of the gorgeous adornments. At the same time, six of my special girls have written to give notice that they expect me to take them to the Crystal Palace without delay.

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An Event.

[AT the "command" performance in Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. James Glover's orchestra conducts the German Emperor's "Song of Ægir."]

Agog is Music's world to-day,
And wild with expectation,
Though hopeful Jimmy will display
No sign of Ægirtation.

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Ideas.

ASSOCIATION of ideas is ever a perplexing and bewildering study. A commercial traveller, accustomed to go round London in a hired brougham, found one morning that the jobmaster had sent a new driver. The novice discharged his duties with much ability. At the end of the day the traveller remarked "You seem to know London very well?" "Lor', love us," replied the driver, "I should think I ought to, sir. Why, I've been in India fourteen year!"

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Serious.

EVIDENTLY the warm weather is beginning to exercise effect. A gentleman of Hampstead writes, 'A man who called at a public-house here every morning and had a glass of 'cooper' with unfailing regularity, came in last Friday morning and, as he pushed his pence over the counter, said to the landlord, 'that is the last of the Mohicans.' 'In that case,' replied the landlord, 'you won't be able to have Fenimore Cooper.'" The parents of the gentleman of Hampstead have been communicated with.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Queen Alexandra's Failing Health: Novel Tactics Against Socialism: Facts of a Sensational Bankruptcy: Latest Flying and Sporting Gossip.

I LEARN from a source which must be in possession of inside information that Queen Alexandra is in a very indifferent state of health; and that this would have quite prevented the Queen Mother from taking any part whatever in the Coronation festivities, even had it been so arranged

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THERE are those who imagine that something may come of the meeting of Princess Victoria Louise, who is eighteen, and the Prince of Wales—that, indeed, it is for the express purpose of making the young Prince's acquaintance that the Kaiser's daughter is accompanying him to our shores.

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THE public examination in bankruptcy of Mr. Arthur St. L. Lee Guinness, the heir to the Guinness baronetcy, promises to throw a white light upon the life of a young man with wealthy connections The proceedings, which have been taken as much for the debtor's protection as for anything else—he is only 27—have been adjourned again pending efforts to recover large sums of commission and interest paid in obtaining loans from money lenders.

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TOWARDS the end of last year, Mr. Guinness was persuaded to believe that a large loan could be raised for the purpose of discharging his debts. As a temporary expedient, until this loan could be arranged, he drew bills for £80,000. These were accepted by Sir William Bass, and discounted by others, for £68,150. All Mr. Guinness got was, he says, the sum of £16,000. Proof against the estate has been lodged by Sir William Bass for £46,696; but has been questioned by the trustee in bankruptcy upon the bankrupt's repudiation of the liability. Which is right, the future proceedings must be left to show.

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THE secret of the authorship of *The Dop Doctor* has at last leaked out. It is whispered that this brilliant novel, which was the success of last year, was written by Miss Clo Graves. There were many guesses at the authorship of *The Dop Doctor*, but nobody suspected that it was the work of this famous lady novelist and dramatist.

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THE blaze of decorations worn by the Kaiser's staff during the visit to London reminds one of stories of the ease with which these things are sometimes acquired in Germany. An actor was once sent for by a certain grand duke.

"My friend," said the grand duke, handing the actor a box, "here is something to remember me by."

The overjoyed actor departed, but his cab had hardly gone ten yards when, ordering it to return again, the



"Well, John William, how be things wi' you?"
Gravedigger: "Very quiet. Ain't buried a living soul for over a month!"



[Drawn by Dudley Hardy.

Matrimonial Agent: "You might marry this lady. She's got £500 dowry. I've had a lot of trouble trying to get her placed; and I've often obliged you. Go on—do me this little favour!"

actor was once more ushered into the grand duke's presence.

"Oh, sir," he said, "I had to drive back. There are two crosses in the box."

"Oh, no matter," said the grand duke. "Give the other to the cabman."

THE poet's grandson, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, has written a novel, *A Portentous History*, but Mr. Heinemann has to postpone publication of it until early in August, through American copyright necessities.

MET John F. Runciman, the hard-hitting musical critic of the *Saturday*, in Bedford Street, and the talk turned on Cousin Walter's recent little outbreak in the House of Commons over the Holmes Circular. "I was very glad to see it," remarked the imperturbable John F., with cousinly frankness. "I never knew before that Walter had a temper."

THE lady who wrote *Letters to My Son*—she will not let me mention her name, although she has already achieved an eleventh edition—tells me that she is giving all future royalties for a year to the Boy Scouts movement. Sir Robert Baden-Powell has written a foreword, and John Hassall has done a poster for it.

LIBEL actions arising out of names in fiction have no terrors for Messrs. Greening, for it is an open secret with regard to Mr. William Caine's new book, *The Devil in Solution*, which they now announce, that many men and women of the day appear in thin disguises in this merry skit.

THE literary sensation of the hour is the impending marriage of two eminent novelists who are well-known in London literary society. It is said that the marriage will be celebrated at a foreign embassy.

FEW modern detached melodies have secured such instant popularity as Herman Finck's "In the Shadows." It was at the King's personal desire that this piece is included in the musical programme to be performed before the Kaiser this evening. The Palace conductor wants a title for a new *pot pourri* of melodies. A friend of mine—with a slight impediment suggests "What do you Finck?"

NOVEL tactics have been adopted by the Women's Branch of the Anti-Socialist Union, with which Lady Bute and Lady Helmsley are associated. Settlements have been opened in various artisan districts. In each settlement are installed two women, who go out among the poor persuading them against Socialistic ideas. A very taking method—if these lady missionaries are as nice as that other missionary, Violet Grey, as impersonated by Edna May.

KING MANOEL is often to be seen at Brooklands, an interested spectator of the flying. What a dramatic entry he could make into Portugal by flying thither! And ten to one it would win to his side every class of the community.

A FLAGRANT example of the kind of thing which prevails among the civilian aeronautical "experts" of the Air Battalion has come under my notice. Two months ago the Government purchased a secondhand biplane fitted with an E. N. V. engine, which was accustomed to run at 1,050 revolutions. The machine had flown admirably with a passenger at Brooklands. On delivery at Aldershot the "experts," for some insane reason, proceeded to run the motor for five hours at 1,500 revolutions, very naturally breaking the piston rods, blowing off the cylinders, and reducing a £500 engine to a heap of scrap iron.

FOR some time past complaints have been made by the aviators of Brooklands with regard to the slipshod management of that aerodrome, where the public is permitted to wander about the ground at will, to the danger of the pilots; and to inspect and interfere with the machines in their sheds. M. Blondeau now tells me that, in his temporary absence, some mischievous persons entered his hangar and damaged the new Gnome motor on his machine to such an extent that it has necessitated the engine being dismantled, the broken pieces removed, and new parts obtained from Paris. The aviators say that their complaints have been systematically ignored by the managers of the aerodrome.

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MR. HUGH WATKINS, who, in the capacity of an aviator, will accompany the Mawsom expedition to the South Pole, is an officer of the Special Reserve. In the judgment of many experts he is the best flyer at Brooklands, and he has shown a painstaking resolve to know machine and motor through and through that should now prove useful. The other day he had a narrow escape from being permanently disfigured. He had a motor bicycle spill at Brooklands and took most of the skin off one side of his face.

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MR. R. A. CAMMELL, of the Royal Engineers, who has been appointed to the new Air Battalion, privately owns a more up-to-date aeroplane than any of those purchased by the Government. This is a military Blériot of the latest type, and it cost its owner £1,200. He uses it in cross-country flying trips on his own account, for the Air Battalion has not yet begun work.

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LIEUT. CECIL MARKS, of the 4th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, who has just been granted his pilot's certificate, is an interesting recruit to the flying world. He is the son of the late Major Marks, D.S.O., who died suddenly last year, and the grandson of the late Rev. Professor Marks, the head of the modern section of the Jewish Community.

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SOME forty or fifty of the leading literary men and artists of this country are very busy just now on a publication due at the beginning of June. Arnold Bennett, Barry Pain, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Pett Ridge, and others, have done short stories for it; and Dudley Hardy, J. Hassall, H. M. Bateman, Bert Thomas, and George Belcher are among those who have come along with page drawings. I hardly like to mention the name of this joyous publication, but, conquering all undue modesty, let me blurt out that it is the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, the world's best shillingsworth.

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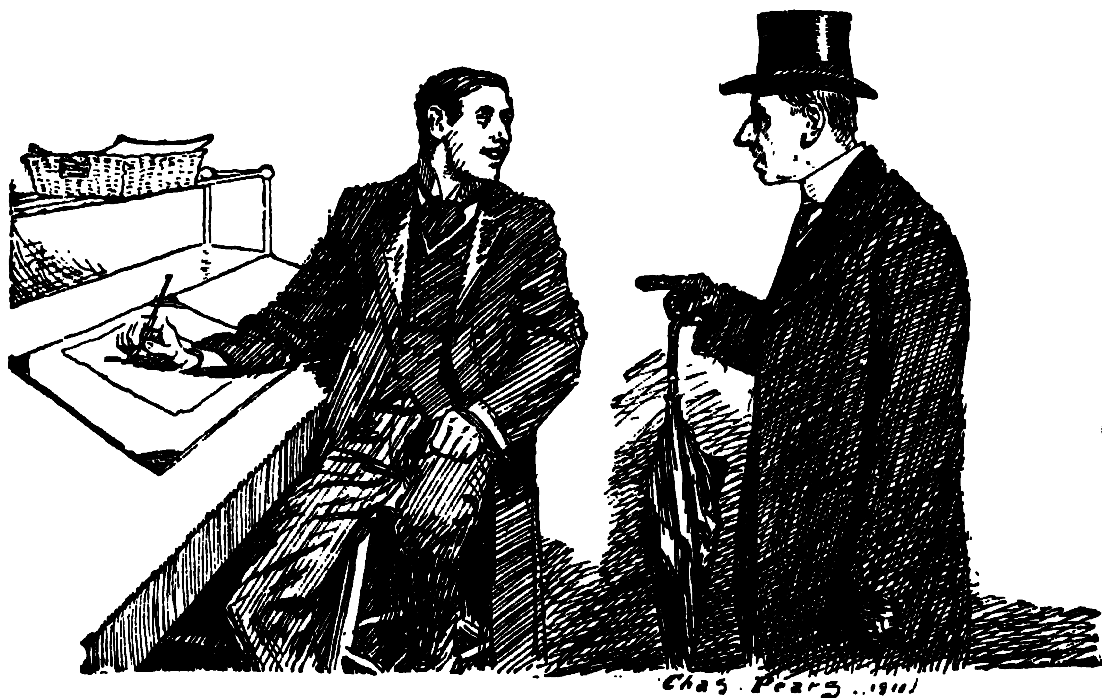
FOR the parade of the Surrey Veteran Reserve at Guildford on Saturday for inspection by Lord Roberts, Mr. St. Loe Strachey has undertaken to pay all railway expenses and to provide refreshments. That's the kind of "spectator" the veterans like.

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THE vogue of the Sicilian players at the Hippodrome does not diminish. Their recent audiences have included Lily Elsie, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Madame Tetrazzini, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and—well, half Debrett.

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THE delightful Empire skit on the Gaiety's three leading ladies, Misses Phyllis Dare, Gabrielle Ray, and Olive May, and their piquant rivalries, is not altogether unfounded on fact. Mention of the Gaiety



NEW TO THE WAYS OF LONDON TOWN.

The New Manager (fresh from Scotland, to head clerk): "Ye did yersel' no harm recommendin' that place for lunch. I had a fine blow oot for tenpence ha'penny, wi' a nice young lady to wait on me; and, d'ye know, I had the luck to find tuppence on the table!"

reminds me that Mr. Jay Gould, who recently married a stage charmer, is acquiring Gaiety Company shares on a large scale.

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A CERTAIN London celebrity was given a farewell supper on his recent departure from New York. George Ade made the speech of the evening. "You sail away, sir," said Mr. Ade, "with the assurance that America's press thinks highly of you, her stage thinks highly of you, her people think highly of you; but, sir, nobody thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."

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IN addition to his racing stud, I learn that Sir William Bass has decided to also sell his brood mares, yearlings, and foals in July. The brood mares include Sceptre, one of the greatest mares that ever looked through a bridle. It will be interesting to see what sort of a sum the peerless daughter of Persimmon and Ornament fetches in the ring.

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I AM told that the Bess Demdyke colt, who fairly and squarely defeated the smart Rose of Jeddah colt at Gatwick, is far from being the best two-year-old in Wootton's charge. The clever Epsom trainer, therefore, looks very much like playing a big hand in two-year-old races this year. Which reminds me that he will get a good race out of Lonawand before long. Perhaps the Hunt Cup will see Lonawand first past the post—from what I hear, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if this race were to be his "journey."

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JACK JOHNSON, the Heavyweight Champion of the world, proposes to pay a visit to London shortly. It is also his intention to be present at the Horse Show in Dublin, after which he will go to Paris, where, I learn, it is probable that he will sign articles for a match with Sam Langford. If the latter's showing with McVea is correct, this should provide Johnson with some more easy money.

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HIGGS, who has been riding in wonderful form since he won the Chester Cup on Willonyx, tells me that his run of luck started immediately after a friend presented him with a charm in the shape of a gold pig for his watch-chain. He says he wouldn't part with it for untold wealth.

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I WAS glad to hear at Newmarket last week that King George's yearlings are full of promise. It is a thousand pities that His Majesty does not seem to have any thoroughbred in training within measurable distance of a good horse; but Marsh is very hopeful that he will have a top-hole time next year.

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I LEARN from a well-inspired source that Raeberry answered a big question at home recently and is expected to win a good sprint race the next time out. This horse ran really well at Lincoln when nothing like fit. Make a special note of Raeberry.

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BEAUREPAIRE, who ran second to Sunstar in the Newmarket Stakes, has been nibbled at at outside prices lately for the Derby, and, as the opposition does not look like being formidable, Mr. Raphael's colt is quite likely to run into a place at Epsom, as he evidently stays. Still, at present, Beaurepaire does not fill the eye as being quite in the same class as the favourite, who, on this year's form, looks a real good thing, as Mr. J. B. Joel tells me the son of Sundridge is sure to get the course.

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



The Marquis of Lansdowne is a diplomat to his finger-tips, and where he fails in a political effort, none other need essay to succeed. It is not, however, a blow to his reputation that he proved unable to rouse his brother Peers to any enthusiasm for his scheme to reform the constitution of the House of Lords. Human nature is the same all over the world, and how could noble Lords be expected to enthuse over a proposal to vote their own extinction? The Backwoodsmen, as they are irreverently styled, would, in fact, prefer the limitation of the Veto as proposed by the Government to the adoption of what is known among the Chinese as "The Happy Dispatch."

Lord Lansdowne was, in fact, playing the part of the "good man struggling against adversity." His plan is merely an ingenious piece of "window-dressing," whereby he hopes to dish the schemes of the designing Radicals, and it irritates him to find that the backbenchers cannot, or will not, understand the game; but is it certain that he is right and they are wrong? The dishing would have taken place if the Lansdowne proposals had been tabled a few years ago, or even if they had been allowed to see the light before the General Election, but they come too late, and the Backwoodsman cannot see what good purpose is to be served by offering to abandon the hereditary principle at such a juncture. And from his particular point of view I think he is right.

An Extinct Volcano.

Lord Rosebery is the real father of the Lansdowne plan, but he had the insight to recognise that the time to push it to the forefront was before the appeal had been made to the people, and now he regards the situation from the cross-benches with a face that seems to say "I told you so." The Primrose Earl is fertile in solutions of problems, but he is a hopelessly uncertain quantity. His wit, his satire, his epigrammatic power, the literary turn of his sentences, stamp him as one of the foremost of orators; and in any crisis he can always be relied upon to indulge in oratorical fireworks, and to grip for a moment the imagination of the country. But as soon as he has adumbrated the new policy, he invariably shakes the dust of England off his shoes and retires to the Mediterranean or some equally delectable resort.

I hear Unionists occasionally sighing for a Rosebery leadership, but the older Parliamentary hands will have none of it, and contend that such a departure would be a species of midsummer madness. And the older Parliamentary hands are right. The independent politician can never be depended upon, and the Unionist Party will have to work out its own salvation.

A Fallen Idol.

How are the mighty fallen! A few short years ago and "Bob Reid" was so beloved of the Radicals that he might have stood against the Tory world in arms—to-day, few Radicals are so weak as to do him reverence. It is a sad world, my masters, and Lord Loreburn knows it.

The trouble springs from the fact that the Lord Chancellor will not appoint anyone to the Commission of the Peace on political grounds, and therein the Lord Chancellor is undoubtedly right: but what the Radical M.P.'s say is that the Magisterial Bench is overwhelmingly Conservative, and that it is annoying that this high principle should only be enunciated when the Liberals are in power. "To the victors the spoils" cry the Ministerialists; but Lord Loreburn offers an inflexible resistance.

His leading critics, however, are milk-and-water revolutionaries like Mr. Neil Primrose and Mr. Agar-Robartes, and that fact would save Lord Loreburn if the Tories would but refrain from defending him. The Lord Chancellor is most sensitive, and feels keenly the onslaught which is being made upon him; and his resentment can hardly be lessened by the fact that Lord Haldane, who is said to covet the Woolsack, now sits cheek-by-jowl with him in the Gilded Chamber.

Those behind the scenes aver that it is not all "Bobbie's" fault; that the task of re-organising the Bench is too gigantic for any one individual, and that if "undesirables" are to be kept out of the Magistracy he must trust himself in the hands of the County Lieutenants. Clearly, however, there are breakers ahead, and it will require tact and energy on Lord Loreburn's part to avert shipwreck.

One of the Ablest Men.

It requires some courage as well as fraternal affection to induce one to describe a brother as "one of the ablest men in the country," but to proclaim the fact in the House of Commons amounts to an act of heroism for which the Victoria Cross would be a poor reward. To the Honourable William Robert Wellesley Peel, eldest son of ex-Speaker Peel, has, however, fallen that distinction. He is not known in Parliament by his full name; he is generally referred to as Willie, though I have sometimes heard an opponent say something that sounded like "Weary Willie," and once, when he was thundering against Home Rule, a soft voice with a musical Irish brogue interjected a comment about "Orange Peel."

Well, Mr. Peel has been very active in condemning the appointment to the National Debt Office recently conferred on Sir Ernest Soares, a one-time Government Whip; and among other counts in the indictment he alleged that Sir Ernest had no previous training that fitted him for the post; but Mr. Swift MacNeill at once fired a deadly broadside. The Donegal Professor wanted to know what previous experience Mr. Peel's own brother possessed before he was appointed to the Treasury! The Radicals roared with delight, and the Tories with rage; and it was at this juncture that Mr. Peel declared his brother to be "one of the ablest men in the country."

Political Make-believe.

I hope the brother has an equally exalted opinion of brother Willie, whom everybody likes at Westminster, and is likely one day to find himself in a Unionist Ministry; but the truth is that all this rumpus about Sir Ernest Soares is part of the make-believe of politics. The capacity of Sir Ernest is unquestionable, and every Ministry is willing to confer a permanent appointment on any earnest and capable suppporter who has wearied of the Parliamentary struggle.

Mr. Anstruther, for example, was a Whip of the Unionist Government when he was appointed a Commissioner of the Suez Canal, though he had never seen the Suez Canal, and had, perhaps, only a vague notion as to its whereabouts; and Mr. W. E. Macartney was never inside the Royal Mint till he stepped in as its Deputy-Master. Both of them have made capable public servants, and so will Sir Ernest Soares; but it is "good business," nevertheless, to charge your opponents at every possible stage with perpetrating "jobs."

The elusive and mysterious entity, "the man in the street," is sure to believe it if he is told it often enough, and, as it is effective, every Opposition has resorted to it, and every Opposition will continue to do it till the end of time.

A Book that may bring you a Fortune.

Every man in Business—be he Clerk, Salesman, Traveller, Manager, or Proprietor—needs this Book. It is the Best Investment any Business Man can make. Read this Article, then send coupon for further and fuller particulars.

"To me there is something very pathetic about that man," said his Employer to the writer not long ago. He was referring to a middle aged head clerk, a hard-working, conscientious man who scarcely knows what Business responsibility is, and yet whose face is as furrowed with care as if he had the whole burden of Empire upon his shoulders.

There are many such men as he. The Business World teems with them. They start Business life as Clerks, they end Business life as Clerks. They grow grey in the service of the Firm, yet when good positions are open, they are passed over. Younger men are placed above them, yet they make no protest. Why is it? It is simply because they were content to take things easy in their early business life. They were content to leave the question of their advancement in other hands. Though doing their daily duties admirably, they made no effort to fit themselves for more lucrative positions.

Don't be contented!

The Gospel of Contentment should never be preached in Business Circles. Success is not won, as many good people would have us believe, by cheerfully doing the work that lies nearest at hand and never seeking to improve one's position. The good things of Business life must be fought for—they are *not* given as rewards for faithful service. A reasonable discontent is a spur to effort—it puts a man in good fighting trim. By all means cheerfully do your present everyday duties, but only as a means to an end—an end which will resolve itself in your filling some coveted, remunerative, interesting, responsible position.

The quick way to success.

Knowledge is an essential to success, and knowledge is not gained by the performance, year after year, of minor business duties. It is gained by experience—*your* experience (the result of years of service) or your adoption of the experience of others. The latter way is the better, inasmuch as it is the quicker. It is not the man who gets there who wins the race, but the man who gets there *first*.

Choose the latter, the quicker way. Use the experience of others to gain success, and so be ready to take immediate advantage of every opportunity for advancement that presents itself.

The knowledge that is essential to success is easily accessible. No years of toilsome drudgery are necessary, nor the elimination of all the pleasures of life. The knowledge you require to fit yourself to occupy a more congenial and lucrative position is all contained in the "Business Encyclopædia."

Be a man who knows.

If you would be a man who knows—the Failures, remember, are men who have not bothered to know—it is essential that you possess the "Business Encyclopædia." It is a book for Business men written by *Business men who know*. It deals fully, yet concisely, with every business subject about which a business man can possibly require information. With the "Business Encyclopædia" at your elbow, you can face *any* Business Problem with equanimity. The fact that it is in daily use in over 50,000 Firms is convincing proof of its usefulness. The possession and use of this Book will increase your Business knowledge at least 100 per cent., *however much you now know*. It will increase your value to your Firm; it will raise you out of the rut; it will strengthen your position in every respect; it may mean the making of your Fortune.

Investigation costs nothing.

It is impossible in the space here at our disposal to adequately argue the case for the "Business Encyclopædia." But we do not ask anyone to buy the book without full knowledge of its purport. We do not ask anyone to accept without substantiation our statement that the "Business Encyclopædia" is the most valuable and authoritative work of Reference a Business man could either obtain or desire. We simply ask for an opportunity to convince you that it is so. Send us your name and address (use the coupon below, it only costs a halfpenny to send if envelope be not closed) and we will forward you, gratis and post free, a smaller book which will give you all essential information about the "Business Encyclopædia."

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L.O.S. ....

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

WITH very few exceptions theatrical business is on the slumpy side, and in several quarters changes of bill are, I hear, imminent. One of the most interesting of the pieces promised for early production is Laurence Irving's *Margaret Catchpole*, which he will presently show us at the Duke of York's, and which made a distinct hit in the country. Laurence is so fine an actor that I hope his Suffolk heroine play will make an equal appeal in St. Martin's Lane.

• • •

Those who go to the Empire expecting to find in the manner and appearance of Claire Waldoff, the little singer from Berlin, something wholly and totally different from the ordinary type will not be disappointed. Than quaint there is, perhaps, no word which more accurately describes the method of this latest importation. If I find her lacking that elusive yet all-essential quality of magnetism it is, perhaps, because I am insufficiently acquainted with the types which she represents. As to the oddity of her turn there is no shadow of doubt, and if you are out for oddity get a move on and see Claire. The new version of *By George* at this house is a strong improvement on the earlier edition, and there are just twenty-seven more real laughs than hitherto.

• • •

Though she is warmly to be commended on her production of *A Doll's House*, and on the projected revival of *Hedda Gabler*, I cannot congratulate Lydia Yavorska (which her other name is Princess Bariatinsky) on the triple bill being run by way of interlude at the Kingsway; and I gathered that my opinion was shared by most of those present on Saturday night. In only one of the three pieces does the Russian actress take part herself.

• • •

The deplorably tragic death of the Great Lafayette recalls to me the first time I ever saw him. It was at the Hippodrome, and the main feature pointed out in the preliminary notices consisted of his entrance into the arena in a silver mounted motor-car which he was to drive round the ring at some speed altogether too dizzy for contemplation. He certainly did arrive in a gorgeous machine in which he did half a dozen laps at a pretty fair hustle. Some of us thought that this was the whole of Lafayette's show, and prepared to get out, but we presently found that he had the genuine goods to sell, and the act proved to be a wonder. Of all his contemporaries he was far and away the most resourceful, versatile, and lavish of display. Concerning the disaster itself, I cannot help wondering how, if all the scenery and material had undergone the non-flammable treatment, the fire swept over the stage with such terrible swiftness.

• • •

The latest form of entertainment to be presented was seen recently at Stafford House, and is described as a Staircase Comedy. The provincial rights should certainly go to Bannister Howard.

• • •

Miss Violet Vanbrugh had originally intended to play Claire Forster throughout Louis Meyer's present tour of *The Woman in the Case*, but this, of course, was impossible owing to the run of *King Henry VIII*. Now, however, being for the moment free, she is able to take up the part of "The Woman," in which she made so brilliant a success at the Garrick, and will open at the Marlborough, Holloway, next Monday. Both Mr. Meyer and Marlborough audiences are to be congratulated upon the engagement, during which that excellent actress Florence Lloyd will play Margaret Rolfe.

• • •

Kismet has scored a record. The libraries have done deals right up to August. Mr. Edward Knoblauch, the author, has had to wait patiently for his ship to come home, but it has arrived all right at last. He used to be Miss Lena Ashwell's reader at the Kingsway, and rendered important help in the touching up of several of her successes.

• • •

Charles Urban, whose banner still flies, as it were, upon the outer walls of the Scala, will reproduce in all the nature-hued beauty of Kinemacolor the ceremony of the unveiling of the memorial to Queen Victoria. This will be shown this very Wednesday afternoon, and later on, by the same wonderful process, the trooping of the colour will be reproduced for the benefit of those who prefer to see the show in the comfort of a roomy seat.

• • •

Many Australians and South Africans (not to mention New Zealanders, including Maggie Papakura) will be interested to learn that the musical director of the Royalty Theatre, whose interludes of melody are a delightful feature of the evening's entertainment, is their old friend Benno Scherek, brilliant musician and best of good fellows. Benno, who has always desired to make London his headquarters, and is dead tired of his world wanderings, regards with the utmost pleasure his settlement in town. His familiar "will you please choose a card?" is now the preamble to several new and wonderful tricks.

• • •

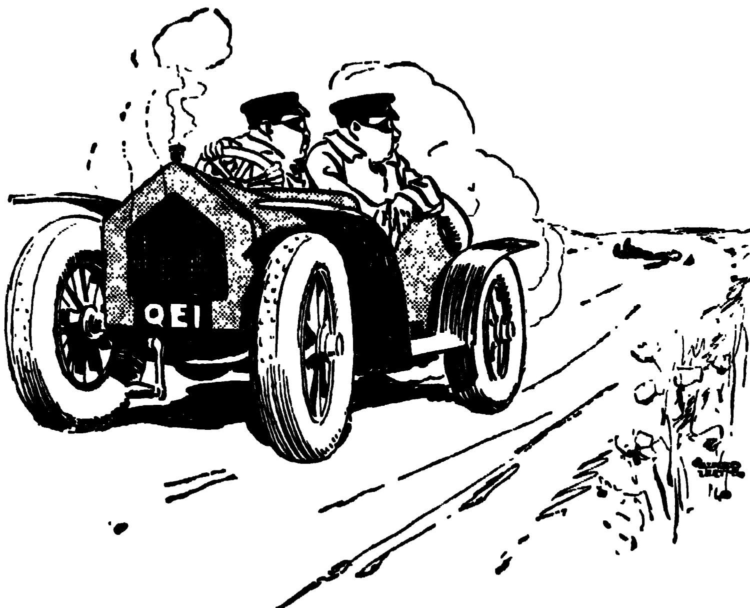
The new Earl's Court Exhibition of Ancient Art—good old Earl's Court in a new dress—opens on Friday (19th inst.). Make a point of going on that day; all the takings will be handed over to two admirable newspaper charities.

• • •

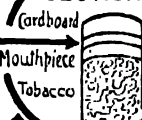
In about a month's time Genée will, at the Coliseum, make her reappearance in England. She may rely upon a whole-souled welcome in this old town.

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Apropos of Pélissier's oft-repeated denials that he has any connection with *The Follies* now (or recently) appearing in the States, it seems that the company in question had an awful freeze out at Joe Weber's, New York, on their first attempt to amuse an American audience. Everything went wrong, and, according to latest advices, the show was to be cut out at once if not sooner.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Better Not Inquire."


SECTION
Cardboard
Mouthpiece
Tobacco




GAMAGES





THE HONESTY OF MORMONISM.

By LEONARD HENSLOWE.

Amidst this outburst against Mormonism, it is as well to admit its honesty. Whatever else this legalising and systematising of plural marriages may be called, it was at least fair and above board.

Were it not for the edict permitting plural marriages in Utah, there would have been many thousands of women without a home of their own, without a purpose in life, and without a good reason for existence. In the new-found country of Utah, men prospered quickly, the riches of the land added riches to their pockets; they married, increased, and multiplied.

In any other community it would end there openly, but one knows just what would have surreptitiously happened under the circumstances. Prosperity and a much larger women population over men is apt to result in conflict with the proclaimed moral laws.

The Elders of the Mormon Church recognised this, and so instituted, under stern supervision, a restricted permission of plural marriages.

When a man had been married happily and contentedly, he was allowed to take another wife, and yet another if his prosperity permitted of him taking a separate house for each, and keeping up a separate establishment. Under no circumstances was a man allowed to marry twice if his first venture had not been satisfactory.

The marriages were hedged round with the same responsibilities as are those in Europe; the wives were treated with the same deference and respect as here; the children were brought up with as great a care. Whatever may be written in fiction about "favourite" wives and "principal" wives, according to their laws there was no favouritism for one more than for another, old or young. Each wife had her own household to look after, and the husband divided his time between each, or where his presence was most required—not simply desired.

Polygamy worked perfectly well in Utah for some generations, and would be working as smoothly now but for the interference of the other States of the Union.

The Mormons complied with the orthodox wishes of the rest of the States because they wanted to be joined to the Union and represented in the Federal Parliament, not because there was any ill-feeling in their own community, or the slightest hesitation in belief amongst themselves that they were carrying out the dictates of Providence, especially under the conditions of settling a new territory.

The great difference between a polygamous community and a monogamous one is that with the former, woman is protected by the laws of the State, is respected by her neighbours, and lives a tranquil life, fulfilling her natural destiny.

With the latter, there is but one acknowledged wife to each family. But there is a large floating population of aimless womankind earning their living as best they can, and there is a vast submerged class who live clandestine lives of utter uselessness, except that they administer to the unlawful desires of a certain type of men. These women, for obvious reasons, are not received or recognised by their more fortunate sisters; there is no real joy in their lives; they are a menace to their offspring, should they have any, and these are brought into the world in unholy silence with a taint upon their infancy and a slur upon their names.

How many thousand women and children there are in such a state it is difficult to imagine; their very existence is hidden away from the eyes of the world.

Without for a moment advocating polygamy, it is at least obvious that, in a polygamous community, the house of the drawn blinds and the lady of hidden pleasure are unknown.

Salt Lake City—until the advent of settlers other than Mormon—was the most exemplary city in the whole world, not only in matters of sex, but in all other morals as well.

It was a community of love, friendship, peace; the tithes that their religion required of them made the church wealthy, and without Bills of Parliament the poor were cherished, the sick nursed, the downtrodden defended.

Of all the communities that I have visited, none was happier or more prosperous than they. Their creed, their faith, their church were idealised in a manner that shamed most other communities.

And the present-day Salt Lake City, with which we have now to deal, is only different inasmuch as the city has been flooded with members of other faiths, and their laws have been changed to the abandoning of the plural marriage.

It may be said that a church that can alter its inspired doctrine at the dictates of Parliament cannot be reckoned with very seriously, but they quote as their authority the words of the Founder of Christianity, "Render unto Cæsar," etc., and the words of St. Paul where we are advised to be subject to "Kings, princes, and rulers." The Mormons, finding that to join the Federal Parliament necessitated abandoning plural marriage, abandoned it without further ado, but this doesn't discredit the worthiness of the system, its honesty and straightforwardness.



"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

By J. F. BLACKER.

I Make my Bow.

In acceding to the request of the Curio Editor to contribute to these columns again, may I first of all express my pleasure in renewing the intercourse which, in the past, was so very agreeable to reader and writer alike? In the interim, I have pursued my researches into the antique, and have visited some of the finest private collections in England, whose various owners have permitted me to handle and to criticise rare objects of art most beautiful and costly. The results of my work have been embodied in several books, those which have been published have commended themselves to the reviewers and to the public, they have been distributed all over the world; others are in the press, and will appear in due course.

All the World Over.

Many interesting letters have reached me from places as far apart as Hong Kong, Mayence, Chicago, and The Hague from those who have read my books—from those who have been pleased with them, and want to know something more, or from those who have had special information to impart, which is always welcome. Almost always they are amateurs who find their reward in exploring out-of-the-way places for possible bargains. I give some extracts from the letters.

From Far Cathay.

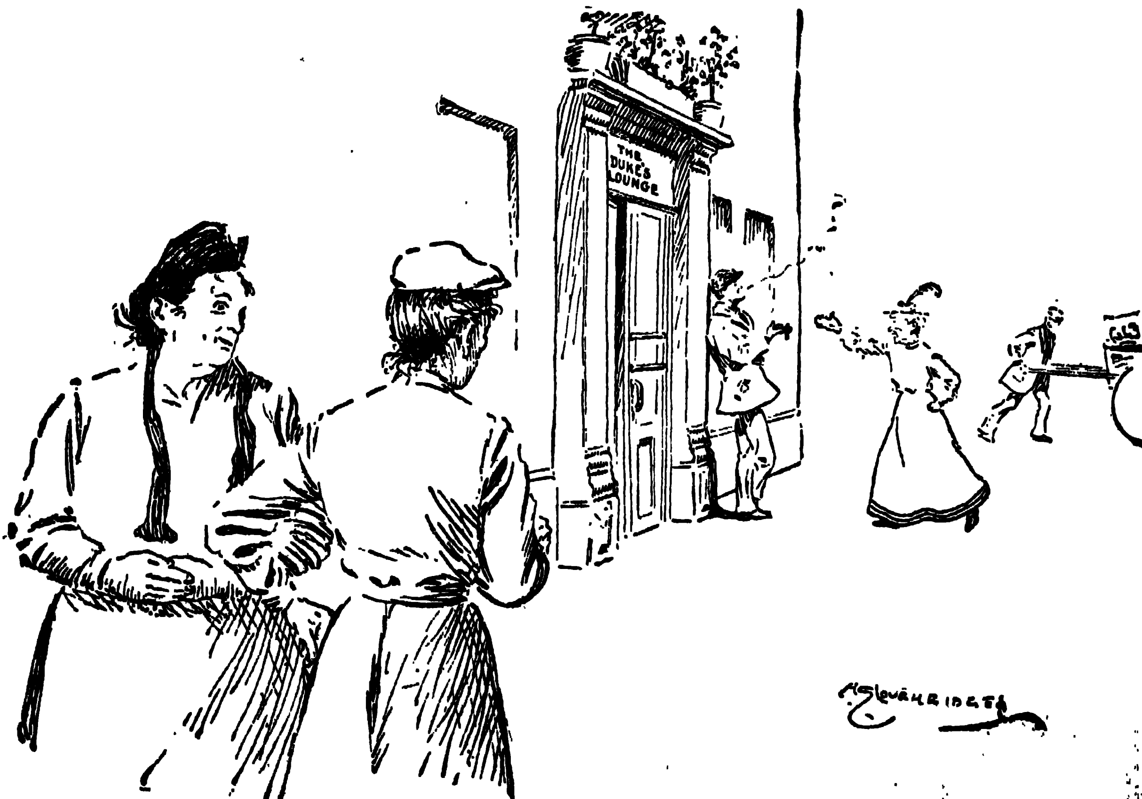
"I have just returned from an interesting trip up the Yang-tse River, including a visit to Poyang Lake, six hundred miles in the interior of China. The capital of the province is never or hardly ever visited by Europeans, yet there are dozens of old porcelain shops for, I presume, rich Chinese. A real expert would make wonderful bargains. I have found some interesting pieces. . . . In my opinion the English craze for five-colour pieces is not a true artistic taste. I consider the whole-colour pieces far more harmonious and restful." Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton's opinions here expressed are shared by many collectors, not only in Europe and America but in China. You have, no doubt, noted from time to time the high prices paid for fine specimens. I have seen and handled many such—for instance, two small "peach bloom" vases which I could put in my pockets cost over £6,000, and four black vases with coloured decoration £25,000.

From Porcelain to Books.

Even bibliomaniacs have been surprised at the enormous sums paid for the gems of the Hoe Collection dispersed this month in New York. I love old books, and amongst my dreams one pictures a fine library. I have, like the children, a great liking for stories, stories of adventure and treasure-hunting. Mr. Hoe spent about £100,000 on his collection, and his heirs will receive £250,000. One book, a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, was sold for £10,000; and another, Helyas's "Knight of the Swanne," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, realised £4,200. Copies of the latter book have been sold for £400 and £600—but £4,200! So, you see, that treasure is laid up not only in old porcelain, but in old books. You may regard these appreciations in value in two ways—first, the prescience of the wise collector may be responsible for them; or, second, the chance of making money may cause speculators to run up the prices. Mr. Hoe went treasure-hunting to some purpose.

Books About to be Sold.

Sotheby's have some volumes for sale on 24th May and the two following days which will attract attention, and if you are interested you should visit the rooms in Wellington Street. I have only space to mention a few amongst the many books and manuscripts which are worth seeing. The rare first folio of Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, printed in London by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623, will excite book-buyers. The last one I saw sold realised nearly £4,000. There are two excessively rare first editions of "The Compleat Angler," one dated 1653, by Isaak Walton, and the other, 1676, by Charles Cotton. As these are



LANGUAGE.

"Tork abaht Lloyd George, me dear. Just 'ark at Liza!"

perfect, sound, and clean throughout I should not be astonished if they fetched a high price. There are some manuscripts of uncommon value. One is the "Services Att Court in K. Hen. 7th Time," which includes a long account "As ffor the Crounacion off a Kynge," which will share the honours of price with another on the Spanish Armada by the private secretary of Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Foreign Minister, and a third, dated 26th of January, 1660, which is the original manuscript document establishing the English Army. But I must regretfully leave the books to consider some silver which will be certain to realise large sums.

The Treasure-House.

Theobald's Park from the 14th to the 22nd of May will be a great attraction. Lady Meux's Elizabethan, Carolian, and Georgian silver in tankards, spoons, and plates will cause keen competition. It is remarkable how many early English silver tankards have been in the auction-rooms lately. Here, again, new records are successively made. Do you know that whilst at the end of the nineteenth century the record stood at about £70 per ounce, it has since advanced to nearly £300? Silver is cheap to-day, only about two shillings an ounce. Age and the mark account for the extraordinary prices now paid. In all antiques the desirability of the object accounts for its value.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.
No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.
It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.
No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*
Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

J. H. (Highworth).—Your white china clock is not Dresden, but is the make of Jacob Petit, a well-known French maker about 1850, who copied and forged the marks of other factories The mark is of the Mariolni period, forged. It is impossible to correctly value painting by Hobbema unless photograph is sent for inspection. Paintings by this master recently sold have realised from 25 to 150 guineas.

G. M. H. (Aberystwyth).—Your books are worth the following: "Costumes of China," 15s. to £1; "Military Costumes of Turkey," 10s. to 12s. 6d.; "Costumes of the British Islands," 5s.; two volumes of Hogarth's works, 20s. to 25s.; the others are of nominal value only. Odd branches of Sheffield candelabra are of no value.

M. E. P. (Bowes Park).—Your volumes are worth second-hand book price only.

F. C. D. (London, W.C.).—Silver meat skewer is dated 1804, and is worth 4s. 6d. an ounce. Hot-water jug is plated on soft metal, and is worth a few shillings only. Cannot value china unless photograph is sent, but do not think it is of importance.

E. M. W. (Rottingdean).—Your china group is of nominal value only. It is of no importance as china, and is the make of the factory of Contra and Bohme, of Saxony.

H. C. B. (Saltburn).—Your painting is a copy of G. Morland, but from photograph the work appears to be of inferior quality, and not likely to realise more than £3 or £4 as a speculative picture. Your prints are worth the following: "Death of the Earl of Chatham," 5s. to 7s. 6d.; "Dolly Varden and Miss Haredale," 15s.; "King William IV.," 7s. 6d. to 10s.; "Triumph of Acis and Galatea" in brown worth 15s. to 20s.; "Cupids at Play," 15s. to 20s.; "Duchess of Devonshire," oval, 10s. to 15s.; "Countess of Lanesborough," 25s.; others of nominal value only.

F. K. (Sligo).—Your old clock with wooden movement is of no commercial value. It would be worth 15s. to £1 to a private buyer.

W. F. H. (Catford).—Your engravings are of no commercial value.

J. G. M. (Newcastle).—The painter of your picture is of no repute. Pictures by unknown artists command very small prices in the salerooms. A subject such as yours is not likely to realise more than 20s. to 25s.

M. L. W. (Manchester).—Your Mason's ironstone china is worth about 30s. to 35s.; there is very little demand for incomplete sets such as yours except at very low prices.

W. H. (Barnes).—It is impossible to give correct value of china unless photograph is sent, but from description your small vase does not appear to be of any importance, and even [illegible] make of a good factory a small piece such as this would not be likely to realise more than a few shillings.

THE WAY OUT.

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious delicate girl found in Grape-Nuts the nourishment her sensitive nerves required, that is phosphate of potash, the "salt" placed by Nature in wheat and barley (of which Grape-Nuts is made) for the special purpose of feeding the delicate nerve and brain cells. She writes:—

"From infancy I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost, I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair, for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being cured by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith, but procured a packet, and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night, and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies, and later taught for ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old illness has never returned."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.—[*Advt.*]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MISS WITHERS AND THE WASP.*

By JESSIE POPE.

MISS WITHERS may have had a kind heart, but you would never have guessed it from her appearance.

Her hair was iron grey, severely coiffured in a rigid round bun at the back of her head, her eyes were black and piercing even behind her spectacles; she wore a permanent frown, and clothes that looked as if they had borne the test of time, and would continue to do so.

I only knew her name from surreptitiously reading the label on the small bag she slung on the rack as she entered the railway carriage where I was seated. She let down both windows with a fierce bang, after inquiring in a hard voice if I objected to fresh air, and stood looking out on the platform trying unsuccessfully to catch the attention of a paper boy.

"Shall I keep your seat for you?" I said, in my pleasant way, as she prepared to descend to the platform. She looked at me sternly.

"Indeed, no," she replied. "If I leave my seat I am prepared to take the risk of losing it. I consider that retaining a seat in a railway carriage by other than natural means is both unfair and illegal."

Naturally, I curled up at this, feeling both snubbed and corrected. My companion got out, carefully shutting the door behind her; and when the carriage began to fill up, and at last actually every seat was taken, I confess I didn't feel as sorry as I might have done under other circumstances.

It was Saturday, and market day, and, as the train would stop at every station, it was filled to overflowing with people going home. In our compartment, for instance, we had two market-women with baskets and babies, two others with baskets only, an elderly man and his wife, and a curate; and it was a day everyone will remember, being the hottest Saturday of the heat wave. The market-woman next me, or I might say on me, for she had squeezed me out of half my seat by right of superior size, had bloaters in her basket, which she rested on my knee in a friendly and intimate manner.

"We like to pick a bloater to our tea a Sunday afternoon," she said genially to her neighbour. "I shall warm 'em through when I gets 'ome, as I'm thinkin' they're none too fresh." The elderly man was nearly opposite me; he was fat and florid, and sought relief from the heat by continually murmuring, "Phew!" in an undertone, while his wife scolded him for making her run up the station steps unnecessarily. The curate sat next to the florid man; he was a small, smooth-faced, nervous young creature, with a wonderfully glossy collar and several guild badges hanging to his watch-chain. The other people I could not see, for the buxom contour of the market-women next me shut out my view of our side of the carriage. But I had the satisfaction of knowing it was quite full when Miss Withers returned. She glared round, said nothing, entered in a resolute manner, shut the door after her, and immediately the train started.

The market-women, impressed by her appearance, began to try to edge closer together, and a little movement like trucks shunting went all down the seat, with the result that a small triangle of cushion, measuring about 3½ inches, was exposed to view, to which they drew Miss Withers attention with inviting glances.

Miss Withers looked at that triangle of cushion with such resentful scorn that nobody had the hardihood to call further attention to it. I looked across at the curate, and, from the rapid changes of his complexion from white to pink, guessed what was going on in his mind, and appreciated his anxiety to give up his seat, and his reluctance to draw the attention of the whole carriage on himself by doing so. However, fortified by the chivalry of his cloth, he swallowed his nervousness, rose, and said in an unexpectedly deep voice that sounded like intoning at church:

"Pray take my seat, madam!"

Miss Withers faced him. I don't know if anything had previously put her out, but she was evidently spoiling for a fight with somebody.

"And why should I take your seat?" she remarked. "Do you wish to imply by making the suggestion that you are physically my superior? Because, if so, I disagree with you at the outset. I hold that women are always the equal of men when they are not their superiors, and I yield to no man in my right to stand, since I have sacrificed my seat."

The curate collapsed, and looked as if he wished very heartily that he had never been born. His fellow-travellers might have taken up cudgels on his behalf, but they were country people; they, no doubt, thought a lot, but they didn't speak; and then, as if the curate's cup of bashfulness was not already brimming, the train stopped at the next station, where a tea-basket, ordered, no doubt, when he thought he would have a carriage to himself, poor innocent, was plumped on his knees.

Miss Withers' under-lip curled—it was a flexible feature, and capable of great power of expression—as she watched the poor, perspiring curate balancing the basket on his thin black knees, when the train got up speed again, and trying to hit his cup with the pale yellow stream from the broken spout of the little brown teapot at the same time. We were all interested, naturally. The sight made us forget our own sufferings; and though we pretended not to, we watched him narrowly—all but the florid elderly man, who had dropped off into a doze. Miss Withers stood, swaying, with her back to the door, towering above us all, like a guardian angel in a bad temper; and she glanced from time to time at a pamphlet in her hand, entitled: "The Dignity and Indignity of Women's Work," until a wasp, flying in the carriage from the opposite window, attracted her notice. She followed it with the eye of a hawk, as it buzzed round the best bonnets of the market ladies. Finding the flowers there less interesting than they appeared, it made an onslaught on the curate's plum-cake, which he was conveying in small pieces to his mouth with the air of a detected criminal.

The curate flapped at the wasp feebly, and it flew away under protest, and circled round his dozing neighbour. It was then out of my range of vision, but I suppose it settled, for, with a sudden accurate smack, down came Miss Withers' pamphlet on the fat man's florid bald head.

With a wild bellow, like the trumpet of a wounded elephant, he lurched forward, uttering a torrent of language that was fortunately disguised by the dialect of his particular district.

"Control yourself," said Miss Withers, pushing him back in his seat. "Don't swear, but give thanks that your life has been preserved. There was a wasp on your head; if it had stung you, blood-poisoning would have set in in a couple of hours, to judge by the condition of your face."

"Quite right, ma'am," said the florid man's wife; much obliged. "You know you've it 'ad once already, Joe—and it was touch an' go with you then—and you can't deny it."

Joe did not attempt to, but he glared round horribly. Then, still muttering, he placed a red handkerchief over his head and leaned back again, with one corner looped up, under which he could keep an eye on Miss Withers. To that lady, however, he had become non-existent, though she was still worrying as to the whereabouts of the wasp. She shook her skirts and shuffled her feet, her piercing black eyes darting glances all over the compartment. Just then the curate, having finished both cake and bread and butter, took heart of grace and determined to get a drink of tea, glancing out of the window with an attempted air of unconsciousness the while. He raised the cup—when all at once a black-thread gloved hand swooped down as the cup reached his lips, and snatched it from them, sending



PERVERTED PROVERBS.

Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.



AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

He: "I am not taking part in the theatricals. I always think I am making such a fool of myself."
She: "Oh, everyone thinks that!"

the tea down his fine broadcloth clothes and splashing his glossy collar and his horror-struck, dumfounded face.

"Oh!" ejaculated the curate.

"Wasp!" retorted Miss Withers, "in your cup. I wondered where he had gone to, and just saw it in time. If you'd swallowed that wasp, young man, there would have been no more praying and preaching for you!"—and she began to stamp about on the floor, regardless of the market-women's corns, until under her determined foot the ill-fated insect breathed its last.

The curate wiped his face and his neck, and his collar and his coat, then, as the train slowed up at the next station, he got up, placed the basket on the seat, and fled from the carriage. The florid man got out, his wife got out, so did the market women. I was left alone with Miss Withers.

She glanced round with the light of triumph in her eye; and as we started again she took off her hat, placed it on the rack, smoothed out her rusty skirts, sat down in a corner, put her legs up on the seat, and, fixing me with an austere eye, took a cigarette out of her reticule and said:

"Do you object to smoking?"

"Oh, no, not at all," I said, in a tremulous, conciliatory manner.

"That's well!" she replied, and, lighting up, she puffed away with fierce precision; and was soon absorbed in her pamphlet on "The Dignity and Indignity of Women's Work."

*** Next week's story will be a very amusing one by His Honour Judge Parry, entitled: "Ben Trovato."

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NO REAL PROBLEM.

His fellow-clerks gathered around him when the news became public property and extended congratulations.

"But," said one man, "I understand the girl you're engaged to is a twin. How do you tell the difference between her and her sister?"

"Well, it's a mighty nice family," said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."

THE ENGLISH SABBATH.

SMITH in the week is dull enough, Heav'n knows,
But doubly dull upon a Sabbath grows.
An iron gong invites that soul of tin—
A soul too grey for splendour of a sin.
Sure of a heaven, he hears the tinkling bell,
But has not yet ascended to a hell.
What weight is this that heavier makes the air?
Hush! 'tis the load of Smith's ascended prayer
Recoiling back on him from Sabbath cloud,
Returning on him though his knee be bowed.
Each week-day Smith respectably can thieve,
But on a Sabbath would his God deceive.
He kneels to pray, but ere his prayer has ceased,
Rises in fear his breeches may be creased.
Later his wife, from mundane matters free,
Purring her Sabbath scandal, pours the tea.
Oh, for some winnowing blast, to swirl away
This mouldering mummery of our Sabbath day!

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

• • •

ONE OF MANY.

"AIN'T it strange?" said a Birmingham woman to her husband, as she looked up from the paper. "Here's a gent who, after a fit of illness, can't remember his wife, and refuses to believe she's the woman he married."

The man grunted.

"Well, he ain't the first man," he said, "that can't realise his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

• • •

HOW TAILORS GET ABUSED.

THE tailor brought Jack Hughes home a new suit the other day. Jack went upstairs to try it on. Then, ten minutes later, he shouted down to his wife:

"That tailor's made a botch out of the vest!"

"How, John?" Mrs Hughes asked.

"Why," said Jack, "he's put a button too many at the top and a buttonhole too many at the bottom."

THE PREVALENT CRAZE.

By GRACE GOLDEN.

DON'T make any mistake—there is no more truly patriotic girl in the Kingdom than myself; but, really——!

I wanted to buy some ribbon. The shop had just been freshly set out, and not a single opportunity had been missed of reminding all comers of what is becoming an obsession. The word hit me in the eye six times before the door had even swung to, and the first thing I did was to cannon into an enormous stack of Union Jacks placed in a prominent position, and labelled "For the Coronation." And the word was repeated *ad nauseam*, and tacked on to the most unlikely articles. What, for instance, should you specify as the salient characteristics of "Coronation hair-nets"? No, nor could I.

However, I made my way to the ribbon counter, where I caught the eye of a girl who often serves me. I told her the sort of ribbon I wanted and the width, and then went on to explain that I wanted it in some pretty bright colour that would look nice on the white frock of the doll I was dressing for a young friend.

Alas! I had given her the opening for which she was waiting and longing. She was transformed at once into an eager, feverish creature, haunted by a word, and that word was "Coronation"! Her mouth curved in a happy smile, and her eyes were alight with anticipation as she hurried away, to return in a moment with a huge box. I nearly fainted when she opened it, for it was filled to the brim with horrors and atrocities of the most awful description, such as would have caused acute pain to anyone not infected with the fatal craze.

"How do you like this, madam? Real Coronation crimson!"

And then the spirit of contrariness entered into me, and I determined I would *not* have anything that could possibly be termed "Coronation." I was getting, so to speak, fed up with the function. But I had not yet fully experienced the ingenuity of the Coronation-mad. I said I did not care for red, and she put it away and held up other rolls.

"*Royal* blue," she said triumphantly, "or *Imperial* purple?"

I held on to the counter to prevent myself from screaming, and shook my head.

"How about this, then—a really lovely colour? Coronation yellow."

"Coronation?" I queried helplessly.

"Yes, madam, you see it's the yellow in the Royal Standard."

Oh! In that case I did not care about yellow. What was left? Green?

"What do you say to this? It is *the* Coronation green."

This time I was too weak to do anything but gaze at her interrogatively, and she answered my unspoken question thus:

"Because of Ireland, you know."

I felt that I was beaten. There were no colours left that I could think of, and I was about to decide on the blue when I remembered pink. Surely pink was safe? I tried.

"Yes, certainly, madam. Here is quite a new shade that we are selling a great deal of. It is a new colour this year. So we are calling it Coron——"

I cut short my scream at its commencement, and said I would have some of it. There was no escape, it seemed, and anyhow *I* know it was not a new colour, and so not really connected with the ——. I cannot write the word. For I had loved just that pink for my hair-ribbons when I was twelve years old.

When I got home I found they had given me a Coronation handkerchief for my farthing change.

THE well-known weekly paper, *The World*, now appears in a new form, the pages being reduced in size and increased in number. This certainly makes the paper easier to handle and more convenient to read.

A PITY.

By RALPH HASLAM.

I DISCOVERED Clarence lying in an armchair with his feet in the fender. He gave me a limp hand, showing but little enthusiasm at my advent.

I slammed my hat and stick on the table and drew off my gloves in the best bedside manner.

"Cheer up," quoth I; "all the best people are having 'flu this year."

"No they aren't," he said; "I'm not."

"Then what on earth's the matter?"

"To-day is Wednesday," he replied. "On Sunday I proposed marriage to the girl, Lydia; I have been like this ever since."

"She has refused you?"

"No."

"She accepted you then. I cannot laugh. You cannot expect me to laugh. This joke has been recurring for years."

"You miss the point. I love the girl as of yore, but —whether she accepted or refused me, which is uncertain—I can never see her again."

"Papa heaved you out," I broke in. "My dear chap, it always happens; I can show you a dent in the pavement in Belgrave Square——"

"Again you are wrong. I, of my own accord, quitted the premises, walked three miles to the station, and returned by a Sunday evening local, forfeiting a week-end ticket."

"Wait," I said. "I will strengthen myself with a whisky and soda before you proceed—now!"

"I have always held to the view," he began, "that any form of comic business is out of place in a proposal of marriage."

"Quite," I said. "If you introduced anything in that line you made a great mistake. I once entertained the idea of proposing to a lady in a false nose, but on second thoughts I abandoned it. She was herself well furnished in the matter of noses."

"Yes. In my case, however, the humour was unconscious."

"Surely you didn't kneel on the carpet or anything?"

"Certainly not. I did the whole thing extremely well. Fate, however, interfered, and turned the sublime into the ridiculous."

"You have the artist's touch," I exclaimed, drinking whisky to him. "Proceed."

"Well, to begin at the beginning, I went down for the week-end to Lydia's people, who live in a rustic spot. During Saturday and Sunday Lydia and I behaved in the manner of persons who are about to become engaged, and on Sunday evening we arranged to dress quickly and get down in the drawing-room before the others."

"A good scheme."

"No," he said. "A rotten scheme. You know how particular I am in my attire. Had I not dressed in a hurry the catastrophe could never have occurred. I was in the act of parting my hair when I heard Lydia's skirts brush past my door. Flinging on my white waistcoat and tails I paced off in pursuit. When I entered the drawing-room I found Lydia seated at the piano. She was playing an inconsequent tune on the black notes which she calls her nocturne in ten flats. She composed it herself."

"Dear me. I once had a *fiancée* who wrote a novel. It began like this——"

"Look here! Am I narrating, or you," he demanded wrathfully.

"Well, go ahead; but it is a tedious story."

"I went up and leant picturesquely on the top of the piano—a striking figure. Lydia looked up at me with the unmistakable love-light in her eyes, and began to flatter me in a remarkable manner. She described how much she admired my style of dressing, the careless ease of my attire, the delicate touch of unconventionality, the indescribable *je-ne-sais-quoi*, as she put it. I thought that possibly she was doing it to encourage me, but now I am forced to the unpleasant conclusion that she was being funny."

"What did you do?"

"Well, after some beating about the bush, I seized her two lily-white hands in mine, and, bending down, breathed into her ear passionately as follows: 'Lydia, I have dared to hope'—in short, I proposed."

"And she accepted you?"

"I believe so."

"But surely you paid some attention to her reply?"

"Not very much. At that moment I caught sight of myself in the glass." He paused.

"Well?"

"I had no tie on!"



[5,000 violinists from the London Day Schools will play at the Crystal Palace on 20th May.]

George: "Good Heavens, Kate, is the boy going to play like that at the Crystal Palace?"

Kate: "Never mind, George—he's only one of the five thousand. *He'll never be heard!*"

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

His Attractiveness.

"Romance and action are the two inherent possibilities in man which stir a woman's interest."—*The Magic of the Hill*, by Duncan Schwann. Heinemann. 6s.

Cleverness and Charm.

"Cleverness is a quality which has no social existence at all, unless it is made soluble in charm. And if charm is there it matters very little what happens to be dissolved in it."—*Account Rendered*, by E. F. Benson. Heinemann. 6s.

King Edward's Humour.

"The late Duke of Devonshire—who was very careful in everything—once entertained King Edward at a ball at Devonshire House. As his Majesty went away he complimented the Duke on the magnificent way in which everything had been done. He said he could not suggest any change for the better, save in one little thing, which he hoped his Grace would not mind his mentioning. 'What is it, sir?' inquired the Duke with much anxiety. 'You have your garter on upside down,' replied the King."—*King Edward VII. as a Sportsman*, by Alfred E. T. Watson. Longmans, Green, & Co. 21s.

Sayings About Women.

"Women are divided into three classes—wives, daughters, and Aunties."—*Mrs. Elmsley*, by Hector Munro. Constable. 6s.

"The whole duty of women includes a little madness."—*The Patrician*, by John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

"A woman without a romance is like a man without a profession."—*Crooked Answers*, by Phyllis Bottome and H. De Lisle Brock. John Murray. 6s.

A Girl in Love.

"With man, love is a form of melancholia. But woman is much more sensible. Being in love does not disagree with her. On the contrary, it improves her appearance. It brightens her eyes. It makes her more tolerant of other girls' faults. If Nellie is really in love, she does not maintain that Ethel is a 'cat,' or that Ermyntrude's voice is a higher power of silence, or that Lettie's toque is three months too young for her."

"Directly a girl finds that Cupid's dart has touched her in the right place, she goes out and buys a new hat."

"Any right-minded girl would sooner wear a new hat that didn't suit her than an old hat that did."—*Love and Extras*, by Frank Richardson. Grant Richards. 6s.

Mr. Shaw Unmanned.

"Upon his first coming to London, Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a pamphlet called 'Why I Am an Anarchist.' This was, I think, printed at *The Torch* press. I have twice seen Mr. Shaw unmanned—three times if I include an occasion upon a railway platform when a locomotive outvoiced him. One of the other occasions was when Mr. Shaw, having advanced a stage further toward his intellectual salvation, was addressing in the park a Socialist gathering on the tiresome text of the 'Foolishness of Anarchism.' The young proprietors of *The Torch* walked round and round in the outskirts of the crowd offering copies of Mr. Shaw's earlier pamphlet for sale, and exclaiming at the top of their voices, 'Why I Am an Anarchist!' By the lecturer!'"—*Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections*, by Ford Madox Hueffer. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

The Modern Lover.

"'Oh, my heart! my heart!' she sobbed, covering his mouth with kisses salt as the sea. And while she kissed him he was making a mental note that women were unduly robust on the emotional side." *Fenella*, by H. L. Stuart. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

From "The Street of To-Day."

"Women never say what they want. They bring it about."

"Man's theory of life, before he meets woman, is generally rewritten later."

"Women can't think; but they sugar the brains of every man who can."

"The beginning of righteousness is generally a quarrel with a woman."

"Neither man nor woman can forgive a rudeness from one of the opposite sex. A man's rudeness to a man is personal, it rouses wrath against a person. A woman's rudeness to a man is sexual, it rouses wrath against the sex."—*The Street of To-day*, by John Masefield. Dent. 6s.

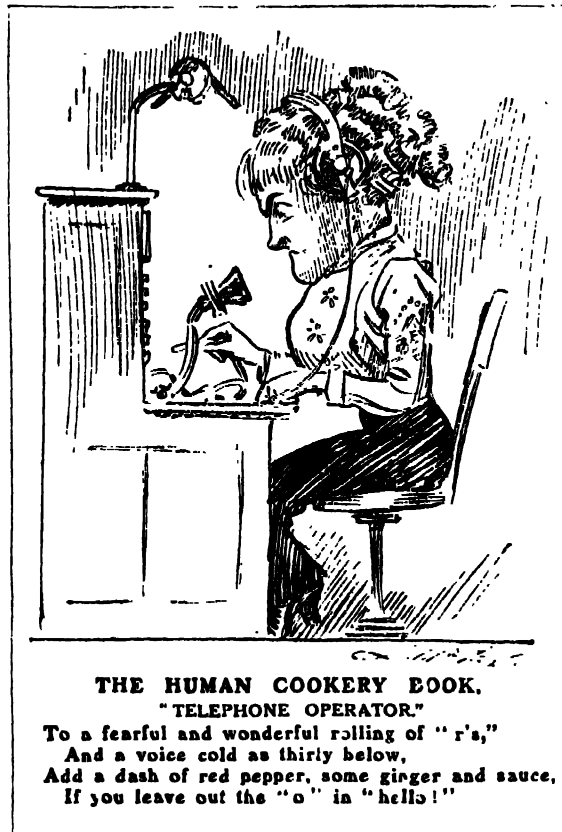
What a Squireen is.

"'A squireen, sir?' said the old man, rubbing his head, 'well, ye see, a squireen's not a gintleman—not but what he dresses like one; an' he's not a farmer—not but what he talks like one; he has more impidence nor an attorney, an' less manners nor a chimney sweep an' nobody thinks anything of him but himself.'

"'Spend a penny out of a sovereign, and it'll never be a sovereign agen.'"—*Where the Shamrock Grows*, by George Jessop. Murray & Evenden. 3s 6d.

The Perfect Sportsman.

"The perfect 'sportsman' is the man whose principal pleasure is to see that the other participators in the sport of the day are enjoying themselves, the man who can win a great race without undue elation and who can lose without being depressed, who can be cheerful when the birds 'go wrong,' shows no impatience when his yacht, after leading handsomely, gets into the doldrums and is vanquished by the fluky victory of a rival boat, and, perhaps the most difficult part of all, can be ready with a charming smile and a word of congratulation to the owner whose horse has beaten his own by a short head in an important race. All these qualifications King Edward possessed in superlative degree."—*King Edward VII. as a Sport man*, by Alfred E. T. Watson. Longmans, Green, and Co. 21s.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
"TELEPHONE OPERATOR."
To a fearful and wonderful rolling of "r's,"
And a voice cold as thirty below,
Add a dash of red pepper, some ginger and sauce,
If you leave out the "o" in "hello!"

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MESSRS. HEINEMANN have just issued (at 3s. 6d. net each) very able translations of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*.

THE latest addition to the daintily-bound Lotus Library (Greening. 1s. 6d. net) is *Count Brühl*, by Joseph Kraszewski, translated by Count de Soissons.

MESSRS. EVELEIGH NASH'S latest novels include a new story of Arsene Lupin, *The Hollow Needle*, by Maurice Leblanc (2s. net), and *The Splendid Sinner*, an interesting historical romance by Arthur Lambton (6s.).

THE Coronation Prayer and Hymn books which the King's Printers, Eyre and Spottiswoode, are issuing in a variety of styles, contain photogravures of the King and Queen, copies of the Coronation service, and the music of Sir Frederick Bridge's new Coronation anthem.

AMATORY GRAND DUKES.

Their Marital Adventures, and the Tsar's Efforts to Reform Them.

HAVING made peace with his subjects—by hanging the troublesome among them Tsar Nicholas II. is making peace with his own kinsmen.

This task is hard. Cousins and uncles cannot be hanged for mere matrimonial peccadilloes, so the Tsar's sole alternative is to give them free pardon, and that is what compassionate Nicholas is gradually compassing.

The number of scions of the house of Romanoff in whole or partial disgrace is considerable. Their chastisement varies from complete banishment from Russia down to the mere official ignoring of their wives. Their sins are matrimonial. There is hardly a single virtuously respectable Grand Duke among all the Romanoffs. Some have eloped with other men's wives. Others have done worse, and actually married them. And Nicholas II. has retorted by letting fly his Olympian thunders. He has driven the sinners into exile, and has withdrawn their decorations and ranks. He has even sequestrated their property, and the sinners' money has gone to swell his modest savings.

Yet so strong is the romantic strain in the blood of the Romanoffs that all these terrors prove ineffective. The Tsar's own brothers have betrayed him. First, his consumptive—now dead—brother, Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, married the daughter of a Caucasian "prince," whose brother was a policeman, and whose uncle was the village fireman. Nicholas II. recognised this marriage as legal, leaving the children morganatic. Such lenity merely encouraged the other brother, Grand Duke Michael.

Michael fell in love with a senator's daughter, who had married the millionaire Sergius Mamontoff. When Mme. Mamontoff told her husband that she had lost her heart to Michael, the easy-going man granted her a divorce.

So far this romance might have happened in London, or anywhere; but the remainder of it is peculiarly Muscovite. As Michael did not intend to marry Mme. Mamontoff, he requested a brother cavalry officer to wed her "for appearance sake." The brother officer agreed. After trying the charms of this arrangement for a few months, the Grand Duke arranged a second divorce; and now he is legally married to his sweetheart.

Respectable Nicholas II. naturally did not object to the brother-officer arrangement. But when he heard of the marriage to the Grand Duke he bubbled over with wrath. His rage proved impotent. The reason was that Michael, a bold, bad man with some brains, is his mother's favourite, rather than Nicholas. Their mother, known to Russians as Dowager Marya Feodorovna, is still a great personage, and she forbade her Imperial son to touch the favourite Michael. So Nicholas has now agreed to forgive and forget, on condition that Michael lives on his estate in remote Oriol, and does not come to St. Petersburg. And with this arrangement Michael is well content, for it keeps him away from his brother, whom he heartily despises.

The Tsar is having more trouble with his uncle, Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch. It is now eight years since Paul decamped with Olga Valerianovna Pistohlkors, *née* Karnovitch, wife of a full general who owns many acres of Baltic Province land In Leghorn, Paul paid a Greek Orthodox priest £600 to break the law and perform the ceremony. Tsar Nicholas unfrocked the priest and sent him to Siberia, and the priest lately turned up in Vienna and published a pamphlet about the Tsar. Paul was forbidden to return home; he was deprived of his rank in the army; and all the Courts of Europe were circularised with a request to ignore his existence. Bavaria's Prince Regent alone took mercy on the pair and made the lady Countess of Hohenfelsen. When Paul's brother Sergius was blown to bits in the Kremlin in February, 1905, Nicholas II. allowed his uncle to return for the funeral. Paul brought his wife, but she was stopped at the frontier.

Paul now lives in Paris. His romance led indirectly



Man Underneath: "I say, are you all the one man?"

to a sensational crime. Bereft of his lawful wife, General Pistohlkors fell in love with Mme. Andreyeff, the beautiful bride of a St. Petersburg stockbroker. M. Andreyeff was a different type of man from M. Mamontoff. When his wife demanded a divorce in order to marry the general, he shot her dead, and the jury acquitted him. This scandal intensified the Tsar's rage against Paul, and only during the last years have reconciliation negotiations begun. The Tsar demands that Paul shall abandon his wife; Paul refuses, so only an armistice exists between uncle and nephew.

The next erratic Romanoff is Michael Michaelovitch, a nephew of Alexander II. He has been only half forgiven. During Alexander III.'s reign this impressionable Grand Duke fell in love with a niece of the diplomat Ignatieff, otherwise known as "The Father of Lies," who negotiated the San Stefano Treaty after the last Russo-Turkish war.

To prevent a marriage Alexander III. expelled him from Russia, and he repaired to Wiesbaden, and there quickly forgot Mlle. Ignatieff. In the house of the Grand Duke of Nassau he made the acquaintance of Sophie Countess Merenburg, a daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau by his morganatic wife, who was herself a daughter of the Russian poet, Pushkin. Michael married her at San Remo. He was forbidden to return to Russia.

Last year Nicholas II. began negotiations for peace. He offered to make the Grand Duke a colonel and a "fluegel-adjutant"; also to allow him to come to Court if he would come without Countess Torby, his wife. His wife declared that if he went to Court without her, he might stay there. So he did not go.

One other Grand Duke has had marital adventures, but has not got into disgrace. That is Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Commander of the St. Petersburg military district. In 1892 he married simple Mme. Bourenine. Two years ago he married again with the Tsar's consent, the divorced Duchess Anastasia von Leuchtenberg, born a Princess of Montenegro. Grand Duke Nicholas has never been in disgrace for a good reason. The Tsar fears him. He is a blustering soldier, a great favourite of the army. With him ends the list of living Grand Dukes who have married outside their rank. But there are two other Grand Dukes who are in disgrace for very different reasons.

The first is Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, who thirty years ago annexed the jewels of his mother, Alexandra Josefovna. He was banished to Tashkent in Central Asia, and never sees his native Russia. The offence of the second, Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch, is even worse. He is a "Liberal." Twenty years ago he said that Russia needed reforms; and he is even suspected of ridiculing the Tsar. For these offences he has lived for twenty years in exile in the Caucasus.

This Nicholas Michaelovitch is the cleverest of all the Grand Dukes. He has written a history of Russia, and lately he published a brochure exploding the popular legend that Alexander I., after his supposed death, retired to Siberia, and lived for long under the name of Feodor Kozmitch. But none of his talents has outweighed the fact that he is a "reformer." Nevertheless, even he has an appointment to command a Life Guards battalion. And when such a "reformer" is pardoned, it is a sure sign that the Tsar wants peace.

In fact, were it not for the hundred thousand other reformers rotting in gaol, and starving in Siberia, it would be peace all round. Still Nicholas II. cannot be expected to attend to everything. He has his spirits to talk to; he is busy making his Finnish subjects happy; and he is spending £130,000,000 on new warships and battalions.

HER EVERLASTING FATE.

Mrs Hen, having performed her oviparous function, took a constitutional round the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty, and clucked angrily.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

The King's Clumbers——

READERS of LONDON OPINION have already been informed that King George is going to exhibit Clumber spaniels from the stock of his illustrious father. The King has arranged for the Prince of Wales to shoot over pointers, setters, and spaniels. The King is, of course, one of the best game shots living, and inherits fishing instincts from his mother—an expert fisherwoman.

——and Greyhounds.

King George may also go in for coursing; but there is a certain sentiment handed down by King Edward against unnecessary cruelty to animals. Still, as a sportsman, King George is fond of a fast brace of greyhounds, and would, no doubt, like to win a Waterloo Cup.

A Notable Australian.

How full London is getting! Mr. Geoffrey Fairfax, generally considered the brains of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, was seen in Pall Mall the other day. The son of Sir John Fairfax has done more for sheepdog trials than perhaps any other man living. He recognises that the sheepdog is the greatest friend that a stockman can possess in the greatest sheep and cattle country in the world. In Australia labour is scarce. The sheepdogs of the squatter's boundary riders accomplish more, individually, than scores of men could, so the ample Fairfax purse is open for promoters of sheepdog trials.

Harry Rickards, of Sydney.

Mr. Harry Rickards is a dog-lover to the backbone. The man who has made his fortune out of theatres and music-halls in Australia is on his way to England—has perhaps arrived. He himself entertained Londoners as a variety artist almost a generation ago. Mr. Rickards' tastes, in the way of dogs, lie in the direction of bulldogs and Newfoundlands. His kennels at Waverley, Sydney, are very up to date.

Dog Owners From All Parts.

From all parts of the globe people are flocking together, and among them dog owners of all nations. It is a long way from Whakarewarewa, New Zealand, to New York. But last week an old Maori friend, son of a chief, whose staff of state had dog's hair as its fringe, had just been left in Tudor Street, when Mr. James A. Doyle, of *The Financier*, New York, came along.

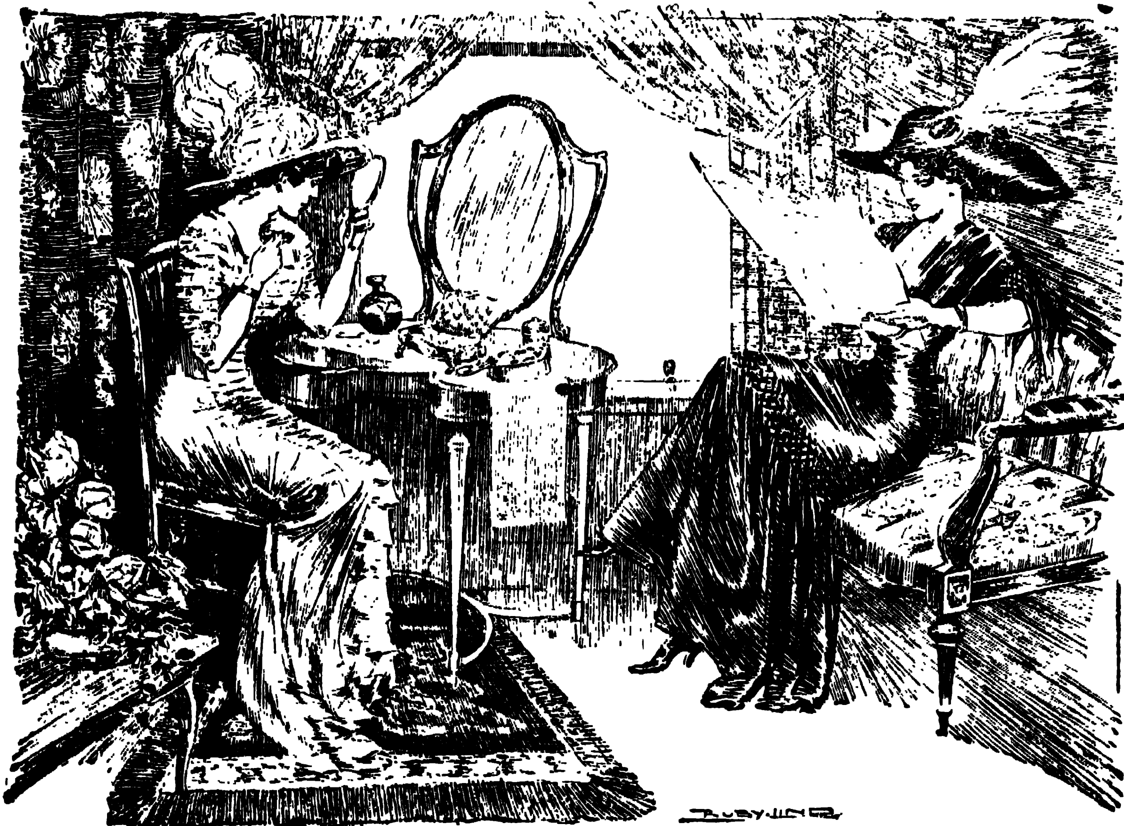
Mr Doyle, is owner of the French bulldog, Sub Rosa, a beautiful creature and mother of some of the best of her breed. Sub Rosa received her name in a funny way. She was left one night on the District Railway, and on being sold to pay expenses was given a poetic version of "Underground" as a cognomen.

Son of a Founder of "Punch."

Once more "London's Filling!" Mr. Reginald F. Mayhew, son of the late Mr. Augustus Mayhew (one of the brothers who, with Mark Lemon, founded *Punch*), is also coming over. "Reggie" Mayhew has long been on the staff of the *New York Herald*. As a breeder and owner of fox terriers he will be always remembered as the owner of a dog for which even a Vanderbilt offered a signed blank cheque. "No," cried Mayhew, "I can afford to keep the dog and I will."

A Chance to Help Charity.

The Molassine Company, whose well-known dog foods are popular among canine lovers, have struck a happy notion in connection with their exhibit at the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace. They have a magnificent stand where they will offer for sale all their well-known Molassine products, and have decided to contribute to King Edward's Hospital Fund five per cent. of the amount they receive for all goods sold for prompt delivery during the Exhibition.



"Are you engaged to Jack for good?"
"It looks like it. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me!"

FIVE-POUND NOTES AS PRIZES.

For "Doubles" and "Trebles" on People's Names.

For **Competition 372** a **£5 note each** is awarded to:

Ernest W. Whistler, Waverley Chambers, Station Street, Nottingham.
Treble.
Midland Furnishing Co. (p. 205)
Conveniently Facilitates Marriage.

Miss Florence Price, Vicar's Cottage, Pontymoile, Nr. Pontypool, Mon.
Double.
Dame Fortune. (p. 204)
Desirable Friend.

Thomas Henderson, 45, Eglinton Street, Sunderland.
Treble.
Miss Vesta Tilley. (p. 206)
Very Taking Mannerisms.

A. R. Mathie, "Ardinglea," Munster Road, Teddington, Middlesex.
Treble.
Mr. Upton Sinclair. (p. 201)
Scared Unprincipled Meat-Packers.

And **five** Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

William Kean, Post Office Buildings, Blackridge, West Lothian; Francis B McCague, Castle Street, Birr, Ireland; Clement C. Walshe, 125 Torriano Avenue, Kentish Town, N.W.; Miss Fry, Parkside, Darlington; Maurice Donovan, 76 North Main Street, Cork.


The Emperor William.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

If you can find any use for a five-pound note try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** for *each* of the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

The Emperor William. Duke of Connaught.
Mr. Reginald McKenna.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 278 to 286 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.


Duke of Connaught.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 374, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
56 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 23rd May. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 31st May.


Mr. Reginald McKenna.

J. D. B. St.—Send address for reply.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 374.**

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 374, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... *From page* ....

Double or Treble ....

HEAVIER BIRDS.

By JESSIE POPE.

1st Cock Sparrow: What cheer, old sport! you're looking a bit cheap.

2nd Cock Sparrow: Cheap's not the word. I'm given away, that's what I am.

1st C. S.: What's the trouble? Eggs addled?

2nd C. S.: No such luck. Five young'uns, fairly bulging over the nest with fat, and only six days old.

1st C. S.: Well, you needn't grumble, you were a young'un yourself last year.

2nd C. S.: Perhaps, but *we* were brought up as common or garden sparrows should be, on the first thing that came to beak; *we* didn't fly our father off his wings to supply the new diet.

1st C. S.: What's that? I've not heard of it.

2nd C. S.: Bread crumbs, and I have to go half a mile to get 'em, too.

1st C. S.: You needn't do that. Plenty of crumbs in next door yard. No use to me. My chicks are brought up on insectarian principles, bless 'em!

2nd C. S.: No use to me, either. It's this *standard bread* the wife insists on, not to mention the chicks. They won't touch a worm or look at a slug.

1st C. S.: Then I should give 'em *white* bread. They'd never know the difference.

2nd C. S.: Wouldn't they? You should have heard their language when I tried it once. As I tell the missus they've not learnt it from *me*. She says it's 80 per cent. they want, and 80 per cent. they must have.

1st C. S.: Well, why don't you make her do her share of the work?

2nd C. S.: It takes her all her time to keep 'em shoved down in the nest. We built it for the usual sized chicks, but since they've taken to this new diet, ours are as big as thrushes and as savage as hawks.

1st C. S.: Pooh—Why don't you sit on 'em?

2nd. C. S.: I wish they were back in the eggs, then I would.

1st C. S.: Well, cheer up, old cock. They'll soon be on their own wings and you can give 'em the shunt. Hullo, that's your missus' alarm note—something's up!

2nd C. S.: Gracious, so it is. I must fly. (*Does so.*)

1st C. S.: Tut, tut, what a to-do that hen is making! I wonder what's the matter?

Kitchen Cat. (*Looking up*) Think I can tell you. Two fledglings fell overboard, owing to insufficient accommodation at home. Never saw such a size as they were, and quite a new and subtle flavour about them. Wonder what it was?

1st C. S.: (*From a safe distance*) You great horrible hairy brute, that was their standard bread diet.

K. C.: Oh, *that* was the standard bread, was it? Then all I can say is—more power to it!

AN EPISODE OF THE MOMENT.

She moved restlessly about the rose-shaded room, deftly putting little feminine touches to a daintily laid table, on which the snowy napery reflected a thousand elusive shades from the gleaming glass and silver.

Without, was the gloom of darkness; no sound, save for the gentle rustle of the copper beeches, wafted on the night-laden air through the half closed window.

Her manner seemed tense and nervous; anxiety marred the rich young beauty of her brow. Ominously she paused ——expectantly— listening. Suddenly she stiffened, as in the far distance was faintly heard a long-drawn wail—the wail of a soul distressed. Rigid she stood——intently listening——waiting.

Nearer, the sound was repeated, rapidly approaching; the plaintive cry, as of a human soul in pain. Hastily she glanced round the room, her bosom heaving, eyes flashing; rapidly she moved towards the door.——Gaining the hall, she paused as, for the third time, that awful cry swelled up in a final drawn-out shriek of tortured agony at her very door—Silence.——

Swiftly she moved to unbar the door, and throwing wide the portal, rushed into the arms of Henry—her Henry, who had just had his motor fitted with the latest thing in syrens.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

A Useful Suit.

I am asked by correspondents to tell them of the most useful suit for a man who wishes to be well dressed but does not want big tailor's bills. Many men answer this query for themselves by suggesting blue serge, but I am not sure that that answer is always the best. Personally, I should prefer a suit of a grey "whipcord" cloth, which has advantages not possessed by a serge.

Whipcord.

I understand that there is no copyright in the name "whipcord," and that some tailors would apply it to an ordinary dark grey worsted, which, in appearance, it resembles. At the same time, every good tailor knows quite well what is meant by "a real whipcord." It is a cloth which declines to be worn out. It is used principally for spring overcoats, for which purpose it is to be preferred to the ordinary "rainproof" cloth. Whipcord of a lighter weight is the stuff for a lounge suit. It is a hard, unyielding material, with a smooth surface, and it does not become shiny with wear, as does a serge.

Its one Disadvantage.

There is but one objection—so far as I know—that can be made against a whipcord cloth. It must be cut and made up absolutely correctly in the first place, or the suit is not right. An ordinary material can be moulded to the figure to a certain extent, and, if the tailor happens to make a slight mistake in the cutting out of the cloth, he can rectify it by his skill in "working on" it at the place required. The cloth can be stretched here and there to hide any trifling defect in the cut. Not so a whipcord. As the cloth is cut, so it must be made up, and the tailor who tries to use it as he would a soft Saxony or flannel does no good to the suit. It is, perhaps, because a whipcord demands such perfect tailoring that the average tailor fights shy of it. Still, a well-made grey whipcord suit wants a good deal of beating, and for the man with an eye to economy there is nothing to equal it.

Convenient Grey.

Once when I suggested a suit of this kind to a man I was met with the objection that grey was "half-mourning." But, as I pointed out to the objector, it is such an easy matter to wear a coloured shirt, or tie or hat, and so do away with the impression that you are in half mourning. It always seems to me that grey is such a convenient shade for a suit because you can wear any colour with it; you certainly cannot wear a shirt or tie of any colour with a blue serge suit. I am not particularly keen on seeing a blue shirt with a grey whipcord suit, but that is only a fad of mine. Personally, I think that the man who wears such a suit gets the best effect from it if he wears with it a white or cream soft-fronted shirt, and a tie of one plain colour. The shade of the tie may well be rather bright, since it is the only patch of colour in the whole of the man's get-up, if you except the boots which, if the wearer pleases, may be brown.

Colours for a Change.

It must not be thought that I am suggesting that grey whipcord should be accepted as a fashion. I mention it for the benefit of men who wish to dress neatly at the minimum of expense. The man who is not hampered in this way may well indulge his fancy for colours, of which there is a great variety this year. I have no doubt, for instance, that the fact that the first suit worn by the King when he was out of half mourning was a very light one will give an impetus to the sale of light suits. The favourite shade will probably be a light brown. If the pattern has a good deal of white in it, the suit will appear to be of a bright tan shade. The pattern I have in my mind is that known as a "honeycomb"—an excellent pattern for a summer suit, and quite a novel one. Then there are various shades of blue greys, brown-greys, bluish-browns, and other shades which it is impossible to label, so that the man who likes a good deal of colour in his clothes is well catered for. The most fashionable shade, by the way, is undoubtedly brown.

The Extravagant Man.

Some of these new brightly-coloured suitings are for the man who can afford to be more or less extravagant in the matter of clothes. A cloth of a very peculiar, distinctive shade or pattern is not intended for a man who wants all the wear he can get out of his clothes. A suit of this kind is for occasional wear—say, once a week; otherwise, the owner gets known by his suit.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post.

• • •



There was a man in our town,
Who was not always wise.
He bought his wife a party gown,
All full of hooks and eyes.
And when he had it all hooked up,
With all his might and main,
He wondered if he ever could
Unhook that gown again.

WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir; I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned Suffragette, and she is never at home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking and I haven't kicked over washing the dishes; but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children."

• • •

By Royal command, Raphael Tuck & Sons Ltd. have published for sale to the public a facsimile of the autograph letter which the King addressed to the nation on his accession. A symbolic border surrounding the letter has been designed by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.



Stocks and Shares*

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

There is little to say regarding the general condition of the markets, the tone of which has been dull to steady. The principal feature has been the extreme fluctuations in London General Omnibus stock, which has been down as low as 79 and up to 118. The Board of Trade returns for April, while not bad, are regarded in some quarters as an indication of a halt in the present spell of industrial activity. This consideration, together with the additional burdens that will have to be borne by the railway companies in connection with the Pension Scheme, will probably act to deter any further pronounced rise in Home Rails, which have also fluctuated more than usual.

Kaffirs, Rubbers, and Oils have all been inactive, and the only active section with rising prices has been Canadians.

A Good Cuban Bond.

There will be issued within the next few days $6,000,000 of Five per Cent. First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Cuban Ports Company. This is a Cuban company which has a concession from the Government of that island for the improvement of the harbours. By the Act granting the concession the Cuban Government has created a tax in the form of special port dues, charged on *all* goods unloaded in Cuban ports; the Government will collect these dues and hand over to the company each week all sums it has collected without any deduction. As the principal and interest of the bonds are secured on these port dues, which on the basis of the imports during the year 1909-10 are sufficient to cover the interest on the bond issue three times over, these bonds appear to be very well secured.

A Popular Field for Investment.

As these port dues are as sure of collection as the Customs dues—indeed it is claimed that they take precedence of them—the security is very good indeed, as it is not likely that Cuba will suddenly cease to import a ton of merchandise. The bonds, which have to be repaid within twenty-five years, and, under certain conditions, at 105 per cent., are being issued at 97½ per cent. The last big Cuban issue, viz., the Havana Terminal Railroad Five per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, was a great success, the bonds now standing at 6½ per cent. premium, and the Cuban Ports Bonds ($1,000,000 of which have already been subscribed in Cuba) appear to be an equally desirable investment.

London General Omnibus Company.

This stock has fluctuated as much as one of the big American gambling counters. Now that the first feeling of dismay at the approaching formidable competition has subsided, it is realised that the London General Omnibus Company is not going to take it lying down. The arrangement with the Thomas Tilling undertaking, and that for closer working arrangements with the Tubes and London United Tramways Company, are very good moves indeed, and considerably strengthen the position of the company. On the other hand, it certainly looks as though, for some time, at any rate, the London General Omnibus Company will be subjected to keen competition, and this without taking into account numerous smaller undertakings which are also in preparation. In view of these circumstances, and in spite of any temporary change of plans in connection with the new company, holders of Ordinary stock would probably be well advised to sell at the present price.

Is a Kaffir Rise Due?

Experience shows that, subject to the important proviso that one selects the best securities, it is more profitable for the investor to pick up stocks and shares in a market which, owing to a change in fashion, is more or less quiescent, rather than follow the fashion and rush in on the heels of the rest of the crowd, only to get "stuck" at inflated prices. For evidence of this fact we have only to look at the Home Rail market. A year or two ago no one would buy here and prices were low; when prices were high a few weeks ago, buyers predominated. When a market is deserted prices gradually sag, until some of the shares or stocks become really attractive on their merits, and this is the time to buy, provided one is able to hold, particularly so if the security purchased is a dividend payer, for then one can afford to wait until, in the course of events, that particular market becomes again popular.

In the Kaffir market prices have now dropped almost continuously for the last two years. During this depression the industry itself has made steady progress. Difficulties there are and always will be, but they are always successfully surmounted, and, when the rise does come, it will probably be both sudden and violent. Anyway, there is much more room for a rise in Kaffirs than a fall, and a glance at the following table, comprising three good dividend paying shares, which we have selected shows that the purchaser at present prices will at the least secure a very good return on his capital.

Some Kaffir Yields.

The following table shows some of the most attractive dividend payers:

	Approximate Life.	Annual Dividend.	Price.	Yield per cent.
Crown Mines ...	50 years or more	120 per cent.	7⅞	7½
Nourse Mines ..	23 years	20 per cent.	2⅝	8
New Goch ...	20 years	20 per cent.	1⅝	12

Although, with a mine, one is dealing with a wasting asset and should therefore regard part of each dividend received as a return of capital, experience shows that this factor may, in practice, be ignored until one is within, say, ten years of the apparent end of the mine. Meantime, any reduction in working costs renders payable large bodies of ore exposed, but not included in the life estimate, which increases the duration of the mine.

When the Crown Mines is working at full speed, which should shortly be the case, dividends of at least 130 per cent. per annum may be confidently awaited. Nourse Mines profits are improving, and the dividend for the current year is pretty sure to be 25 per cent.

Forestal Land.

The final dividend for the past year announced by this company brings the distribution on the Ordinary shares up to 24 per cent, which compares with 16½ per cent. for 1909, whilst the Participating Preference shares, which take 25 per cent of the surplus profits over 6 per cent., receive 14 per cent., as against 11½ per cent. last year. The demand for Quebracho sleepers and for the company's productions in connection with the tanning and dyeing industries is practically unlimited, and all indications point to a continuance of this company's prosperity. At the present prices of 42s. 6d. and 66s., the Preference and Ordinary shares, after allowing for the dividend included in the price, yield 5⅝ per cent. and 8 per cent. respectively, and are a good purchase.

Edward Lloyd.

Among the stream of Canadian issues which are being developed day by day, it was quite a pleasure to see the prospectus of a British undertaking, particularly when it is so good as the Five and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of this large paper concern. The issue of 550,000 shares at par met with an excellent reception, it having been applied for nearly twice over. These Five and a Half per Cent. Preference shares are cumulative and are covered by assets about twice over. The average profits of the undertaking are sufficient to cover the Preference dividend nearly four times, so that the success of the issue is easy to understand.

A Preference share has not the same security as a Debenture, but as, in the present case, it is provided that no Debentures and no floating charge on the undertaking

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

shall be created without the approval of holders of two-thirds of the Preference shares, and that considerable sums shall be placed to reserve before Ordinary shareholders receive a dividend, this Preference share is little inferior to a Debenture. There is, moreover, the advantage about a Preference share of this description that, being non-redeemable, the fact of its standing above par does not represent a future loss. At the present price of about 22s., these shares yield over 5 per cent., and may be regarded as a safe, high-class investment.

The Price of Rubber.

We are of opinion that circumstances tend to a still further drop in the price of rubber. In addition to a genuine shortage, the value of this commodity was temporarily inflated by the wave of extravagance which swept over the United States some time ago, but now that retrenchment is in progress in that country and that a slack period generally is probable there, this factor will cease to exercise so potent an influence on the price. Even if the Brazilian valorisation scheme should come to a head, it cannot hope to regulate prices for long, for the time is approaching when Brazilian production will no longer rule the market. There is rather a lot of raw material hanging over the Antwerp rubber market, and the next sales there, opening on the 24th inst., include eighty-four tons of Malayan and 379 tons of African rubber—rather a large quantity. We think, therefore, that we are justified in stating that conditions point to a further considerable fall in the price of this commodity, and those investors who are waiting to pick up some of the best shares when they are cheap will probably not lose by waiting a bit longer.

Harmony Props.

We hear that a syndicate has been formed to put up the price of these shares, which is at present about 6s. 3d. The company appears to be more a land-owning concern than a mining one, although its land is said to be richly mineralised, and as the Selati Railway, now in course of construction, passes right through the company's estates and is expected to be in operation between the latter and Delagoa Bay before the end of this year, the value of the property should be enhanced thereby, and an inrush of prospectors is anticipated. Three of the company's farms are to be thrown open as public diggings within the next month.

For that numerous class of individual liking a low-priced share capable of showing a 50 per cent. profit in capital value within a short period, Harmony Props. are attractive; but it should clearly be understood that, at the present juncture, they can only be recommended as a speculation pure and simple, and not as an investment.

• • •

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. In cases of special urgency, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form. No charge is made.

"*Querist.*" Dominion Saw Mills 6 per Cent Debentures are being talked up, but we think they are high enough. "*C. H. W.*" Ames-Holden-McCready 6 per Cent. 1st Mortgage Bonds at 101½ or West Canadian Collieries 6 per Cent. 1st Mortgage Bonds at 92½ would suit your purpose. "*D. M.*" -We send you particulars of four securities. By spreading your money over these you will secure a safe yield of over 5¼ per cent. "*F. W. S.*"- The yield on National Discount Company's shares at the present price is about 5¼ per cent., which is exceeded by one share only among the first-class banks. "*L. H.*" We think well of Tali Ayer Rubber Estates, but consider the present premium sufficiently discounts prospects. "*Winiton.*"- We would not recommend a purchase of Great Western Ordinary at present price. "*George*" *and others.*—The name and address of the publisher of the "Primer of Scientific Investment" mentioned in our last issue is H. E. Morgan, 53 Fetter Lane, E.C., and the price is 6d. net. "*Brown.*"- Cuban Central Ordinary are a fair speculation at the present low price. You had better realise your Tomboys. "*Rex*" -Rex Gold Mines may turn out all right, but the share is highly speculative. "*Doubtful.*"—Retain you Meyer and Charlton, Randfontein South, and Prestea Block A. Price Bros. 5 per Cent 1st Mortgage Bonds are an excellent holding. We understand the Special Settlement will take place in a week or two. "*Kilkenny.*"—The shares you mention, while possessing speculative chances, are not suitable for anyone with a small capital only. We send you a scheme of investment, producing a yield of nearly 5½ per cent., with every likelihood of capital appreciation.

THE NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.



REDIGULOUS!

Passenger: "The engineer stopped the train just in time. Let's take a subscription up for him."

Another Passenger: "Vot! Undt me carrying ten t'ousand dollars' accident insurance!" —"Puck," New York.

People who are married out of pity usually need it.—*Woman's World.*

• • •

Should you get the worst of it, try to make the best of it.—*Houston Post.*

• • •

A woman can say more in a look than a man can in a book.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

Every great man must realise that he is not as great as the newspapers say he is.—*Brooklyn Life.*

• • •

It makes no difference whom you marry, for you always find next day that you have married somebody else.—*Ledger*, Philadelphia.

• • •

There are two reasons why poor men can't get credit. The first is because they are not known. The second is because they are.—*Washington Star.*

• • •

We can understand the ease with which a fool and his money are parted, but what puzzles us is how the fool got the money to part with.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

• • •

Composers, try this for a song—
The royalties ought to be fat.—
"He Thought He Was Stuck on the Girl,
When 'Twas But the Pin in Her Hat."
—*Judge*, New York.

From a library catalogue: "How I shot my bears with illustrations." The poor bears must have been taken to see Max's new caricatures.—*World.*

• • •

I do not believe for a moment that any individual man wears a bowler hat because he likes it. No man born has such bad taste as that.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

• • •

It is a little strange that we are content to employ for Divine service verses which would not be admitted to a third-rate magazine.—*Nineteenth Century.*

• • •

The emptiness of England comes home to one during a long journey in a motor-car. The villages are small beads strung on the road, and they are strung very far apart.—*Morning Leader.*

• • •

From Society gossip in a weekly journal: ". . . Lord—— is now able to *take exercise in a closed carriage when the weather permits.*" His Lordship must be getting quite vigorous. But why such a reckless disregard of the elements?—*The Searchlight.*

• • •

A well-known doctor advises people to roll the eyes in order to strengthen the eye-muscles. A little risky, perhaps; for if this exercise were carelessly practised in crowded restaurants and other public places the eye would stand a good chance of being suddenly blackened.—*Black and White.*

• • •

It used to be said that it took three generations to make a gentleman. We make most things more quickly in these days than of old; but they do not last so long, and possibly are not so carefully or so well made. At least, the machine-made gentleman does not stand the test when pressure is applied; he cracks.—*Century Magazine.*

• • •

It seems to have escaped general notice that a deputation from the United Kingdom Fish and Chip Friers Federation waited upon the President of the Local Government Board recently to protest against an Order in Council which declared the business of Fish and Chip Frying to be an offensive trade. How can we expect to maintain our commercial supremacy if we handicap our merchant princes, and our captains of industry in this way at every turn?—*Westminster Gazette.*



MAROONED.

(Reprinted from "Printer's Pie," by kind permission of the Editor, Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode.)

PAPER BAG PRECEPTS.

[Many *Daily Mail* readers are advocating "Paper Bag Cookery" in their homes.]

TAKE some paper, not too thin;
Place a tender steak within;

Desiccating heat to foil
Drench the paper well with oil.

Having sealed the bag yourself
Put it on the oven shelf.

With one last uneasy look
Shut the door and let it cook.

After that let none disturb—
Surreptitious peepings curb.

Till the scheduled time has run
And the journal says it's done.

Place the dish before your "hub"
Chafing, man-like, for his grub.

And with palpitating hope
Watch him break the envelope.

Should he compliment the steak
To yourself the credit take.

Should its ruin make him rail
Merely blame the *Daily Mail.*

JESSIE POPE.



THE LADY'S DIFFICULTY.

THE LADY: "You have been recommended to me as an experienced divorce lawyer."

The Solicitor: "I am at your service, madam. What grounds have you for a divorce?"

The Lady: "Oh, I got a divorce six months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce."

• • •

VORACIOUS VOCALISTS.

[Singing before meals, according to a daily paper, promotes an excellent appetite.—*Daily Mirror.*]

BEFORE I proceed to partake of a feed
At my mid day resort in the City,
I pause at the portal and cheerfully chortle
A more or less rollicking ditty.
Though I'm thought to be cracked (peradventure the fact
That my *voice* is gives rise to the notion)
I lustily sing of the beauties of Spring
Or the joys of a life on the ocean.

The bars that I render appear to engender
A hunger no sherry and bitters
Or cocktail produced at the bars which I used
To frequent; so, regardless of titters,
I bellow my gay ante-prandial lay
And—such the effects of the act are—
Demolish my prog like a famishing hog,
Or a shark that annexes a Jack Tar.

Let it rip, ye sopranos who sup at Romanos!
Trill blithely, ye embryo Pattis!
Dispense with the oyster, and lifting the voice stir
A longing to guzzle at Gatti's.
By "Fall in and follow me" 's aid you can swallow
Far more than the average diner.
But on scanning the bill, when you've eaten your fill,
You may sing in a key that is minor!

F. J. WHITMARSH.





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London Opinion, 27th May, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
27th MAY, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 375.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page [illegible].

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No. 375. Vol. XXIX. 27th MAY, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

James Jeffries has announced that he will never fight again. We don't blame him.

• • •

The spirits of Londoners are up, writes a visitor. So, we gloomily note, are most of their roads.

• • •

Now they are recommending flute playing for consumptives. Isn't the cure almost as deadly as the disease?

• • •

Although there was no firework display at the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial, it ended with a Brock's benefit.

• • •

Englishmen, says a weekly paper, are a gloomy lot. Let the editor speak for his own readers—ours wear an aspect of perpetual sunshine.

• • •

Mr. Taft complains that crime goes too often unpunished in the United States. It is a fact that the originators of the Nu Spellin still live.

• • •

This latest theory, that Bacon murdered Shakespeare, must be wrong. We saw Shakespeare murdered, and it was by a member of Sir Herbert Tree's company.

• • •

The most annoying feature of the recent spell of sunshine and soft rains is that it was so splendid for the crops that it left the farmer absolutely nothing to grumble at.

• • •

Following on the destruction of the Army airship at Aldershot, the newest Zeppelin airship has been destroyed. Some folks see in this a further sign of growing German sympathy with us.

• • •

German policemen in need of a rest cure are to be sent to Bad Ems, Bad Nauheim, or Bad Kissingen, by way of a change from bad Berlin. It sounds more like homœopathy than rest cure.

• • •

"Fall of the Dictator," was the heading of a piece of news in the *Daily Mail* recently. Some people jumped to the conclusion that it was from the House of Commons, but it was only from Mexico.

• • •

A patriotic countryman of the Chancellor of the Exchequer says there isn't a quarter of the globe where Welshmen are not to be found. This will make their countrymen at home careful in their selection of a place for a holiday.

• • •

A cynic suggests that when the People's Representatives vote the People's money into their own pockets they would do well to secure for themselves, before the next election, the benefits of State Insurance against unemployment.

• • •

A morning paper has a spring-time story of a canal mariner who steers his craft clad in a bathing suit, and the writer calls him "a sybaritic bargee." One wonders what the gentle navigator would reply if you called him that to his face.

The Aldwych island site is not to be built upon after all. This fine tract of virgin land may yet rival Canada as a field for emigration.

• • •

M.P.'s are to be paid £400 per annum. We hope some of them will be so busy spending it that they won't have time to go near the House.

• • •

The first reporter to work from an aeroplane was given publicity the other day, but he is by no means the first journalist who has taken a flight.

• • •

Lord Raglan, who began to smoke when he was thirteen, says he has never stopped since. It's a wonder the loss of sleep didn't kill him years ago.

• • •

It is seriously announced from New York that, despite all rumours to the contrary, the American woman is still interested in the home. Whose home it doesn't say.

• • •

There are no new taxes in the new Budget. We should have thought that lack of originality would have been one of the last charges to bring against the Chancellor.

• • •

The gallery queue for last Wednesday night's command performance at Drury Lane began to form up early on Tuesday morning. What won't people do for "Money"!

• • •

Brightly coloured socks are now alleged to be dangerous to the wearer. The latter has always supposed, one fancies, that they were chiefly dangerous to the maiden's heart.

• • •

The Headmaster of Eton has been saying that the poor are as happy as the rich. All the same, the depressing slouch of the Eton lower boy probably does not really indicate acute misery.

• • •

The very latest is that the shattered nerves of the nation are due to white bread. Yet we know a man who broke his leg in two places within a day of eating a slice of brown bread and butter.

• • •

A judge has been deploring the fact that the days are gone when a man was knocked down for calling another a liar. That's all very well, but you can't have your police courts full of amateur fishermen and golfers charged with assault

• • •

Cambridge proctors have decided to "set their faces against" the practice of allowing actresses to appear in the University theatrical productions. It is the chance of the undergraduate's face being set against the actress's that frightens the proctors.

• • •

The American millionaire who tells the newspaper interviewer that the happiest time of his (the millionaire's) life was when he (the millionaire) was running about barefoot in New York makes us wish that he (the millionaire) was having that happy time all over again.

CHEER UP, ENGLAND!

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

CHEERFULNESS is breaking in at last. That is what strikes me as I move about in a London that is preparing for the Coronation. London is always merry in May, but she is merrier this May than I have ever known her. The long years of melancholy are over. The dark fit of pessimism is past. London has at length recovered from the sadness that set in during the South African war. As we look back to the siege of Mafeking and Ladysmith, to the Black Week of Stormberg and Magersfontein, to the heroic tragedy of Spion Kop, we realise that the gloom of the war has cast its shadow over our national life during all the intervening years. The death of Queen Victoria and the death of King Edward deepened our depression. The storms of political strife increased our despondency. Last year two desperately fought general elections left us so limp and lethargic that we had not the heart to be joyful. We had been living too long on our nerves. We had been drained of our vitality by too many violent emotions.

• • •

A NATION has its moods as well as a man. It cannot go through all that England has gone through during the past ten years without feeling the stress and strain. For a nation needs a holiday as much as a citizen. The plain truth is that John Bull has gone without a holiday far too long. He fretted and worried until his nerves were frayed to a frazzle. He became a hypochondriac. He lost faith in himself. Now at last he is cheering himself up. There is no doubt about it. You can feel the hum of cheerfulness in the streets of London. The politicians are no longer masters of the situation. The people are forgetting the politicians. They are drinking huge bumpers of joy. They are smiling in the shops and restaurants, in the theatres and the parks. London is in a good humour. She has made up her mind to make up for the years the locust has eaten. London is at this moment like a young girl who has just come out. She is visibly determined to have a good time. It is a wonderful thing to feel the impulse of joy in a great city. London is so vast that nothing but a tremendous emotion affects her. But when she begins to move it is with a movement like the sea.

• • •

THE Coronation is filling London with the gaiety of youth, for London has at last responded to the youthful quality of the new reign. King George and Queen Mary with their bright-eyed troop of youngsters have in some way infected London with their healthful optimism. They have made London feel that life is good, and that the Empire is only on the threshold of its morning. King George once begged England to wake up. Well, she has waked up. She has caught from King George the faith in herself that she had almost lost in the long period of mourning and lamentation. Her faith comes from the young nations. King George is more than an English King. He is a colonial King to boot. He represents the breezy confidence of the Navy as well as the daring courage of the colonial pioneer. He knows the seven seas, and he knows the five nations. He represents the new vigour as well as the old traditions of the race. He has brought in the energy of the new commonwealths to reinforce the lethargy of the motherland. The fresh blood of the colonies is pulsing through the veins of London during the merry month of May.

• • •

THE message of King George is now, "Cheer up, England!" We are cheering up. The Cassandra chorus is dumb. The prophets of evil are in disgrace. The full note of courage and confidence is dominant at last. I felt the tide of cheerfulness breaking in the other day as I travelled over the All Red Route at the Crystal Palace. The names of the stations stirred my blood like the sound of a trumpet. I put a girdle round the empire in fifteen minutes, thus smashing Puck's record. At the last Paris Exhibition there was a Trans-Siberian railway. You sat in a train, and Siberia moved past you. But at the Crystal Palace your electric car rushes round the Empire. Fifty thousand miles in fifteen minutes! Fancy that! And the scenes are vivid enough to stimulate your imagination. It is true that they are property scenes, but they make you grip the reality of the Empire. They flash the miracle of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa on your vision. The young nations are speaking through the toy symbols. When you step out of the train and stare at the Parliament of Canada the illusion strikes along your brain. You see dimly the big facts that make Britons brothers all round the world.

• • •

THIS is going to be a real Festival of Empire. The feast of our youth is going to be a real feast. London is going to gather together in a glorious reunion all the sturdy strength of a world-shaping kinship. Just as a man renews his youth in the youth of his sons and daughters, so this old country is renewing its youth in the youth of its lusty offspring. Let us have done with doubt. Let us slay Giant Despair. Let us have the courage of our colonies. Let us emulate their dash and daring, their unity and simplicity, their gaiety and their go. Let us remember that the Empire is a family with a rosy future for every son and every daughter. As men and as nations it is our business to believe in ourselves and in each other. The man who believes in himself cannot be beaten, and the nation that believes in itself cannot be beaten.

• • •

WHAT is the difference between England and Canada? England believes in other nations more than in herself, whereas Canada believes in herself more than in other nations. This is true of all the colonies. They believe in themselves. Let England take a leaf out of the colonial book. Let England believe in herself. It is self-confidence that makes a nation laugh at the future. Self-confidence is the secret of cheerfulness. If England only knew what other nations are thinking, she would not be so doleful. It is not her weakness that makes Europe envy her: it is her strength. There is no old nation on the earth that is ringed round with so many stalwart young giants that are afraid of nothing. There is no old nation that has so many young roots striking deep into so many soils. There is no old nation that has so many growing pains in so many of its young limbs. Surely, it is the greatest joke in history for such a nation to be downhearted with dread of decadence. Therefore, cheer up, England! Be merrie England once more.

ANOTHER LEAK.



Because a few Members of Parliament need payment, the taxpayer is to provide £250,000 a year for distribution among the 670 members, most of whom are wealthy men.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

A PLAY is just like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box, and, if it's bad, all the puffing on earth won't make it go.—*Charles Frohman.*

All are born on the shore of the Sea of Troubles.—*G. C. Maunsell.*

In these days marriage is detested as a disagreeable necessity.—*W. Crossling.*

Opportunity is something the chump waits for while the wise guy runs to meet it.—*Julian Eltinge.*

It may sound like exaggeration, but a man has almost as many buttons on his suit of clothes as a woman has on the back of her waist.—*Greenwood Lake.*

A clear proof of worth is to be able to honour your enemy.—*Calderon.*

College graduates know everything—except how to make a living.—*J. W. Babcock.*

Humour is God's universal medicine for the alleviation of human ills.—*J. K. Jerome.*

Women are just as old as they look; and they look as young as they can.—*Mrs Ridge.*

I sometimes feel I would rather bury than marry girls who cannot cook.—*Rev. William Cuff.*

Love is always a nuisance—it makes you miserable when you're young because it *doesn't* last and when you're old because it *does.*—*E. M. Heves.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



THE PRIMA DONNA.
All you need take is 56 chest,
Fill with Puccini and Strauss,
Add the one gesture as seen in the cut-
This ought to bring down any house.

On Paper.

If the cue of life were taken from daily papers the public would be tempted to suppose—and I daresay numbers of country folk do suppose—that existence in London just now is an unmitigated round of endless excitement from morning to night, and that when not in the streets staring at Royalties, the multitude is rushing to shows, ceremonies, and exhibitions to stare at them there. Pictures and photographs of Kings and Emperors—seen a thousand times before—spring up in every direction, and there is a growing disposition to shout "Hooray!" without any particular object or aim in view, and to imagine that you did something particularly clever when you decided to be born an Englishman. These hysteries, which mean nothing and are unintelligible even to those who indulge in them, are alleged to be healthy paroxysms in the life of a great people, while the newspapers—alive to the improved advertisement revenue from fanning the flame of public imbecility—play the game for all it is worth.

• • •

In Fact.

As a matter of fact, the ordinary Londoner lives his life on the old plan. If the clerk is not at his office by nine o'clock he hears about it: if the shopman is not behind his counter at the appointed moment, he is favoured with a few words from the "boss." He earns no more money because King George is to be crowned this year, and the ceremonious unveiling of belated "memorials" puts nothing on to his account in the Savings Bank. Memorials to monarchs are absolutely useless from every point of view. The money, to begin with, is not subscribed by the masses, and, even if it was, the utility of a statue has never yet been shown. When I see Wellington or Shakespeare in the rain I feel sorry, and the estimate of Queen Victoria or King Edward will not be appreciated or depreciated one jot by the erection of "memorials." Respect, or dislike, is not produced by marble and gilt. There is no deep feeling in the hearts of the crowd which sallies forth to behold the unveiling of something or the opening of something. These people have no discrimination of persons or causes. They simply want to see a sight, and if that truth were admitted—and no columns of bosh written to distort the truth—there would be nothing in their "enthusiasm" to talk about. The sight-seeing instinct is a pardonable phase of natural curiosity. I am open to bet that if Mrs. George Sanger were alive to-day, and able to repeat her grand coup of driving a live lion through the streets of London, she would draw as big a muster as will the Royal progress next month, with its real trappings and expensive horses. If you told the mob that it was "only a show," they would reply, "No matter what it is, so long as it is worth looking at."

• • •

A Fine Show.

The word of a showman, born and bred, may be freely accepted on such a point. Now "Lord" George Sanger—who is no Lord and doesn't need to be—obtained a splendid advertisement forty years ago when the late Queen went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. It cost him £7,000, and no doubt was worth it. The procession started from the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and on the top of the principal car rode Mrs. Sanger as Britannia with a tame lion at her feet. "Our show," says the showman, "drew forth tremendous cheering, for its tinsel finery had a good deal more glitter about it than the solid grandeur of the Royal procession." The spectacle was afterwards "produced" in the provinces, and at Bradford this street parade—which Lord Beaconsfield bowed to—drew the enormous gate of 96,000 persons. As in 1872 so in 1911. We like shows, and the children love them. What we need not do is to delude ourselves that some vast Imperial motive underlies the desire for an outing. That is nonsense. You may as well try to ring it on to the Lord Mayor's ninth of November hubbub, or to the tens of thousands wont to assemble at Clapham to watch the return from the Derby. The "on the run" woman will go anywhere to see anything. Thousands of the female sex are on the *qui vive* for any free sight. Grosses of socks and stockings lie unmended and untended. Father comes home to a cold dinner, and mother has been out all day to see the Prince of Thingummy or the Grand Duke What's-his-name arrive at Victoria.

• • •

Early Rising.

Our Sovereign Lord the King is credited with a desire to set the notion going early in the morning and retiring to rest at an early hour of night. This programme will not suit all your readers, for the cold, grey dawn of the opening day is the most cheerless hour of the twenty-four, and thousands of people like to renew acquaintance with the world after it is well aired. I love to go to bed late, and my predisposition thereto is confirmed by occasional experiences in the opposite direction. Having been accustomed for many years to toil through the livelong night, one grows reconciled to a mid-day breakfast, notwithstanding the knowledge that such a meal is sure to earn for you the reputation of being a loafer and a wastrel. So whatever time the King may get out of the sheets at Buckingham Palace, a considerable mass of his subjects will still enjoy the comfort of a forenoon in bed. Sleep does not disdain to bind up the ravel'd sleave of care after daylight, and I am on the side of the sluggard who said, "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

• • •

Glorious Bed.

Of course when you talk of this there is great indignation among the General Clashbangs and Admiral Blowhards, who want mankind to be run on a disciplinary system. One feature of all such systems, whether in the Services, penitentiaries, asylums, workhouses, or other public

institutions, is an insistence on early rising, with its concomitant nuisance of going to bed at a preposterous hour. I am a good country yokel, imported to London, and ruined by force of circumstances. I love to see a ballet at ten o'clock, and have sat in Drury Lane until half past one in the morning. Comfort is the great joy of life, so no out-of-bed for me until the sitting-room is tidied up, and the breakfast deliberately cooked, the grate properly dusted, and the antimacassars placed in neat positions. My special abomination in life is the antimacassar, which is the cause of more trouble in the ordinary home than all the servants who come and go. Women have a traditional veneration for this article. I delight to collect it in heaps and put it on the mat. Then the row commences. Such a proceeding is held to be indisputable evidence of man's indifference to the sanctity of the household, and full proof of a natural inclination to disorder and slovenliness. But what proportion of the population now puts macassar oil on their heads, and why am I, therefore, expected patiently to suffer the crochet patterns, presumed to lend dignity and solemn respectability to the front parlour?

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The Derby.

THOUSANDS of Englishmen who never bother about betting will make their annual wager next week. The Derby retains a good deal of its old glamour, and, if it be not quite the same thing that it was in the "sixties," there is still an abundance of vitality about it. Our King takes up racing fifty years after his grandmother left it off, for the death of the Prince Consort in 1861 put an end to the perfunctory patronage of the Turf her Majesty was almost bound by her position to give. Both she and her husband disliked the game, and it was a long time before the then Prince of Wales, realising the fears of his father, followed it in earnest. Many men now alive saw Kettledrum win, and were present also when the Derby victor lost the St. Leger the following September to that 100 to 1 outsider Caller Ou. That name (for the benefit of the wretched English I say this) means fresh oysters. On the afternoon of the 1861 St. Leger it led to a good deal of fresh language.

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Wisdom.

I HAVE a coin of ruddy gold,
Which friends say should increase ten-fold,
If I know how to place it;
The plan is plain—no rubber fake—
The "yellow boy" I simply take
To Epsom Downs, and race it.

There horses bolt, while bettors bar
No doughty steeds, except Sunstar,
Yet even he may falter;
And if I plunge on Lord Burgoyne,
Some beast, slim-built in limb and loin,
My well-laid scheme may alter.

King William comes, my heart to vex
(Remember 'tis a month of "rex"),
While Pietri distracts me;
And when I spot a real good thing
That lures me on to have a fling,
Some other "dead cop" racks me.

Which is most dainty, who will say?
When to the diner comes a tray
Of birds baked in a pie-dish?
Which item does one most adore
In furnisher's conglomerate store,
Pantechniconifiedish?

Who shall 'twixt mettled coursers choose,
Which strive with muscle and with thews,
The world to thrill, or shock it?
Yes, on the whole I might do worse
Than for my quid to get a purse,
And keep it in my pocket.

If Cyllius some silly ass
Declares a "cert."—well, let it pass—
Whatever shape they hover in,
The demon "bookies" scoop the spoil.
So, at this season, extra-loyal,
I'm sticking to my sovereign.

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Anomalous.

CRITICISM has been directed to a curious social circumstance. Our clergy often receive less salary than our butlers, and when I say "our" butlers, I am assuming that all your readers keep a man who buttles. The explanation is not an easy one, and that butlers draw better than ministers is much to be deplored. When the cork is mightier than the pulpit we may look forward to the time the preacher will pass into the ranks of the "has bins." Perhaps a new comedy, *What the Butlers Draw*, will shortly be forthcoming. Side by side with the disquieting statement comes another to the effect that milkmaids are dying out. Let us trust this is not so, for the blow to pictorial art will be terrific. The only milkmaids I know were born in coloured supplements, are pink of cheek and massive in beauty. If any artist were to draw a spare milkmaid with scraggy arms and a palpable "transformation" the great heart of England would burst with anger. Milkmaids are the cream of womanhood, and one grieves to learn the market is turning sour.

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Mysterious.

SIR HERBERT TREE is thinking of his latter end. He has written to his daughter announcing the intention of being cremated. This will explain how his mind turned to thoughts of Graves when the recent show at Drury Lane was projected. It is natural some managers should be gloomy—they live in an atmosphere of "dead heads." Mr. Laurence Irving recently objected to coughings, and now his colleague jibs at shrouds. His action is unaccountable, for of all dramatic undertakers he has been the most successful.

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A Matter of Taste.

RHAPSODISING over the recent dramatic flutter before the Kaiser, a morning paper wrote: "It was one of the finest scenes in the world. It was a scene of magic grace and glory. It was the breath of pageantry; it was the romance of tact. It was an illuminated page torn from a volume of chronicled chivalry; it had the surge and rhythm of some old ballad. It was history." Was it, really? Well, if so, we need not garnish history with tripe.

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A Good Supply.

THREE great exhibitions are now in full swing within our midst. We can "padge" at the Crystal Palace, promenade at Shepherd's Bush, or enjoy all the fun of the fair at Earl's Court. Let me express the hope that none of these enterprises charges weary visitors for a chair. Nothing makes a man more furiously "sit up" than when he has to part for sitting down.

ROUND THE TOWN.

All the Latest Social, Literary, Suffragette, Flying, and Sporting Gossip.

FROM the teakwood fittings of the King's old ship, the *Melampus*, Queen Alexandra has ordered a suite of garden furniture; and King George, too, will have as a memento a garden chair. A rocking chair, I presume.

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THE price of M.P.'s, now fixed at £400, has gone up since the days when Sir Charles Dilke offered John Burns £150 a year to help him in his Parliamentary ambitions—an offer Mr. Burns refused on principle; and in the Parnell days various people were offered Irish seats if they could satisfy the Nationalist Whip that they were worth £150 a year, or could get guaranteed that amount, to keep them off the party funds.

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IT is not often that one hears of a judge who is the proprietor of an hotel, but I came across the fact the other day that Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton is the owner of the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, which establishment is held under a lease from the Crown.

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MR. GRAHAME WHITE has undertaken a contract to deliver films of the Coronation procession by aeroplane to Birmingham, Bristol, and Rugby. Immediately after the films have been taken they will be developed and placed in aeroplanes at the Hendon Aviation Ground, whence they will be transported by Mr. White and his airmen to the various provincial towns. Thus the pictures will be exhibited in different parts of the country before the procession has actually returned to Buckingham Palace. How these Coronation films will be taken is related on another page.

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OWING to the novelty of the aviation industry, it is likely to be run chiefly by big private firms, who are able to spend money freely for the prospect of reward after a long interval. The bulk of the English trade is held by three companies—the British firm founded by Sir George White, Bart., Messrs. Vickers, and Mr. Grahame White. The last-named failed to raise capital by invitations to the public. 'As a friend of mine remarked: "He can fly, but he can't float." He will go ahead, therefore, with private capital.

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THE situation is interesting because these three concerns are in a certain rivalry which shows itself in many ways, one being the engagement of aviators. The Bristol firm has created almost a "corner" of airmen, French and English, their latest acquisition being M. Prier, the hero of the Hendon-Paris flight. Messrs. Vickers have secured Major Wood and Mr. A. R. Low to fly the R. E. P. monoplane.

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THERE will, by the time this is printed, be one hundred certificated English aviators, and just lately there has been keen competition among flight pupils to pass the tests and get into the "century." It is expected that the first hundred English aviators will meet soon to celebrate themselves with a dinner.



Lady: "That pipe you were supposed to have mended yesterday leaks as badly as ever."
Jobber: "Did you keep the cistern empty, mum?"
Lady: "No, of course not."
Jobber: "Ah, that's wot's done it, you may depend!"



"I wish these people would go home!"
"So do I, dear, but I can't turn them out!"
"No, but you might play the piano!"

FOR three or four years, until they become quite common, professional aviators will be in clover. There is a tremendous demand for flight displays throughout America as well as in this country, and the usual fee is £100 per day. Passenger-carrying also is likely to continue profitable for a long time to come. There will probably be an aviation week at Lanark again this year; and the Royal Aero Club are determined to hold the Gordon-Bennett race at Eastchurch, Sheppey.

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MR. McKENNA was not strictly accurate the other day when, replying to Mr. Ashley, he said that four naval officers had learned to fly on aeroplanes lent by the Royal Aero Club. The machines belong to Mr. F. McClean, the astronomer aviator, who at the moment is absent from England on a solar eclipse expedition. The teacher of flying was Mr. G. B. Cockburn—also unpaid. Honour to whom honour is done.

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THERE is to be a big Coronation demonstration of Suffragettes, headed by a fife and drum band composed of women in sympathy with the movement. Miss Julie Opp, the actress who used to be in Mr. George Alexander's company, says that she has agreed to be one of the fifers, for, as she says, "the woman who doesn't lend the cause every talent, every accomplishment, and every influence she may possess, isn't worth the name of Suffragist."

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THESE Suffragettes get in some rather nasty thrusts at the tyrant Man every now and again. One of them, speaking of another prominent woman who is lukewarm in the cause, remarked: "She fairly worships her husband. She thinks that he is absolutely perfect. Why, the woman actually believes that the parrot taught him to swear!"

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THE man who was last reputed to have broken the bank at Monte Carlo Captain Arthur de Courcy Bower, has been notified by the trustee in the bankruptcy of Mr. A. St. L. Lee Guinness to attend as a witness in that case.

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MR. HEINEMANN is publishing a new novel by the author of *Marcia in Germany*, and *Hedwig in England*, both of which ran into several editions. The new book for the first time reveals the author's identity, Sybil Spottiswoode.

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EARLY in the autumn Longmans, Green, & Co. will have ready the authoritative *Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire*, by Mr. Bernard Holland, C.B., one of the Duke's private secretaries. The biography has been undertaken at the request of the present Duke of Devonshire, and will contain characteristic correspondence with Gladstone, Spencer, Granville, Mr. Chamberlain, and others.

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MR. SHAW was taken by a friend recently to hear some instrumentalists who wanted to get a good word from him. G. B. S. sat through the performance in stony silence. The friend, hoping to interest him, remarked: "These performers have been playing together for eight months." Shaw looked at him incredulously before he replied. "Eight months? Surely we have been here longer than that?"

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AS a woman may have a tiara and a park of motor-cars, and yet be out of fashion without a Pekinese, it is easy to prophesy that the show of the Pekin Palace

Association at the Botanic Gardens next Tuesday will be a prominent social event. Mrs. Bertram Corbett will be assisted by Lady Evelyn Cotterell in judging.

THEY were talking at a famous London yacht club of the luxury which has now usurped the old spirit of gaiety identified with yachting. "The definition of a yacht nowadays," said one, "is any old tub with a bottle of champagne on board."

THE late Galloway Weir, for many years M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, started life as a factory boy in a sewing-machine factory, which he lived to own. By an extraordinary series of coincidences, 23rd December was always regarded by him with dread. On 23rd December he lost his mother, on 23rd December he lost his first wife, and on 23rd December one of his daughters was engulfed in the great earthquake at Amalfi, Italy—the only English person who perished.

NOTICE has been affixed to all the approaches of Metropolitan Police Courts that anyone taking photographs in court will be summarily ejected. On inquiry, this prohibition does not seem to apply to artists sketching in court, which would suggest that a drawing is not as accurate as a photograph. Well, yes, sometimes.

JUST met that genial giant and clever artist Will True, designer of what is probably the most widely-known poster in the world. This is that mural fakement representing two cats—one white and plump, the other brown and thin—sitting on a wall discussing the merits of a brand of condensed milk. Many people, by the way, attribute this work, which is known all over the world, to Mr Louis Wain. Will has given up his studio by the silvery sea, and is now located in town again—Earl's Court, to wit.

TALKING of the art of the *affiche,* few people know the tribulations that the designer goes through at the hands of the customer, whose abilities naturally are more commercial than artistic. An artist told me once of a commission he received from the proprietor of a touring melodrama for a poster representing a scene in the precious production. The villain, he explained, must be shown with his *back* to the spectator, and a cold smile of sneering triumph on his face!

WHO is responsible for the shameful state of the roads immediately around the Albert Hall? Various important blocks of flats are built around the Hall, but the roads which intersect these—as well as the road around the Hall itself—would be a disgrace to a third-rate provincial town.

THIS condition of affairs has been the cause of complaint by the occupants of the flats in question for a considerable time, but owing, as I understand, to the different interests existing between the owners of the Albert Hall, Albert Hall Mansions, and Albert



"Look at Daisy—how she's changed. What age is she?"
"I don't know; but whatever it is, she looks it!"

Court, nothing has been done. Some arrangement has, I believe, been come to lately by the parties concerned to put matters right, but if they are careful to leave things alone for a little longer—say, just whilst the crowds are in London over the Coronation—they will obtain a reputation for the worst piece of road in the Metropolis.

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THE horses for use in the Coronation procession are undergoing a "severe preparation" at the present time in the way of working each morning to the accompaniment of the most exuberant shouts and lusty rounds of cheers emitted by the employees at the Royal stables, in order to accustom them to the enthusiasm of the onlookers on Coronation Day. Happening to live within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, and hearing every morning the fiendish yells of the employees at the Royal stables, it seems to me that the Coronation procession "gees" are being put to a very thorough test indeed. If they don't take fright at the vociferous shouts hurled at them daily—nothing short of an earthquake should upset their dignified demeanour!!

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AM glad to hear from Marie Lloyd, who is dead keen on racing, that she had a good win over Bachelor's Double. But for the unfortunate rumour that he had been coughing, the Jubilee winner must have started at a short price, for, on his best form, he was far from badly handicapped.

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TO the punter whose investments are of a mild character, the Derby favourite, Sunstar, at his present price is obviously of no particular use as a medium for a small gamble. On this account many correspondents have asked me to give what is, in my opinion, the best outsider for the big Epsom race. I would suggest, therefore, that, backed each way, Beaurepaire might easily show a good profit. This useful horse was assuredly not fully wound up in the Newmarket Stakes, and should be much better on Wednesday next. Excellent accounts reach me from Newmarket of the progress he is making in his work; and at twenty-fives, or thereabouts, Beaurepaire is worth attention.

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FRANK WOOTTON, who finished second on Steadfast to Sunstar in the Two Thousand Guineas, does not agree with the general opinion that the Derby favourite won in a canter. He tells me that he doesn't think Sunstar could have won much farther than he did.

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JIMMY BRITT, the ex-Lightweight Champion of the World, who sailed for America last week, wired me from Liverpool that he expected to be back again in England quite shortly. His sudden departure is due to the serious illness of his sister.

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GNOME (by Isinglass—Queen Fairy), who was cheaply sold for 270 guineas after winning a Selling race at York last week, will catch the Judge's eye again very shortly. This horse is a bit above selling race form, to which his attention will doubtless now be turned.

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DONOGHUE, who steered Bachelor's Double to victory in the Jubilee, brought his mount so closely to the rails round the bend that when he returned to weigh in I noted that the horse was marked with white paint from the rails, though, fortunately, he was not cut. This was going the shortest way home with a vengeance, eh?

THE LOOKER-ON.

The "Alabone" Treatment of Consumption and Asthma.

Further Evidence of its Success.

SEEING the failure of the various methods of treatment which have been put forward as a cure for consumption, it is of unusual interest to refer to one which has proved eminently successful in dealing with the terrible malady, which has resisted so many scientific theories.

The promulgation of the above-mentioned successful system of treatment for consumption (by inhalation)—the invaluable nature of which has been proved over and over again by eminent physicians—belongs to Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

One might say, in fairness to Dr. Alabone, that on no occasion has he declared his system of treatment for consumption, asthma, etc., to be infallible. He does, however, claim—and rightly so—that although some cases do not recover under his treatment, it has proved an unprecedented success, many hundreds of persons having recovered who were in the last stage of the disease and for whose recovery all hope had been abandoned.

In regard to the question which is so often raised, "Can consumption be cured?" the answer which Dr. Alabone gives without any hesitation is "Yes, the disease can be completely cured."

His treatment is known as the "Alabone" system of treatment for consumption and asthma, and we feel we are perfectly correct in stating that there is now hardly any part of the civilised world where the knowledge of his curative system is not known.

An immense number of his former patients have written bearing undeniable testimony to the efficacy of this inhalation system. Their letters are naturally expressive of the deep gratitude they feel towards Dr. Alabone, to whose discovery they recognise they owe their new lease of life.

It is not proposed, however, in this column to give such testimonies, but to publish one or two letters, picked at random from an immense number which have been received, from the medical profession, who are aware of the intrinsic value of the treatment in question: it is known, as a matter of fact, that a large number of physicians, practising in all parts of the world, recommend the "Alabone" treatment in the cases of consumption which come under their attention.

Dr. Fairbairn, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes:

I am glad to be able to report most favourably of this treatment. I do not think there is any doubt of the great efficacy of Dr. Alabone's treatment. I have already had over sixty cases of cure.

Dr. ——, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng., J.P., states:

Such confidence have I that if any member of my family were to exhibit symptoms of phthisis I should have no hesitation in placing the case under the treatment.

A physician who has been successfully treated by Dr. Alabone writes as follows:

"I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as '*unfit for further service owing to phthisis.*' Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health.—Yours faithfully.

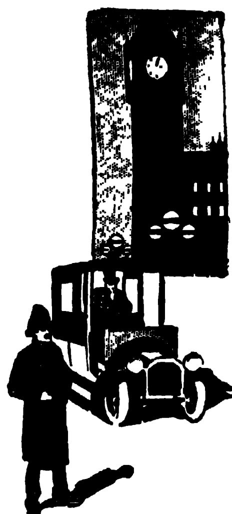
—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.

Any person desiring futher particulars is referred to the books mentioned below.

* *"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced* INCURABLE *by the most eminent physicians. 47th edition. 168th thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free. Other works by the same Author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s. "Infamous Conduct," price 6d. "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s. "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 6d.*

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



THE Parliament Bill has at last gone to "another place." Its last stage in the Lower House was marked by Ministerial and Irish and Labour demonstrations of exceeding joy, and there was no mistaking the note of triumph. The Liberals know that they hold the winning cards, and that their pet measure is likely to find a place in the Statute Book immediately after the Coronation; and their delight was therefore unbounded. During the third reading debate one piece of repartee by Mr. Churchill "brought down the house." A humorist interrupted one of his arguments with the *sotto voce* exclamation, "Rot." For a moment there was danger of a "scene," for the atmosphere was electric; but Winston was ready with the retort: "I have no doubt the honourable gentleman is speaking what is in his mind." Resentment at once yielded to shouts of laughter, and peace reigned again.

Lordly Humorists.

The Gilded Chamber is not exactly the institution to which one is tempted to turn for a night's entertainment. There are, of course, occasions on which what is called "a full-dress debate" provides an abundance of public interest, but enthusiasm would be almost akin to sacrilege, and humour is sadly lacking in its proceedings. The well-meaning efforts which the peers are now making to reform themselves have, however, induced two of their number to indulge the propensity for fun which, despite their traditional restraint, must, after all, be natural to even a hereditary legislator.

The senators who have so suddenly burst upon the country as humorists are Lord Carrington and Lord Newton. The former posed, to the great amusement of both sides, as the defender of hereditary legislators against the revolutionary proposals of Lord Lansdowne; and at every sentence of his speech the walls of the Chamber resounded to bursts of laughter to which its *habitués* have never been accustomed. He warned the peers of the vengeance which the peeresses and the eldest sons would visit upon them for abandoning their legislative power, and pointed to the Parliament Bill as the golden bridge by traversing which they might retain their ancient privileges. It was an excellent piece of fooling; and, amidst it all, one could not help feeling that he was voicing the cherished sentiments of the doomed Backwoodsmen.

"A Political Prima Donna."

Lord Newton's line was quite different. He is a reluctant supporter of the Felo-de-se proposals, and his contribution to the debate was both witty and vivacious. He struck out all round. His friend, Lord Willoughby de Broke, was honest but inconsistent; his other friend, Lord Bathurst, was honest and consistent; but the Government was consistently dishonest. His description of the Earl of Rosebery as "a sort of political *prima donna* who requires a great deal of humouring, and whose conduct is regulated, not by the procedure of ordinary human beings, but by the eccentricity of genius," was a touch which commanded the endorsement of everybody except the Primrose Earl, who was thereby goaded into making one of those characteristically brilliant, but far from helpful, speeches with which the country is now familiar. "A plague on both your Houses and all your parties," seemed to be the burden of the song of this up-to-date Diogenes.

Boadicea Hunt.

Mr. Rowland Hunt is one of the few delights of the House of Commons; indeed, I doubt if we have ever before heard such a homely, colloquial, and inconsequential orator. There is much common-sense in everything he says, but he insists on saying it in such a straight and unconsciously humorous way that the House loves to hear him. I am told that down Shropshire way he is quite a political power, and I can well believe it, for he's a jolly good fellow; but his style is not the traditional Parliamentary style.

He has been giving us several tastes of his quality during the week, and has been enlightening us on the inner designs of Americans on Canada, about which he sent the House into shrieks of laughter by asking Mr. Asquith to ask Mr. Balfour to move a vote of censure on the Government! He has also told us much within the past few days about the topic dearest to his heart—Tariff Reform; but that digression has ceased to surprise, for everyone knows that, no matter what subject may be under discussion, the man from Shropshire will, sooner or later, manage to drag in Tariff Reform; and the attainment of his object, tortuous though the journey be, is always the signal for hilarity. In his maiden speech he perorated about the glories of the days of poor old Boadicea, since when he is known at Westminster as Boadicea Hunt.

Baby Farrell in the Ladies' Gallery.

We have been favoured with a visit from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, one Mr. Farrell, who, accompanied by the City Clerk, and the City Marshal, and the City Mace-Bearer, and the City Sword-Bearer, and the High Sheriff of the Irish Metropolis, came to present to the House a petition from the Corporation in favour of facilities being given for the passing of the Woman's Suffrage Bill. By an old Parliamentary privilege, the Dublin Corporation shares with the Corporation of the City of London the right to send their office-bearers to the Bar of the House to present any Memorial, and when these civic dignitaries, gorgeously apparelled and wearing their robes and other insignia, appear amongst us, they at least provide a break in the monotony, and momentarily add an unwonted dash of colour to an otherwise sombre scene.

Members were really more concerned about Baby Farrell, *ætat* three months, who was in the Ladies' Gallery with the Lady Mayoress, and who will be able to recount to future generations how his brave father bearded all the Douglases in their den. This rising hope of the stern, unbending Farrells has had lavished upon him by the adoring Suffragettes a supply of silver cradles and loving cups and other tokens, and when he will have come to the use of reason, I do not doubt that it will be possible to convince him that he played a great part in the winning of Votes for Women. Just now, however, he is not much interested.

Another Encyclopædia.

Mr. Amery had made a reputation outside the House before he was chosen to be of one "Birmingham's Seven," and therefore some curiosity was shown as to the impression which would be created by his maiden speech, for platform success is something very different from Parliamentary, as many legislators have learned to their sorrow. The new member is undersized; in fact, he is one of the smallest men in the House, and his shaven face emphasises his youthful and, therefore, irresponsible appearance; but he has started so well that he is already recognised as a notable addition to the human encyclopædia on the fiscal controversy.

In that respect he will share the honours with Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Mackinder, though I doubt if any of them will ever be as effective on platforms as Sir George Doughty or Sir Gilbert Parker. The Radical counterfoils to Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Amery are Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Chiozza Money, for both of them can make figures talk, and what they do not know about Free Trade is not worth knowing; but as Tariff Reform cannot again be on issue for a few years, these gladiators will have to bide their opportunties.

CORSETS FOR BEAUTY.

Gratis Copies of a Remarkable Bijou Album which tells all about Sandow's Wonderful Corset, and is Illustrated with Numerous Beautiful Photographs of its Distinguished Wearers to be sent post free to all Lady Readers.

No lady who has not yet given herself the pleasure of making acquaintance with Mr. Sandow's Patent Health and Perfect Figure Corset should miss this opportunity of obtaining gratis and post free a copy of Mr. Sandow's Book on "The Perfect Figure: How to Obtain It." and learning all about the wonderful garment which has created the dress sensation of the season in London and Paris.

Supplying the want so greatly felt for a corset which, while giving elegance and refinement to the figure, yet conforms to all the laws of health and hygiene and ensures comfort in every movement of the body, Sandow's Corset has leapt into popularity in that rank of woman's world where elegance and refinement are fully appreciated.

The interesting book which has been prepared tells how Mr. Sandow came to design his now famous Corset, and, what is of more importance, explains how every woman, no matter what her present appearance may be, can cultivate that grace and dignity of carriage which will enable her to wear to the best advantage the beautiful gowns designed for this season's fashions, and to develop the figure without any restriction, along most beautiful lines.

The book is fully illustrated with portraits of our most notable



Photo Reutlinger

Mlle. YVONNE DUBEL,

of The Opera, Paris, is one of the many leading French artists who wear Sandow's Corsets, of which she has written - "Voici donc enfin mon rêve réalisé au point de vue corset, grace au Sandow."

actresses who are devotees of Sandow's Corset, and certainly should be consulted before new spring gowns or corsets are ordered.

Sandow's Corset is designed in a variety of styles, all scientifically constructed, and whether you are too stout or too slender, or possess what is commonly called an "awkward" figure, it will enable you to overcome these troubles and to appear naturally graceful.

Moreover, Sandow's Corset, in its careful design, does something more than assure the setting of a dress; it enhances and preserves the beauty of the figure, encourages its day-by-day development in dignity, and yet assures in motion or repose the greatest comfort. It is impossible here to explain the many distinctive features of Sandow's Health and Perfect Figure Corset, which has secured for it premier place wherever health, fashion, and comfort are studied, but all these points are detailed clearly in Mr. Sandow's book, copies of which are now ready for distribution.

There are many residents in and visitors to London who, no doubt, will be pleased to personally inspect this wonderful garment, and to all such is extended a cordial invitation to visit the luxurious salons of Sandow's Corset Company, 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W., where may be seen the latest exquisite models suitable for every possible figure at prices ranging from as little as 12s. 6d. to £5 5s.

FREE TO LADY READERS.

A copy of this Beautiful Book on Sandow's Corset (shown above, greatly reduced in size), which is illustrated with over thirty splendid portraits of leading singers and actresses who wear this garment, and contains invaluable information on the subject of corseting, will be sent gratis and post paid to every lady who fills in and forwards the form below.

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LONDON OPINION, May 27th, 1911.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

These are the golden days of musical comedy. Its chorus girls have long provided our young peers with brides, and now one of its first nights has drawn the King and Queen to the first *première* of their reign—*The Count of Luxembourg*, at Daly's—the advance booking for which by the libraries already amounts to £40,000. This is the greatest of Mr. George Edwardes' many triumphs, and the high-water mark, up to date, of Miss Lily Elsie's success. The music is most tuneful, for it is Franz Lehar's; and the book surprises us with a pretty and coherent story, with an excellent love interest, a nice touch of sentiment, and much straw for brick-making by the many amusing people in the cast. The production will run for years and years and years.

• • •

I think Mr. Laurence Irving, greatly daring in putting on an old-fashioned melodrama, has a great popular success in *Margaret Catchpole*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. Laurence himself is the villain of the play, and a fine bold ripe villain, too; while his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney, in the title *rôle*, invests Margaret's adventures—she is a kind of virtuous Dick Turpin—with sympathy and charm. In spite of the disclaimer of the author, Mr. Walter Frith, who finds the managerial alterations have left in so little of his work that he disowns the play, all the symptoms of a good long run have manifested themselves.

• • •

If you like the ballet that brings to you a breath of the woodland, the music of the zephyrs among the leaves, and a savour of peaceful rest in the shadows of the forest, where there are elves and fauns and larger and lovelier fairies and shapely shepherds—and, above all, a creature of exquisite grace, go and see *Sylvia*, the new ballet at the Empire. The enchanting music of Delibes has already been made familiar to lovers of orchestral concerts, but the expression in movement and dancing is, I fancy, new to London. Lydia Kyasht's impersonation of Sylvia, a nymph of Artemis, is far and away the best thing she has given us.

• • •

Herbert Trench promises Haymarket patrons a singularly interesting one-act play to precede *Lady Patricia*. This is Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain*, which is clothed in the atmosphere of the East. S. H. Sime will be responsible for the setting of the piece, which is due early in June.

• • •

Wentworth Croke is, I observe, producing a sketch which he announces will be played by "the world's worst actors." Wentworth hasn't got them all—if he thinks he has.

• • •

Welcome back to town to Freddy Kaye, who, as the Registrar in *The Count of Luxembourg* at Daly's, makes his reappearance at that house after a long absence. Kaye in his quaint, queer way is one of the few really funny men in the business. Indeed, for his weight and inches he contains more genuine material for laughter than any other comedian occurring to me at the moment; and as the quality is scarce, his return is a matter for congratulation.

• • •

Few actors, I should imagine, have struck it richer during the past two years than Forbes Robertson, who a few days ago arrived back from America. They tell me that *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* has proved for the distinguished player a bright golden winner such as one lands but once in a lifetime. In this connection it is of particular interest to recall the fact that following the first performance of the play in "the States" reports of its lukewarm reception reached England. Indeed, I was continually being told by tender-hearted sympathisers (we all know *them*) that "poor old Forbes Robertson" had found a freezer, and how sorry they were to hear about it. Let us hope that these good Samaritans are proportionately pleased at the great good fortune which has attended their eminent brother player.

• • •

The season of Shaw plays at the Criterion under American management has opened well with *Arms and the Man*, excellently done by Miss Margaret Halstan, Arnold Daly, Dawson Milward, Fisher White, and confrères; and if we lose the music of *The Chocolate Soldier*, we regain all the old Bernardesque wit and satire.

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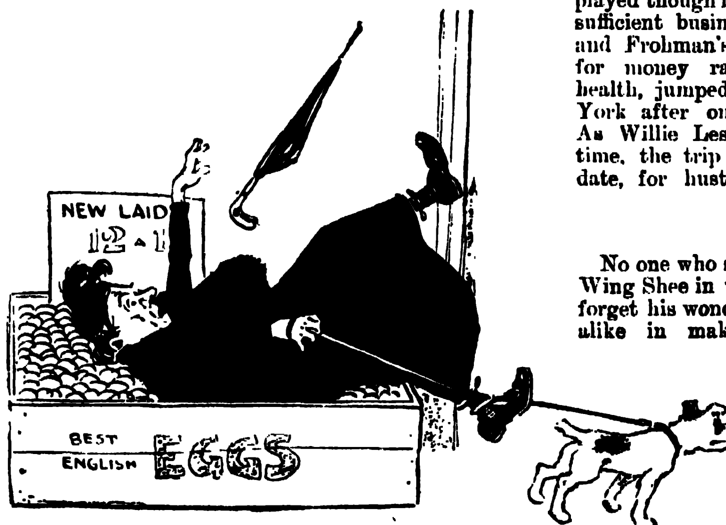
Whether the Vedrenne-Eadie partnership has made the required hit with the opening play of the venture I do not know, but the announcement is made of a successor to *The Master of Mrs. Chilvers* when the run of Mr. Jerome's piece comes to an end. For the new one, a bustling farce, the odd title of *Half a Crown* has been chosen. Its author, Frank Howell Evans, is, I believe, a beginner. More power to him if he can do the trick.

• • •

No less interesting is the news that the evening at the Royalty will conclude with a revival of *The Cat and the Cherub*, the wonderfully grim and gripping little Chinese play, by C. B. Fernald, which some ten or twelve years ago was first shown to us at, I fancy, the Lyric. The circumstances attending its production in England were curious, for they included a race to London between Charles Frohman's company with *The First Born*, and Fernald's lot with *The Cat and the Cherub*. As the pieces were strikingly similar both in story and treatment, it was pretty obvious that London would not carry the two, so there was a rush for town, which *The Cat and the Cherub*, with a bit of a start, won by a narrow margin. Anyway, they opened first, and at once "hit 'em good and hard." Thus handicapped, *The First Born* (superbly played though it was) failed to attract sufficient business to the old Globe, and Frohman's people, who were out for money rather than for their health, jumped right back to New York after one week in London. As Willie Lestocq told me at the time, the trip was a record, up to date, for hustle.

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No one who saw Holbrook Blinn as Wing Shee in the Fernald play will forget his wonderful study—amazing alike in make-up and character observation. Most of us took a lot of convincing that Blinn was not a real Chinaman, so perfect in detail was his treatment. As Wing, Norman McKinnel should be fine.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"The Woman in the Case."

FICTION, WITH REAL PEOPLE.

An Interview with George Moore on his Forthcoming Novel.



Mr. GEORGE MOORE.
(One of the famous Max Beerbohm caricatures at the Leicester Galleries.)

IT has already been mentioned in LONDON OPINION that Mr. George Moore is turning "Esther Waters" into a play, and is engaged on a somewhat remarkable book—a book, indeed, which his friends think will prove the most brilliant of his career.

I took the opportunity, a few days ago, of drawing him on these topics.

"Why have I left Ireland?" he said, repeating my question. "It is rather an impertinent question, but as I am about to put myself in the hands of the British public once more, I suppose I must answer, malgré what my Irish friends may say. I left Ireland because I wanted a change—but, more than that, I doubt if I shall ever go back there. It is the land of my birth, and the land of my ancestors, and I gave it a fair trial for five consecutive years—and then—I gave it up. I really do not find life in Dublin to my liking. It is, as a matter of fact, too arid for a man of my mould. But I did find something to interest me in the nation and the people, and my new book is the product of it.

"What am I calling it? 'Ave! Salve! Vale!' is the title, all imperatives, as you see, Hail Ireland! Save Ireland! Farewell Ireland! The farewell is not altogether personal. It is partly prophetic, as you shall see when the book comes out. I went back to Ireland shortly after the Boer war, simply—to be frank again—because after the Boer war I could not stand England—not till I had got over the thing, anyhow. When I got to Dublin and had established myself quietly in Ely Place, I discovered that the town held a group of young fellows, with whom the older ones were very much in sympathy, who were well worth discovering. They gave me a fresh sensation. Then they gave me a dinner. Then I had them severally and sometimes together to my house to dinner, and so I got to know them and what they stood for.

"They were geniuses. Now what did they mean? This led to a study of Ireland to-day, and so to, perhaps, the longest work of fiction I have written. And yet it is only fictional in guise. I have written history and criticism, and have introduced my characters under their own names, all strung on a thread of incident that is only more or less fictional.

"I introduce my characters, who are really the only men in Ireland worth talking about—in addition to these young poets and dramatists, there are, of course, public men and others—in *propria persona* without, so far as their individuality is concerned, the slightest attempt at disguise. They are in the book as they live in fact.

"It is almost invidious to mention names, but you will find William Butler Yeats, George Russell, 'A.E.,' John M. Synge, Lady Gregory, Sir Horace Plunket, Padraic Colum, Dr. Patrick Joyce, Dr. Sigerson, Sir Hugh Grant, Mr. O'Brien, and even the immortal Tim Healy in my pages, as true to the life as I can possibly draw them. I have found a good many men in Ireland during the past five years who were vital, interesting, picturesque. I hope the public will find them so in my pages.

"My theories," continued Mr. Moore, "as developed through the personality and intellect of the brightest people in Ireland to-day, may not find ready and quiescent acceptance at the hands of the general public. This may be all the better for my publisher"—remarked the author of "Esther Waters" with his sardonic smile. "I have allowed men who think for themselves, who have come up out of the worn old heart of Ireland to speak for themselves and their country, to do so in my book without stint. I intend it to be original, in the clearest, most conscientious sense, and further than this I have no care whatever."

Asked about the rumour that he was dramatising "Esther Waters," Mr. Moore laughingly acknowledged the fact—laughingly, because he does not take himself seriously as a dramatist. In fact, he had called in a collaborator.

A German actress of quality, one of the *premières* at a leading Berlin theatre, had long teased Mr. Moore to write a drama, and particularly fancied herself in the part as "Esther Waters." As much out of curiosity as to what he could do in the way of a play—his bent has never been in any degree dramaturgical—as for any other reason, he began last winter at his home in Dublin to turn the work into a drama, and completed the first act. But the pressure of work on "Ave! Salve! Vale!" which he desired to finish before he moved to London in the spring, induced him to call in one of the young geniuses of the Celtic group whom he has presented in his book, Mr. S. L. Robinson, author of several successful plays which have been done at the Abbey Theatre, with whom he has finished the first draft of the piece.

"It is not yet thoroughly revised," Mr. Moore said to me, "and I really don't know when I shall offer it to a theatre manager. But with my novel now completed and out of hand, I may venture to offer the British public something in the nature of my first effort at drama in the coming autumn. Of course, I shall hope for a *première* here in London."

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

NOTHING NEW.

[A chef recommends a method of cooking in paper bags.]

THE dodge is really old, although
One's apt to overlook it,
For Beeton told us long ago,
"First bag your hare, then cook it!"

C. R. G.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

The Ralph Woods. By J. F. Blacker.

For Private Circulation.

I HAVE received a book—one of fifty printed for private circulation—which I value very much. It is a copy of "Ralph Woods Pottery," describing and illustrating the George Stoner Collection, which I have had the pleasure of examining. Bound in vellum, illustrated with a fine coloured frontispiece and a hundred and thirty other examples of the eighteenth-century potters' art, it includes much that is interesting from the pen of Mr. Frank Falkner.

The Early Glazes.

Students of these columns have learnt something of the difference between the early glazes, the coloured glazes, and the later enamel colours. Let us see what the author says about them: "The Staffordshire potters have adopted on broad lines; two distinctly different methods of decorating their coloured figures, the early process being that of colouring their lead glazes with metallic oxides, and applying them with a brush or pencil; and the other by glazing first, then applying enamel colours upon the glazed and fired surface, and again firing the object in a muffle kiln at a low temperature." In the former method where the brush has missed, the surface is unglazed.

At the British Museum.

If you go to the British Museum, in the ceramic section you will find some Staffordshire figures by the Ralph Woods, and with the aid of the preceding note on the glazes you will be able to understand thoroughly the difference between the subdued soft tones of the early wear and the enamel colours used later. You will also understand what is meant when collectors, speak of the Ralph Woods' work, say: "It is marked all over," marked by colouring and by modelling.

Marked Pieces.

Only now and then is the name R. Wood or Ra. Wood, Burslem, found. In the collection under consideration the first mark is found once, the second fourteen times. So that if you desire to identify these old wares you must train your eyes to detect not only the subdued tints of the early coloured glazes, but the quality of the enamel colours and the style of the Woods' in figures and Toby jugs.

A Useful Hint.

One hint will be helpful. The colour of the flesh in the old pieces is never a true flesh-tint. That came later, when the coloured enamels applied over the glaze gave the entire palette to the decorator of pottery. Yet the modelling alone is sufficient to commend specimens without colour, cream ware, and others in one colour, a beautiful deep green glaze. A pulsating brown manganese is also characteristic.

Praiseworthy Research.

But I must tell you about the list of numbers which Mr. Falkner gives for the first time. Often, no doubt, you have been puzzled in finding *impressed* numbers on figures, Toby and satyr-head jugs and the like, not painted numbers which were used by the enamellers. For example, you might have the pair on square bases, a gardener and the female companion figure, both six inches high, having *impressed* 1 and 2, and being decorated with coloured glazes. They are Ralph Woods' productions, and occur first in the list. Mr. Stoner's numbers end with 169, but although researches have been extended over many years, there are omissions which I should like to help to remedy. You may possess marked or numbered figures of early Staffordshire ware. If so, I should be pleased to receive particulars: I am rather keen on giving a helping hand to those who have done so much, and perhaps the time may come when a complete list may appear in these columns.

A Costly Toby.

Did you notice that in April £157 10s. was paid at auction for a Toby jug, the parson from the well-known group by W. Adams, "The Tythes Pig?" I have known many Toby jugs to be sold at prices from £4 to £12, and one or two for £50, but £157 10s. surely is a record. That special Toby is very rare, but for some time a gradual advance has marked the price of old Staffordshire ware, especially the finest. The later pieces show much deterioration in modelling and general effect.



Husband of to-morrow (reviewing wedding presents): "That awful cruet seems familiar."

Wife of to-morrow: "Yes, dear, you saw it at the Browns. They got it as a wedding present, and gave it to the Smiths at theirs. It's the Smiths' present. But never mind, dear—*Harry's wedding comes off soon!*"

Plaques by the Woods (Ralph).

Mr. Falkner says: "The most difficult to find of all the productions of the Ralph Woods up to the present time have been the plaques, and only some five or six examples have as yet been revealed." Such plaques are very quaint. The Stoner Collection has two with single figures, a man with folded arms, and woman grasping an umbrella (both oval), appearing in a group, together in another oval plaque as "Patricia and her lover." An oblong plaque represents a sailor and a woman, "Jack on a cruise." Much more pretentious are a "Nymph piping to a dancing faun," and the "Judgment of Paris."

Varicrs.

Some unusual plaques are marked with the name of another potter, J. Voyez, whose "Fair Hebe" jug is familiar to collectors. And to show that it is still possible to pick up bargains I may mention that a lady with whom I am acquainted bought a "Fair Hebe" jug, not long ago, for 9d. I was surprised when she showed it to me, and told me what she had paid for it. True it was cracked, but not badly. Anyhow, for such a specimen of old potting the price was nothing. One of the most uncommon figures which I have is "Mrs. Bloomer," the pioneer of the harem skirt in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1851. She frankly described the essential portion of the new dress as "trousers"! Another is a statuette of Benjamin Franklin holding the "Declaration of Independence" in his hand. Curiously there appears on the base in gilt letters, another name not less familiar, General Washington.

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FINE PICTURES FOR SALE.

Three works by Sir Thomas Lawrence are coming under the hammer at Knight, Frank, and Rutley's sale at Hanover Square on the 26th inst. All three are portraits of beautiful women, which have remained in the possession of the family down to the present day. Two of them, The Hon. Sophia and The Hon. Caroline Upton, were exhibited in the Royal Academy by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1801, but the other, which is also a portrait of The Hon. Sophia Upton, lacks the background which for some reason now unknown Lawrence never completed.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks, but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of London Opinion *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

G. N. (Turvey).—The silver-mounted jug is worth about £3 The other is of no particular value.

H. W. (Clement's Lane). Your William IV. spelter Coronation medal is of nominal value only.

A. W. B. (Sydenham).—From description, your Worcester plates are worth 25s. to 30s. each. They are not a very good period, and the decoration is unimportant.

M. E. G. W. (South Shields).—W. Green was an artist of small repute; there is very little demand for his work If yours is a good example it is worth £5 to £6.

M. R. (Peterborough).—You do not state size of painting, and it is quite impossible to give any definite valuation from the meagre particulars you send. If a genuine Morland and the subject is such as he painted—it might be worth anything between £50 and £300.

N. W. (Gravesend).—Your prints are of nominal value only.

W. H. P. (Dublin).—Impossible to value unless the miniature or a photograph of it is sent for inspection If, however, you can get the amount you say you have had offered, advise immediate acceptance, as from description it does not appear to be worth a tenth of the sum.

Mrs. L. (Andover).—Your engraving after Westall is not of any particular importance, but if printed in colour is worth 30s. to 35s.

F. (South Wales).—Your clock is worth £3 to £4. These clocks are not rare, and can be bought in excellent condition at about £5.

J. J. (Halifax).—The rules at the head of this column are perfectly clear, and it is impossible to value articles unless they are complied with. No one could express an opinion of any sort on your china from the description you sent, and if you cannot send a full description of the marks and a photograph you must send one of the pieces for inspection.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BEN TROVATO.*

By HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

I TOLD Scholes to beware of Italy. Rome is in Italy, and I'm chapel. So is Scholes. He's our organist. But Scholes had made up his mind about it, and was above taking sound advice, so I bear no blame for what happened.

Scholes had started on some Italian lessons at an evening class. It is wonderful what a lot of side a man puts on when he learns a few words in a foreign language—that is, as long as he remains at home and there are no foreigners about—I've heard it's different when they get abroad. Scholes became unbearable. Whenever I told him a good story he used to chant in a patronising tone—"Se non è vero è ben trovato—"

"Who's Ben Trovato, anyhow?" I asked.

"It's an Italian proverb," he replies with a sneer at my ignorance.

"Solomon's proverbs are good enough for me," says I piously.

"It only means if it ain't true it's a jolly good make-up," said Scholes more pleasantly.

"But it wasn't make-up at all, it happened on 'Change last Tuesday."

"Most of Ben Trovato's do," laughed Scholes.

I didn't fully understand all this myself, but the last words I said to Scholes before he left, more by way of jest than anything, were, "If you happen to come across Ben Trovato give him my respects."

When Scholes came back from his holiday I went across to Moss Side to see him.

He looked like a haunted man.

"I knew no good would ever come of Italy," I says. "What's wrong with you? Have you run across the Inquisition or have you met Ben Trovato or what?"

"Hush!" he said. "Don't jest about Ben Trovato. I've brought it back. It's in this room."

He spoke in such a mysterious, creepy voice that I jumped out of my chair and looked round the room to see what he meant. There seemed nothing unusual in the room.

"Wait a minute," he said.

He walked to the mantelpiece, opened a tobacco box, and gingerly picked a coin out of it with his finger and thumb, and dropped it on the table as though it was red hot.

"What on earth is that?" I asked.

"That is Ben Trovato!" he replied solemnly.

"Old Ben himself—is it now?"

I looked curiously at the coin on the table. It was a small gold coin about the size of half a sovereign, and though very much worn, you could see there had been the head of an Emperor engraved on it. Scholes said he could decipher the letters B.E.N.

"So that is old Ben, is it? He looks most like a bad half sovereign," I said. "How did you come by it?"

"Listen," said Scholes solemnly. "You'll hardly believe it."

"I don't promise I will," I said, filling my pipe, for I can listen better when I'm smoking.

"It was at Milan Station. I was getting a ticket for Pavia, and I had to change a note. I had been warned I should get bad change at the station, but I had carelessly forgotten to get small money at the hotel. There was a long string of impatient people behind me. The ticket clerk was a very stupid fellow, and wouldn't understand what I wanted, though I spoke in Italian to him, of course. Most of those Italian officials should come over here and attend a few evening classes in their own silly language. I was counting the change and the crowd was getting impatient and I made out I was ten lire short and was explaining the affair to the clerk, when he picked up that coin you see on the table, and as he held it in his hand said without a blush—'if we didn't cheat foreigners we couldn't live.'

"I was astonished at the cynical honesty of his words. I picked up the coin which he had thrown towards me, not noticing in my hurry what it was, and immediately began an impassioned speech to him in my best Italian about his own misdeeds, and the general mis-government of his country and the rapacity of their officials.

"I was hustled away from the barrier amid the murmurs of the crowd behind, but so determined was I to tell these poor Italian people what I really thought of them that I jumped upon a heap of luggage and began an oration in Italian which might have led to a riot if the evening-class Italian had been understood in Milan, and I had been allowed to finish my speech.

"But Walker who was one of our party came and pulled me away before the police came up and hurried me off to the train."

"But what has that got to do with old Ben there?" I asked, looking at the harmless little coin on the table.

"Everything," he replied savagely. "For the next week I lived in purgatory——"

"I don't like that simile, Scholes," I said, shaking my head. "I have not been to Italy, and I'm chapel."

"Well, the other place, then," he said impatiently, "if you must be orthodox. But it was a trying ordeal. I quarrelled with each one of the party, I had rows with hotel keepers, servants, railway-men, shop-keepers, and fellow travellers. And for the life of me I could not on the most careful consideration see that I was to blame, for the trouble generally arose from my speaking 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"

"A dangerous thing at home," I said, "let alone in foreign parts, but why did you do it? You were never over particular with us or you would not have made the success you have in the fent trade."

"I found out at last," he replied miserably, "and it was time I did discover the cause. I felt my reason going, not one of our party would speak to me, I was an outcast, and I had quarrelled with everyone I met. It was horrible."

He seemed to tremble at the memory of it.

"What was it?" I asked, putting my pipe on the table and leaning across to him.

"That," he whispered, pointing to the coin on the table.

"Ben Trovato?"

He nodded slowly.

"I found it out at Dover. I offered Ben to a waiter—he was an English waiter, perhaps the last of his race. I had tried to pass it all over the Continent without success. The waiter took it up and turned it over and over slowly. Then he said without a blush, 'I must knock half-a-crown off your bill, I have charged you for St. Julien.'

"'But I ordered St. Julien,' I said.

"'I know you did, but there was no St. Julien about the claret you drank except on the label.'

"Then it all flashed upon me."

"What flashed upon you?" I cried in puzzled despair.

"The power of Ben Trovato," said Scholes, running his hands through his hair, and uttering a shivering cry of horror.

I was more convinced than ever that Italy was no place for Scholes.

"Are you mad?" I asked quietly.

"I very nearly was," he replied. "I'm sane enough now. You pick up that coin."

I seemed half afraid of it, and well I might be after the silly way Scholes was going on. But I picked it up and turned it over in my palm It was a curious yellow gold coin, and somewhat light in weight as foreign coins are. That was all. I turned to Scholes whose eyes were glittering with excitement—

"I never had much opinion of your brains, Scholes," I said harshly, "and now I think you are the biggest fool I ever met," and I threw the coin on the table.

"I knew it, I knew it," cried Scholes dancing round the table, and clapping his hands joyfully. Then he



Client: "Hang it all, the manager's never in when I call. Where am I likely to see him?"
Clerk: "At the pub. opposite; but you can wait if you like. He comes over pretty often."



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Artist: "My object was to try and express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?"
Friend: "I have never seen anything more horrible!"

stopped all of a sudden and picked up Ben very gently and lovingly. "I always said," he murmured, as if speaking to the coin, "that if our old plain-headed friend over there succumbed there was no doubt about it."

He replaced the coin on the table.

"I don't understand what you are talking about," I said, rising to go, "and I think you are unnecessarily uncivil."

"Don't you see," he said, pointing to Ben with a shudder, "that whoever has possession of that coin has to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"You don't say so," I said.

"I'm certain of it."

"You ought to give it to the County Court."

"What! and my brother-in-law a lawyer? Not likely."

Scholes picked up Ben Trovato and dropped it in the tobacco box, and I went home full of thought. The more I thought about it the stranger it all seemed, and I don't think I should really have believed in it if our bull-terrier hadn't bitten the milk boy.

The milk boy's father turned rusty about it and got a lawyer and a doctor, and the milk boy was put to bed—though we got evidence that he escaped on Saturday afternoon to play football for St. Paul's Vampires against Moss Side Y.M.C.A.

Scholes' brother-in-law wanted me to pay £10 to settle, but I wasn't having any.

The law seemed to be that the bull-terrier had the right to one bite free, and although I knew of one or two little troubles with neighbours' children more than a year ago, as the neighbours had left I didn't see how the milk boy's father would find out anything about them.

I think we should have won the case, if it had not been for Jim. Jim was an odd job man, who stood at the corner of our street and smoked a pipe. He was always there when there was nothing doing, and you could sometimes find him about when the coals were waiting to be put in the cellar. He ought to have been a policeman.

Jim comes to me about a week before the case came on, and said that the milk boy's father wanted him to give evidence against the bull-terrier, but that as he loved the dog as a father he didn't like to do it, and what must he do?

I gave him a shilling and told him to go to my lawyer—and it was arranged he should come as a witness for our side to give the bull-terrier a character for gentleness.

A day or two after that Jim comes in again and suggested that his evidence would be of more value if he was more respectably dressed, and I gave him one of my old suits.

The night before the trial Jim comes in again, and says the milk boy's father was trying to bribe him to say as how the bull-terrier had bitten one of Jones's children.

I asked him if he remembered anything of the sort, and he said he didn't think he did. Anyhow, it was one of those little troubles that are best forgotten, and I gave Jones half-a-crown, and sent him off. He seemed to think half-a-crown for knowing nothing about Jones's children less than the milk boy's father would have given him for remembering a lot of imaginary troubles between Jones's children and the bull-terrier.

I reminded Jim that I only wanted him to speak the truth, but if he took money from the wicked father of the milk boy, he would have to commit perjury, and would end his days in penal servitude. Jim seemed to think it might be risked for five shillings, and I felt that he went away unsatisfied.

The night before the trial I could not sleep. I kept worrying about what might happen if Jim was got at by the milk boy's father.

Suddenly I thought of Ben Trovato, and directly after breakfast I rushed over to Scholes and borrowed the coin.

Scholes was against my having it, and I remember chaffing him about his belief in its virtues, and Scholes shook his head gloomily and hoped I should take no harm with it.

I carried it off, however, and got down to the Court early, intending to give it to Jim, and so secure the

truth of his evidence, whatever the milk boy's father did.

Something must have happened to Jim, for he was not there, and had not arrived when the judge took his seat. I was very upset about this, and told Scholes' brother-in-law exactly what I thought about him for not having brought him down in a cab. Scholes brother-in-law answered me back very shortly, and it appeared from what the other lawyer had told him that Jim had been playing double, and got a new suit and ten shillings out of the milk boy's father.

Anyhow, the judge wouldn't wait for Jim, and the trial began. The judge didn't seem to think much of the plaintiff's case, and when Scholes' brother-in-law suggested there was no evidence that the bull-terrier had complied with the law by biting someone else before he bit the milk boy, the judge said he thought the case was a little thin, but he'd like to hear the defendant.

So I stepped into the box, and we went along pretty well whilst I was answering Scholes' brother-in-law's questions, but he kept missing all the real points, and I kept trying to put him right, and at last the judge got impatient and said, "better let him tell his own story," and away I went.

I started off with the purchase of the bull-terrier at the dog-show as a pup, and the trouble we had with him when he had the distemper, and then I told the judge a lot of tricks I'd taught him, but I gathered that the judge was not a doggy fellow, and he didn't seem to take much heed of my evidence, until I told him how fond of children the dog was, and what a pity it was there had been that little worry with Jones.

"What worry?" snapped out the judge, picking up his pen.

Scholes' brother-in-law tied up his papers.

"Oh, it was nothing. The dog was playing with little Maggie and bit her in fun, you know."

"Just so," said the judge smiling pleasantly, "and is that the only time."

"There was Stoker's boy, but he was an aggravating boy, and I paid the doctor."

"Thank you," said the judge bowing towards me, "a most honest witness——"

"£25 and costs. Next case."

I was continuing my evidence when the policeman tapped me on the arm and I found myself in a crowded corridor talking to Scholes' brother-in-law. The language he was using was a disgrace to a learned profession. I told him exactly what I thought of him and the whole race of lawyers, and the crowd in the corridor cheered. Then the policeman parted us and put me in the street, and I found Scholes had taken me by the arm, and was leading me home.

"I suppose you are satisfied now?" he said.

"About what? About justice? About the judge? About the law?" I shouted angrily.

"About Ben Trovato," he replied with a weary smile.

*** Next week's story will be "Returned Unopposed," by Dorothea Conyers, an amusing story of an Irish race meeting.

REVENGE.

LIKE the lava from a crater
  Came the gravy on his pate.
For he failed to tip the waiter,
  So the waiter tipped the plate.

• • •

AEROPLANE CHICKENS.

"WHEN I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his provision dealer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens."

"What kind do you mean?"

"The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."

HOW TO GET THICK, GLOSSY HAIR.

It does not matter how careful anyone may be of the hair, the time is bound to come—often after some slight cold or trifling illness—when the hair loses its glossy, live appearance, and becomes brittle, thin, and faded. This can be remedied by everyone and at once. There is nothing more easy to cultivate than the hair, *if* one only knows how.

Get a bottle of Harriett Meta's Hair Tonic. It costs 2s. 11d. and will start to better the hair from the second application. If the use of the complete bottle does not do all we claim for it, you stand to lose nothing. The chemist from whom you bought the bottle will refund you every penny you paid any time within thirty days, if you are not satisfied. When you buy the bottle he will give you a written guarantee to this effect signed by himself.

If you will only use Harriett Meta's Hair Tonic according to directions, rubbing it well into the scalp, falling hair will cease to come out, dandruff will disappear, grey and faded hair will resume its natural colour, and where there have been thin places before there will be an abundant growth of thick, new hair. Mind you, this is guaranteed. Boots, Cash Chemists, all branches; Taylor's Drug Stores, all branches; Timothy White and Co. Ltd., all branches; and other leading Chemists everywhere sell and guarantee it. [Advt.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

By CHARLES McEVOY.

I.

"ONE can't be too careful in dealing with children of this class," said the lady with the badge on her blouse, speaking to the gentleman with the badge on his coat. "It's very responsible work."

"Yes, it is responsible," said the gentleman.

His eyes travelled out to the group of boys and girls laying in the shade of the wood. The sound of their revelry rose in discordant shrieks and screams. Damp faces with the peculiar pink which only a town complexion can assume, and that only when subjected to unusual exercise and sun and air, shone strangely in the green half light. Girls' white frocks and boys' dark suits flitted about among the shadows.

"But you believe in their being mixed?" the gentleman asked presently.

"Under proper supervision, yes," the lady answered. "But they have to be watched very carefully. It's very responsible."

"I'd have rather liked a stroll through the wood myself," said the gentleman, "but, of course, if you can't leave your post."

The lady looked about her. "There are plenty of others," she said. "Let us slip off quietly."

"What I like about you, Lily," said the gentleman, "is you're such a sport."

II.

A boy in the "awkward" age between fifteen and sixteen was also slipping off through the trees in the opposite direction. A girl who looked neither elder nor younger nor less awkward was following him. "What's wrong, Alf?" she asked him.

"Oh, it's nothink," Alf answered, with singular bitterness. "I don't like it; that's all."

"Don't *like* it?" Liz gazed at him with expostulating amazement. "Don't *like* it?"

"No, said Alf, and stuck his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

Liz continued to follow him, and Alfred went on without once looking back, because he knew she would. The sounds of merriment grew fainter. The trees in the wood were very thick and they were alone quite soon. Alf sat down on a patch of dry turf among the bluebells. Liz, who was very concerned about him, also sat down near by, after clearing a place by picking a handful of the flowers. They continued sitting, quite still, for several minutes; Alfred looking dismally at the ground, Liz looking wonderingly at Alfred.

"What is it you don't like?" she asked at last.

"I don't know. Nothink, I suppose. Only anybody can play rarnders in the park. I didn't come down in the country to play rarnders."

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothink."

Liz looked at him silently for several more moments; her own head drooped, and her fingers played unconsciously with the tall leaves of a neighbouring bluebell. "We oughtn't to go away and sit together like this, ought we, Alf?" she said presently.

Alf looked up and away through the trees. "It's all trees; they can't see us," he said.

"But you're all right. We'd much better go back."

"You can. I'm not going to."

"But what do you want?"

"I don't know. You go back if you want to."

Liz got up, and smoothed out her starched white frock and shook out her well curled hair, looking hard at him. "I think you're nasty," she said. "Instead of being nice and enjoying yourself—like the others."

"All right," said Alfred gloomily.

"I'm not going to stop, anyway." Liz looked at him again, waited in silence for some moments, and then went off quickly through the trees.

Alfred watched the retreating figure. When at last it really was about to disappear he was very clearly about to get up, but at the same moment Liz turned.

She came back and touched the top of his cap.

"Do come, Alf," she said. "If you don't like playing rounders we can sit somewhere near together, near the others."

Alf's head dropped again. He broke a dry twig into two pieces, stuck them in the ground, and stared miserably at them.

Liz turned off again, looking angry. "All right," she said. "If you don't want to be nice you needn't be. I don't care."

This time she disappeared completely, but Alf did not look up. He picked a bluebell, smelt it and threw it away. Then he picked it up again and laid it more gently down, covering the end of the stalk with some mould which he scratched up with one of the twigs. He also dropped an indisputable tear on the top of the mould. Then Liz came back.

"What *is* the matter?" she asked, sitting down by him again.

Alf continued to stare at the flower.

She sat close to him and put an arm on his shoulder. "Alf," she whispered.

The arm stole right round his neck, and she took one of his hands in her own.

"Alf," she whispered again.

Alf's head dropped on to her shoulder, and a second tear dropped on to her hand.

"Tell me what it is?"

"Liz," said Alf in a broken voice, "I do love you, Liz, really I do."

"I love you, Alf."

Liz kissed him, and Alf put his disengaged arm around her. "It's so different here," he whispered, almost inaudibly. "I couldn't play rarnders. I wish it was like this everywhere always."

"You kiss me, Alf, you'll be all right."

"I am all right," said Alf, kissing her.

They sat together with their cheeks pressed, side-faced, looking out at the woods. "It is lovely," Liz whispered. "It's so good, isn't it. Makes anybody feel good."

"That's all I do feel," Alf answered.

They did not kiss any more, but they kept their cheeks against one another's and continued holding hands. They leapt aside as if they had been simultaneously shot when there came a sudden voice from behind them.

"Alfred! Lizzie!"

Lizzie went scarlet, in the face of the lady with the badge on her blouse, and the gentleman with the badge on his coat. Alfred stared half sullenly at them and half indignantly.

"How disgusting you children can be," said the lady bitterly. "It seems no use at all trying to help you—trying to do anything for you. Lizzie Cook, rejoin the others."

Lizzie went off with her head bowed and her face burning.

The lady turned again to Alf. "You are older than she is," said the lady sternly. "And you are a boy and she is only a girl. Men who are worthy of the name of men protect women; they do not injure them."

"I haven't hurt her," said Alfred sullenly. "You don't know anything about it."

"I think I do," said the lady coldly. "I am only thankful that we missed you when we did. You are not fit to enjoy a day like this. Rejoin the others."

"I haven't hurt her," repeated Alfred doggedly, as he moved away. "*I* haven't hurt her. *You* have."

"Too disgusting," said the lady to the gentleman, when Alfred had disappeared.

"Yes," said the gentleman. "But need we really go back. You don't know how I'm enjoying this, Lily."

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Life's Compensations.

"Ordinary women have a much nicer time than the others."—*Splendid Zipporah*, by Maud Stepney Rawson. Methuen. 6s.

The Difference.

"What is the difference between a woman and a lady? A woman dresses to please herself, and a lady to please her dressmaker."—*The Harlequin Set*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Rivers. 2s. 6d. net.

A Thackeray Witticism.

"Thackeray once writing to Baron Tauchnitz, said, "Don't be afraid of your English; a letter containing £ s. d. is always in pretty style."—*Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities*, by M. Betham-Edwards. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

Doom of the Eager.

"When anyone is eager, and in the first flush of a great impatience, he expects mankind in general to be in sympathy with his mood. That is why eager people are nearly always disappointed, for the world, whatever its other qualities, is certainly not sympathetic."—*The Unseen Barrier*, by Morice Gerard. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Eve and the Little God.

"Women enjoy being in love; and the symptoms of love in a woman are always the symptoms of pleasure. In their heart of hearts they infinitely prefer being in love to golf, or tennis, or collecting picture-postcards of Edna May. They take a pride in being in love. They like people to know that they are in love. They have such confidence in themselves."—*Love and Extras*, by Frank Richardson. Grant Richards. 6s.

Canon Ainger's Nonsense Verses.

"There was an old person of Delhi
Who couldn't read Crockett's 'Cleg Kelly.'
When they said—'It's the fashion,'
He cried in a passion,
'What then? So is Marie Corelli.'"

"The Princess Mary fain would wed—
They gave the Prince of Orange her:
And now it never can be said,
I've not a rhyme for 'porringer.'"

—*Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger*, by Edith Sichel.

A Sure Monte Carlo System.

"There is one system at Monte Carlo which I believe to be practically infallible, but it cannot be followed daily, only once in a way. It needs very little capital, three-halfpence will do. It is best to take up your stand near someone who is playing high and who is enjoying a run of luck. You choose your moment, and you drop your purse, open, with enough in it to jingle, or, at all events, to insure its reaching the floor rapidly and resonantly. You mention your misfortune to an official, who immediately summons assistance with brooms and squeegees, who sweeps around your neighbourhood, and with ordinary luck you should get seven or eight louis, and possibly a gold hundred-franc piece or two."—*Random Reminiscences*, by Charles Brookfield. Popular Edition. Nelson. 1s. net.

Dangerous Dimples.

"Dimples ought to be scheduled as dangerous by the Home Office for the protection of the public. They cause more accidents than the highest explosives."—*The Magic of the Hill*, by Duncan Schwann. Heinemann. 6s.

From "The Dumb Ambassador."

"Love never has reasons."

"Good-byes and meetings after absence are dangerous things."

"Epigram is conversational red pepper. People who've got nothing to say use it. It's not bad taste like punning, but when there's a lack of taste—like a suburban savoury—it comes in useful."

"Life's only interesting when its pages are past, and we can see the backs of them."—*The Dumb Ambassador*, by A. G. Greenwood. Everett. 6s.

A Souvenir Victim.

"I had a relative who was a lady in-waiting at the court of Weimar. She always struck me as an unemotional person, but she had always about her an unpleasant odour that remained to the day of her death. When she died it was found that she had around her neck a sachet containing the half of a cigar that had been smoked by the Abbé Liszt. She had lunched with Liszt thirty years before and had worn this curious trophy ever since, and its strenuous odour had never waned."—*Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections*, by Ford Madox Hueffer. Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.



TIGER SHOOTING IN INDIA—ELEPHANT POINTING AT QUARRY.
(*An Illustration, by Lewis Baumer, from "Red Paint." Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.*)

The Troubles of a Colonel.

"Colonel Fulke always lived in mortal terror of the gout. He was a perfectly healthy man, but he imagined that one day, somehow or other, he was bound to have the gout. Many of his friends, you see, had the gout, and you never read about a respectable colonel or major yet who had anything else.

"He was always very irritable after a train journey, too. If he was not alone, he generally imagined that someone in his carriage was travelling with a contagious disease."—*The Bewildered Bride*, by Randal Charlton. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

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Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin have recently issued a six-shilling novel by the author of *Raffles*. *The Camera Fiend* by W. E. Hornung, is a very entertaining story.

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Among Messrs. John Long's latest six-shilling novels are *The Lion of Lydlore*, by W. Willmott Dixon; *Soul of the Snows*, by D. H. Dennis; and *Laidlaw's Wife*, by Florence Warden—all very interesting stories.

• • •

"Red Paint!" is the apt and witty title of an amusing burlesque, just published in the shape of a shilling volume, on the Festival of Empire, and the other great Imperial doings which are in the air this summer. The contents, which are principally pictorial, comprise sketches by John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Heath Robinson, Lawson Wood, H. M. Bateman, Lewis Baumer, René Bull, Frank Reynolds, Harry Rountree, and others. The editor—or perhaps one should say pageant-master—is A. E. Johnson, and the shillingsworth of "Red Paint" he has succeeded in mixing ought to make a notable splash.

SAYS HE IS NOT GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWER.

Yet Prominent People Say This Man Reads Their Lives as an Open Book.

Do you Want to Know About Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupations, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to achieve Success?

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "LONDON OPINION" READERS who WRITE AT ONCE



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centered at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birthdates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

It is not to be denied that astrologers have excited the interest of enlightened people of all ages, but there have been many earnest thinkers reluctant to accept the theories of the ancient Chaldean science. One can only judge the potency of the science of Astrology by a personal application of its principles. To have all the cardinal events of your life spread out before you; to read an undeviating description of your true character, habits and inclinations, is proof positive that the mighty power that shaped the universe and set the hands on the dial of time to mark the destiny of man, has not left us without the means through which we may know ourselves, through which we may fathom the mysteries of life. Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of London Opinion, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month and year of your birth, and also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 40A, No. 14 Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.

AN AEROPLANE SUICIDE.

[The following report may read like fiction. We believe it to be cold fact. The writer, who is a man of standing in the flying world, vouches for its accuracy and authenticity.—Ed. "L.O."]

Some months ago speculation was rife among flying men as to the cause of the terrible accident which befell the well-known Russian aviator, Captain Mazenewitch, who, for no apparent reason, fell from a height of 2,000 feet, being instantly killed by his fall.

Light has now been shed upon the mystery by the confession of an arrested Terrorist named Anev, who, by his confession, lifts the veil upon one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of Russian Terrorism.

Captain Mazenewitch, though an officer of distinction, was, nevertheless, at heart an ardent Nihilist; and, with the birth of aviation, Mazenewitch, together with his conspirators, realised that the flying machine had put into their hands a novel and effective means of bringing about the destruction of a certain general, a high dignitary of the Emperor's Court, a man who, by his sweeping reforms and political beliefs, had made himself the detested enemy of the Revolutionists.

The general was known to have the greatest sympathy with aviation, which at that time was little heard of in Russia; hence Mazenewitch, having obtained leave of absence, was despatched post haste by his comrades to England, so that he might return as a skilled and proficient aviator, well fitted to carry out the task allotted to him.

Captain Mazenewitch first visited Brooklands Aerodrome, but subsequently left for Pau. Within a few days of commencing his apprenticeship, Mazenewitch was executing spectacular flights in a rough wind with amazing *sang-froid* to the astonishment of his fellow pupils and instructor, and articles appeared in several English papers at the time, forecasting that a brilliant career as an aviator lay before this courageous Russian.

On obtaining his brevet, Mazenewitch returned to Russia, and proceeded to carry out daring evolutions over the city of St. Petersburg. As the Terrorists had foreseen, it was but a matter of time before the exploits of their comrade would receive recognition, and, in due course, the Imperial Court, amongst whom was General N——, paid a private visit to the flying ground outside the city.

It had been arranged by the society that Mazenewitch, with the general as passenger, should rise to a great height, and, when at an altitude of some thousands of feet, should suddenly take his hand from the lever and abandon the machine to its fate.

After a few preliminary circuits, Mazenewitch approached his victim, who, all unconscious of the plot weaved about him, accepted with alacrity the offer of a flight round the aerodrome.

A moment before starting, detectives stepped across to the pilot, and, in low tones, urged the captain to give his word, as an officer and a gentleman, that he would, as far as was in his power, restore his passenger safe and sound. Mazenewitch thereupon gave his parole. The engine was started up, and presently the aeroplane became but a little black speck in the sky, and even the Terrorists shuddered at the contemplation of the ghastly scene which was to follow. Yet the minutes flew by, and all was going well. No machine was seen to be falling like a stone through the air, to be shivered into a million fragments as it struck the ground; and, to the astonishment and indignation of the watchers beneath, the aeroplane, looming larger and larger, finally came gently to rest at the feet of the cheering crowd—for Mazenewitch, as an officer of the Tsar, had found himself unable to break his parole.

At the tribunal held in the city that evening, it was unanimously resolved that the traitor must die by his own hand within twenty-four hours of his sentence.

At daybreak the following morning Mazenewitch wheeled his bi-plane from its shed, and, climbing into the pilot's seat, rose rapidly to a height of 2,000 feet.

Some few moments later the spectators below were horrified to see the machine, for no apparent reason, dive suddenly forward, and, turning over and over in the air fall like a stone to the ground.

H. M. M.



Customs Official (discovering whisky): "Ah, m'sieur, you say you have only wearing apparel—what is this?"
Traveller: "That's all right—that's my night-cap!"

PLAYS FOR ODD CORNERS.

The success of the staircase play at Stafford House heralds a new life for the drama in England. Stafford House has done for the drama what printing did for knowledge—taken it from the hands of the few, and given it to the many.

Why should the art of acting be cornered by the few who can afford to pay money for expensive stages and theatres? Why should our striving talent not be allowed to keep the light burning in any odd corner?

Now that we have had a play for a staircase, what stands in the way of a tragedy for a bathroom, or a farce for a scullery? The possibilities are tremendous. Here, for instance, are two little plays, intensely dramatic and profoundly effective, which can be produced with the absolute minimum of expense.

No. 1 is a two-act drama for a lift. No. 2, a Shavian comedy for one of those four section revolving doors they have in the big hotels.

TWO-ACT DRAMA FOR A LIFT.

Scene. Lift. First Floor of London Hotel.

(Enter Lady Blanche, who coolly acknowledges salute of Liftman in uniform and luxurious black moustaches.)

Lady Blanche: Tenth floor. *(Aside).* I do not like the new liftman. His eyes remind me of Captain Brandon, whom I jilted last year, and who has sworn to ruin me.

Liftman *(fiercely)*: Lady Blanche.

Lady B. *(startled)*: Speak. Who are you?

(He takes off his false moustaches, and smiles at her triumphantly.)

Lady B. Captain Brandon!

(She rushes to escape, but he springs to the gate, slams it across, and as he presses the button the lift flies upwards.)

Act II.

Scene. Same lift. Half way between the sixth and seventh story.

(The lift stops suddenly and, Lady B. is discovered struggling in the arms of Brandon. She breaks away and stands in the corner looking at him with abhorrence.)

Brandon *(breathlessly)*: Curse you! Do you think you can escape me?

(He springs to the fuse box, and tears apart the electric wires.)

Brandon: I have foozled the fuse box, and we are now stranded here in this desolate place until the morning.

Lady B.: Until the morning?

Capt. B.: Until the morning. You will have to marry me then, because you will be compromised beyond hope of explanation. A pretty tale your friends will hear. *(Chuckles.)* All night in a lift with Captain Brandon! Consent to marry me?

Lady B.: Never.

(She stands with her hands clasped in agony for a few moments and then a glad light comes to her eyes. Quickly drawing two hatpins from her hat she springs to the broken electric wires, and keeping him at bay with one pin she completes the circuit with the other. The lift flies up.)

Lady B.: Saved!!!

Curtain.

COMEDY FOR A REVOLVING DOOR.

(A young man in a Jaeger suit rushes into one section of the door. He stands for a moment looking over his shoulder as if pursued, and then dashes forward. Into the opposite section behind him dashes a young woman. She chases him round and round the door for a time until he stops through fatigue.)

She *(talking at him through a chink in the door)*: How brutal of you to chase me in this way.

He *(frantically)*: Hypocrite! Serpent!

(He dashes off again, and they go round in the door for another few turns.)

She: You have given me quite a turn. I am going to faint.

He: It's not a bit of use fainting. No one can get at you if you faint in there.

She: Of course not. How stupid of me. This life force game is awfully fatiguing. What do you propose to do——?

He: I'm beastly dizzy. Suppose we run round the other way? *(They reverse.)*

Curtain.

The Masculine Dash for Gorgeousness.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.



It seems only the other day that people severely remarked "Hush!" when a man wearing a check suit came into the room. But nowadays a man may go about, without causing the least surprise, in an outfit which would make Joseph's coat look seemly wear for a congregational minister.

Only a day or two ago I met a man who was wearing a suit of grey with bright pink stripes in it. It was the kind of pattern which reminded one of pyjamas of the more frivolous kind. And yet here was this man absolutely flaunting his pink stripes, while no one appeared even to notice his sartorial hardihood.

We are quite inured to this sort of thing, I suppose. And yet pessimists say that the national physique is declining!

Of late years there has been a remarkable change in men's modes. We used to be "a penny, plain"; now we are "tu'ppence, coloured."

For some years, there has been a masculine advance towards elaboration in dress, a gradual abandonment of the severe in favour of the florid. It was a movement that gathered pace as it progressed, until now it seems to be culminating in a final dash for the goal of gorgeousness.

Very insidiously did this masculine movement towards self-elaboration begin. A few years ago, some bold spirit, craving adventure, donned purple socks. Nothing particularly untoward happened to him, and other bold spirits adopted the purple sock habit. From purple hosiery to pink hosiery was but a step in evolution. Gradually, socks of extraordinary virulence came into vogue.

This was the beginning. Followed an irruption of vari-coloured shirts and ties and waistcoats. The most intimate articles of male dress acquired new beauties in colour and shape; the severe lines of the masculine suit merged into graceful curves and contours. Man, having challenged woman at one of her own games, was obviously straining to reduce his handicap.

And now it seems that the cult of masculine gorgeousness is rapidly reaching its apotheosis.

The ha'penny, but otherwise reputable, papers have loudly heralded the appearance of lace waistcoats, and published details of shirts which really ought to be classified under the heading of "lingerie." The sock of to-day is a polychromatic work of art; flannel suits are obviously expressive of radiant carelessness to after-effects.

Man, the sombre frock-coated chrysalis, is rapidly changing into the butterfly. "Solomon in all his glory" will soon be relegated to the second-class list of similes.

There is not a single article of male attire which has escaped elaboration during the past few years. The white cambric handkerchief has been changed to a square of silk emblazoned in bizarre patterns. The shoe has got itself adorned with incrustations of ornamental leather. The hat has developed in a dozen ways; you may have even velvet headwear, mere tufts of feathers are quite common cockades. So it is with every article of male use and attire. The trousers preserve more of their original character than the other garments, but they are strapped and seamed and fashioned on lines which indicate an imminent break-away from the twin cylindrical vogue of our fathers.

Where it will all end, it is hard to forecast. Lace waistcoats may very easily develop into brocade and lace waistcoats. The trouser may balloon into knickers. The shoe may develop a buckle; the tuft of feathers on the hat may lengthen into plumes. Add one or two easily-made changes, and lo! we have progressed so rapidly that we have arrived again at the fashion of the Stuarts.

Undoubtedly, the popular penchant for pageantry has been a factor in accelerating the pace of this dash for complete gorgeousness. What man, after posing prettily in the garb of a Georgian buck or a Tudor knight for several hours weekly, could contemplate with equanimity a permanent return to the far less picturesque habilaments of to-day? Think of the feelings of a pageant-player doffing his mediæval costume for the last time, and realising that he is returning again to the thrall of top-hat and broadcloth. Need one wonder, therefore, that he strives to impart a little more of the joy of colour and form into his present-day wear?

The pageant has done much towards the brightening of the masculine wardrobe. Before many months are out, the hundreds of men performing in the Festival of Empire will be so used to wearing gay clothes that the final dash for masculine gorgeousness will be an extremely rapid affair.

And when complete male gorgeousness shall have been achieved at last, and a memorial is raised in celebration of the feat, whose image shall adorn it? If there is any justice in the world, the statue must be one typifying the Cult of the Raffish youth

It is the raffish youth, with his golf-coat and Brobdingnagian brogue-shoes, his joy waistcoats, his up-turned sock-revealing trousers, who is the real liberator of the masculine race from the slavery of sombre garb. He it is who has done the pioneer-work, and made the path towards gorgeousness more easily to be followed. He it is who, impervious alike to criticism and derision, has flaunted his apparel carelessly, complacently, and even pridefully, and so prepared the way for other less assertive revolutionaries.

But though the dash for gorgeousness is at present at full speed, the goal is still remote. The transition stage from grave to gay, from severe to lively, is not yet over. There are blunders and indiscretions; colour-schemes that shriek and make one shriek in return; suits which, falling short of the original, merely reach the abnormal.

There is a great groping about for opportunities for picturesqueness. The startling and the incongruous are constantly being set up as false gods. At one time, men were believed to copy their fashions from the stage; nowadays, I verily believe that quite a number copy them from the music-halls.

THE SISTER'S COMMENT.

A young man was praising up his girl to his sister.

"She was asking me," he mentioned, "what colour of hair I preferred."

But the sister, with a malicious smile, remarked:

"How like her that is! Always so anxious to please!"

• • •

TWO TRIES.

A youth was going out to his first formal dinner party. His mother said:

"Now, don't forget your manners, James; be sure to say something complimentary when the food is passed."

He endeavoured to do so. When salad was served he remarked pleasantly:

"This is pretty good salad, what there is of it."

The remark was not well received; he saw that he had made a mistake, and he endeavoured to correct it by saying:

"And there's plenty of it, such as it is."

FIVE-POUND NOTES AS PRIZES.

For "Doubles" and "Trebles" on People's Names.

FOR **Competition 373 a £5 note each** is awarded to:

MRS. E. M. SHELDON, 363 Harold Road, Hastings.	FRANK HUNTLEY, 33 Hamilton Avenue, Leeds.	W. A. TEASDALE, 42 Athol Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.	EDWIN J. DAVEY, 18 Hillaries Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.
Treble.	*Double.*	*Treble.*	*Treble.*
C. B. Fry (p. 243)	***Earl Winterton*** (p. 241)	***Mr. Andrew Carnegie*** (p. 264)	***C. B. Fry*** (p. 243)
"Cuts" Bosom Friends.	***Enlivens Westminster.***	***Capitalist Advancing Millennium.***	***Corpulent Fielders' Bane***

And **five** Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:


Ex-King Manuel.

W. A. W SMITH, 67 Leicester Street, Norwich; MRS. ELIZABETH MINCE, 19 Arthur Street Loughboro'; MRS BEAUMONT, 69 Blacknore's Grove, Teddington, ROBERT HERRING, Redbourne Kirton-Lindsey; GEOFFREY H. MOSELEY, 28 Rudloe Road, Clapham Park, S.W.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

IF you can find any use for a five-pound note try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** for *each* of the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

Ex-King Manuel. **Miss Ellen Terry.**

Mr. Henry Chaplin.

or the name of anyone mentioned in pages 318 to 326 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.


Miss Ellen Terry.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 375, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 30th May. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 7th June.


Mr. Henry Chaplin.

P.O. No. .... Doubles and Trebles 375.

I .... Signature

of .... Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 375, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... From page ....

Double or Treble ....

CORONATION FILMS.

How Cinematograph Pictures of the Great Procession Will be Taken.

The entire Coronation procession will be exhibited at all the principal cinematograph theatres on the evening of Coronation Day; and thus the myriads unable to witness the great Imperial event in the streets will have a faithful reproduction of the occurrence thrown before them whilst comfortably seated in the theatre.

Representatives of all the leading film producers in the world have already purchased sites on the route from which to photograph the Royal procession on its way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. An attempt will also be made to exhibit the films in Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, and Birmingham at the evening performances.

Hundreds of operators will arrive from Paris and Berlin, and will take up their stand at advantageous positions. As their Majesties leave the Palace about noon, it is hoped that there will be time to catch the 2.20 boat train from Charing Cross, when the films will be developed en route.

Each camera operator will be attended by one assistant, who will convey the undeveloped films by motor-car to headquarters, where everything will be in readiness for the development and completion of the picture. In this way the various sections of the picture will be taken, and when joined will measure in some instances several thousand feet in length.

Large export orders have been received by the various English manufacturers, who will dispatch the films to all parts of the globe by the first vessels leaving the country immediately after the ceremony.

Sending ordinary photographs by wire has long been an accomplished fact. The remarkable results achieved by Professor Karn's photo-telegraph will still be fresh in the memory of those who visited the Franco-British Exhibition at the White City in 1908. Then followed the Thorne-Baker "Teleotograph," by which even more perfect results were obtained. Now comes an invention by which it is possible to transmit cinematograph pictures by wire, and an experimental trial is to be made on Coronation Day. An attempt will be made to transmit views of the great event from London to Paris, and if it is successfully accomplished the films will be exhibited at the Parisian picture theatres a few hours later.

The inventor of the "Cine-telegraph," as it is termed, has been ten years completing his apparatus, and has now succeeded in transmitting overland a film two hundred feet in length over a distance of thirty miles.

The Coronation films, which it is the inventor's intention to send by means of his apparatus, will show the progress of the Royal party from the Palace to the Abbey, but the actual crowning ceremony will not be depicted.

Several of the London film traders are hopeful of obtaining sanction to photograph this interesting function; but even if this were granted, the insufficient lighting of the Abbey would render cinematography impossible.

After the Coronation is over, the various film manufacturers will concentrate their energies upon the Delhi Durbar, and an army of cinematographers will be sent out.

PROJECTOR.

[How films will be taken by aeroplanes to the big provincial centres is related by "The Looker-on" in Round the Town.—Ed. "L. O."]

South-Eastern & Chatham Railway.—Cheap tickets are being issued by this railway for Paris and the Continent during the Whitsun Holidays. They are also running cheap excursions to the Kentish seaside resorts. Full particulars are given in a special holiday programme.

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS, *Editor of the "Social Guide."*

Ready Made Fashions.

Never has the ready-made costume reached the pitch of perfection it has achieved this season. Just now all manner of pretty foulard and violette gowns are to be bought at prices that vary from one to six or eight guineas apiece. A very great many big London shops are specialising in this particular class of frock, which can be made to customers' own measurements for a very little extra.

Some Charming Styles.

The great charm of these frocks is their very up-to-date style—and the graceful models from which they are copied. One very smart voile dress is fashioned in white, having a plain kimono bodice with a little round lace yoke, under which is a handsome trimming worked in silks and beads, the same trimming appearing in a deep band round the knees.

Foulards are perhaps the most satisfactory frocks to buy ready made, owing to the fact that few, if any, save the very best dressmakers, understand the art of managing a much-patterned material. Several of the new striped foulard models are veritable works of art; the material being arranged so that the stripes form panels and cross strappings that are exceedingly smart and have the effect of making the stoutest figure appear slim and elegant.

Evening Frocks.

No less beautiful are the ready-made evening frocks of to-day. Most of these show the ultra smart tunic effect which seems to govern all frocks just now. For the most part such toilettes are trimmed with silver or gold bugle trimming and fringe and lovely embroideries. For *débutantes* these frocks are exceedingly useful, as they are quite cheap enough to allow of buying at least two for every ordinary dance frock turned out by private dressmakers. Moreover, there is no fear of such models being behind the fashion. Indeed, they are for the most part copied exactly from the most up-to-date models turned out by the leading French designers who are specialising in this direction.

Coiffure Ornaments.

Writing of evening frocks reminds one of the latest novelties which will be worn during the coming season as coiffure ornaments. The turban effect still holds good, and some of the most charming head-dresses are wide bands of tinsel laurel-leaves that are veiled by a deep band of gauze either of a colour that matches the frock, or else made of oxidised net or gold and silver tulle.

One very becoming and quite new bandeau is composed of a six-inch band of gold galon representing a bold lace design; from the centre in front springs a long white uncurled ostrich feather that has a jewelled stem, and is held in place by a flat paste buckle. Coloured velvet bands studded with imitation and semi-precious jewels are also much worn, while wreaths of roses and small flowers covered in the same coloured tulle as the predominating flowers are very charming for *débutantes'* wear.

Floral Toques.

The Queen's regulations concerning the wearing of small hats by all the Maids of Honour is sure to do much to put an end to the freakish millinery and the exaggerated models of to-day.

Already one London shop is showing a big variety of the most charming floral toques which will do a very great deal to encourage the new mode. These are quite cheap and well within the reach of even those who have to make economy of first importance. Some of the most becoming are composed of masses of lilac and roses, which are quite charming, while small violet toques finished off with purple silk or velvet are fast becoming a craze. An all-white violet toque, relieved by green leaves and a twist of green tulle, is very pretty for wear with an all-white muslin or lace frock, while toques made of vivid coloured geraniums look very well for wearing with black frocks—and little floral toques that represent a mass of purple pansies with natural foliage is an admirable substitute for a bonnet for those who are not in their first youth.

Smart Washing Blouses.

Blouses made of washing materials are very much to the fore just now. For wear with smart tailor-made costumes nothing is more fashionable than those fashioned of fine tucks and trimmed with a French frill cravat edged with narrow Irish crochet.

Cotton voile, which washes and cleans remarkably well, is also a popular material for making blouses this year, several of these being simply ornamented with Irish hand-embroidery all down the front. Japanese crêpe likewise is being much used for making blouses for country wear—the latter material being made in all kinds of delicate colours which are guaranteed not to fade in the wash.

• • •



"Come along, Miss Nelly. You don't want to stare in that shop."
"Yes I do, Nannie. I want to get an idea or two for Ellaine!"

Pianoforte Playing

is robbed of all its drudgery when you use the Macdonald Smith System, though this is the least of its benefits to the Pianist.

One way of becoming fully convinced of its absolute thoroughness and success is by applying to those who have used it, e.g., to the pupil (age 40) who says: *"The improvement has been far beyond anything I ever expected"* (name and address on application).

Tuition by letter to any part of the world. Write for "Light on Pianoforte Playing," free by post, to



Mr. F. MACDONALD SMITH,
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No. 60.—Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely hem-stitched, about 18½ ins. square, with ⅛-in. hem, 8/6 per dozen.

Irish Collars and Shirts.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced, single shapes 4/11 double shapes, 5/11 per dozen. "Matchless" Shirts, with four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear, each, 5/11.

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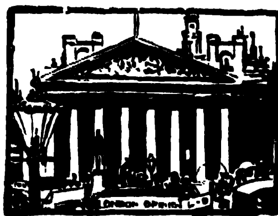
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Stocks and Shares*

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

The general tendency has been firmer. Home Rails have been better, and Americans, with which we deal in a separate paragraph, have bounded upwards. Canadians have been quiet, except Grand Trunk Issues, which have been in demand and are being talked better. Sao Paulo Trams have been a feature, having jumped thirteen points. Erie First Preference have been purchased on the anticipation that they will receive the full dividend for the current half-year. Mines are utterly neglected, and this market deserves attention. Our bearish views with regard to rubber have been fully borne out by events. Among Oils, Spies and Shells are still, in our opinion, a good purchase, the Standard Oil decision, so far as it goes, benefiting these companies.

Americans.

The rise in Americans which followed the Standard Oil decision might lead the innocent observer to imagine that the decision was a victory for monopoly, whereas the best that can be said of it from the point of view of the Trusts is that it is not so drastic as it might have been. Still, as the big interests in America are full up with stocks which they wish to unload on to the public, no opportunity is missed of bringing about this desirable end. With the assistance of cheap money they may, of course, be able to keep the game up, but, in so doing, business and other conditions are wholly ignored.

The American iron and steel industry is extremely unsatisfactory, stocks are accumulating, and the demand is falling off. Trade conditions generally in the United States are not encouraging; the labour outlook is also unpromising, and telegrams state that a renewal of anti-trust legislation seems about to begin. The rise should afford holders an excellent opportunity of getting out, and those who purchased Eries at 31¾ on the hint given in our issue of 13th May, which have since been up to 35, have not done badly. Bonds are much more promising, but that is another story.

Argentine Prosperity.

The message to Congress of the President of the Argentine Republic, published in the papers last week, was a most interesting, statesmanlike, and encouraging document, and the reasonable optimism expressed therein appears to be fully justified. Although the 1909-10 receipts were largely in excess of the estimates (8 per cent) the year 1910-11 shows an increase of $29,208,100 over the Budget estimates, an increase exceeding 17 per cent. The President mentioned that the capital invested in Argentine Railways now equals $200,000,000 on which the average yield is about 4½ per cent. As the equivalent in 1910 was given as $180,000,000, $20,000,000, additional appears to have gone into railway extensions during the last twelve months, the results of which on the productivity and prosperity of the country should be striking.

Wise Expansion.

It is pleasing to note that railway extensions are spread all over the country, and that intercommunication with the contiguous States of Chili, Bolivia, and Paraguay is being pushed ahead. This will result in a large amount of the transit trade between these countries and the outside world passing through Argentina, and the Government is acting wisely in spending large sums on the improvement of its harbours and waterworks, so that its network of communications will be excellent. In fact, Buenos Aires will soon be one of the best equipped ports in the world.

The Best Argentine Bond.

Referring to the Argentine National Mortgage Bank, the 6 per cent Bonds of which we recommended in our issue of 13th May, the President stated: "It is not necessary for me to hide from you the satisfaction I derive from the increasing improvement in the official banking institutions. . . . The Banco Hipotecario Nacional (Argentine National Mortgage Bank) has distributed $100,000,000 and retired $26,000,000 of mortgage bonds. Its profits amount to nearly $2,000,000. . . I have given some time to these figures because they prove the value of the work accomplished by our great national credit establishments, which are of such great service in assisting private enterprise." These bonds are not only secured on first mortgages of landed property, but enjoy the absolute guarantee of the Argentine Federal Government and produce nearly 1 per cent. more income than the Argentine Government Loans. They yield at their present price fully £5 16s. 10d. per cent., and are specially suited to the small investor, as they are obtainable in as low denominations as £44 and £8 16s. and, being Bearer Bonds, the purchaser has not to pay anything for stamp duty.

New Issues.

Quite a number of new issues are now coming along, the idea probably being to get them out of the way before the Coronation. In addition to the Cuban Ports Bond Issue of $6,000,000 referred to in our last issue, there are the City of Winnipeg Four per Cent. Loan of £900,000, the Norwegian Four per Cent. Loan of £2,200,000, besides which Athens and Helsingfors are also in the market. There are some people who do not feel safe with anything yielding over 4 per cent., and these are now being catered for.

Imperial and Foreign Corporation.

This corporation, the £2 shares of which are now being offered for public subscription, comes out under powerful auspices, and has so strong a board that its influential connections alone should ensure it a prosperous career. There was, undoubtedly, room for some new investment trusts, the advantages of which are that the small investor therein is enabled to spread his money over many different countries and undertakings. The board includes Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Herbert Guedella, the last named having given up his partnership in the leading British firm of auditors to take over the management of this concern. There is no doubt that the £1,000,000 of capital asked for will be considerably oversubscribed, and the shares should go to a premium.

Short Term Investments.

There is nothing sensational in the new Budget, but the reduction in the stamp duty on short-dated obligations will make a difference to many an investor, by rendering available a safe and profitable form of investment business, which has been practically killed in this country since the stamp duty on bearer securities has been 1 per cent. In the United States an issue of bonds or notes repayable in two or three years is very popular, and is a form of security meeting the needs of a class of investor requiring to find an outlet for surplus capital, with the certainty of receiving the whole of their capital back within a year or two without any possibility of depreciation owing to fluctuating markets. Such short term obligations are often issued by a company at a time when markets are unfavourable to it, the idea being to replace them by a long dated bond issue when conditions are improved from the company's point of view. The point or two discount at which they are usually issued means a considerable premium to the holder in view of the early redemption; and by reducing the stamp duty to 2s. 6d. per £100 on securities repayable in one year and 5s. when repayable in two or three years, Mr. Lloyd George has removed a legitimate grievance.

Folkestone—Flushing.

The inauguration of this new Continental route, Folkestone taking the place of Queenborough as English port for the traffic between London and Holland and Central and Northern Germany, which means a great saving in time, is an indication of what can be done in this connection, and is also a reminder of the great potentialities of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway system. It possesses

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

practically a monopoly of this traffic, which should be enough to make the fortune of even such heavily capitalised companies as the South-Eastern and Chatham. The management of these companies has not been all it might have been, but some day perhaps, when the full potentialities of this system are grasped, these railways will do very well indeed. It is not every railway system which serves a whole line of popular coast resorts within 60 or 70 miles of a city having a population larger than that of Belgium or Holland, and the stocks of these two companies probably contain more possibilities than those of the heavy lines.

Rand Mines.

This company showed a profit for 1910 of £1,133,500, which is some £882,000 less than for 1909, and the dividend has accordingly been reduced from 350 per cent. to 220 per cent. It was, however, made perfectly clear that the 1909 dividend was not normal, part being a bonus in respect of share realisations. It is interesting to note that during the year the Rand Mines sold

5,000 Village Deeps
4,150 Ferreira Deeps
1,170 City Deeps,

and purchased

5,380 Rose Deeps
4,119 Nourse Mines
4,500 Jupiters
1,288 Geldenhuis Deeps

Owing to the acquisition of some of Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co.'s shareholdings, the next report of the Rand Mines will show some big changes. The company should have no difficulty in maintaining last year's dividend of 220 per cent., which represents a yield of over 7 per cent. on the present price of 7¹¹⁄₁₆, and the shares are a good purchase.

Nourse Mines.

It will be noticed that the Rand Mines has increased its holding of Nourse Mines, and now has 370,406 of these shares. Speaking of this mine, the shares of which we have recommended on more than one occasion, the chairman at the general meeting said: "Development is being pushed ahead with the object of easing current mining operations, and to enable the tonnage necessary to feed the existing reduction plants to be handled without difficulty and without pressure. Our intention on this mine, as well as on other mines, is to get away from the constant pressure that has pursued us for so many years. It will take a little time to achieve, *but the reward will be great.*"

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," 57 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. When desired, the Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form (Telegrams: Briforcol, London). No charge is made.

"*C. G. B.*" We consider New Zealand Oil Fields to be a speculative proposition, and do not recommend a purchase. "*G. S. B.*" *and others.*—Have nothing to do with the Channel, Mediterranean, and Freehold Resorts shares. "*H. A. S.*"—We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the Birmingham firm which has circularised you. "*C. T. M.*" We cannot advise you to buy any more Waring Preference; the wide margin in a share quoted 5s.-10s. indicates that it is easier to buy than to sell. We would not recommend you to buy Simmer Deeps unless you are prepared to hold for a considerable period; with the heavy Debenture debt it will be a long time before the company can make satisfactory returns to its shareholders. "*Pre. I.*" We prefer Dunlop Tyre 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference to Bradford Dyers Cumulative Preference. "*A. H.*" The "quick result" from the outlay of a few pounds in the manner you name will be the total loss of the said few pounds. "*A. B. J.*" At their present low price Boksburgs appear to be a fair speculation. We have written more fully in reply to your questions. "*C. R.*"—You have a sufficiently large portion of your capital invested in Rhodesians, and should place the balance of your money elsewhere. We send you a suitable investment scheme. "*Excelsior.*" It is illegal to offer for sale in this country either lottery tickets or premium bonds. "*S. W.*" From the point of view of intrinsic value we would rather sell than buy steel stocks. "*Scott.*" Bovril Australian Estates should be able to make a distribution for 1910. "*J. P. W.*" We would not advise you to take up one of the house-purchase policies you refer to. "*H. S.*"—We send you particulars of two high-yielding securities available for the investment of your £100. "*R. S. K.*" You could purchase Rhodesian Exploration in the open market at a lower price than your option entitles you to.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

Women are far more influenced by character in a man than by personal appearance.—*Eugenics Review.*



TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE.

Burglar: "Lady, if you shoot, you'll break dat mirror an' have seven years' bad luck!"—"Puck," New York.

A saint is a sinner who kept on trying.—*Smart Set.*

• • •

The perfect old lady, as a matter of fact, is born, not made; she is the perfect young woman grown old.—*Graphic.*

• • •

A woman can straighten up a man's desk in five minutes so effectually that he won't be able to find anything he wants in five hours.—*The Searchlight.*

• • •

Congratulations to the extremely unconfiding foreigner who not only refused to be taken in by a London confidence trickster, but followed the latter until a constable appeared. Meanwhile, the trickster, who is doing a four months' retirement cure, has expressed strong views on the expulsion of aliens.—*Evening News.*

• • •

At what age do women definitely decide they are too old for marriage? The answer might be "Never," which does not imply that all spinsters are seeking husbands actively, and are profoundly grieved because they do not find them; only that each woman cherishes a secret belief that somewhere in the Cosmos is her destined mate, with whom she would inevitably fall in love, as he with her, if they met.—*Black and White.*

• • •

The Embarrassing Question.

"Do you like my new hat?" says your wife,
Appearing in awful disguise—
A fabric whose towering strife
Shrieks up to the horrified skies.

"Do you like my new hat?" and she smiles,
Her dimples with diffidence blend,
And all the dear, timorous wiles
That seek a delighted assent.

And what is a fellow of wit,
And honest, moreover, to do,
But say, as he shudders from it,
"At any rate, dear, I like you"? —*Judge.*

• • •

In a libel suit last week Mr. F. E. Smith spoke of the plaintiff as "this raw youth." Thereupon Sir Edward Carson observed that "he knew counsel who at the plaintiff's age would have been ready to take up any case, from a charge in the police-court to an appeal in the House of Lords, and possibly have considered themselves competent to run the Empire as well." We wonder whether Sir Edward had any particular person in mind.—*Westminster Gazette.*

I always feel sorry for a fellow who is going to be married. I don't just know why I should, except that he hasn't sense enough to feel sorry for himself.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

Man in the mass is an opponent of improvement.—*Century Magazine.*

• • •

A meal without mirth is like a kiss that has been sent by mail.—*Chicago Post.*

• • •

It takes a tender young widow to capture a tough old bachelor.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

Faint heart never won fair lady, but many a fair lady has won a faint heart.—*Hatherly News.*

• • •

Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour.—*Musical Standard.*

• • •

The burglar who, at Lady Elvey's residence, "helped himself to supper, including wine," began on the *table d'hôte* system, but now finds himself *à la carte.*—*Star.*

• • •

Flicker, flicker, little star,
Who can tell us who you are
On a film it's hard to trace
Outlines of a form or face.
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

• • •

The real optimist is the man who, seeing his train steaming out of the station, just as he arrives, remarks gently: "Well, anyway, I almost caught it."—*Life*, New York.

• • •

Shopping has developed in the feminine mind almost a sixth sense—an amalgamation of taste, sight, and feeling.—*Gentlewoman.*

• • •

If the Women's Enfranchisement Bill as introduced by Sir George Kemp should ever become law, an appalling recrudescence of husband-beating may be expected, for this measure proposes to allow married women to exercise the vote in the place of the husband with the husband's "consent."—*Punch.*



STONE BROKE.

Sissy: "You've refused him because he can't afford to marry! Why, I thought he had lots of money."

Milly: "Yes, he had. But he squandered it on my diamonds!" —"Sydney Bulletin."

TO THE STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Which has been swallowed up by the Coronation Stand in process of erection in St. Clement Danes' churchyard.]

SIR, as I took a walk down Fleet Street (pray
 Don't think you were the only one to urge it!)
I viewed your sculptured form the other day,
 And noted how they threatened to submerge it
In slowly-rising tiers whose mission was—well,
To raise (methinks) the long dried tears of Boswell!

There, book in hand, with timber at your toes
 You filled a most incongruous situation,
As though presiding o'er incipient rows
 Of guinea seats "to view the Coronation"!
And seemed to offer there to folks who strew pence
A "programme of the whole proceedings, twopence."

When next I made St. Clement's Yard my mark,
 (Before a wooden box your head they'd clapped o'er)
I saw your portly upper person, dark
 And sinister, emerging from a trap-door,
Like one who'd us to Jack-in-box-like feats treat:—
"Sir, let's pop up and take a look at Fleet Street!"

And now I stand your vanished form before,
 Nor dare the obvious moral of the thing shun.
You bored us to extinction oft of yore,
 And, lo! to-day we board you——to extinction,
While Nemesis would furthermore arrange, Sir,
That we may "sit upon" *you* for a change, Sir!

E. M. DINNIS.

A RIVAL OF THE CORONATION.

EARLY next month will be published the *London Opinion Summer Annual.*

We claim for this the title of the world's best shillingsworth, and think you will endorse the claim when you see the article. No expense has been spared. Here are some of the contents:

THE SUPREME ILLUSION. By ARNOLD BENNETT.
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THE WHITE RHINOCEROS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.
THE UNDERSTUDY. By PETT RIDGE.
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THE LOST UMBRELLA. By CHARLES MCEVOY.
HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE. By DOROTHY GREENWOOD,

and many other brilliant stories by writers who are old favourites with "L. O." readers.

And, better still, perhaps, there are some thirty or forty joke drawings by all the world's leading black-and-white artists (except Chirgwin). Dudley Hardy, Bert Thomas, Jack Hassall, Lewis Baumer, George Belcher, Starr Wood, H. M. Bateman, and many others have vied with one another all for your delight.

One word of warning. Don't take this annual with you to the Coronation, or your seat money will be wasted. You may be too absorbed to look at the show.

• • •

A SEED SOWER.

AMATEUR gardeners will welcome the introduction of Robinson's Seed Sower, which simplifies the work of seed sowing to an amazing degree, making it perfectly easy to sow any kind of seed regularly and evenly to any required degree of thickness. A further advantage is that the troublesome work of "thinning-out" is made unnecessary, and as there is thus no waste of seed, a saving of possibly fifty per cent. is effected in the yearly seed bill. The invention is put on the market at the popular price of one shilling by Mr. L. O. Robinson, 20 Earl Street, Maidstone, who will send it post free for one shilling postal order until ironmongers stock it generally.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

THE London and North Western Railway Company have issued a very complete Programme of Cheap Excursions for the Whitsuntide Holidays, and those who are contemplating a trip out of town should not fail to obtain a copy. Some of the more important bookings are: On Thursday, June 1st, to Belfast and the North of Ireland. On Friday night, June 2nd, to Dublin, Killarney, etc., Carlisle, Scotland, the Isle of Man, Blackpool, Morecambe, and the English Lakes. On Saturday, June 3rd, to the Birmingham District, North, South, and Central Wales, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Lancashire Districts, Isle of Man, English Lakes, Blackpool, and North Staffordshire Stations. A Special Day Trip with period bookings will leave Euston on Sunday midnight, June 4th, for Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, and Llandudno. A Day Trip with bookings for 2, 4, or 5 days has been arranged to leave Euston at 8.40 a.m. for the Birmingham District on Whit-Monday, and there will be cheap bookings on that day to Watford, Boxmoor, Aylesbury, Northampton, and other places within easy distance. The Week end Tickets issued on Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd, will allow the holders to return on Whit-Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. KING GEORGE V.

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. QUEEN MARY.

Pears

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

3rd JUNE, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 376.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 300.

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As the field gallops into full view,
Then he thinks of that milliner's bill and replies:
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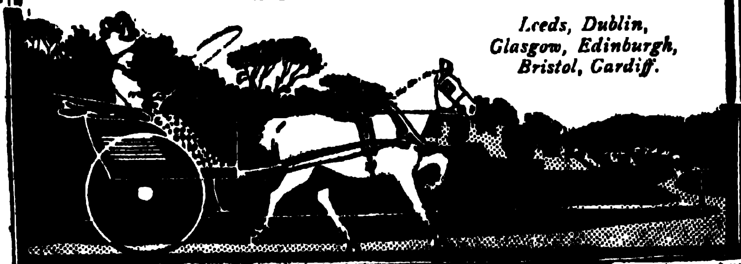
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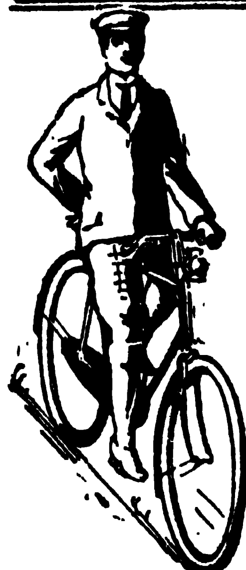


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WHIPPED TOPICS.

SOMEONE has written a book called "The Cracked Phial." Sounds as if the main idea won't hold water.

• • •

All these new finance proposals lead us to the conclusion that "Where there's a Bill, there's a pay" nowadays.

• • •

"What right has a boy of nineteen to have a girl sweetheart?" demanded a magistrate the other day. The answer, we presume, is "Birthright."

• • •

A County Council scholar who got a half holiday on Empire day, wants to know why the Alhambra cannot be similarly honoured.

• • •

The men of New York have started a "Less Alone League." The Get A Loan League has been a thriving concern in this town for centuries.

• • •

A Bill for the prevention of flying over crowds is being introduced. A clause discouraging the habit of flying into them might be still more useful.

• • •

It is a comfort to know there is to be no more war with America; but one can never feel *quite* like a brother to a fellow who spells traveller with one l.

• • •

The man who has just paid £10,000 for a copy of the first Bible printed evidently desires to trace back to its source that statement about the needle-eye and himself.

• • •

An American institution advertises for a high grade astronomer, Charles Frohman won't do, because some of the stars he discovers are not really the goods at all.

• • •

According to Sir J. Crichton-Browne, Margate possesses some of the qualities of the alpine climate. Suppose he means that if you were on the beach you could have a launch.

• • •

A country parson has been lamenting the disappearance of the village green. Probably it is still there all right, but it has been buried by the dust of passing motor-cars.

• • •

A London newspaper snobbishly mentions that J. S. T. McGowen, the Premier of New South Wales (now on a visit to this country), was "in the engineering trade." Mac would much prefer to have it said that he was a boilermaker.

• • •

"Portsmouth electric light profits are again to relieve the rates," says the *Portsmouth Evening News*, and it bursts into song thus:

> Electric light, we all agree,
> Is truly something great,
> Which lightens simultaneously
> The street, the home, the rate.

Had it been gas they would possibly have measured [illegible]

Heading from a daily paper, "Poultry as Food." What about "Clothes as Wearing Apparel" for a sequel?

• • •

Coronation stands are so called because they enable us to see the procession sitting down. (We, not the procession.)

• • •

The Rural Reformers are having a luncheon this week. They'll all be expected to refer plainly to truly rural reform afterwards.

• • •

"Lord Lansdowne has done his part," says a contemporary. Wasn't the letter "y" accidentally omitted from that last word?

• • •

A thought that will haunt us at times: The prize sweet peas are growing taller daily, and our present holiday from the boom of this helpless flower cannot last long.

• • •

A lady critic from the Colonies says that Englishwomen are so shy that they have little to say. It is but fair to add that the lady critic has only just arrived.

• • •

Berlin is forming an orchestra entirely composed of doctors. Over here, of course, medical etiquette forbids doctors to blow their own trumpets.

• • •

An English burglar recently entered two houses in two minutes. It is confidently expected that this record will not be beaten at the Olympic sports this summer.

• • •

A new Russian dancer in London is named Geltzer. She is the nearest thing to a cool drink suggestion that has yet arrived.

• • •

Mr. Grahame White is going to arrive by aeroplane at the Coronation ball in the Botanic Gardens. This is advertised as a novelty, but it is quite the custom in the suburbs to take a "fly" to dances.

• • •

> "Queen Mary echoes my denunciation of the awkward and indecent hobble skirt."—Col. Mann in *Town Topics*, New York.

We were wondering where Her Majesty got the idea from.

• • •

"A man who will take one cigar will take a thousand," said a cigar maker in dismissing a workman. It might depend on the brand; in some cases one would suffice to bring a man back to remorseful rectitude.

• • •

Canon Rawnsley takes a Cumberland District Council to task for laughing at the National Health Society's leaflets on how to keep cows. But the fun the farmer gets out of town-made laws and advice helps to make rural England "Merrie England" again.

THE PEERS' FUTURE SOLVED.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

NAMES are more important than things. It is not now the fashion to speak of the Colonies. To call a colony a colony is nearly as rude as to call a spade a spade. There was a time when no Colonial would have been offended if we had talked of his country as one of the Colonies. But that time has long gone by. We may allude to the Crown Colonies, but not to the Colonies. The Colonial Conference is no longer the Colonial Conference. It is the Imperial Conference. I am not sure that "Imperial" is as homely and as lovable as "Colonial." It has a cold, Roman sound. The Commonweal Conference would be a better phrase, for "Commonweal" is a good Saxon word, whereas "Imperial" is a Latin word. But we are all Imperialists now. That is to say, we all believe in the brotherhood of the Six Nations. But perhaps we may still be allowed to call our Canadian, Australasian, and South African friends Colonials. It is a good old word with a good old meaning. If we do not call a colonial a colonial, what on earth are we to call him?

• • •

WE are all anxious to show our love for the Colonies. We vie with each other in our eagerness to make sacrifices for them. It seems a pity that the Five Prime Ministers should take nothing back with them but indigestion. They ought to have a souvenir of the Coronation. They ought to be given something to help them to remember the good time they had in the old country. The question is, what would be the best keepsake? We cannot give them "The Mill" or Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." We cannot give them a Raeburn or a Rembrandt. I fear we cannot give them Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the Tower or Hampton Court Palace. These treasures are not portable; and, even if they could be taken down stone by stone and set up in the new countries, their sentimental associations would hardly survive the sea voyage. We might, it is true, give them Buckingham Palace, for nobody in London would grieve over its departure; but at the moment we could hardly afford to build a new town house for the King and Queen. What, then, can we give the Five Nations?

• • •

WE might give them Leicester Square, but I fear London without Leicester Square would not be worth while. Not even for the sake of knitting the *Empire together* could we part with the Empire in which every son of the Empire sits sooner or later. We have other less precious possessions. I wonder whether one of the Five Nations would take Mr. Hall Caine as a pledge of love? But I shrink from the thought of that bereavement. We gave Jumbo to America, but it broke our heart-strings. No. We must keep Mr. Hall Caine for better or for worse. To give up Marie Corelli is also out of the question. Is there anybody else we could give away? What about Lily Elsie? I hear a chorus of Noes. It would be noble to give Lily Elsie to Newfoundland or New Zealand, but we simply couldn't do it. Mr. George Edwardes would not let us. I fear we must keep all our actors and actresses; for even the oldest and the youngest are bound to us with indissoluble bonds.

• • •

BUT let us look round these little islands and see whether there is no suitable present for our kith and kin. It must be something ornamental, if not useful. And it must be something they have not already got. It is useless to suggest Mr. Lloyd George. I know there a few people who would give him away without any selfish haggling. But Mr. Lloyd George is not a man easily given away. Some generous hearts would give away half a dozen election judges, but there are avaricious persons who would die rather than face that loss. I fear we must keep our judges. There is only one thing we can give away with a light heart. Let us give the Colonies our old nobility.

• • •

THE Colonies need the peers, for everybody realises that the Colonies are peerless. I can see no reason why they should be peerless any longer. I am sure that they would appreciate the peers more than we do; for, lately, all parties have shown a strange desire to get rid of those venerable relics of the splendid past. The peers themselves are in a hurry to weed themselves out. The other night they voted unanimously for their own liquidation. They are as anxious to clear out of the House of Lords as the Israelites were to clear out of Egypt. It is true that Mr. Asquith, like Pharaoh, is not panting to let them go. But I think they ought to be allowed to please themselves. There are more than six hundred of them, and of these Lord Lansdowne has no use for more than half. He has made up his mind to send the backwoodsmen to their backwoods. It is useless for the depraved Radicals to try to save these doomed lords from the sentence of exile pronounced by their chieftain. They must leave their order for their order's good.

• • •

I HUMBLY and reverently suggest that our spare peers might be given to the Colonies. There will be enough to go round. The Five Nations could have sixty apiece. I am sure they would suffice to stock the dominions oversea. They would provide the young nations with a supply of blue blood that hitherto has been lacking, for, unfortunately, in the past we have exported only a few degenerate wastrels. Our best we kept; our worst we gave. A peer, like a prophet, has no honour in his own country, but in the Colonies he would be rated at his true worth. He would not find that his ancient lineage handicapped him in the struggle for life. I am sure that Mr. Andrew Fisher would guarantee him as good a chance of success as a coal-miner or an agricultural labourer. He might even aspire to be Prime Minister, for no Colonial would hold a grudge against him on the score of his birth. In the Colonies an earl would be treated as fairly as an artisan, and a marquis would be able to hold his own with a railway porter. Before long there would be five Houses of Lords in the Colonies, and the Americans would be green with envy, for their millionaires would be driven to marry Colonial peers. Moreover, our prettiest actresses would emigrate in a body. Thus everybody would be pleased, and we would grow out of the habit of having two general elections every year.



A NECK-AND-NECK RACE.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

There are innumerable methods of courting, but the best method is to be rich.—*Frank Richardson.*

It is better to save lives than to save rates.—*Alderman Fildes.*

If ignorance were really bliss the world would be much happier.—*Mansfield.*

Making love is easier than making a fortune, but it involves greater chances.—*J. H. Ring.*

There is not the least use in preaching to anyone unless you chance to catch them ill.—*Sidney Smith.*

It is always right to detect a fraud and perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either.—*Chesterfield.*

When your friend calls himself a fool it is better to disagree with him than to lose his friendship.—*Walter Pulitzer.*

He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.
—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

Love turns men into women, women into men.—*Mira de Mescua.*

Moral sentiment, like cleanliness, should be practised in private.—*A. E. Waite.*

Some strand of our own misdoing is involved in every quarrel.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labour.—*Ruskin.*

From a masculine point of view would it be heresy to question the sex of the devil?—*L. Hersey.*

Gossip is a beast of prey that does not wait for the death of the creature it devours.—*George Meredith.*

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?—*Huxley.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



CHILDREN OF TOIL.
No. I.—The Gardener.

A Glut of Holidays.

TIME and Whitsuntide wait for no man. Almost before we realise their nearness we pass the milestones of the year. And what a June! Bank Holidays all over the month and a bustle and hustle through the length and breadth of the land. "We should rejoice when good kings bleed," sing the witches in *Macbeth*. It is entirely a question of taste, but as a man of peace I desire no sanguinary outbursts. Our friend, the German Emperor, has gone home, pleased with a hearty visit, and possibly amused at the right-about-turn of certain sheets which have been darkly hinting, for years, at his nefarious designs on this nation's little bit of freehold land, and have suddenly discovered that he is "a jolly good fellow and so say all of us" kind of man. The amiable young German Princess went to the Tower one morning, and not a single journal even hinted that she was a feminine Colonel Blood with sinister intent to pinch the Crown jewels. If the spirit of the coming Coronation be responsible for this all-round pleasantness, then good luck to the Coronation! And here is my sympathy with those industrious scribes who will have to write glowing accounts of that event. In such a crisis the stock of adjectives in the English vocabulary is pitiably too small, and the afflicted writers anathematise Johnson and Webster and Nuttall for their unintelligent forecasting of the needs of journalists. You recollect that at the crowning of King Edward a number of papers got "in the cart" through the startling postponement of the ceremony. This was very amusing, except to the papers, and especially to those which criticised, in an unkindly fashion, certain things which never happened. Having written in my time copious and highly affecting descriptions of scenes I did not witness, I early grew to understand the wisdom of being invariably complimentary in my language when dealing with occurrences I had beheld in spirit only.

Cheering.

MANY years ago, when railways were younger, a picture was published, showing at a station an elderly lady who had never ridden in a train, and depicting the alarm on her countenance as she read the bill of an insurance company, setting forth what she would be paid for a broken head, an injured limb, and so forth. Similar emotions are likely to spring up in the breasts of many worthy persons bent on seeing those sights which are to make this month historical. It must be very consoling to gather in detail the number of nurses and ambulances to be on duty in the crowd; the arrangements for the removal of the fainting and indisposed; the method of dealing with cases of sunstroke; and how to compose yourself with grace and dignity in case of an alarm of fire. But all these "tips" should act in the nature of comfort. A fireman in a theatre is a reassuring presence, and none should stay at home for fear of accident when they remember—as they should do with pleasure—how much better our street arrangements are than they used to be.

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Improved Times.

SEVERAL tragedies occurred upon the arrival in London of the Princess Alexandra in 1863, and severe criticisms were expended upon the City police. To-day, this splendid force is the best in the world. The men are well paid and comfortable, and eminently not aggressive. You never feel that a City policeman is on the look out for "a case," and, though not personally indebted to Gog and Magog for much free, gratis, and for nothing turtle, I always like to read about distinguished visitors going to the Guildhall, for one realises that the Lord Mayor, with his splendid equipment and "properties," puts all other capitals to bed. We like old England to be first and foremost, even while we cherish contempt for those malevolent individuals seeking ever to disparage foreign countries and to discredit them with dastard motives.

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Queuepidity.

WITH so many philanthropic societies in existence aiming at the improvement of the feeble-minded, it is not a little remarkable that nobody has started an organisation for the Welfare of the Queues. Most of us have a healthy regard for the honest theatre lover, content to wait outside a playhouse in order to secure a good place. I have done it scores of times in former days, and, my word, what a jam and a crush when the withdrawal of the inside bolt gave warning of the scrimmage about to commence! To-day the queue prevents that. But there is a difference between staring and stark-madness, and the persons who are content to wait thirty-six hours to see a play surely ought to be looked after. Some of those who stayed all night at Drury Lane recently were said to be "washed-out wrecks." I doubt the "washed" part of the assertion. They may have some value as a testimony to the benefits of fasting, but how they can endure the scornful gaze of the public eye is a mystery. Why didn't somebody sing "Hot Codlins" to them? That would have cleared them fast enough. A correspondent suggests that they are human plants of peculiar growth, and ought to be exhibited at

Queue Gardens. I wish to notify him that, even in a Coronation year, I am not suffering this sort of thing.

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"I've Got a Motter."

["OUR streets are stacked with timber. 'Stand, stand!' is the motto of the principal thoroughfares."—Daily Paper.]

"Stand, stand!"—it rises tier by tier—
The large, the cramped, the little—
"Stand, stand!"—what music in the ear
Of all who licensed vittle!

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Missing.

HAS any one seen a German band? Hoch, sure, I think not. The invading musician from the Fatherland, possibly under the delusion that the British require only Wagner, and recognising the inability of his orchestra to tackle that master efficiently with a trombone, a flute, and a cornet, seems to me to be boycotting these isles. This is sad, for the German band was ever a bright example of serious men bravely struggling wth adversity. One third of the troupe was constantly engaged in ringing front-door bells and taking up the collection, which threw a tremendous onus on the trombone, and was calculated to break the heart of the flute. Verily I love the incessant pom-pom of the gentlemen from the Continent. They did inestimable service in stirring up the livers of irascible citizens. They were yellow of hair and ferocious of moustache. They impressed the youth of the slums with a veneration for sauerkraut. And, with all of it, they were decent, well-behaved, long-suffering souls, striving to gain a living in a straight way. They were, at any rate, preferable to our own home-grown screaming newsboy, and they touched the kindly heart of many an old lady, who thought she was doing her duty when she gave a penny to a foreigner far from his native soil. And she thought rightly. The instinct of a motherly old woman is never wrong. It is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

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Drapers.

SOME years ago I drew attention in these columns to the remarkable circumstance—which must have impressed many visitors to London——of the draper famine in the Strand. Walk from Ludgate Circus to Victoria Station, and where will you strike drapers' shops? Along Piccadilly and Oxford Street they come not single spies, but in battalions. It is a source of surprise that an enterprising person, American or otherwise, has not recognised the possibility of making money by introducing the drapery element somewhere near where the unlucky Gaiety Restaurant now stands. Drapery, to every woman, is what gin is to many a man. It is life itself. How it happens that with so many big hotels in, around, and about the Strand, a lady has to go far afield to purchase some article of wear; is inexplicable. You would have thought she could have "sent round the corner for it." But London is full of anomalies.

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A Windfall.

ALTHOUGH they will comport themselves with becoming diffidence, there can be no doubt that £400 a year will make a vast difference to numbers of men in the House of Commons. To the Irish Nationalists it will be very beneficial, and a great many Labour men are chortling in their hearts. The bitterness of being defeated at the polls will now be enormously increased, for that will not only mean a blow to your pride, but very possibly the loss of the better part of your income. Paying members is destructive of independence. A man thinks a long time before he acts according to his conscience when his failure to respond to the crack of the party whip involves the loss of a seat and £400 a year. The whole game is a further vulgarisation of the House of Commons, and another proof of the "on-the-make" character of our Parliament. Doubtless the small man, who can do with money, resents the sight of Cabinet Ministers and law officers drawing large salaries and fees. He will now enjoy the chance of drawing a bit out of the pool for himself. And the compensating benefit on our side! Fancy what it is to be an Englishman with the privilege of paying a Rowland Hunt or a Will Crooks £400 a year.

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Testimonials.

IT is amusing—not too amusing but just amusing enough—to read the hogwash "interviews" with colonial visitors, foreign actors and actresses, proprietors of performing rabbits, and other persons descending on this town. Their views are so original. "I think your city charming," says one. "London is a delightful place," says another. "I am charmed with your people and the warmth of my reception!" exclaims a third. A good deal of this rubbish is being printed just now, and one may presume that the Londoner drinks in much satisfaction from the testimonials thus offered. Of course he may—about six millions of him (and her)—have hugged to his breast the delusion that he resided in a one-eyed kind of village where a green leaf was never seen, where curfews tolled the knell of parting day, and a travelling wild beast show occasionally condescended to buck him up a trifle. He will now understand that he is mistaken, and that London has much to recommend it. Let me not hint at another side of the picture. There are Americans who have gone across the herring pond, after failing in England, full of contempt for the mindless, brainless, fat-headed public whose favour (and brass) they endeavoured to win here. By the same token there have been English who went to the States and returned home with no good word for them. Success and good luck are fine stimulators of appreciation.

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"Put it in the Bag!"

[M. SOYER's method of cooking in paper bags has proved an immediate success.]

When mutton cookie undercooked,
And salmon-steaks she overlooked,
We called her, madly, "Hag!"
But quite Soyerene becomes our brow,
And all is milk and honey now
She puts them in the bag.

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What Weather!

THERE should be a law prohibiting the holding of Conferences, councils, and congresses—I once heard them called "congri"—during any season except that when snow lies on the ground. Fancy bringing the Colonials over here at the end of May and mewing and stewing them up in a room to chatter about a variety of things. As chatter it was very good indeed, but will it lead to anything which would not have happened without a Conference? And talking of misused words, it often happens that an invented term fits the case much better than the proper one. A friend of mine was wont to refer to any gorgeous building as "palatorial." To my fancy that is much more attractive and euphonious than "palatial."

ROUND THE TOWN.

Ex-King Manoel's Jest: Lord Lansdowne a Republican: Max Beerbohm's Novel: A Cheap-Gold Company: Latest Flying and Sporting Gossip.

IN case the King and his guests should require refreshments after the Gala performance, it is being considered whether the wall separating his Majesty's Theatre from the Carlton Hotel shall be demolished. There was originally a passage connecting these two places, but it was bricked up by order of the L.C.C. It will not be allowed to stand between his Majesty's party and their thirst, if the Lord Chamberlain gives the word.

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THERE has been comment on the absence of the ex-King of Portugal from the principal State functions which have recently taken place. I hear it was the wish of the German Emperor and Empress that their young daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, should not be much in the society of King Manoel, who is not the *parti* he was.

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IT is nice to think that King Manoel has at least reached the stage at which he can jest about his loss. When at His Majesty's Theatre the other night he sent for Mr. Bourchier, and, in the course of conversation it came out that the famous actor-manager did not like playing the part of Bottom or of Brutus so well as that of Henry VIII. "You don't like being deposed from your kingly state, eh!" said the youthful ex-monarch.

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DESPITE the discipline which governed the voting for Lord Lansdowne's Reform Bill in the House of Lords, it is an open secret that three-quarters of the Unionist peers regard his remedy as worse than the Veto Bill itself. It is grimly Gilbertian that his line of strategy has forced Lord Lansdowne to become more of a Republican than Keir Hardie, Victor Grayson, or John Burns in his Trafalgar Square days; inasmuch as, in abandoning the hereditary principle, he has cast overboard the very foundation stone of the British Monarchy, and forced the Upper House to assist in this revolution.

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I NOTICE that my recent announcement about Mr. Max Beerbohm's new novel has been generously borrowed by the daily and weekly Press. But, as Samuel Butler used to say, "appropriate things are meant to be appropriated," if not acknowledged.

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THE title of Mr. Beerbohm's novel is *Zuleika Dobson*, and I hear that it will be published by Mr. Heinemann in the autumn. Mr. Heinemann has been making holiday in Italy, and he visited Mr. Beerbohm in his Italian nest near Naples in order to complete arrangements for publication. The hero of the novel is a duke who is also a dandy. The scene is Oxford. The heroine is a very whimsical and a very unconventional young person who leads the entire body of undergraduates a dreadful dance. The book is certain to become an Oxford classic.

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THE successes of the fancy dress ball given by Lord Winterton and Mr. F. E. Smith at Claridge's were many. Lady Cunard in Moorish trousers, Lord Duncannon and Mrs. Cyril Ward as Apaches (with dance), Mrs. Waldorf Astor as a pink coryphee, and Lord



TO BE KEPT IN MIND.

Harold: "I know that I'm not worthy of you, darling."

Fair One: "Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy!"



GALLANTRY.
"W'll, wot'll we do now, Bill?"
"Let's go an' 'ave a laugh at your ole woman paddlin'!"

Wolverton as a Boy Scout, were conspicuous; but Mrs. J. J. Astor, as Juno, soon found her huge peacock *de trop*, and the triumph of the evening was the footman carrying off this embarrassing bird, with all the gravity of his kind.

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THE pageants, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, had inspired little Lucy to play all day at being Queen Elizabeth, to her small brother's corresponding *rôles*. When bedtime came, her nurse was tucking her in. "Not too tight, nurse, please!" said the child; "leave room for the Earl of Essex!"

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THE City is beginning to talk, and talk excitedly, about the discovery of a new metal which has the appearance of gold, and practically the properties of the virgin metal, but is less than one-fiftieth of the cost. It is less than half the cost of silver. It is called "alchemy gold," and Mr. Leo Norman, who has engineered the discovery, is chairman of the company owning it, "Alchemy Gold, Limited," with offices at 2 West Street, Finsbury Circus.

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I NOTE in the Company's articles of association a curious clause, providing for "the transmutation of metals"—a thing most of us thought had been obsolete for centuries. The whole affair seemed visionary when I first heard of it; but since then I have myself seen reports of tests from leading assayers, and manufacturers' pronouncements, and have handled the new metal in the form of ingots, bars, and manufactured cigarette cases, match-boxes, etc., and I prophesy that the discovery will make a sensation.

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BOOKS of theatrical reminiscences are invariably attractive, and although *Memories of a Manager*, by Daniel Frohman (Heinemann, 5s. net), has not the literary grace of, say Charles Brookfield's recollections, or the fund of anecdote of Seymour Hicks' autobiography, it will be wanted by all students of the stage. Incidentally it illustrates how far we have travelled out of Mrs. Grundy's control. When *Sweet Lavender* was produced by Mr. Frohman, the first nighters were startled to find that the heroine was an illegitimate child. Pinero had to agree to a change in the relations of the parents!

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FURTHER, "when Mr. Pinero sent me the manuscript of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* I wrote him I did not dare present so frank a play in the evening bill, but that I would like to produce so fine a work at a series of special *matinées*. To this Mr. Pinero agreed, saying that Mr. George Alexander, in London, had the same scruples. . . . Now it would seem no stronger than a nursery tale, when compared to some of the subjects of the plays of 1909-10."

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AN American in London who asked Mr. Shaw why he had never visited the States got no change out of the "specialist in heretical plays." "There is nothing there that can interest me," replied G. B. S. "When America is a real American Nation, when the American type becomes fixed, when the American's skin turns red and his forehead recedes, then it will be interesting to go to America."

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THE decision ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust gives special interest to "The Great Oil Octopus," recently published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The book is a complete review of the history and operations of the Trust in the United States and the British Empire.



Ready for the American millionaire (Coronation species).

THE burlesque in *Punch* of Mr. James Douglas' articles was amusing, in spots, but there should have been somebody in the whole office to put the writer right in his effort to spell Benedick. The poor fellow, like an indifferent golfer, could not do without a "t."

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FOR the Gala performance at His Majesty's Theatre, Ben Jonson's masque, *A Vision of Delight*, has been added to the programme. This has reduced an inflammation which threatened much trouble. Certain eminent actresses not originally included in this Gala show were so indignant at their omission that they threatened personal appeals to the King and Queen. The added Masque makes room for them nicely, and Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Bourchier find life worth living again.

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A GOOD story of Cecil Rhodes was told at a recent drawing-room meeting at Lady Leconfie'd's, by Dr. Gaul, a retired South African Bishop. Rhodes—some twenty or more years ago, at a moment when he was speculating heavily—gave Mr. (as he then was) Gaul practically *carte blanche* to draw upon him for certain Bloemfontein charities, which were then in low water. So Gaul went to Rhodes' private secretary, and asked for £100. The secretary replied it was a hopeless request, as Rhodes was already £30,000 overdrawn. "Well, then," said Gaul, "another £100 won't hurt." He got the cheque, and it was cashed on presentation. The parson afterwards told Rhodes what had passed, and Rhodes said it was "perfectly sound and very good business."

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THE Royal Aero Club must really discontinue the practice of allowing its representatives to observe the flights of a candidate for his certificate before he is really competent to make his attempt.

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PERIODICALLY at Brooklands one may witness the alarming efforts of a man to pass his tests whose previous experience consists in having made a 'short' straight flight or two within a few feet of the ground, and the climax was reached a short while back when a certain absolute novice made his certificate flights in a gusty and treacherous wind.

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FLYING seems to attract the wives of eminent authors. Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, the wife of the novelist, is, as everybody now knows, a Brooklands flyer. Looking through the Aeronautical Society list the other day, I found the name of Mrs. Bernard Shaw.

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SIR WILLIAM BASS intends to visit his large possessions at Nicola, British Columbia, at an early date. His property there is to be developed into an extensive fruit farming estate, for which industry the district is famous. Meanwhile it is likely that Mr. Fairie will become the owner of Sir William Bass' place at Newmarket.

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HIS many friends will be glad to hear that the old Oxford Rugby Blue, R. C. Grellett, who used to play cricket for Herts, has been appointed instructor at the Oval, vice E. H. D. Sewell, who is now secretary of the Buckingham C.C.

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I NOTICE the contract for the Coronation decorations of Westminster is in the hands of J. M. Boekbinder & Sons Limited. This company was only registered on the 10th April last to take over B. M. Boekbinder & Company Limited of Crown Place, Kentish Town, N.W., with a nominal capital of £7,500, of which £215 only has been issued up to date, so far as officially recorded, in shares to Samuel Wallrock of the value of £100, to Major-General Wm. J. Stuart £65, Louisa Newton £25, and Elsie Shrimpton £25. A debenture deed was registered at Somerset House on the 3rd May for £2,500 on all property, present and future. This looks as if a firm in a northern suburb with small capital has obtained a valuable Westminster contract to the loss of local contractors, whose tenders must have been higher.

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A PUBLIC clock which has been set going at the Marble Arch consists of two large dials fixed upon an arc lamp standard in Oxford Street. [illegible]

are operated by an electrical time transmitter contained in a cast iron pillar on the refuge. This instrument receives an electrical impulse every hour from Greenwich Observatory and transforms it into the half minute impulses necessary to propel the hands of any number of clock faces. Though clock faces have as yet only been fixed to one arc lamp standard, there is no reason why a pair should not be mounted on every lamp post down the street, as the controlling mechanism will operate any number. The work has been carried out by the Synchronome Company.

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TWO huge stone eagles that stood on the gate-pillars of Sir Hiram Maxim's house at Dulwich have recently been removed. It is said locally—but no doubt erroneously—that there is a subtle connection between their removal and Sir Hiram Maxim's late quietude on aeronautical matters and activity in other directions.

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AS is not uncommon with Derby favourites, not a few rumours have been going around within the past few days to the detriment of Sunstar. My information, however, is that the son of Sundridge will see the post better than he ever was in his life before, and both Morton and Mr. J. B. Joel are extremely confident that Sunstar will win—and with a bit to spare, too.

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PERSONALLY, although on this year's form it is difficult to see what can bring about the downfall of the favourite, I shall not be altogether surprised to see the race fall to an outsider. I expect Stedfast to occupy a place. Longboat's owner is sanguine. too.

THE Coronation Cup looks much like being one of the best races of the year. Greenback will renew antagonism with Lemberg, but both will, I think, be beaten by Bachelor's Double, who is a real good horse, and will be all the better for his outing at Kempton recently. I shall therefore plump for Bachelor's Double as the best thing of the week. The danger is Sir Martin.

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THE Oaks on Friday bears so open an appearance that I am strongly inclined to think that those who look on will be pursuing the wisest policy. The fillies this year apparently are all moderate.

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DON'T forget that the "horses for courses" theory works out better at Epsom than on any other course in England. When in doubt, therefore, you might do far worse than throw away a trifle on something which has previously shown a liking for this up and down track.

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IF you want to see how extraordinarily alike Miss Portia Knight, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's double, is to "Lady Patricia," you will find a clever painting of her at Earl's Court Exhibition. It was hung there a few days ago.

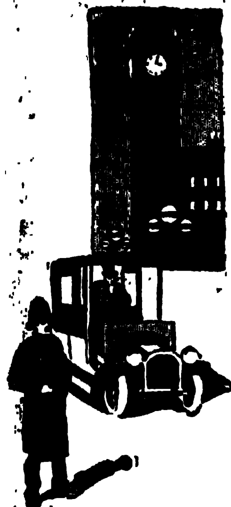
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I SHALL have another opportunity of referring to the Manchester Cup next week. At present the race is best left alone, as stable intentions will not be finally made up in several cases until after the present week's heavy racing.

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



The Peers are still toying with a "crisis" that does not exist, and gives little sign of coming into being, and the Commons are concentrating their energies on the Insurance and Invalidity Bill; but what everybody is really thinking of are the Coronation, with its accompanying festivities, and the movements of the Colonial Premiers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at the moment striking the public imagination more than the Marquess of Lansdowne, and there is more anxiety to see General Botha—whom we were fighting in the field a few years ago—than to learn Mr. Asquith's views on hereditary legislators. It is, of course, only a temporary supersession, for the home politicians will soon come into their own again; but meanwhile there is an air of unreality about the business in both the Houses at Westminster.

On the Red Benches.

What interest there is must be looked for in the Upper House. The despised Backwoodsmen have won, and the Lansdowne Bill is as good as dead. It has, it is true, been read a Second Time, but the subsequent proceedings will interest us no more. The fact is that the Back-Benchers would rather have their powers limited, as proposed by the Government Bill, than be deprived of all powers, as proposed by the Lansdowne Bill; whilst the Peeresses—a secret force that cannot be ignored—are strongly averse from the pitchforking of five hundred new Peeresses into their Order. They will agree to anything save that, for they believe in the old Duke of Rutland's couplet:

> "Let law and learning, trade and commerce, die;
> But leave us still our Old Nobility."

The Gladiators.

Lord Morley is in charge of the Government Bill. He is not the John Morley we used to know, for advancing years have robbed him of the passionate enthusiasm of earlier days; but age has not withered nor custom staled the wonderful charm of his literary style, and he is listened to with marked respect. The real leaders for the Government are the Lord Chancellor and Lord Haldane, the former displaying all the energy and eloquence which so endeared him to his friends in his time as a Commoner, and the latter emitting veritable lava tides of prosy platitudes. On the Opposition side, no serious attempt is made to defend the House of Lords as it exists to-day, although the Duke of Northumberland and a few other good men continue to struggle against adversity with a cheery optimism that is refreshing.

Harry Lauder in the Strangers' Gallery.

We have had a visit this week from Harry Lauder. Mr. Watt—he of Glasgow—thought the opportunity a good one to show that Harry was not the only Scottish comedian, so he fired a broadside about the appointment of a batch of Glasgow Tories to the Magisterial Bench, and ominously asked: "Does the Prime Minister know what a Glasgow Tory is?" For a Scotch joke, it wasn't a bad attempt; but Mr. Watt must have writhed in agony if he reflected that a stage comedian like Harry Lauder would easily have produced shrieks of laughter without one-tenth of the labour or humour that poor Mr. Watt threw into his little joke. Yet, Lauder gets over £10,000 a year, whilst Mr. Watt has to be satisfied with a possible £400. Merit is not everything in this unappreciative world.

Nobody appears to have drawn the Vaudeville star into an interview as to his "impressions." It seems a pity. Dan Leno came once, and was not favourably impressed; and he suggested that "it might go better with a piano." Lauder would probably be not less irreverent; but one wonders what he thought of the fitness of things when he was told that the salary of the Prime Minister of the British Empire is less than half the income of the Caledonian lion comique.

But he was one of the few prominent Scots who go to the Strangers' Gallery. Most of his countrymen, when coming to the House, head for the Treasury Bench.

On a Cash Basis.

For the vacancy in Ross and Cromarty, caused by the death of that sturdy Highlander, Galloway Weir, no less than eighteen Liberal candidates entered the lists; and if payment of members is to have a similar effect in every constituency, many old Parliamentary hands will be well advised to fix their eyes and centre their ambitions on the Upper House's Red Benches, rather than the Green. If the Association had only deferred action for a week, the eighteen might have swollen to thirty-six; and if still further delay had been vouchsafed, an invasion of carpet-baggers might have been on such a scale as to end the complaints about the alarming depopulation of the rural districts of Scotland. Ross and Cromarty is, however, after all, a safe Liberal seat, and there is no local candidate, so that a glut of outside aspirants was inevitable; but one was not quite prepared for an array of such dimensions as to suggest the danger of Ross and Cromarty becoming a centre of congestion instead of depopulation. The enthusiasm, moreover, appears to be infectious, for three Unionists displayed ambition to lead the forlorn hope.

The Minister for the Interior.

Mr. Bonar Law may wrestle with the problems of Tariff Reform, Mr. Balfour may discourse on the possibilities of the Referendum, Mr. Lloyd George may present alluring views of new heavens on earth; but Mr. Patrick Joseph Brady, M.P. for the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, scorns these paltry topics, and centres his mind on the necessity of providing for the "inner man" in the Irish Metropolis. When Home Rule comes, Patrick Joseph should be the Minister for the Irish Interior.

It seems that Dublin suffers from a surfeit of grandmotherly legislation. The rising generation could not trip the light fantastic toe in any hotel after licensing hours, even with the permission of the police authorities, until P. J. waved his magic wand in the House of Commons last year, and carried a Bill that won for him the gratitude of the devotees of Terpsichore. This year he is bewailing that hotels and restaurants in the same city are prohibited from supplying luncheons, dinners, or suppers on Sundays, even though the diners be rigid total abstainers; and he is making brave but, up to the present, ineffectual efforts to induce the House of Commons to allow his constituents to eat on Sundays. Mr. Brady, like his famous countryman, Father O'Flynn, "has a wonderful way with him," and he may succeed in persuading the Mrs. Grundys of Westminster that there is no Anarchism is his little Bill; but if he fail I shall be reluctantly compelled to conclude that on Sundays the Irish capital is a magnificent place—to be out of.

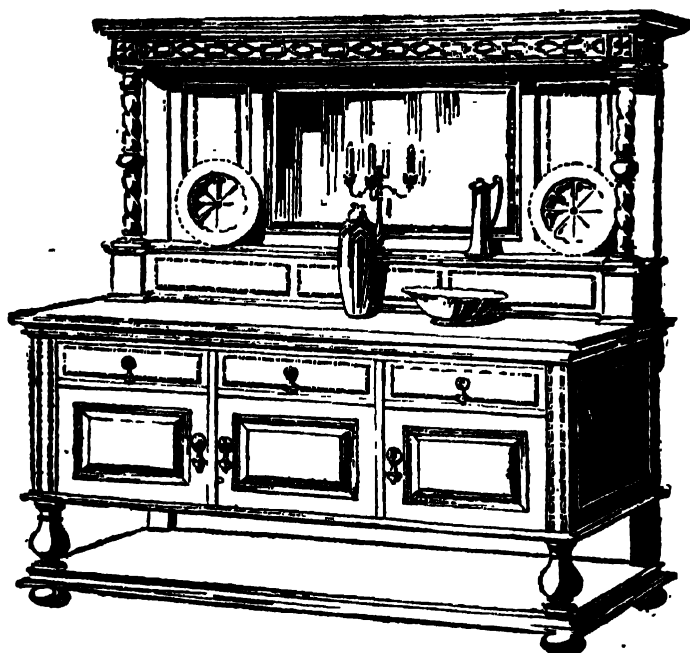
The Doyen of Whips.

A figure that will be missed for a while—but only for a while—is Captain Donelan, who has been unseated from East Cork on an election petition. He was the Chief Whip of the Irish Party, and one of the most indefatigable of workers, most courteous of men and most loyal of friends. For a politician he was a marvel of conscientiousness and honour, and I doubt if he ever had an enemy. The judges have declared that the petition showed that he had done nothing unworthy of an officer or a gentlemen, but the indiscretions of enthusiastic admirers have cost him, for the time being, his seat at Westminster.

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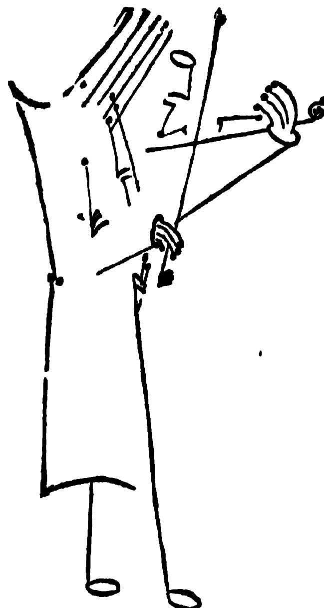
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.



A caricature by Kubelik of himself, in which every line is a character used in writing music.

SOMEBODY asked a certain manager what he was going to open his new London theatre with. He replied *Debts*.

• • •

Here is an amusing line from *Margaret Catchpole*. A weather-beaten, battle-scarred sailor is just returned from a year of sea fighting, and a long-shore mate asks him who the enemy were. "I dunno," he replies, "they never told us, but it was a —— of a battle."

• • •

I am asked to remind you that Robert Arthur's Charles Dickens Festival, which was to have been held at the Coronet, but couldn't be owing to circumstances, will commence at the Savoy on 5th June with *Dombey and Son*, in which O. B. Clarence, Sydney Fairbrother, Maudie Hope, Clifton Alderson, and Emily Fitzroy will have parts.

• • •

This, evidently, is the hot time for charity concerts and theatrical *matinées*, for, in every newspaper I find announcements of entertainments to be given for the benefit of this or that or the other. One eminent lady singer has, I find, promised to appear at no less than four such shows within the next few weeks, and I'm sure I greatly admire her for her goodness. But isn't it much overdone? Will not the paying public tire of it quite as quickly as the artists upon whose generosity a constant strain is imposed. The overdoing of the charity *matinée* business is not a new topic, but it continues to become more acute.

• • •

Miss Marie Tempest is trying another sketch at the Hippodrome, *Circe and the Pigs*, but has not found in it a worthy vehicle for the display of her talents. "It isn't complimentary to our intellects to give us stuff like this," says one of the characters. Agreed. Marie's songs save the situation, but a better setting for them could easily be found.

• • •

Let us hope that Fred Whitney has every reason to be satisfied with the daring experiment of putting up Arnold Daly in a season of Shaw at the Criterion. Quite between ourselves I don't know whether it has panned out in paying quantities or not, but of course you hear all sorts of things. Anyhow, Daly, I see, is billed to play in four special *matinées* (6th, 9th, 13th, and 16th June) in *How He Lied to Her Husband*, *The Man of Destiny*, and Charles McLellan's *The Shirkers*, which, unless my memory's on the blink, is a new one on us. Anything from the pen of Charles commands our respectful interest.

• • •

A day or two ago I got the whisper that Phyllis Dare would go to Paris to play the title part in *The Quaker Girl* when that money spinner is played for a season in the French capital. The expedition starts out in the middle of June, and will have a strong team of principals. There will be three Phyllises in the cast, the other two being the Misses Monkman and Smith, who are to figure in the *pas de trois* in the third act.

• • •

The pick of the theatrical touring announcements in the professional papers at the moment of writing runs thus—"*Chasing Cynthia* from Dover to Woolwich." Long run.

• • •

They are translating *Money* into Yiddish. Can't you hear the wild applause the moment the audience catches sight of the title?

• • •

Encouraged by her success as Nora in *A Doll's House*, Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) last Saturday opened a season at the Kingsway with *Hedda Gabler*. In the name part she scored a triumph, her skill being particularly adapted to the rendering of this difficult rôle. She was supported by an admirable company, including F. Kinsey Peile as Tesman, and Helen Haye as Mrs. Elvsted.

• • •

Don Jose Otero, a famous Andalusian dancing master, is presenting his troupe of Spanish dancers and his bandurria players at the Coliseum this week.

• • •

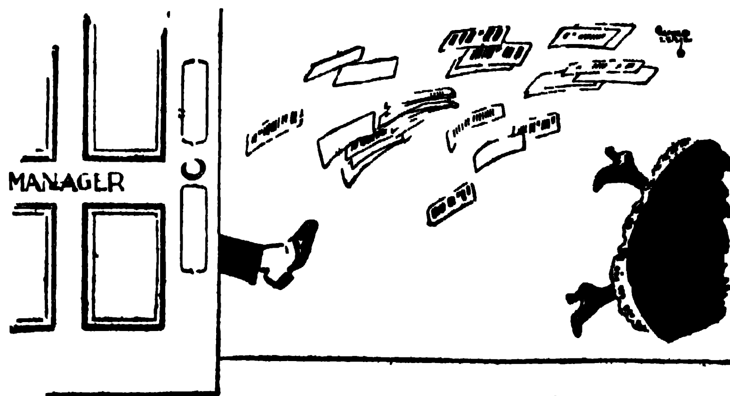
Wilkie Bard's latest, "Change here for Llanfair-finnegaineck," in which he figures as a bewildered English railway porter who for some offence has been transferred to Wales, is a winner for sure. Already it is funny, presently it will be a scream. Wilkie, by the way, is at the Tivoli.

• • •

One of the events of more than ordinary interest in the variety section is this week's Hippodrome production of Albert Toft's Coronation spectacle, "Builders of the Empire," for which Herman Finck has supplied the music and Joseph Harker the scenery. Quite a Savage Club collaboration. The lyrics are by Fred Trussell, who, thus among managers leads the way in supplying his own lyrics.

• • •

If you don't know Albert Tofts, the sculptor, you should—he's amusing. Once he went down into Wales—Cardiff, I think—to witness the unveiling of a war memorial (his own handiwork), and being a particularly small and singularly unassuming man of very great ability, he was entirely overlooked in the crowd, and was not even named in the speeches or the newspapers. That he bore with cheerful unconcern, but his stoicism wilted and broke when a high official of the town, who had taken him under his wing, stopped a boy who was selling picture postcards of the memorial and said, "My boy, do you know that this is Mr. Tofts himself?" For a moment the urchin looked at the sculptor's diminutive proportions, then he said, "Garn, that ain't 'im. Tofts plays three-quarter for Swansea, [illegible] kid me."



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Fanny's First Play."

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

THE PREVALENCE OF FAKES.

The enormous prices realised recently for antiques of various kinds, both in England and America, are causing much adverse comment. Not only are the sums paid ridiculous, from the point of view of many of the most thoughtful collectors, but the inducement to make perfect copies and pass them off as genuine is increased tenfold when the stake is so high.

The Hoe Sale.

At the recent "Hoe" sale in New York, a sale that attracted trade buyers from all over Europe, fake antique manuscripts, covers and old books, which could have been bought from European dealers at from one-tenth to one-fourth the price paid, brought almost unheard-of prices, according to a statement made by Dr. L. A. Baer, of the noted firm of book dealers, Joseph Baer Company, Frankfort, Germany.

Dr. Baer is regarded by antiquarians and book dealers as one of the greatest manuscript and cover experts in the world. He was himself a large buyer at the Hoe sale, paying as much as £2,000 for a "Livre d'Heures," No. 2142 of the catalogue.

Dr. Baer is convinced, however, that the offer for sale of the pieces which are of doubtful genuineness, as well as, of course, their purchase at large prices, was due to the quite natural failure of the compilers of the Hoe catalogue to classify correctly a number of clever imitations in part or in whole.

Not All Prices Exorbitant.

Dr. Baer does not think all the prices at the Hoe sale exorbitantly high. He says:

"The prices paid for the Gutenberg Bible, for the Caxtons or for the Helyas were not in my opinion too high. These are extraordinary pieces, which are very rarely if ever found at sales, and which aside from their significance to the typographical art and literature, have an immeasurable intrinsic value. I even believe that a number of first-class manuscripts have been disposed of at comparatively small figures.

"But very high prices were paid for quite a number of pieces, which, on account of their doubtful genuineness, possess very little value. These are the books for which the European dealers, who have so much opportunity for studying manuscripts and covers in libraries and in their dealings, would not think of paying as much as £5 apiece.

"I need mention only two typical cases. One is the so-called Cover, Henry III. of France, number 327 in the catalogue of the auction, for which £500 was paid. The book and even the cover are old, but I am convinced beyond the slightest doubt that while the original back has been untouched, the gilding on the cover, including the portrait of Henry III., is the work of a very clever bookbinder of the nineteenth century. My conviction is shared by other experts who were at the auction, and a friend of Mr. Hoe has told me that Mr. Hoe himself was aware of the fact.

A £2,000 "Fake."

"Though I have made a life study of the art of miniature painting, I would perhaps hesitate to give publicity to another immeasurably more important, though similar, fake had not all the eminent experts whose attention I called to it fully shared my convictions.

"I am referring to the Ovid manuscript, number 2168 in the catalogue, which was sold for £2,000.

"This manuscript, as well as the King Henry III. of France, was bought by George D. Smith, the dealer who recently purchased the Church library for Mr. Huntington at a cost of £160,000, and has frequently acted as Mr. Huntington's agent in the purchase of rare books and manuscripts. Many of those present when he bought the Ovid manuscript thought he was acting for Mr. Huntington. But Mr. Smith himself would not say so.

"This manuscript itself is old and was written either



Guest (after a particularly bad lunch): "There is one thing on your table which is unsurpassed in the finest hotels in London."
Seaside Hotel Proprietor: "Very kind of you to say so, sir. May I ask what you refer to?"
Guest: "The salt!"

toward the end of the 15th century or at the beginning of the 16th century. But the writing is poor and not by any means of a character to be looked for in royal manuscript. And, what is far more important, the miniatures bear not even the slightest resemblance to other specimens of the art of miniature painting which came down to us from the time of Anne d' Bretagne, whose portrait is contained in the manuscript."

Explains the Mistake.

Dr. Baer gives this explanation of how an innocent dealer and purchaser were, in his judgment, misled:

"The Ovid manuscript has emerged from the Libri collection, which was auctioned off in London in the fifties. Libri was not only a monstrous thief who pillaged the libraries of his native country, Italy, and those of France, but was also an eminent artist and forger. He probably found an Ovid manuscript, as has frequently been the case, in which spaces for the insertion of the miniatures had been left free. Such unfinished manuscripts are not infrequently found to-day.

"Libri then provided the pages with borders and the free spaces with miniatures. These he copied from well-known portraits of members of the French court living at the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then he gave in his catalogue, which he compiled himself, a painstaking description of the manuscript to make it appear as if the manuscript had really been executed by Anne Bretagne.'

So long as men who have made their millions in business or speculation comparatively quickly continue to pose as connoisseurs, so long will these inflated prices continue, and forgeries innumerable be made. But the real collector—the man of naturally refined tastes—who collects for the joy of it, and not as a means of parading his wealth, must sigh and bide his time.

• • •

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

S. W. C. (Dublin).—George III. spade guinea, in perfect condition, is worth 25s.; other face value only. Any dealer in coins will buy the guinea. Victorian coinage is still in circulation.

J. F. C. (Buxton).—"Life of Napoleon," by Dr. Syntax, in ten parts, 1815, is worth 30s. to 35s.

E. G. W. (Dovercourt).—Your inquiry is hardly one relating to curios, as tortoise shell is a commercial commodity. If your piece is perfect and well marked it is worth 20s. to 25s.

E. S. (Leeds).—Paolo Pannini was an Italian painter, born 1691. There are paintings by this artist in many of the best galleries at the present time; paintings by him of old ruins only realise from £5 to £10.

S. S. (Pudsey). Your edition of Hogarth's works, if with all the original plates, is worth 50s. to £3. Messrs. Rimall & Sons, 53 Shaftesbury Avenue, may purchase if offered them.

T. D. (Penarth).—Your engraving of Charles I. is of nominal value only. You should be able to get the price of the other one from any local antique dealer.

RAMSLEY (Notts).—The engraving you mention, "Isabella Duchess of Rutland," is engraved by Valentine Green, after Reynolds, and realised about £60. You do not state the engraver of your impression after Sanders, but if by S Cousins it is worth £6 to £8.

F. W. S. (Harpenden).—Your engravings are worth 10s. to 15s. each. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester Square, may take them for sale.

J. S. (Oldham).—Your Bible is of nominal value only, not being in original condition.

E. C. C. (Barnes).—Your books are worth the following: "Gil Blas," four volumes, 15s.; "Life of Samuel Johnson," 7s. 6d.; "The Gentleman in Black," 12s 6d to 15s.; "Facetial," 12s. 6d. to 15s. The others are of nominal value only.

W. R. E. (Essex).—Particulars given are insufficient for valuation. Send photo and full details.

S. M. (Cumberland) There is no record of the painting mentioned in any of the recognised works of reference. Pictures of the Italian school of this style realise small prices only, usually between £3 and £5

SURPRISED HIM.

Doctor's Test of Food.

A doctor experimented with his son in a test of food and gives the particulars:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia, and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food.

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavour, and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it.

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds, and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him.

"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious illness, and before I was called had become so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food without avail.

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed, when I came next day, 'Why, doctor, I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'

"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, and then he began to branch out a little with an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained twenty-two pounds in two months, which at his age is remarkable.

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.—[*Advt.*]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RETURNED UNOPPOSED.*

By DOROTHEA CONYERS.

MR. BOHUN disagreed, blandly. He sat in the smoking-room of the *Ulster* as she thrashed her way across a choppy sea, and aired his views upon the Irish Question. The Irish only wanted to hear reason. They were intelligent, they would grasp it. Why not have an Englishman to plead their cause in England? A man with property in their country, of course.

Henry Francis Bohun was tall, thin, clean-shaven, slightly fatuous of expression and wore glasses. He was clearly a man of eloquence.

The Rev. Patrick Murphy, one of the listeners, looked at him curiously. He asked mildly if the Englishman was going to Ireland for the first time. On Mr. Bohun promptly replying that he had been to the Horse Show, the priest said, "My, my," softly.

"This time," observed Francis Bohun, "I am going to Lisnadon."

"To races and an election," said Father Pat, thoughtfully. He went on to remark that he'd heard "some loonatic was comin' to oppose Dennis Raffarty. The poor felly," he added.

"Why?" said Bohun, a little faintly.

Father Pat advised him kindly to throw away the cigar if it troubled him, for he was lookin' sickly. "Because—well, because how could he understand?" he said simply.

The rose flush on Bohun's cheek mocked at sea sickness. In heavy tones, he announced his intention to try to understand, for, his voice grew strident, he was Henry Francis Bohun, coming as a new landowner to contest the seat for Ireland and her Cause.

Mr. Bohun, full of his mission, travelled to stay with the McHintys, Scotch people, who had taken his new place for the shooting. He plunged at dinner into politics; he was visited in the morning by dubious and thoughtful agents, and he grew sadly worn by the Irish House Party who refused to take him seriously.

Desmond Ryan, a racing man, told him plainly that he would be hunted home. Mr. Bohun declaimed his certainty of making the crowd listen to reason, and was still full of it when he came down to breakfast on the first day of Lisnadon races, very racily attired in an immaculately cut check suit, and distinctly pleased with its distinction amid a collection of breeched and gaitered mankind. Mr. Bohun ranted on the reasonableness of Ireland as they motored to the course. He saw intelligence in every face. He anticipated response on Thursday, when he would speak, in the town of Lisnadon.

Mary Croker, a pretty golden-haired girl, suddenly pulled his sleeve. "Look at Raffarty!" she said, "the Member."

Bohun glanced upon a small man with a good-humoured, clever face. But—pit that against the tongue of Henry Francis Bohun, who had all the schemes which should serve Ireland at his finger ends.

"You see, you see," he had rolled out at the nervous agent

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Dunne unhappily. "But they'll make it their biz'ness not to see, ye see. Good mornin'."

And leaving the embryo member of West Lisnadon to unravel this, he had bolted.

Now the fever of money-making which dominates mankind fell upon Henry Bohun. He backed the winner of the first race, giving the money to Ryan to put on, and again the winner of the second, and yet was not pleased, for in each case he laid odds on, while he had distinctly heard outside shouts of two to one against. His remonstrances with the bookmaker were met with scant civility. "Does one only bet in Tattersalls here?" he asked irritably of Ryan.

Desmond Ryan flung an eloquent eye upon the Irish Tattersalls and choked silently. He returned, after a time, that man could bet where he chose, but that Erin would win the race.

"Take two to one," sounded a hoarse voice. "Take twos Erin."

Mr. Bohun observed, "Will you?" spitefully. He took instead a pass from the man at the gate and passed out on to the racecourse. Some active dodging of Aunt Sallys and rifle ranges landed him by the smaller pencillers, with their crowds of eager-faced clients pressing round them.

Mr. Bohun took observations. He settled on a thin man in a grimy shepherd's plaid suit, mounted upon a stand, bearing the name of James Mulcahy, The True Blew Firrim. "Two to wan, Airin," said Mr. Mulcahy engagingly.

Mr. Bohun pulled out a ten-pound note. "Erin," he said pompously, not noticing Mr. Mulcahy's gasp and hesitation. "Twinty pound to ten Airin," whispered the bookmaker cautiously. Bohun's doom, had he known it, was sealed. Dirty fingers closed on the crisp note. The clerk noted no bet. Mr. Mulcahy fingered it, sighed, and looked up to heaven. He had had a bad meeting, and already thought of a bolt. He looked no longer at heaven, but towards the station, and, when he had feverishly absorbed every coin he could finger, he put his lips to his clerk's ear.

"We can just do the 2.30. Put on ye're coat an' run," he whispered softly.

Mr. Bohun, delighting in the geniality of the crowd, though he wished they would not play Aunt Sally, got back and watched the race. Erin jumped like a bird, and coming away at the distance won in a hack canter, amid ominous silence from the bookmakers, who were hard hit. Bohun had listened coldly to damping statements from his fellow guests. They had laid money on and he had got odds; he picked his way forth loftily.

The box of the Trew Blew Firrim was as yet empty, and surrounded by a good-humoured, well-pleased crowd, Mr. Bohun objected to being hustled. He thought he would get up and see if his bookmaker was coming.

He sprang lightly on to the box, and to his surprise the crowd surged in about him.

"Five shillings, sir. Two and six here. Two bob, mister," a score of tickets were thrust at his gloved hands.

They took him for the bookmaker. He shuddered

"My good men, I owe you nothing," observed Mr. Bohun carelessly, still staring over their heads.

"An', what's that, an' that, an' that," they surged in hotly now.

"Have done with ye're blather an' pay us," said a big man sharply.

"Good heavens!" observed Bohun, adjusting his eyeglasses and contemplating descent. "I owe you nothing, my good man," he said pleasantly, mentally observing the intelligence of the face.

"Gimme me money or we'll mark ye," returned the good man fiercely. The angry faces came nearer; grew in number. The story was told back. James Mulcahy refused to pay.

"One moment," said Bohun. "Look at me, my good fellows. Just look."

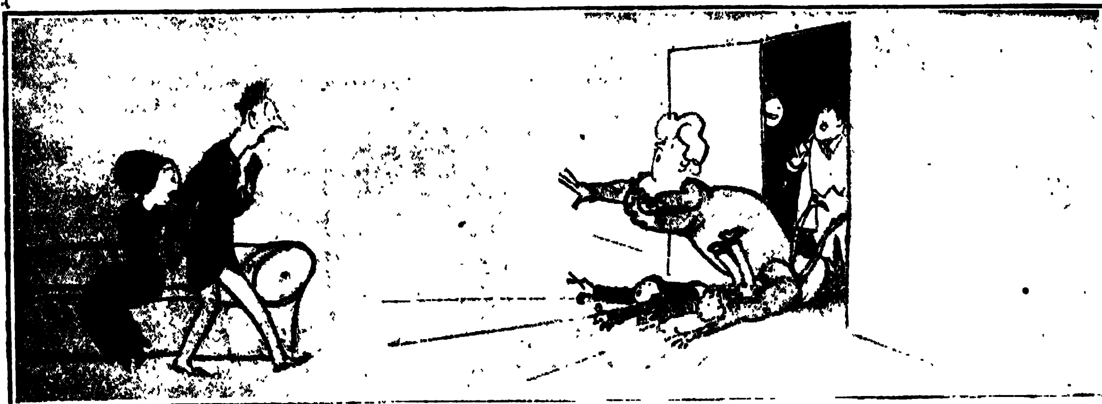
"We will," said a voice.

Someone pushed Bohun down, and when they pushed him up again, he was dishevelled and muddy.

Eloquence trembled on his lips, came forth, and yet the task of dealing with this Irish crowd was not so easy. They did not listen kindly; they closed and muttered and clamoured, until cold fear came clammy to Bohun's heart. They would not believe him.

"Good God! Do I look like a Welsher?" he shouted piteously.

"Ye look the greatest vilyin iver we saw," said some-



THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

This is a specimen of the forty or more drawings by famous artists in the "London Opinion Summer Annual," on sale everywhere, at one shilling net, in a few days' time.



THE HOLIDAY TIFF.

"Go on sulking, my dear. It is the only thing that suits you without costing me anything!"

one crisply, hitting Mr. Bohun's pot hat down over his eyes.

"I am Henry Bohun," cried the man feebly. "I—and—you won't listen." Then he did the worst thing he could have done, made a bolt for the stand, to be engulfed by a sea of enemies.

"Won't pay us, won't ye, ye schamer? Howld him, Mickey. Up in the box with him, till we bate him at our convaynnce."

Hatless, muddy, bleeding, giddy, Mr. Bohun's thin voice now shrieked his explanation. He was not, not Mulcahy.

"An' ye havin' his pipper and salty soot on ye; an' ye're specs sot over in one eye," yelled an infuriated voice. "Array, we'll tache ye. Tear the money from him, boys."

Wailing "Listen to reason," Mr. Bohun was hustled from man to man. Sticks, fortunately restricted by the press, fell on him; fists battered him, as he spun in the human cocoon of his own weaving, shouting, but faintly now, for reason.

"That ass is in trouble," said Desmond Ryan, looking down. "Here! They're killing him." He ceased to laugh, for he heard his name called faintly.

"We'll rayson ye," boomed an irritated giant who had come to get ten shillings. "Up agin the railin's, Mulcahy from Dublin, an' pay up."

The battered, blinded remains of Mr. Bohun were hurled to the railings, where a wave of stalwart police hurtled suddenly in to his rescue, and flung him speechless and voiceless to the shelter of the stand amid a yell ot baffled fury from the crowd.

In a surge of fighting humanity, a reek of whisky and porter-tainted breaths, of clamour and whirling sticks, he had got away. He clung heavily to the arm of Constable Blake, who wiped some mud from him kindly The whole world outside seemed to surge in on his heels

"I will speak to them now?" said Bohun faintly, opening his uninjured eye.

"They're spakin' themselves, I'd say," observed Constable Blake drily, and counselled brandy and soda.

They were! A thunderous orator, borne shoulder high, roared ultimatum. "Unless the murdtherer of a vilyinous chate was immediately given up to thim. Faix, they would pull down the sthand house an' take him.'

"They manes it, too," said Constable Blake equably, fingering his truncheon

The mud-bespattered, black-eyed remnants of Henry Bohun got up and swayed irresolutely. "Tell them to let me speak," he said, "to make them hear reason."

Someone shrieked explanation from inside, it was hurled back in a clamour of refutation The woodwork groaned as the great mass of men flung themselves suddenly against the door.

"Get to it! Inside! Quickly! they'll break in!"

A few hundred pressed their weight aginst five times their number. Ladies scurried nervously to the top of the stand; faces grew anxious.

Mr. Bohun seized some boxes; he built a tower and climbed to its top.

"My good men," he began, to be greeted by a yell which sent him trembling to Mother Earth.

"They will reely do a mischief if we don't stop them," said Raffarty thoughtfully. Mr. Bohun was replaced on the edifice of boxes by a merry-eyed little man in a tweed coat, whose size was no herald to the bass roar which sped from him.

"Aisy there, ye idjits!" he shot out above the uproar. "Wait till I talk to ye. Ye gomacks!" howled Dennis Raffarty, M P. "Who did ye say, Mr. Ryan? A poor fool of a stranger that wint betten outside."

"I'll tell ye who he is! Ye're bookie is in Dublin."

He roared the truth at them furiously.

Back came the sullen answer that the man had the same clothes on him, an' glasses in his face.

Then Desmond Ryan got nimbly to the M.P.'s side. "This gentleman you—hurt," he began. They knew him well.

"Is Susanna here?" came loudly and sullenly.

Susanna was Ryan's mare, entered for the next race. He guessed what was coming.

Then by all their gods they swore if they were not given up the man in the "pipper an' salty soot" that racing should cease and Susanna not run.

"Instead of that you dunderheads, go and back her," boomed Ryan good-humouredly.

"Yes, back her, ye idjits," echoed Raffarty, "and sind in a dacent man or two to see the poor gentleman you have kilt. There'll be jail on this," he added. "What is ye're name, sir?" to Bohun.

"Henry Francis Bohun," said that gentleman heavily.

"Me Hivins!" Raffarty surged on his castle. "Him that was to contest the sate."

He shouted the news out, with relish. "Come here to sthand for Parliment, and dead as mutton from the batin' he has, hardly able to sthand on his feet or spake his name. Be off an' back Susanna. An' ye'd better return him to make it up to him," he grinned.

Someone laughed loudly. Some laughed more loudly. Someone else declaimed they'd used the man gintle, for fear the polls'd take the corpse an' all their money on it. The weight oozed from the creaking door. The numbers went up with a click. In ten minutes the course inside and out was as though no row had ever been.

"But! Are you not going to make any arrests?" demanded Bohun of the stout constable who still supported him.

"Arrests! Hivin save ye! Would ye arrest the nation?" said Blake mildly. "If they got as far to kill ye now, 'twould be another matter, ov course."

* * * * *

In an English paper a short time later, an election result was given.

"Lisnadon West. Mr. D. Raffarty, Redmondite. Returned unopposed."

Mr. Bohun, reading the announcement, looked down Piccadilly, as one who looks on safety.

*** Next week's story will be "Mark the Mormon," by Walter Jerrold.



HINT FOR A HOSTESS.

[Mr. Chesterton says that to make a man comfortable is to make him the reverse of sociable.]

I DEARLY loved Horatio Havercamp,
For, when he shared my digs, that worthy lad
Had been as sociable as Mrs. Gamp,
And brighter (almost) than a Tartan plaid.
So, when our country cot began to bore,
We thought him just the very man to cheer it,
And combat our temptation to deplore
That there was not a single Empire near it.

We asked him down, and fondly whispering: "Now
No more shall we regard with looks of gloom
Our acres and the customary cow;"
We let him have our most luxurious room.
But with the morrow came a change of views
About his making country life a blithe 'un.
The morning saw him pinch my *Daily News*,
The evening slumber like a glutted python.

So, having Gilbert's sage remark to point
Our error out, upon the second day
I bade Priscilla spoil our evening joint,
And take the beggar's eiderdown away.
At once his brightness drove away our frown,
But, oh! it left us sad and somewhat surly,
When he alleged that he was called to town
Upon the following morning—very early.

TRETA.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

The Feminine Creed.

"Every girl believes that she has certain personal charms that are fatal to the heart of man."—*Love and Extras*, by Frank Richardson.

Etiquette of Cannibals.

"In Fiji a man was not permitted to touch human flesh with his hands when eating it, a special fork being provided for the purpose."—*Melanesians and Polynesians*, by George Brown, D.D. Macmillan. 12s. net.

From "The Bewildered Bride."

"Women enjoy a faculty for looking thoughtful when their minds are as blank as were the pages of Shakespeare's manuscript before his goose-quill first scratched the paper."

"If we desire any particular happiness at present not acquired, we must purchase it with another happiness. In these marketing matters there is only one purse to draw from."—*The Bewildered Bride*, by Randal Charlton. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

Our Police.

"Their helmets, which are like the backs of tortoises, and their boots, which are like the heads of hippotamuses, show their temperament. I never forget once when I went to sketch the embankment, a policeman picked me up in his arms and put me on the roof of the Thames Conservancy, because he was eager to let me have the best view."—*A Japanese Artist in London*.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"During the first week of our play, we watched carefully the business at the box office. E. H. Sothern looked across one night, and, pointing excitedly, said: 'Look, isn't it bully! There's a speculator in front.' It was a significant sign. We felt that success was sure. These birds of prey always anticipated theatrical successes then, as they do sometimes now. A few weeks later, when we were playing to crowded houses, Sothern asked one night: 'Can anything be done to stop those infernal speculators?'"—*Memories of a Manager*, by Daniel Frohman. Heinemann. 5s. net.

Madame Bodichon's Dinners.

"Madame Bodichon, the founder of Girton, used to give what she called 'leg of mutton dinners.' She said, 'Whenever rich people dined with me I gave them just anything When poorly-paid French functionaries were invited I always provided a sumptuous repast'"—*Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities*, by M. Betham-Edwards. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

A Patriot.

"We talked of the Old Country remembered Temple Bar. Would he ever see the Old Country again? 'I see part of it every morning, my daughter and I,' he replied. I thought he was wandering, and my puzzled gaze showed what was passing in my mind, for a shrewd smile wrought over his face, and, rising, he went to a rough sideboard, on which stood a small stand protected by a glass shade. Lifting the cover, he handled tenderly a square half-foot of hard earth, and said proudly as he passed it to me, 'Norfolk, young fellow, real Norfolk. And it's going to cover me when I go under.'"—*Reminiscences of Kimberley*, by Louis Cohen. Bennett & Co.

Desperate Husbands.

"There is many a man driven to desperation through the woman he marries imagining herself with the appetite of a sparrow and the digestion of an ostrich."—*A Priestess of Humanity*, by Mrs. Stanley Wrench. John Long. 6s.

Turf Honour.

"On one occasion Mr. Charles Hannam's word alone was accepted to the amount of £40,000, and notwithstanding the absence of any law to compel him to pay one shilling, he discharged the full amount by simply requesting one week's grace."—*Atlas and Review of British Race Courses*. 2s. 6d. net. E. J. Larby, 1 Paternoster Avenue, E.C.

A Wagner Idiosyncrasy.

"Wagner's sister, Frau Avenarius, was the first guest to arrive at our little dance at Dresden, and we had to tear down all the floral decorations with which we meant to impress our German friends, as the scent made her quite faint. The idiosyncrasy apparently belongs to the family, for whenever Wagner came to us either the flowers or he had to leave."—(*Baron von Sternberg*) *Letters from India*, by Lady Wilson (A. C. Macleod). Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.
THE ORCHESTRA LEADER.
Four hundred and twenty-two movements
A bland smile, expressive of bliss,
It's a wonder the band keep on playing,
You'd think they'd die laughing at this!

Convicts—and Ourselves.

"The next time you look with scorn upon a convict, let me beg of you to do one thing Maybe you are not as bad as I am, but do one thing: think of all the crimes you have wanted to commit; think of all the crimes you would have committed if you had had the opportunity; think of all the temptations to which you would have yielded had nobody been looking; and then put your hand on your heart and say whether you can justly look with contempt even upon a convict."—*Ingersoll*: *A Biographical Appreciation*, by Herman E. Kittredge.

The Pleasures of Oblivion

"Trying to forget everything is only pleasure. And that's all they do in London. . . . I lie back now here on this heather and I look up at that lark—miles and miles up in the heavens, and I don't want to forget a note of it—I don't want to forget that life is going on all around me. I should hate to forget it, because here it's all wonderful. If a lark were to soar up into the heavens out of the heart of London, there would be just one man to see it, the man who writes to the *Times*, but all the other thousands would never know of it. There's no light in London, there's no air, there's no sound; it's only darkness and smell and noise. No wonder you want to forget when you live there."—*The Garden of Resurrection*, by Temple Thurston. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

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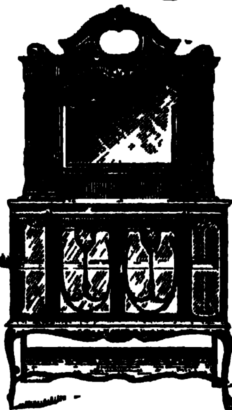
Messrs. Constable & Co. have just added to their series of sixpenny novels *Kitty Tailleur*, by May Sinclair, and *The Eight Guests*, by Percy White—two fine stories.

The latest six-shilling publications from the House of Stanley Paul & Co. include *The Muzzled Ox*, by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken, and *A Mysterious Lover*, by Alice M. Diehl—two engrossing novels.

The Great Solemnity of the Coronation, a tastefully bound volume by Douglas Macleane, M.A., with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, is a timely and interesting publication of Messrs. George Allen & Co. 5s. net.

Drawing Room Furniture

of Choice Design.



The 'Lavenham' Cabinet

"LAVENHAM" CABINET.

Solid Mahogany, 4ft wide, over 7ft high China Display Cupboard, lined with silk Under Shelf—British Bevelled Mirror (10 ins by 20 ins) with shelf and fret-cut Curtain supported by turned Pillars carved in relief Mounted on Cabriole Legs Sound Construction and best finish

11 Guineas. Easy Payments or Discount for Cash.

Carriage Paid in the United Kingdom

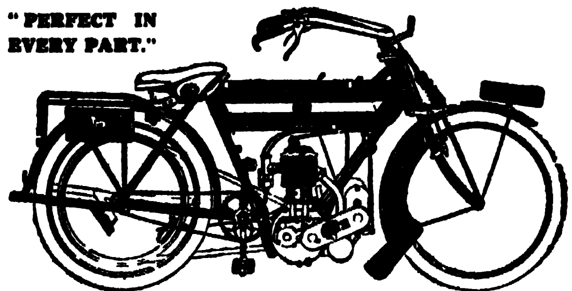
Country Orders receive special attention

A VALUABLE GUIDE to the latest styles and designs in Artistic Furniture is offered free. It gives hints, suggestions and estimates for furnishing. Cottage, Villa and Mansion. Beautifully illustrated in photographs with full descriptions and prices of all goods so that customers buy exactly what they are ordering. Particulars of our Easy Payments and Cash Discounts are also given. Whether you are immediately furnishing or not, it will well repay perusal. Write for it to-day. It costs nothing and will save you pounds

GLOBE FURNISHING CO.,

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"PERFECT IN EVERY PART."

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B.S.A.

MOTOR BICYCLE

THE WINNER OF THE

BELFAST & DISTRICT M.C.C. HILL CLIMB

AND THE

GOLD MEDAL (Ulster Quarterly Trials).

The most satisfactory Motor Bicycle on the market as proved by letters from experienced Motor Cyclists. The B S A constructional refinements embody several distinctive features and their practical value has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual road riding under the most severe conditions.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LTD.,

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Use B S A Specially Prepared Cylinder Oil for Motor Bicycles.

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PROMOTES

a delicious increase of health that makes the whole body tingle with

NEW LIFE.

Even the first wineglassful creates a definite and substantial degree of

RENEWED HEALTH,

and each succeeding wineglassful promotes and maintains

INCREASED VIGOUR

that fortifies the body and enables you to resist illness and regain a wealth of glorious health

TEST IT FREE!

A liberal trial bottle will be sent on receipt of the coupon below.

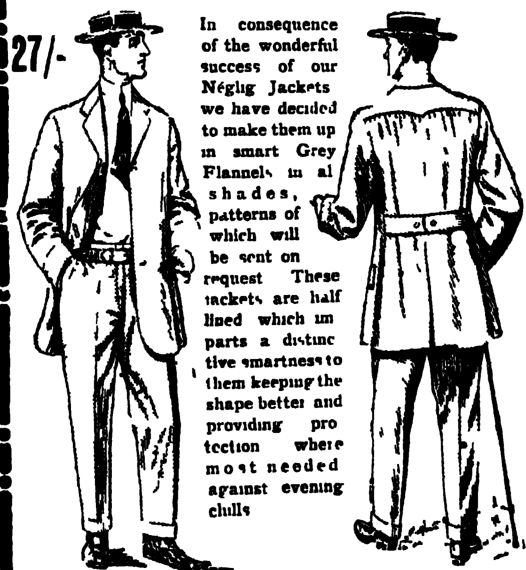
COLEMAN & CO. LTD., W 44, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Please send me a Free bottle of 'Wincarnis' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.	Name... Address ... LONDON OPINION 3rd June 1911

GAMAGES

POPULAR INNOVATION.

:: THE UP-RIVER ::

NÉGLIGÉ FLANNELS.



27/-

In consequence of the wonderful success of our Néglig Jackets we have decided to make them up in smart Grey Flannels in all shades, patterns of which will be sent on request These jackets are half lined which imparts a distinctive smartness to them keeping the shape better and providing protection where most needed against evening chills

JACKET AND TROUSERS	27/-
JACKETS, READY MADE ...	17/6
TROUSERS, TO MEASURE ONLY	9/6

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd. HOLBORN — BENETFINK & Co. CHEAPSIDE

BY THE SILVER SEA.

(In Humble Imitation of the "Daily Telegraph.")

ABERSWWEYTHIOWLLYSWTH.

THE Mayor has given his support to the local anti-vaccination movement.

A smoking concert was given at the "Pig and Porker," when John Smith, Esq., presided, and Mr. Alfred Robinson, the well-known son of the parish clerk, who is about to leave for Canada, was presented with a handsomely bound copy of "Her Heart's Desire," by Charles Garvice.

It has been decided to hold a mothers' meeting.

There were twenty-two hours of glorious sunshine yesterday, and nearly two dozen visitors were seen on the front.

Robinson's Stores stock Pale Pellets for Pip.

BURNE-ON-SEA.

MRS. de Praps has generously headed the collection for the disabled prawner of Shrimp Cove with a donation of two shillings, if twenty others will each give half-a-crown.

Mrs. Colonel Leadtbesct carried through her concert last night with genuine success, her appearance in harem skirt, as Ophelia, evoking unstinted praise.

It is proposed to erect a wall at Tiddler's Corner at a cost of £84 5s.

The Royal Imperial Morroccoan Band performs daily, the Triangle Solos of Herr Publico being the sensation of the moment.

Smith's Stores for the best ironmongery.

SANDQUAY.

A young man named Jones was found shot dead on the east beach yesterday, and attracted a considerable number of visitors.

The seven tradesmen of Sandquay met on Tuesday to consider the All British Shopping Week, and decided to adopt the scheme provided it was not to be really All British.

A whale weighing 7½ stone was seen from the beach going westward.

Try Brown's Danish hams for breeding a thirst.

ST. VILLAVILLA.

Arrangements are being made to celebrate the deed-poll by which Yehole has changed its name to that of St. Villavilla, which so well expresses its attractions.

It is proposed to spend £25 on a display of fireworks, and excursion trains will be run.

The organ blower at St. Michael's has passed away, to the grief of all other local musicians.

The Grand Royal Prussian Blue Military Band of five performers has opened the season with success.

Mifton's teas at all stores.

WINKLESEA.

A horse-'bus started running between Winklesea and Hoke, seven miles distant, yesterday, and the service was inaugurated by the Mayor and Corporation, a grand banquet following at the Tiddlers' Arms.

It is proposed to re-cobble Middle Street, and tenders have been invited.

Our death-rate—one death for every inhabitant—is as low as anywhere in the whole world.

Several visitors have been seen lately passing through the town.

Tibble's Stores supply Standard bread.

ROTHERVILLE.

A penny rate yields £367 2s.

The Mayor has consented to be present at a lecture on the "Homekeeping Ways of the Green Fly."

The Library Committee has withdrawn the "Vicar of Wakefield" from circulation on the grounds of its immorality.

The freedom of the town was conferred on Sousa during his visit.

Sunshine has eclipsed all records and exceeded the register, so that actual statistics cannot be given until the new recorder arrives.

Antony and Antony will have houses to let when they are erected.

TINYBURG.

Shrimping has been indulged in with excellent results



President: "We won't waste time arguing, but we'll get straight to the important object of the meeting. Waiter, bring in some brandy and soda!"

Owing to the danger to visitors boating around the North Fore Head, where the rocks are dangerous, Mr. Bill Smith has agreed to place an oil lamp in his window in lieu of the tallow which he usually uses.

The hotel is full with a young artist who is staying here.

The election of the Rural District Council takes place next week, and this should attract a great many visitors who have never seen our elections.

Potkins is the leading and only stores.

EASTBORO.

A sum of £150 has been voted for the construction of a marine drive across the beach.

Concerts are being organised by the Misses Offbloom, and these ladies are to appear in "Imitations of Miss Maud Allan and Lady Constance Richardson."

The new stationmaster has assumed office.

It has been decided to issue an illustrated guide to the waterworks for the use of visitors.

The Café De Grand Luxe Superior is on the front.

A. MENENIUS.



A HOLIDAY FRIEND.

IN a few days' time now—look out for it at your newsagents'—will be published the *London Opinion Summer Annual.*

We claim for this the title of the world's best shillingsworth, and think you will endorse the claim when you see the article. No expense has been spared. Here are some of the contents:

THE SUPREME ILLUSION. By ARNOLD BENNETT.

SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER. By BARRY PAIN.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

THE UNDERSTUDY. By PETT RIDGE.

ROMANTIC LUCY. By A. COURLANDER.

THE LOST UMBRELLA. By CHARLES McEVOY.

HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE. By DOROTHY GREENWOOD,

and many other brilliant stories by writers who are old favourites with "L. O." readers.

And, better still, perhaps, there are some thirty or forty joke drawings by all the world's leading black-and-white artists (except Chirgwin). Dudley Hardy, Bert Thomas, Jack Hassall, Lewis Baumer, George Belcher, Starr Wood, H. M. Bateman, and many others have vied with one another all for your delight.

One word of warning. Don't take this annual with you to the Coronation, or your seat money may be wasted. You may be too absorbed to look at the show.

• • •

AN INDISCREET INQUIRY.

WHEN Brown, after keeping up an anniversary, arrived home in the early hours a little too well oiled, he met the family doctor in the hall and found he was a father again. And the doctor led him upstairs, where the nurse proudly exhibited a fine infant.

But Brown, instead of manifesting joy, frowned, swore, and left the room.

The next morning, when he again saw the new-born child, he showed amazement and perplexity.

"But, nurse," he said, "where is the other one?"

• • •

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION.

If you are waiting for a happy inspiration as to where to spend your holidays—Why not Wales? There are some delightful resorts on the Cardigan coast, easily accessible by the Cambrian Railway, with a fine sea coast, magnificent mountain scenery, and facilities for moving from one charming spot to another.

If you decide to spend your summer vacation at one of these resorts, illustrated guides and lists of apartments can be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Cambrian Resorts Association, Welshpool.

PEOPLE AND THEIR DOGS.

By F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Great Month for Shows.

JUNE is a great month for shows, and London will have a plenty of them. The big one in the metropolis will be that of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which, as usual, is likely to be favoured with a Royal visit. The show is on at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on 8th and 9th June. The Queen's Cup will go to the best Chow Chow or foreign dog, French bulldogs excepted.

Lord Kensington in the Ring.

Lord Kensington, who has been more or less responsible for the present popularity of Sealyham terriers, will judge the breed at the joint terrier show at the Botanic Gardens on Saturday, 10th June. There will likewise be West Highland terriers, Scottish terriers, and Airedale terriers. Lord Kensington, as an ex-master of foxhounds, is aware of the great utility of the Sealyham—a variety of fox terrier first bred by fox and otter hunting relations of his progenitors on the male side.

Turkish Carpets for Collies.

Once again has Mr. W. T. Orry, of Tytton Hall, Boston, Lincs, brought about a good *coup* by the aid of one of his home-bred collies. He has won the President's Cup at the Islington show of the Southern Collie Club. The best collie ever bred and owned by Mr. Orry was Champion Squire of Tytton, for which he received £800 hard cash. This sum the Boston brewer immediately converted into Turkey carpets, and Tytton Hall became more palatial than ever.

The Sheepdog Trial Season.

The sheepdog trial season opens, and Ipswich will lead the way on 1st and 2nd June. The veteran Mr. R. S. Piggin will judge. This gentleman has accomplished more for sheepdog trials than anyone who has ever lived. A couple of years ago his presence was requested at some of the great State fairs of America. Mr. Piggin was required to show our cousins the way to accomplish the various and intricate matters appertaining to the best uses a dog can be put to as an aid to the pasturalist and the farmer generally.

Kinemacolour and Dogs.

The wonderful entertainment now being given at the Scala Theatre has some excellent dog pictures. We see the engaging and attractive orange-tawny of the mighty St. Bernard and the correct shades of prize Pekingese, Japanese spaniels, and other small dogs. But the picture that brings down the house is the representation of a magnificent golden-sable and white collie dog in the full bloom of show condition—a lesson to the most *blasé* of dog fanciers.

Alexandra Palace and Bulldogs.

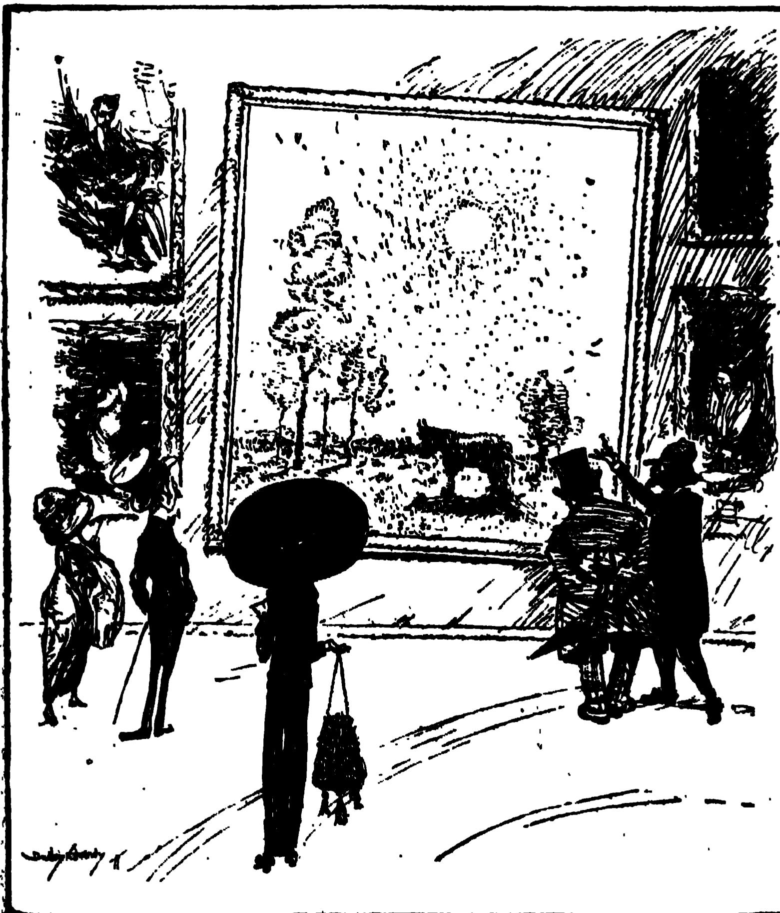
The North London Bulldog Society will hold its show at the Alexandra Palace on Whit Monday. This is a very progressive society, accomplishing a great deal for the grand old British breed. Mr. G. I. Weinberg is coming down from Dundee to make the awards. Mr. Weinberg bears the proud distinction of having owned a champion among champions. This was Melampus, a bulldog even the Americans were not allowed to secure.

Whit Tuesday's Show.

Newport, Mon., will be the popular event on Whit Tuesday. It will draw the people and their dogs from the West of England, Wales, and the Midlands. It is an old-established fixture, and well-managed. Held in the Cattle Market, there is plenty of air and elbow-room. Among the judges will be found Miss Nina Armstrong, Captain Beamish, Messrs. D. W. Davies, E. P. Thomas, H. E. Packwood, T. L. Bradley, R. Everil, E. R. Cawardine and R. T. Baines. These names should secure a capital entry. Besides the ordinary money prizes there are fourteen cups and one hundred special prizes. Molassine Ltd. will bench and feed the dogs. 'Twill be a bonny show.

Notable American Visitor.

Mr. Alfred B. Maclay, of New York, is over, and will again be one of the judges at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Mr. Maclay not only owns a beautiful lot of light harness horses, but is a keen admirer of good dogs and possesses an excellent kennel of Dalmatians, greyhounds, Dandie Dinmont terriers, and Airedales. A banker and "big company" man by profession, Mr. Maclay can well indulge in the pleasures of his hobbies. He always purchases dogs in England, and he with his constant companion, Mr. James Fox, an Irishman by the way, are expert judges and liberal purchasers. They have travelled all over the world together, and make a point of never missing the London Horse Show.



THE CRITIC.

"What do you say to this glorious landscape, Mr. B.?"

"It isn't hung quite straight!"

AMUSING COMPETITION ABOUT PEOPLE.

£5 Notes for "Doubles" and "Trebles" on Notable Names.

For **Competition 374** a **£5 note each** is awarded to:

A. Hatchard, 55 Campden House Road, Kensington.
Double.
Emperor William (p. 304)
Europe's Weather-glass.

Miss D. Lyndhurst, 29 Cleveland Mansions, Maida Vale, W.
Treble.
Mr. James Glover (p. 279)
Mingles Jingles Gloriously.

William Burnie, 39 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh.
Treble.
King Henry VIII. (p. 286)
Kept Hymen Employed.

And **£5** divided between:

George E. Bewley, 8 Central Park Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire.

R. H. Whittaker, Corporation Electrical Dept., Swansea.

Double.
King Manoel (p. 281)
Minus Kingdom.

And **five** Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

Mrs. Ada Phillips, 24 Spring Grove, Harrogate; F. Chappell, 74 Oakfield Road, Southgate, N.; Francis Ch. Williams, 39 St. Paul's Road, Tottenham, N.; Mrs. L. Hamilton, St. Aubyn's, Cromer; M. M. Butler, "Sub Rosa," Aubrey Road, Birmingham.



The Lord Advocate.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

If you can find any use for a five-pound note, try "Doubles and Trebles," the newest of our interesting and entertaining series of Sixpenny Skill Competitions.

We offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** *each* for the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

The Lord Advocate. **Miss Lily Brayton.**
Mr. Israel Zangwill.

or any name mentioned in pages 358 to 366 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete in itself, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

You may send as many attempts as you like, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.


Miss Lily Brayton.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 376, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion,"
36 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Wednesday next, 7th June (Monday *being Bank Holiday*). Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 14th June.


Mr. Israel Zangwill.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 376.**

I ....
Signature

of ....
Address

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 376, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... From page........

Double or Treble ....

RINGING UP THE FARMER.

"Hello!"
"Zur?"
"Are you Mr. Giles?"
"Noa, a beant."
"Where is he?"
"Dowan to ten acre beloike, or mebbe jus' dropped in at the Bairleymow."
"Can you take a message?"
"Whear to, zur?"
"I mean, take it down."
"Down to the Bairleymow, zur? Iss, sure."
"No; wait a bit. Hold the line, please."
"Loine, zur; whear?"
"Never mind. Tell Mr. Giles I want a pottle of potatoes and a sprig of parsley at once."
"How much be a zprig, zur?"
"Oh, just a tiny bunch. Send them to Ivy Bank, Clapham."
"Boath o' the waggons be up to the wheelwright's, zur."
"Post them then."
"Poast the waggons, zur?"
"If you like; but first tell Mr. Giles what I want. Good-bye." Ting-a-ling-a ling.

Enter Mr. Giles.

Garge: "Gent wants a strig o' taters an' a bottle of pairsley, an' ye're to Clap'em in a Ivy Bank an' poast they two waggins. Gosh, ah dunno who the cove is, though."

A. W.

THE DUKE'S WAY OUT.

"A certain young duke, from a story current about him, is well versed in diplomacy.

This young man visited a millionaire in Cannes, and his host's daughter was thrown at his head—so much so, in fact, that when he came to leave Cannes his hostess took him aside and declared gravely:

"It's reported all over that you are to marry Claire. I don't know what to say to people."

The duke smiled easily.

"Oh, just tell them," he said, "that Claire refused me."

• • •

NEITHER HENS NOR BOOKMAKERS.

Printers have persecuted Mr. Charles McEvoy without a cause. They made him talk, in his story last week "The Garden of Eden," of "boys and girls laying in the shade." Mr. McEvoy wrote "playing"; but the comp. must have his little joke.

• • •

FROM A BROTHER EDITOR.

To the Editor of London Opinion.

Dear Sir,—I think London Opinion now the very best black and white journal that has been in the running for the past couple of decades.

From Belfast we have sent to London the Morrow Brothers (4), David Wilson of *Daily Chronicle*, "Matt" of *Sunday Chronicle*, J. H. Lunn, and others—not excluding your literary contributor, James Douglas; so we can appreciate black and white art.—Sincerely yours,

Alf. S. Moore.

(*Nomad's Weekly*, Belfast.)

• • •

CORONATION TABLE LINEN.

When so many of the festivities of this historic occasion are associated with the table, a reminder in the form of Coronation linen damask, will serve as a souvenir and heirloom of this great event. Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, makers of Irish linen to their Majesties, have designed a Coronation tablecloth, woven in a very fine silky quality, so that the beautiful texture of the linen is its chief attraction

A sketch will be sent free to anyone interested on mention of "L.O."

WHAT HUDDERSFIELD OFFERS.

Huddersfield is one of the greatest centres of the famous English Cloth Industry, and it is quite a remarkable sight at night to see the lights of the huge mills glaring out through the darkness. The cloth produced there is England's best. An enterprising firm in the town collects the finest of the cloths, and supplies retail at practically wholesale figures. Really handsome suits can be obtained from them, made to measure, in all the latest styles from 29s. 6d. to 53s. Or they will supply suiting or costume cloth of fine quality in the piece at from 3s. to 8s. 6d. per yard, which one's own tailor would make up.

It will pay any reader of London Opinion to write to them for self-measurement forms, fashion designs, and patterns. Their address is Groves & Lindley, 7 Lion Buildings, Huddersfield. To those who want the very best, they can supply super-quality solid worsteds from 7s. per yard, or 47s. per suit and up.—[Advt.]

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

The King's Morning Coat.

HITHERTO those men who have been in favour of the frock coat being "the" coat for the Coronation season in Town, have always backed up their opinion with a reference to the King's frock coat. They have pointed out that when His Majesty is not wearing uniform in Town he invariably wears a frock coat. People who have thus argued in favour of the frock coat must now think of something else, for it was noticed that on the occasion of the visit to the Temple Flower Show His Majesty was wearing a morning coat. It was a black, three-button coat, and it was worn buttoned up; the lapels were not very long.

An Informal Occasion.

It will be argued, of course, that on this occasion His Majesty was at the show at the early hour of ten o'clock, and that the visit was an informal one. I do not think there is much in that argument. In any case, we shall probably be able to judge for ourselves whether or no the King does not regard the morning coat as a suitable substitute for the frock coat on all occasions. Of course, there can be no two opinions about the majority of ordinary well dressed men regarding the morning coat in that way. It has practically superseded the frock coat, except in the case of men past middle age, and the majority of elderly men seem to be giving up frock coats for morning coats made in the present style but in a modified form.

Three Buttons.

It will follow, as a matter of course, now that the King has worn a three-button morning coat in public, that a great many of his loyal subjects will copy this style. If the three buttons are placed fairly closely together there need be very little difference between the style of the three-button and that of the one-button morning coat, but I have no doubt that some men will make that difference more apparent by having the three buttons wide apart. In that case, the coat will be dangerously like an old-fashioned morning coat, for the space between the top and bottom button will be so large that there will be little room for long lapels. Moreover, the bottom button will be so low down on the coat that it will not be possible to have the fronts of the coat cut away sharply—as it is now the fashion to have them.

Colour in Evening Clothes.

I see it has been suggested that men may soon be appearing in the evenings in clothes with a little colour in them. I have heard that suggestion made many times, and still we go on wearing black and white in the evenings and making an excellent background of ourselves for the benefit of the ladies. This time the colour idea has been brought up again because Mr. Bertram Wallis wears an evening coat with purple facings and lining in *The Count of Luxembourg*. That is quite a nice idea for a stage coat, but I do not think it is likely to be copied largely for private use. One is not always safe in copying the fashions that are set on the stage, although, of course, "you never can tell" what fashions men will adopt until they have adopted them; the utmost you can do is to give a guess, and to trust that it will be a good one.

Light Gloves.

With the warm weather has come quite an epidemic of light gloves. Most of them are yellow—brilliant yellow—one pair will make a perceptible difference to a landscape. Some of the light gloves are stone-coloured; these both look and are more serviceable than the yellow ones. The cheap imitations of both kinds of gloves should be avoided by men who have an eye to economy. The cheap gloves become hard and thick after they have been out in a shower of rain. I am told that the best gloves can be washed quite easily by their owners, but I admit that I haven't tried to wash mine. The usual plan—so I am told—is to use ordinary warm water and soap, and to wash the gloves on the hands. Afterwards the gloves must be removed very carefully, and hung up to dry without being flattened.

A Moustache Season.

It was, I think, about two years ago that some one remarked on the growing fashion of young men to be clean shaved. That fashion has been steadily going out of fashion, and now the young man of to-day is striving to cultivate a moustache, and I understand that the more sweeping and curly the moustache the more the young man is pleased. It is, in short, to be a moustache season.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post.

• • •

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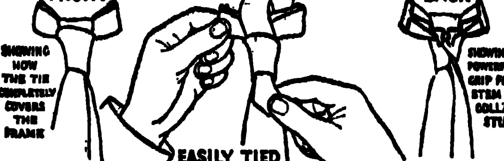
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STOCKS & SHARES*



Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

On the whole, prices have displayed a downward tendency. The Coronation is casting its shadow before it in the way of bringing about a diminution in speculative activity, and the flood of new issues is a little too strong. As we anticipated, the Imperial and Foreign Corporation issue was a success, it having been over subscribed. The market has been somewhat surprised at the comparatively poor subscription to the issue of Cuban Ports Five per Cent. Debentures, referred to in our issue of 20th May, in view of the exceptionally good security offered by these bonds. They were probably spoilt by the number of other issues, but are now being purchased largely as they are undeniably attractive.

Foreign Loans and Home Rails have been inclined to flatness. As we foreshadowed last week, the pace of Americans was too hot to last, and people are beginning to realise the true position of the steel industry.

Among Industrials, Cements have been weaker; Lyons, however, have been firm on the increased dividend and satisfactory figures for the year. Nothing very much has been doing in Mines, Rubbers, or Oils, but in our opinion many Kaffirs are now worth picking up.

Rubber Topics.

The lot of the pioneer is usually hard, but if one per cent. of the rubber companies, the shares of which are in the hands of the public, were ever to show results half as good as that of the Linggi Plantations, prospects would be bright indeed. To raise the quantity of rubber harvested from 545,219lb. in 1909 to 878,754lb. in 1910 is an achievement, and the profit of £271,162 has permitted of the payment of a dividend of 237½ per cent. and an allocation to reserve of £60,000.

Significant Figures.

The Linggi Company obtained almost as good an average price in 1910 as the year previous, viz., 5s. 9·42d., as compared with 6s. 1·8d. It is significant, however, that the cost of production rose from 11·34d. per pound in 1909 to 1s. 3·25d. in 1910, and, although this is in part explained by the large number of trees tapped for the first time, other factors, such as the increased cost of labour, are not likely to be less pronounced in the future.

Will Rubbers go Lower?

If prices fall much further, the shares of some of the best of the producing companies may well be worth picking up, and in our next issue we will publish a list of those we think best worthy of attention in this respect. We do not think, however, that the time has yet come to purchase, and, despite any temporary improvements, we look for a lower level of prices. There are some people connected with the planting industry who are of opinion that it is quite conceivable that what happened to the coffee plant in Ceylon might occur with *Hevea Brasiliensis* transplanted to other parts of the world—that is to say, it is quite conceivable that this Brazilian tree, introduced into new parts of the world like Malaysia, Java, etc., should suddenly prove to be possessed of a shorter life than in its *habitat*. Whether this is correct or not, it is undoubtedly true that the bull factors in connection with the whole rubber situation have by now been fully discounted, and sufficient time has elapsed for the unfavourable circumstances gradually to make themselves perceptible.

A Good Industrial.

Anyone looking for a good industrial Ordinary share yielding 7½ per cent., might consider the merits of Arnold J. Van den Bergh, Ltd. The company was registered in 1897, and owns steam cooperage and wood factories in Holland and Germany, while it is also represented in London. There are 80,000 shares of £1 each, in front of which rank £60,000 of Five per Cent. Debentures, and the last published accounts showed a surplus of assets, excluding goodwill, over the Debenture debt and current liabilities of £117,000, so that the financial position is very strong. The company is subject to very little competition, and the intimate relations which exist between it and the well-known Van den Bergh margarine concern are greatly in its favour. The dividends have risen from 6 per cent. in 1898 to 10 per cent. per annum, which latter rate has been distributed since 19.6. The shares are obtainable at about 27s. at which price they return £7 10s. 4d., and look undervalued.

Bank Shares as Investments.

There can be no doubt that the shares of an established and well-managed bank are an excellent investment, for those institutions, as a general rule, manage to do well out of both good times and bad times. Moreover, a well-conducted bank always has large reserves, oftentimes more considerable than are disclosed in the accounts, owing to the actual value of freeholds and bank buildings being frequently much in excess of the figure at which they stand in the books. One of the disadvantages of some bank shares, however, particularly those of English companies, is the fact that the shares are only partly paid, and while the contingency of having to pay up in full is a remote one, the liability does, none the less, exist. For the last year or two English bank shares have displayed a sagging tendency, but this at last appears to have been arrested. The annual sums banks have had to write off on their holdings of Consols and other gilt-edged stocks have absorbed considerable amounts, but Consols have apparently finished their downward course, and this unfavourable factor appears to be done with, so that this is probably the right time to buy bank shares.

British Bank Yields.

The following table shows the nominal value of the share, the amount per share called up, the present price and the yield afforded by the most attractive among home banking shares:—

	Nominal Value. £	Called up. £	Price. £	Approx. Yield. %
Anglo-Foreign Banking Co. ...	7	7	9¼	5 5/16
London Joint Stock Bank ...	100	15	27⅞	5⅜
Royal Bank of Ireland	50	10	18	6⅝
United Counties Bank	20	4	9 1/16	5 7/16

Next week we will publish a similar table of foreign and colonial banks, some of which show better yields than the British institutions.

A Good Japanese Bond.

The report of the Hokkaido Colonisation Bank for the second half-year of 1910 shows a net profit of 202,210 yen (£23,000). A dividend at the rate of 9 per cent. is declared, absorbing 112 500 yen; 88,000 yen are added to the reserves, which now stand at 768,000 yen, equal to 22 per cent. on the paid up capital. This bank was established in 1900, and does a large mortgage business in the island of Hokkaido. It has the active support and is under the supervision of the Japanese Government, which itself holds two-sevenths of the paid-up capital. Nine per cent. dividend has been paid annually since 1905. The shares of 50 yen each are quoted at 80 yen, but are not dealt in in London. There is, however, a market in the bank's Five per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, which at present stand at 98-99, and, as this price includes about £2 8s. of dividend, the half-yearly coupon being now discounted at about 2s. 0½d. per yen, the net yield is about 5¼ per cent. The bonds are in denominations of 1,000, 500, and 100 yen, the yen being taken as 2s. 0½d. For that large public interested in Japanese bonds, this appears an attractive enough holding, the uncalled capital of 1,500,000 yen affording additional security over and above the mortgages and other assets held by the bank.

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* London Opinion has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

Census Results.

From a statement published by Messrs. Frederic C. Mathieson & Sons, it appears that the Census returns are not without their effects on certain investments. According to the Trustee Act of 1893 the stocks of towns, having over 50,000 inhabitants, are eligible for investment by Trustees, and according to the preliminary returns published, the following towns now enter this select group:

Bath	Gloucester
Blackpool	Lincoln
Dudley	Oxford
Eastbourne	Southport.

The population of Burton-on-Trent having decreased from 50,386 in 1901, to 48,275 this year, the stock of this town loses its qualification as a Trustee Security, although no Trustee incurs liability by reason of his continuing to hold such stock purchased before it ceases to be eligible. The Census brings a sporting element into such sedate investments as Municipal Loans and in this respect the table of qualifications and disqualifications has quite a cricket or football appearance.

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," 57 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. The Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form (Telegrams: Briforcol, London). No charge is made.

"*G. H.*"—We would advise you to realise your holding of Leeds and Liverpool Canal Company Ordinary stock. We send you a list of selected investments. "*Deeside.*"—We advise you to have nothing to do with the people you name. "*J. D.*"—We recommend you not to purchase Metalite shares. "*L. W. T.*"—We have sent you particulars of three attractive investments, yielding between 5½ and 6½ per cent., and likely to appreciate in capital value. "*Inquisitive.*"—We are afraid there is not much chance of Ferreira Gold rising to any appreciable extent. We send you particulars of a profitable exchange. "*A. J.*"—Seremban Rubber is a fair holding provided you are prepared to retain as an investment. Do not buy Standard Union Trust. "*H. E. T.*"—You had better sell your Djaboong Rubber Estates. "*Bertan.*"—As the shares were quoted ex. div. on 24th February, and you bought on 4th March, you are clearly not entitled to the dividend. "*Dervock.*"—Van den Berghs Ordinary would probably suit you for a quick rise. In any case the yield at the present price is 7½ per cent. "*Opinion.*"—We consider Bukit Sembawang to be one of the best "florinners," and they look cheap at the present price. "*Ajax.*"—Your list of rubber shares is good, and when they have fallen a bit more you might perhaps average. "*Kilboy.*"—We cannot advise you to join the Ulundi Gold reconstruction scheme. "*W. J. H.*"—If you will let us have the names of the securities you hold, we shall be pleased to make suggestions with a view to improvement, both of yield and security. "*Wilma.*"—We think Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia a good speculation at the present price. "*J. M.*"—You might average Simmer Deeps at the present price; we consider them a fair speculative lock-up. "*A. M. L.*"—Do not touch Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts. "*J. L.*"—See our note regarding Arnold J. Van den Bergh. We think well of these shares. "*Pembroke.*"—The Central Argentine Ordinary dividend will almost certainly be made up to 6 per cent. for the year as in the past. This stock is a promising investment at the present price. Santa Fé Lands are a fair speculative holding, but the present price is high enough. We send you particulars of four high-class Debentures producing a little over 5 per cent. "*Short Cut.*"—Of the shares you mention, we prefer Simmer Deep. Benonis, which start crushing in a few months, and are obtainable just under par, should also suit your purpose. "*B. D. T.*"—Oil Trust are a fair speculation at their present low price. We do not recommend a purchase of London Ventures. "*W. J.*"—We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the "combinations" or any operations on margin whatsoever. "*I. R.*"—Ames-Holden-McCready, Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, and West Canadian Collieries are all good Canadian Bonds, yielding from 6 to 6½ per cent., and are suitable investments. "*Japan.*"—We are sending you particulars of three securities, spread over which your small capital will return you slightly over 6 per cent. with safety. "*Amazed.*"—We advise you to have nothing to do with the firm you name. "*A. B.*"—Hold your Knight Centrals for an improvement, but sell Jumbos. "*Daddy.*"—We consider Rhodesia Exploration to be fully worth their present price, and you may as well hold. As desired, we send you particulars of two or three high-yielding securities, which we consider likely to rise in price. "*F. B. S.*"—We think British North Borneo shares a good purchase, but you must be prepared to hold.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

CHARACTER is what you are reputation is what you try to make people think you are.—*Indianapolis Star.*



GETTING THE SALT ON THE BIRD'S TAIL.
Not any easier than it looks.
—"The Montreal Herald."

Man's inhumanity to other men is something fierce, but it is nothing to woman's inhumanity to herself.—*Judge.*

• • •

The price of two cigars looks bigger to a man who is putting it in the collection plate than a month's salary.—*New York Press.*

• • •

If civilised man has any one real article of faith, it is his conviction of the littleness of the rest of his fellow-beings.—*Liverpool Post.*

• • •

About the time a man begins to flatter himself that he knows something, he becomes the father of a small boy with a proclivity for asking questions.—*Pikeville News.*

• • •

"It is by exercise of the indomitable will to succeed," said Mr. Landon Ronald at the Guildhall School of Music, "that Mme. Melba is Mme. Melba." But, really, the voice has something to do with it.—*Observer.*

• • •

Western America is still the land of romance. In Colorado a bride-to-be set detectives to watch her future husband, and report on his character and habits. This tender solicitude would be undreamed of by the cold and business-like Britisher.—*Globe.*

• • •

The way of translators is hard. The most extravagant instance (says a writer to-day) was the hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," which the African natives were exhorted to join fervently in singing. Months later the missionaries discovered that what they really had been singing was "Lord, kick us out, softly, softly."—*Evening News.*

• • •

If there is one thing which is proved by this remarkable time when the town is filled with foreigners and Americans, it is that, for all their mistakes and the pigheadedness of our tailors, the Englishman is better dressed than they. The Frenchman means well, and imitates us with a certain amount of accuracy. His natural flamboyance renders his imitation something of a caricature. The German stands out as old-fashioned and sausage-like mainly because his shape is Strasbourgian and his clothes are stuffed with himself. The American is, however, laughter-making. Never yet has there been, since Columbus made his fatal mistake, a single American out of cowboy cloth who is not ludicrous in the extreme. Regard his padded shoulders with what dignity you may; his trousers which are like divided skirts, and his boots, which are like nothing on earth except the nose of a crocodile in sleep. But, after all, what does it matter? Only the Philippines take the American seriously.—*The World.*

It's a waste of time to worry about the time you have wasted.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

Some men are so entirely devoted to the general proposition of uplift that at the psychological moment they are not backward even in raising the deuce.—*Hopetown Express.*

• • •

The American who is looking for proofs that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays has dug up the bottom of a river, in England. Even if he contributes nothing to literature he may help navigation.—*Washington Star.*

• • •

Following the prohibition in France of the Papal colours, yellow and white, a gendarme has seized a couple of poached eggs. We presume that no Gallic hen will be allowed out of doors in future without a police escort.—*The Looking Glass.*

• • •

The question of having statues in our parks is being well discussed. The latest suggestion is that, anyhow, such memories should be restricted to British personages, and exception has been taken to the statue in Hyde Park of that foreign nobility Achilles.—*Punch.*

• • •

THE OLD FAMILIAR PHASES.

I have seen shows and I have witnessed dramas,
In my days of childhood, in my salad evenings;
All, all are gone, the old familiar thrillers.

How I used to gaze at the 24-sheets
Of the Mill at Night, of the Big Explosion—
All, all are gone, the old familiar posters.

How I fain would fall for the Noble Hero,
For the Lady Villain, for the Hounded Heroine—
My, how I loved the old familiar standbys!

"Curse you, I would rather perish in the guttah!"
"Rags are royal raiment, worn for women's honah!"
All, all are gone, the old familiar phrases.

Driven to its ruin by the moving pictures,
Gone are the days of the palpitating thriller—
All, all are gone, the old familiar thrillers.

—*New York Evening Mail.*



HIS PROPER PRIDE.

The Angel: "Poor man! And are you married?"

The Poor Man: "Pardon me, madam! D'ye think I'd be relyin' on total strangers fer support if I had a wife?"
—"Sydney Bulletin."

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH WORRIED.

"My little experience of life is this—that the secret of happiness is to have a sufficient multitude of worries. The man who has only one worry—a blind that cannot be pulled up straight by the servant or a coal-scuttle the bottom of which is always coming out—that man finds his way to the lunatic asylum. But the man who has no time to dwell on his worries can be a perfectly happy man."—*The Bishop of Manchester.*

IF there's only one flaw in your life's blissful law—
Say the bottom falls out of the scuttle,
Or an obstinate blind a great worry you find,
Or your butler refuses to buttle—
If that's your condition attend to the Bish-
Op, who issues the following caution:
You are well in the race for a very strict place
Where a padded-room might be your portion.

There's only one way to be happy and gay
(And you needn't ask: "Where does the sell come in?")
The worrying souls who buzz round you in shoals
You must most agreeably welcome in.
The folks with a grievance, the people who thieve
Your time and attention, be kind to 'em.
For when there's so many it's pounds to a penny
You can't give the whole of your mind to 'em!

There's the kind-hearted group who have kitchens for soup,
Which they'd very much like a subscription to;
And the rouge-et-noir crank who can break any bank;
And inventors of every description, too.
Cry "Let 'em all come," to the dun and the "bum";
To the dickens it's naughty to send 'em.
You will find without doubt that they'll all "cancel out."
Blest result! *Quod erat faciendum.*

VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

THEATRE FIRES.

To the Editor of LONDON OPINION.

APROPOS of the Edinburgh Theatre Palace fire, whilst we do not know for certain if the scenery had been treated with any fireproofing compounds, it certainly had not been treated by this company's processes. Had it been, it would have been impossible for a fire to have occurred. In fact, even if the scenery, etc., had been saturated in petrol, it would have been impossible to make a conflagration.

This company were the originators of fireproofing in this country, and spent many thousands of pounds in demonstrating the efficacy of its process, giving tests before practically all the theatre managers throughout the country, the London County Council, and the Corporations of all leading towns, in every case with the utmost satisfaction.

With the exception of a few theatres, however, notably the Alhambra Theatre, London, practically no use whatever has or is being made of our processes. Why, it is difficult for us to understand, seeing that the Alhambra Theatre, owing to all the woodwork and fabrics on the stage and in the auditorium being fireproofed by our process, is saving £1,000 per annum, reduction in fire premiums, and that practically every railway company in the kingdom, together with many leading manufacturing firms, make extensive use of our system.

We can only put it down to a conservatism on the part of theatre managers and Corporation officials almost beyond belief, and we, from our practical knowledge of the whole of the circumstances, consider that the only thing which will possibly alter such conservatism is a series of disasters such as the present, culminating in a public outcry against what we can but term criminal neglect.

Your obedient servants,

THE TIMBER FIREPROOFING CO. LTD.

(A. A. WELSH, Works Secretary).

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
10th JUNE, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 377.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 398.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 419.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



AT THE HORSE SHOW.

London Opinion.

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WHIPPED TOPICS.

We shall soon be taking trips to America to view the old masters.

• • •

"Mr. Lloyd George says "This is an old country, but it is not done with yet." It sounds as if he's got some more schemes up his sleeve.

• • •

A correspondent, who has only just awakened to the boom in paper cookery, wants to know if this is the method in which accounts are cooked?

• • •

Mr. Justice Bucknill recently confessed that he did not know what a whist drive really is. Some of us are beginning to wonder what a judge really is.

• • •

She was left a widow, through the death of her husband.—*Houghton Gazette.*

We like these clear explanations.

• • •

The lady who is to figure as Lady Godiva at Coventry will wear pink fleshings and a gauze cape. She'll be dreadfully overdressed if the hot spell holds.

• • •

A food expert tells a grateful world that one egg is as good as fourteen oysters. Yes, but think of the thousands of eggs that are not as good as one oyster.

• • •

As evidence of our backwardness it is stated that there are in England hundreds of villages without the telephone. Names, please, so that we may hasten to one of them for a real holiday.

• • •

The very latest is an aeroplane so silent in flight that it can give you an awful swot in the neck when you least expect it. Everything is certainly being done to ease our nervous strain.

• • •

Some of the American London correspondents, having scared their countrymen by talk of high prices from coming to the Coronation, are now vainly trying to make them believe they were only joking. Too late.

• • •

The announcement from the East that in future Sunday is to be a day of rest for China, refers to the country and not to the domestic crockery, which will continue to "slip out o' me 'and" seven days a week as usual.

• • •

The legal profession is much exercised over the problem of what offence A. is guilty of, if he sees B. walking in front of a motor omnibus, and doesn't try to save him. If B. is learning the cornet, and lives next door to A., the answer is easy.

• • •

We are assured by the Medical Officer of Health for London that the great increase in appendicitis is due to the "unrestricted use of food preservatives"—which is tantamount to saying that the public is being poisoned without an effort at prevention on the part of the authorities.

Mr. Winston Churchill may not be as young as he was, but, at any rate, he has a youthful heir.

• • •

It has been discovered that hard water is not bad for the health. All the same, we expect the British navvy won't be taking any chances.

• • •

"Printer's Pie" is to be turned into a limited liability company. Some of the "upper crust" should serve on the directorate.

• • •

One of Selfridge's department-managers is appearing nightly on the regular stage. This should make him quite a counter-attraction.

• • •

The pen, we know, is mightier than the sword. Yet the Coronation regalia, which includes four swords, does not comprise one single fountain pen.

• • •

A public house in a southern town displays the notice: "Billiards, 6d. a hundred. With gas, 8d." At first sight it does seem to suggest that we take our pleasures sadly.

• • •

We may now expect further agitation concerning corporal punishment. Ten shillings a year is to be allowed for the maintenance of an official police court cat at Willesden.

• • •

Mr. G. B. Shaw, speaking at Cambridge, remarked, "Kings don't impose on me at all." Nevertheless, it will probably be thought worth while to go through with the Coronation ceremonies.

• • •

Touching the Pekingese apology for a dog the *Globe* says: "Leading pints are—broad, flat skull, large eyes," etc. In the case of such a very small beast we think half-pints might count as well.

• • •

Burglars recently broke into Highgate Railway Station, but, the report says, the officials cannot say what has been missed. A friend of ours missed a train there the other day, but that was before the cracksmen got in.

• • •

At the urgent request of airmen the penalty for flying over Coronation crowds has been reduced from £500 to £200. This ought to bring the adventure within reach of aviators who cannot afford the prices asked for seats on the route.

• • •

Under a scheme for State insurance against legal worries, solicitors will probably have to give their services at the rate of half-a-crown per client per annum. Perhaps—when a medical practitioner becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer.

• • •

A tablet in Lincoln's Inn Fields will commemorate the residence there of Blackstone, author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England." Mr. Bill Sikes, who is also an author of vivid commentaries on the laws of England, should have his tablet fixed at Portland.

KING GEORGE.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THIS is the Georgian month of the Georgian year of the Georgian Age. The whole world has its eye on the personality of King George. His coronation is a world event. It is a date in history. It marks a stage in the story of the British Empire, and therefore in the story of nearly a third of the inhabitants of the earth. It has a meaning for three hundred million souls in India as well as for the citizens of the great Anglo-Saxon nations in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. It has also a meaning for our kith and kin in the United States. No poet could say all that it means for all these human beings, but we know that King George is a symbol of the great race that has made half the world what it is. Take away the British Empire from the earth and what would be left? Many powerful and progressive nations, no doubt, but the greatest, most powerful, and most progressive force would be gone.

• • •

THERE is no doubt that King George stands at the head of the most wonderful world-empire or world-commonwealth that has ever existed, or that will ever exist. His glory is almost intolerably bright, his prestige almost unbearably weighty. It is a terrible thing to be set up on high as the visible symbol of an idea so gigantic as the British Empire. The pressure of kingship is fiercer than any other kind of pressure. Hardly at any moment in his life can King George forget that he is a king, and remember that he is a man. And the fault of most writers is that they strive to accentuate his kingship instead of trying to accentuate his humanity. But if we wish to be really kind in our loyalty we should try to make the multitude realise that King George is a man as well as a king. I was at the Scala Theatre the other evening, and I was amazed by the realism of the "Kinemacolor" pictures of the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial. There has never been anything in this kind so miraculous as these pictures. I saw the whole ritual more vividly than any of the spectators. And what struck me most violently was the loneliness of King George. It is a very lonely thing to be a king.

• • •

THE loneliest moment of all was the moment when King George took the salute of his splendid regiments as they marched past with the precision of human machines. Line after line swept by with every face turned sharply to the right at exactly the same angle so that every eye was fixed upon the King. I saw in that concentrated gaze a symbol of the whole Coronation. Not the eyes of the sailors and the soldiers only, but the eyes of the whole race are fixed on the solitary figure of King George. He has to stand the fire of innumerable eyes. The millions who do homage to him are not lonely. They are welded together by a common emotion. But the King is alone. He is not helped by the splendour of his apparel, by the ornaments of tradition, by the heraldry of the past. These things are rich with pomp and circumstance, but they do not diminish his solitude. The more lavishly we heap upon his shoulders the glories of his birth and state the more we separate him from the sweet human comradeships and companionships. Let us strive, therefore, to realise the awful loneliness of an austere and conscientious king.

• • •

IF I were King George I should like to feel that the difficulties of my kingship were appreciated by my people as well as its grandeurs. And yet few onlookers ever give a thought to the cares and anxieties and burdens of kingship. It does not occur to us that King George is not his own master. His life is a perpetual slavery to duty and to routine. It is a grotesque error to imagine that the daily round of kingship is amusing. The formal atmosphere of a court is not a gay and hilarious thing. It is the lonely life intensified to the utmost. A selfish and luxurious monarch can doubtless debase his position and make it subserve his appetites. But a man like King George, whose watchword ever since he was in the Navy has been Duty, cannot command the envy of any imaginative mind. But he can command our sympathy. Put yourself in his place, and try to realise the unremitting order and remorseless system of his life, which leaves hardly any margin for human caprice or mortal whim. There is not a man in England who has less real control over his days than King George. He is more absolutely the servant of the State than any living man. To recognise this pathetic fact is not to be a snob. It is merely to be a realist with a gift of imagination.

• • •

ANOTHER thing makes the King lonelier than other men. He is set far more above the dust and heat of party strife. The meanest man can think freely and speak freely and act freely. But King George, alone among Britons, is bound to think like a king and act like a king. That is to say, he is bound to be different from all other human beings. He is bound to represent not one class, but every class. He is forced to preserve his kingship from any taint of prejudice or bias. Is that easy in these days of fierce conflict and furious combat? It is not easy. To be a king over a federation of free democracies is the hardest task ever imposed upon a mortal. King George, let us remember, is the one and only man who is and must be acceptable to every one of his countless subjects. He must succeed where even the judges have failed. He must triumph where all other men have been defeated. And yet he must not be an empty figurehead. He must capture the imagination and the emotion of warring factions and jealous classes. In order to achieve these almost impossible feats of combined impossibilities, he must walk, like Agag, delicately, being and doing neither too much nor too little.

• • •

IN order to help him it is not necessary to be a sycophant. The courtier's arts are no real consolation for a solitary king. It is not to the time-servers and the incense-burners that King George looks for aid and sustenance in his severe task. No. It is to the common sense and common sympathy and the common people. I can never forget an incident of the Diamond Jubilee which I witnessed. I was standing with two or three friends outside the gates of Windsor Castle as Queen Victoria returned from the long ordeal in London. The grand old woman was fast asleep in her carriage. She was lying back with her eyes closed and a look of utter fatigue on her venerable face. As we saluted her a lady by her side—I think it was the Princess Beatrice—nudged her. She started. Her tired eyes opened, she smiled wearily and bowed. It was the last effort of an interminable day. There in a flash was revealed the human side of sovereignty. And it is of King George as a man with human limitations that we ought to think during the coming days of glory and—weariness.

A CHEERFUL FUNERAL.



The demise of the Lords' Veto is being borne with extreme fortitude by the peers and their friends, who are attending innumerable fancy dress balls, race meetings, and similar gaieties, while engaged in what they themselves have described as the greatest political crisis since the Great Rebellion.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

MOST of the trouble in the world is home made.—*A. Means.*

Crying is the refuge of plain women but the ruin of pretty ones.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Many a man attracts no more attention than a thermometer on a pleasant day.—*Greenwood Lake.*

A man will put up even with being married for the sake of the woman he adores—a woman will put up even with the man she *doesn't* adore for the sake of being married.—*E. M. Hires.*

Be sure you are right, and you will be pretty sure to believe everybody else is wrong.—*S. Tibbits.*

Just because a man doesn't act like a gamecock doesn't prove he is chicken-hearted—*Julian Ellinge.*

Riches are said to have wings, but, after all, even the best and surest of coupons are clipped.—*H. D. Gastil.*

The difference between a wise man and a fool is that the fool, knowing when he has had enough keeps on.—*S. E. Kiser.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



CHILDREN OF TOIL.
No. 2.—The Painter.

The World.

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The proverb is something musty. It would be equally true to declare that the ignorant half is also the careless half, for, in the stress of modern life people are growing increasingly careless of their neighbours' welfare. If one is told that a trades union is a fine, healthy development he is not disposed to deny it. But the trades union—an institution easily capable of abuse, although affording a splendid opportunity for handicapping labour on favourable terms with capital—has for its primary purpose the benefit of the individual member, who finds that as a unit in a combined system he stands a much better chance. I think we are getting more selfish, and selfishness is often a method of resentment people are apt to show when hustled through life at an uncomfortable pace. I feel uncharitable towards the world in general because I have to exist in an overcharged atmosphere, with telephone bells ringing, and typewriters clicking, and messenger boys calling. This makes me cross, and when you are cross you are always selfish and inconsiderate. Where are the days of my youth, when I sang "Wait for the waggon!" and gave my piece of bread-and-jam to the first little boy I met in the street? Telephones—out upon them! And the man with a telephone at his bedside should be put in an asylum at sight, without troubling the Lunacy Commissioners to have any hank about him. When you are in good temper the darling of your heart is "Ducky!" and you take her forth to buy her chocolate, clothes, and jewels. When you become selfish you commence to wonder whether the world wouldn't have been better with no women in it.

• • •

Selfishness.

IF one hears about a man who never spends a shilling on a girl, and rather makes a boast of his strength of character in thus avoiding needless expenditure, the first impulse is to doubt the existence of such a person. There are thousands of such men, and it is a mercy that their peculiarities are so well pronounced in their bachelordom, for any girl who married one of them would have a rotten time. There are persons who argue—I knew a young and pretty woman who did—that as the aim of life is to benefit somebody, why not benefit "number one"? At the same time selfishness is a deadly affliction by reason of its monotony. It must be jolly tiresome to be ever thinking of what should be bought for yourself. Yet there are scores of men to whom the prospect of spending a fiver on a nice little thing in a petticoat would be absolute horror. There would be more marriages if there were fewer mean men. I rejoice when a "near" individual happens to light on a lady with a will of her own. With no partiality for wives who wish to be masters, I confess to a delight in seeing self-indulgent wretches in the clutches of such Amazons. "I'll mean him, my love," says the lady to her bosom friend. And she does. What torture to the man who has scraped shillings together laboriously to see them being thrown out in a golden stream by a determined female he has taken to wife.

• • •

On Giving.

LITTLE boys and girls now growing up, take my advice. Selfishness is not clever, it isn't funny, it isn't amusing. I was out at dinner one day, and a man with a million of money was pointed out to us. "What a miserable-looking devil!" said one. "A million of money—well, what about it?" asked another. Such as it was, the gentleman possessed the comfort of owning a million—and not spending any of it. If there is rollicking satisfaction in that, my imagination must have been built on a wrong plan. During the trial of an election petition recently a man was referred to as the kind of chap who "would not give you the froth off a pint." Not being a beer-drinker I can't quite appreciate the full force of this disaster. Neither could I ever feel thoroughly impressed by the illustration of the man who "would not give you the paring of his nails." Who wants the paring of anybody's nails? How fat-headed some of our archaic sayings are.

• • •

Ascot.

WHEN I said that a moiety of society was heedless of the welfare of the other, my mind was for the moment reverting to the gathering to be seen on what the racing reporters gushingly call the "Royal Heath" next week. For a collection of non-toilers and non-spinners this would be hard to beat. It is, of course, a miscellaneous crowd. Among the titled people and the moneyed people, the gamblers and the Berkshire rustics, will be the frowsy element of thieves and vagabonds. Ascot will go down to history as the meeting whose principal prize was stolen in broad daylight with a smartness no magician ever equalled. There will be this year the usual admixture of well-dressed folk with no possessions but debts, the usual admixture of highly-decorated womanhood, clad in garments she has not paid for, and in some cases will never pay for. But Ascot represents much wealth and a great deal of well-to-doness, and the frocks afford a pretty sight to those not immovably wedded to the idea that beauty unadorned adorns the most. "Modesty is the chief charm of woman." Is it? If so, how comes it that she must change her gown four times in one week in order to disport herself upon a racecourse lawn, taking as much interest in the sport itself as I do in the poultry-run of the Grand Llama of

Tibet. "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" For the sake of poor pa's pocket, let us hope not.

• • •

Letting Ourselves Go.

In the heat and the hubbub the Ascoteers will have a dusty time. The King and Queen—poor souls!—are to be stared at and cheered. How they must be fed up with this kind of thing—and yet how downcast they would be if they didn't get it. Meanwhile, millions of toilers and moilers will be pegging away all over the kingdom in shop, and office, and warehouse. To them Ascot is only something to read about in the papers, and they have to put in a hard week's work for less than the price of a grand stand ticket. In a thin suit of light clothes and a straw hat, Ascot is very nice indeed. Between the races there is a fine band to listen to, and by just popping outside it is possible to get an ice that is "all raspberry" for a penny, and "have a cooler" for twopence. And as for the orange, invariably "like wine," nothing but my parsimonious Scottish instincts prevent me dashing down a reckless copper for that. The maniac guilty of throwing a stone at the "Sailor King" in 1830 was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to a place of execution and dissected in quarters. They didn't dare to do it. To-day, if anybody threw a stone he would probably be luxuriously lodged in prison, and have a high-class concert provided for him. The difficulty of selecting a programme for these entertainments must be great. What must be the feelings of—and the corrective influence upon—a Surrey-side coster doing six months for assault, when a dashing amateur bounds on the penitentiary platform and starts that inspiriting lay, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"?

• • •

Two Lives.

[A GENTLEMAN in Cardiff has lost his favourite cat, John Redmond. Another cat, Tim Healy, is safe.]

Our Johnnie lost! my sad heart beats,
Tim Healy left, ironic, really—
If any vampire Redmond eats,
Let's hope that he will vote him mealy.

• • •

Wanted, a Song.

THE country is badly in need of a popular comic song during this festive season. At the time of the King's marriage we yelled our heads off singing "D'isy, D'isy, gimme yer awnser, do!" The author of that ballad was never knighted, although he rendered far greater service to his kind than the majority of the mixed crowd who push their way into the honours list. He was never even "commanded" anywhere, or ornamented with a medal for making millions of Englishmen happy. A great holiday is no good without a melody everybody can whistle. Who will sacrifice himself on the altar of duty, supplying an air of the "Good-bye, Molly, I must leave you" order, and permitting it to pervade the entire kingdom until we curse the day that he was born?

• • •

Fashionable Intelligence.

[MR. LAUDER has paid a visit to the House of Lords.]

Lauder went to see the Peers,
Found the place in order;
Now, the public 'mid their cheers
Call him "Harry Lorder."

The Forest of London.

ALLURE me not with woodland glance,
And mossy bank in glowing dells,
Where quivering aspens coyly dance,
As nature in a rapture swells;
The forest, with its echoing ring,
A poet's passion should inflame,
But why afield seek such a thing,
When, here at home, we have the same?

I stand, with new emotions queer,
And view the sylvan scene around,
The yellow-hammer I can't hear,
But other hammers' notes abound;
A forest London! noisy dream—
A range of timber, bad and good,
So King and Queen, *en route*, will seem
Two Royal babelets—in the wood.

• • •

Royal "Command" for Rendle.

FROM time to time I have alluded to certain infant phenomena and juvenile performers familiar to former generations of amusement lovers. Now that David Paget has been making a stir by his clever playing before the Kaiser and other exalted personages—dreadful word, "exalted"—one is tempted to inquire as to what was the after-career of Master Rendle, a boy violinist of Exeter, who at the age of nine appeared by Royal "command" at Buckingham Palace, and then and there—on 11th July, 1851—did play before Queen Victoria and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, and many other notabilities. Mayseder's Op. 40 and De Beriot's Sixth Air were rendered to the accompaniment of the Queen's private band, and the youthful musician was duly complimented by her Majesty. Personally I am unable to shine on any instrument—not even a jews' harp—so I am glad, now that certain people are much puffed up by "commands," to find that one of my race has had a look in.

• • •

"A Little Bit Off the Top."

QUITE enough nerve-distraction is promised for the next few weeks without the prospect of aeroplanes dropping into the Strand or on the roof of Westminster Abbey being added as further upsetters. It is quite credible that certain mad spirits would be equal to the feat of haunting London in an airship, and the memory of De Groof, who came to grief at Cremorne nearly forty years ago, together with the recent terrible toll of aviation disasters, would not retard them an instant. Most of the population will have sufficient for their watchful eyes to do, without looking out for a little bit off the top. Aviation is vexation, and we must put up with that. For the aeroplanist to descend into the midst of a Royal procession with a Paul Pry "I've just popped in" sort of excuse will be too thick. I notice, by the way, that airmen are rather in demand for exhibitions at Coronation *fêtes* in the country. Most of these festivities display a plentiful lack of imagination. Tea and buns seem to suggest the limit of British possibilities. Members of boards of guardians, enjoying a quiet bottle at home, are dead nuts against paupers drinking beer. Fancy a sweltering June day and imbibing hot, weak tea as a special treat! O what an afternoon!

ROUND THE TOWN.

Mr. H. G. Wells' New Departure: Mr. Hall Caine on the Drama: Miss Ada Reeve's Unpleasant Experience: Latest Flying and Sporting Gossip.

MR. H. G. WELLS has written a little book about children's toys which is bound to introduce him to a new public. It is to be called *Floor Games with my Children.*

MORE will be heard of the doings of that London syndicate whose emissaries recently, under some special privilege, entered the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem and discovered sacred relics "the whereabouts of which," as an Arabian paper has it, "none knew except God and these English." People well known in Society are in the syndicate, and their archæologists are understood to have got away to Jaffa, and on to the yacht there awaiting them, with Solomon's crown, sword, and ring, and some Bible MSS., all removed by permission obtained from the Turkish governor, Azmy Bey.

I HEAR that Mr. W. J. Locke has completed a new novel. It is to appear serially in the United States. The provisional title of the book is *The Glory of Clementina Wing.*

CONGRATULATIONS, by the way, to Mr. Locke, upon his joining the ranks of the Benedicks. He has just married Mrs. Hamilton Close.

THE Gaiety, within the space of a month, has lost its first author and its first actor. Mr. Charles Lyall, the veteran opera singer, who recently died in North London, spoke the earliest lines on the stage of the "temple of the sacred lamp" when the curtain rose on 21st December, 1868. W. S. Gilbert wrote the opening burlesque, *Robert the Devil.*

GILBERT did not always score in his epistolary encounters. In the year 1882, John Hollingshead published a manifesto showing how much the Gaiety had paid to literary men and for the rector's rate of St. Mary-le-Strand. Thereupon, Gilbert protested that the manager did an injustice to Byron, Burnand, and Reece when he estimated their literary faculty by the burlesques they wrote. "In writing for the Gaiety one has for the time being to sink to the Gaiety level. In estimating the expenses I see nothing allowed for clothing. Is this item so small as not to be worth mentioning?" Hollingshead retorted that Gilbert was fouling his own nest. The "level" of the Gaiety had been fixed by Gilbert himself, and he had also helped to fix the quantity of Gaiety clothing.

THE Palladium last week announced the "first appearance, since the Command performance of *Money* at Drury Lane, of the popular West-end actor, Mr. Kenneth Douglas"—who, like many other stars, had a walking-on part in this play. Mr. Gibbons is an enterprising gentleman, always on the look-out for talent. Perhaps a famous Scottish poet had some prevision of this when he made a reference to "the Douglas in his hall."



The Little Chap: "We're getting up a tug-o'-war between the married and single men. You're married, aren't you?"

The American: "No—I've just been seasick, that's why I look that way!"



"I 'ear yer missus is dead, Bill."
"Yus—pegged out on Derby day, unfortunately. Fust Derby I've missed fer fifteen years!"

THE literary libel action to which I referred the other day was sensibly settled out of court. There is a growing feeling that literary folk ought not to wash their dirty linen in the courts of law. The fault of literary criticism to-day is not its ferocity. Most authors feel that independent criticism ought to be encouraged rather than killed by foolish litigation.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that Sir Herbert Tree has decided not to include *King Lear* in his Shakespeare season, as the production might be confused with that of *King Lehar* at Daly's.

A BULUWAYO reader sends me a cutting from the *Livingstone Mail* recording an unpleasant experience for Miss Ada Reeve on a visit to the Victoria Falls and Livingstone. Mr. Sandiford, the advance agent, announced the performance at a charge of a guinea throughout. The inhabitants represented this as beyond their means; but no reduction was made. The people, therefore, stayed away with unanimity, and the performance had to be abandoned.

DOUBTLESS the high charge was necessitated, from Miss Ada Reeve's point of view, by the expense of getting to so remote a place as Livingstone. The residents there, however, take the view that "companies visit the Victoria Falls for their own pleasure, and if they can make a little towards their expenses by giving performances, Livingstone is only too pleased, but it cannot afford with its small population to pay the total expenses of the visit, or even, in many cases, to pay anything proportionate to the ordinary fees of talented artistes."

IT is well-known that Mr. Charles Frohman's idea is that while in the old days the high road to success on the stage was the representation of the most wholesome moral ideas, in these days the tendency is to laugh at the champions of virtue and to commiserate the victims of vice. "But," says Mr. Hall Caine, "no dramatist who knows his business and the history of the drama will take account of such a passing wave of moral subversion. Least of all will he alter his course for it. It is not the adulterous duchesses but the virtuous maidens who remain for all time the really acceptable subjects of true art—and, therefore, vehicles of success whether in drama or in fiction."

IF Mrs. Patrick Campbell comes to rehearse *Lady Patricia* with Charles Frohman for America, there should be fun. Of course, these two think no end of each other really, but they cannot resist interchanging repartee. When rehearsing Mrs. Pat in *The Foolish Virgin* recently, the manager stood out for a reading which the lady disapproved.

"Mr. Frohman," cried Mrs. Campbell passionately, "do not forget that I am an artist!"

Mr. Frohman leaned forward in the prompter's chair. "I will keep your secret," he whispered.

LISTENING the other night to a characteristically humorous speech from Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, I was reminded of his reputation of being one of the quickest and cleverest speakers in the world in the more or less gentle art of "getting back" at an interrupter. You simply can't down him. As a politician in New South Wales he was upbraided by his opponents as a man of indecision, so they dubbed him "Yes-No Reid." Once at an election meeting a barracker chipped in with "Now then, two-face!" Reid in the gentlest tones retorted, "The gentleman who spoke is evidently not a two-face or he'd never have brought this one with him."

BEING at Henley last Sunday, I dropped into the Phyllis Court Club, where great preparations are in progress for the season. Bridge is being played over the week-end, the opening tournament being on the 10th; and the ball in honour of the Coronation visitors, on the 29th, includes amongst its lady vice-presidents the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Manchester. Special trains are being run from Paddington, returning from Henley at 2.30 a.m., serving a very early morning light breakfast.

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SOME hatters are inserting a little looking-glass into the inside crown of the hat, so that every time you salute a lady you can see just how you appear to her. Rather a painful experience for some of us!

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A RECENT visitor of interest was Fraulein Pauline Werner, the leader of a movement in Germany to require all girls to do compulsory domestic service for a term of years, just as the young men have to do compulsory military service. Fraulein Werner believes that by their serving as domestics both the girls and the Government would be benefited and also that the craze for higher education, which in her opinion has gone too far, would be materially checked.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

THE team to represent Great Britain in the Gordon-Bennett aviation contest at Eastchurch has not yet been announced by the Royal Aero Club, which in this matter, unlike the French Club, makes its selections without holding any elimination trials. It is practically certain that two of the three British representatives will be Mr. Grahame White and Mr. Alec. Ogilvie, who flew in last year's race.

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THE other flier of the trio who represented Great Britain in 1910 was Mr. James Radley, and perhaps we need look no farther for a team. But other aviators have entered, and of those flying fast machines may be mentioned Mr. G. Hamel, Mr. O. C. Morison, and Mr. T. O. Sopwith. The last-named will not, I believe, be available. It would certainly be a good plan to have elimination trials for so important a race.

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THE chances of this country retaining the Cup cannot be considered very good, in view of the fact that none of the English flyers will have one of the more up-to-date flying machines. The present racing Blériot is outpaced by the Morane, the Nieuport, and the R. E. P. monoplanes, and some of these will be flown by representatives of other countries. It is expected that over the 90-mile course an average speed of about 70 miles per hour will be attained by the winner.

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I HEAR that the Blériot firm are preparing something very special for Mr. Grahame White and others to fly, and that they fully recognise that they will have more difficulty this year in providing the winner than they had last year.



"Pardon me, madam."
"For what?"
"I inadvertently jabbed my eye into your jewelled hatpin!"

WHAT did I tell you about our *Summer Annual?* Wasn't I right?

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

ALTHOUGH he is no flier, Scion (by Victory—Rose of Ayreshire) is a nice useful sort of two-year-old, who will be worth keeping an eye on. Scion was none too lucky at Epsom last week, and will improve upon that form.

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BEAUREPAIRE'S final gallop settled him—the going at Newmarket has been very much on the hard side lately—and thereby robbed his owner of a very promising chance of at least running into a place in the Derby last week. Dawson Waugh was naturally intensely disappointed, for he held a high opinion of the colt's chance. However, Beaurepaire can still fight another day.

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ORIGO is confidently expected to win the Manchester Cup.

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ONCE again Davy Stephens, the Kingstown newsagent known to all who cross between England and Ireland, got to the Derby, and availed himself of a grand stand ticket provided for him by Lord Lonsdale. This made Davy's thirty-seventh Derby.

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THAT there were some sinister rumours in the air about interference with Sunstar and his jockey in the Derby everyone knows, and I now learn that an extraordinary precedent was created on Derby Day by the authorities at Epsom. Some of the officials of the Meeting were actually posted at different positions down the course, including Tattenham Corner, to watch the behaviour of the horses and jockeys, while at the top of the Grand Stand other officials vigilantly followed every detail of the race, not with field-glasses but with telescopes.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

FRANK CURZON, the popular theatrical manager, who purchased the two-year-old, Fargneil, at Lingfield, last week, tells me that he hopes before long to have two or three fairly useful horses to carry his colours. Mr. Curzon is a most enthusiastic race-goer, and never misses a Newmarket meeting, but seldom bets.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

MR. R. WOOTTON is pretty sure to win a small handicap before long with Gay Bachelor, whose form was all wrong the last time out. This four-year-old is useful in his class, and will pay to follow, on an increasing stake, as Wootton is a wonder at placing his horses to the best advantage.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

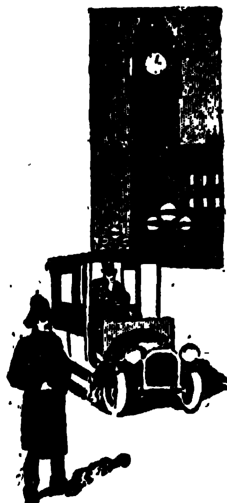
I AM told that the contest to be decided at the Palladium to-morrow (Thursday) between Sullivan, the English Middle-weight Champion and holder of the Lonsdale Belt, and Papke, the well-known American boxer, is a good thing for the latter. Papke's style is of the "get-in-close-and-hit-hard" order, and his record is certainly far better than that of Sullivan.

• • •

WINSTON CHURCHILL RESIGNS himself to an hour's intense enjoyment whenever he can escape from the Front Bench to his private room for a look at his *London Opinion Summer Annual*, with its joke drawings by all the leading black-and-white artists, and its brilliant stories by Arnold Bennett, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Charles MacEvoy, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, and the others.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



THE curtain has fallen on what Lord Haldane calls the "Fifth Act" of the Parliament Bill Drama.

The Peers have given a second reading to the hated measure, and none of them have died on the floor of the Chamber in defence of their privileges. There was not even a division against it, and when the Lord Chancellor rose to put the fateful question the dreaded Backwoodsmen were showing an array of disappearing coat-tails, and were hastening off for—dinner! It was a disappointing *dénouement*; but who knows what Act Six may have in store for us? Certainly, so far as can be judged, the last word has been said on "compromise," and we are face to face with the two alternatives—absolute surrender by the Lords, or the wholesale production of new coronets. As Lord Rosebery picturesquely put it, the Government has wrung the neck of the dove of peace, and served up the cooked bird with olive branches. The Primrose Earl has, indeed, made the only great speeches in the Upper House during the controversy; but this wayward, egotistical genius has not been helpful to either side, and has satisfied only himself. The fascination which he exercises over all of them is all the more remarkable on that account.

Votes for Women.

The women are coming! And if it were announced that the Germans were coming, the news could not cause greater anguish of mind amongst the populace than the prospect of a Woman's Suffrage Bill produces in the minds of its masculine opponents. We are to give a week next Session to the Bill; and if that will not suffice, whatever Parliamentary time may be necessary will be given in the following year.

It is, if you like, a triumph for violence; and although I have never been an admirer of Suffragettes, or Suffragette methods, it is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that, had it not been for those very methods, Woman's Suffrage would never have become a live issue.

On Carpet-Baggers.

It is now as certain as mundane affairs can be that each of us will shortly be in receipt of £400 a year, "paid quarterly in advance, less income-tax." The departure formed one of the items of the famous Newcastle Programme, and in the decades that have since rolled by every Radical has paid to the doctrine the tribute of lip loyalty; but few indeed of the wealthier Radicals were disposed to enthusiasm about it. The fear was—and is—that it would increase the already large tribe of political carpet-baggers, but the bewildering feature of that objection is that it nearly always comes from one who is himself a carpet-bagger.

I hope some day to take a census of that fraternity, for I am convinced that three-fourths of the members of all political parties fall within the category, inasmuch as, until the time of their election, they had no connection whatever with the constituencies they represent. Take Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the leaders of the respective groups. The Prime Minister was unknown in Fife till he arrived with a much-despised carpet-bag, and a letter from the Whips; Mr. Balfour had no possible connection with "the City" or with Manchester; the chairman of the Labour Party was not known to a hundred people in Leicester; and the leader of the Irish Party, one of "the boys of Wexford," sits, not for Wexford, but for Waterford. And it is the same through the rank and file—they are nearly all carpet-baggers. So, a truce to that buncombe; let us clear our minds of cant.

The Great Unpaid.

I have no strong views, one way or the other, on this payment of members question; but, if views are to be expressed, there are a few M.P.'s who should have the decency to keep silence. What, for example, about the two Front Benches? Did anybody ever hear of a member of any Government returning his cheque on quarter-day, and addressing a lecture to the Treasury on the glory of being allowed to serve a grateful country without fee or reward? I trow not. And I am not without suspicion that we have a few dozen professional company promoters and company directors in both Houses who are not above turning a more or less honest penny by the use of their public position, and they, too, might hold their peace. Moreover, the lawyers, who get more briefs and bigger fees after they find their way to the Green Benches, might reserve their homilies on unselfish public services for audiences that are not inquisitive about the record of the orator.

"Double X."

The famous Guinness Brewery in Dublin has given two members to the House of Lords and two to the House of Commons, though one of the latter lost his seat at the last election. The surviving brother, Walter, was interrogating Colonel Seeley the other day about the insufficiency of the precautions taken to prevent the use of infectious nose-bags in cavalry regiments, and was urging the necessity of a distinctive mark being placed upon them, when the House was suddenly thrown into shrieks of laughter by a suggestion from the Nationalist benches: "Why not mark them with a double X?"

But it was not the first laugh the House has had at the same family. When the two brothers, Walter and Rupert, sat side by side, they were known as "Guinness Pale and Guinness Stout"; and one night when Walter of that ilk was lamenting that Ireland was suffering from too much agitation, he was quietly corrected by the Hiberian voice which interjected: "No, no; too much stout." But I am told that the Nationalists really like young Mr. Guinness, and expect a political future for him.

Perhaps the best story about the family is that which is told of the American who visited the Brewery. He was subsequently conducted over the Cathedral which the family had restored, and the schools which they had built; and at the end of the tour, when asked what he thought of it all, the Yankee replied: "I guess it is really wonderful. You seem to run education, salvation, and damnation in the one show."

Is the Speaker Going?

Mr. Lowther's health is far from satisfactory, and people who profess to be "in the know" will tell you confidentially that his retirement from the Speakership is imminent. If that forecast should unhappily be realised, the House will regretfully part with the most successful Speaker of modern times. What are the secrets of that success? The first is his good temper, the second is his unfailing supply of humour, the third is his unrivalled knowledge of the rules of the House, and the fourth—and most important of all—is that, in the best sense of the term, he is a "House of Commons man," and recognises that the House was not made for the Rules, but that the Rules were made for the House.

If he goes now, who will succeed him? I should, if I were a betting man, put my money on Mr. Whitley, who, though not possessing so much "presence" as Mr. Lowther, has an even better temper, and possesses all the other qualities which combined to make memorable the present Speakership. But Mr. Whitley will have a powerful rival in the favour of the House in the person of Colonel Seeley—or "Jack" Seeley, as both Liberals and Tories affectionately call him. "We all love Jack;" and he would make an ideal Speaker; but it is probable that he has set his heart on a political career, and would prefer a seat in the Cabinet to the Presidential Chair.

"Ensignette"

The Camera that fits a waistcoat pocket

When off for your holidays don't forget
To slip in your pocket an "Ensignette"

WITH this little Camera anyone can take good pictures right away. No previous knowledge of photography is needed. The ENSIGNETTE takes up no more room in your waistcoat pocket than a box of wax vestas. Always ready for use and never in the way. The ENSIGNETTE is made of metal, oxydised black. It has leather bellows, a fine lens, an instantaneous shutter for snap-shots. Takes pictures 2¼ X 1½ inches. Loads in daylight.

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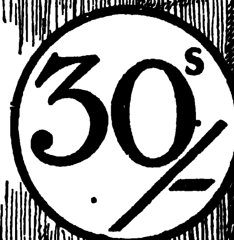
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

The warm spell is finding out the weaklings of the theatrical shows, and if the temperature keeps in the seventies much longer there will be a thin lot for June playgoers. Two closures have to be recorded—*The Sins of Society* at the Lane and *Baron Trenck* at the Whitney theatre. Others are likely to follow.

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Baron Trenck was a certainty for quick retirement, and I am bound to say it has received only what it deserved. Fred C. Whitney will, I hear, re-open the house either with *The Pink Lady* (one of the real hits of the American season) or another, but at the moment of writing the choice had not been made. Whatever it may be, I hope the house may have better fortune and a better piece than it has had up to now.

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To open or not to open on Coronation night?—that is the question which, I am told, the theatrical managers will decide among themselves. I say I am told that they will decide, but it seems more than likely that, if any decision is arrived at, it will be to let each one suit himself. It would probably end that way, anyhow.

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It is good news that Cyril Maude has arranged presently to produce Louis N. Parker's comedy, *Pomander Walk*, with its pretty old-world surroundings and sentiment. It is what you would call a "sweet" piece, and I hope there will be sufficient playgoers of the right taste to make Maude pleased with his venture. Other interesting schemes are afoot at the riverside theatre.

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The lamented death of Sir William Gilbert has recalled memories of first nights of that wonderful series which brought him fame and fortune. As a small boy—mind you, a *very* small boy—I was taken to the first performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Opera Comique. That was, I fancy, in 1878, and the little midshipmite was J. E. Pickering, now the able and amiable manager of the Empire box-office. A few years later I was present at the first performance in Sydney of *The Mikado*, concerning which I recall that having in the morning witnessed, as a matter of journalistic duty, the execution of some criminals, I had hoped to forget the horror of the scene in the enjoyment of a new and delightful work. Imagine, then, the impression created upon me by Ko Ko's entrance-song, "I'm the Lord High Executioner." When I say that I witnessed the first performance of the opera, I mean that I heard it up to Ko Ko's number—and took the whole show some nights later.

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The note which appeared on this page in last week's London Opinion concerning the much over-done business of charity *matinées* has, it is observed, led to similar comment in several other quarters. In this respect, the members of the profession are a patient and long-suffering body, but I happen to know that there is a strong feeling against the ever-increasing number of these charity shows. Harry Lauder, by the way, states that he has appeared at twenty-one *matinées*, given for some charitable object or another, in a month. That in itself discloses a pretty bad state of affairs.

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I can foresee the new first play at the Haymarket dividing the public into two camps of diametrically opposite opinion. It is an elaborate and ambitious play in three scenes, by Lord Dunsany, entitled *The Gods of the Mountains*. It shows some picturesque Oriental beggars impersonating the Seven Green-Jade Gods of some neighbouring heights, and thereby getting their fill of sacrificial flesh and wine from the deluded populace, until a startling *denouement* ends the masquerade. Should you happen to go on a night when you are in a Philistine mood, you will be quite sure the piece is stark madness. You feel inclined to refer to the programme to see whether the author's name is Dunsany or Insaney. But in another mood you will see in it a most original production of highly imaginative humour and weird beauty. It is finely acted by Charles V. France, Norman Page, Charles Maude, Enid Rose, and twenty others, with special music and some S. H. Sime scenery.

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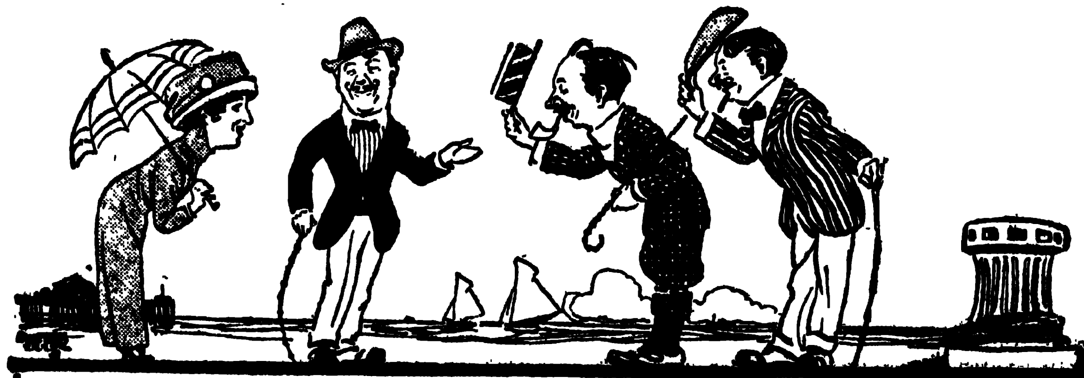
It is always a pleasure to welcome the new recruit to the ranks of the dramatic authors, so here's the hand of greeting to Frank Howel Evans, whose farce, *Half-a-Crown*, was produced by the Vedrenne-Eadie management at the Royalty last week. This expression of pleasure at finding Mr. Evans among the West End dramatists is coupled with the hope that presently he will turn out work with more of the elements of a winner than the unconvincing piece under notice. The central idea is all right, but the development of it is long-drawn, diffuse, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, tedious. Dennis Eadie, Edmund Gwenn, and Suzanne Sheldon are fine.

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As most of us expected, Norman McKinnel is quite excellent as Wing Shee in *The Cat and the Cherub*; but the gripping little story loses, in my opinion, something of its force by reason of the lack of that mystic Oriental atmosphere which the original interpreters from America so wonderfully preserved. All the same, Fernald's play was enthusiastically received.

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The old Surrey Theatre has been turned into the New Surrey Variety Hall. The McNaughton management, who are responsible for the transformation, look like having one of the most successful halls on their circuit with the old drama house. When I dropped in a few evenings ago Martin Henry, who was playing *The Silver Medal*, was going strong with this excellent little duologue.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Baron Trench" and "The [illegible]"

FURNITURE.

Get the Best, and pay for it out of your Income.

To-day it is not necessary to waste money on "makeshifts" simply because one has not the cash available to pay for well-made, nicely designed furniture, such as the woman and man of taste desire to see in the home.

It is not necessary, we say, for the very best furniture can now be obtained not only at reasonable prices, but on such generous and easy terms of payment as to make it sound business policy to take advantage of them.

Since Wolfe & Hollander started their popular scheme of payment by easy instalments, a wonderful improvement has been effected in suburban homes. Thousands of people have taken advantage of Wolfe & Hollander's offer, and have consequently furnished in accordance with the dictates of good taste and common sense. They bought furniture that can stand the wear and tear of everyday use, and yet look well. They bought furniture that lends distinction to their homes, that pleases the eye while it ministers to the comfort. They paid for it out of income instead of depleting their capital.

A Visit of Inspection.

Visiting Wolfe & Hollander's showrooms at 252-256 Tottenham Court Road, they were given ample time and opportunity for discussing the merits of each particular suite. They were not hurried, nor were they unduly importuned to buy. They just took their time. The furniture was examined carefully, and the reasonable prices noted. Dining-room, drawing-room, bedrooms—each was provided for from the immense selection on view at Wolfe & Hollander's. Then came the question of payment.

Deferred Payments.

The customer intimated to the salesman that he would take advantage of the Deferred Payment System. Very good. What are the terms? One addition only of 5 per cent. to the amount of the bill. For instance, if the bill amounted to £100, with the additional charge it would be £105, payment to be spread over three years. No simpler or more equitable plan could possibly be devised.

Two Invitations.

Will you call at our showrooms and examine the superb examples of Modern High-class Furniture there exhibited? Or, if you cannot call, will you send for profusely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free on receipt of coupon?

No one intent on furnishing to advantage should fail to do one or other of these two things—either to call or to write for the catalogue.

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Sirs,—Please send, as offered gratis and post free in LONDON OPINION, a copy of your Illustrated Catalogue.

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TOPICAL VERSES.

OUT OF IT.

[Seasonable advice to the many who, week by week, are left out of "The Team."]

WHAT though Form with fickle fancy
Has not marked you for its own?
Many rotters are included
In "The First"—as you have shown:
There are times when e'en a Eustace
Is a little off his serve,
When a Braid will sadly foozle,
Or a C. B. lose his nerve.

Since Committees of Selection
Are so blind to merit true,
Leave off practice for a little,
There are better things to do:
Make up to the Captain's sister,
Or some other girl of note,
Women may not have the Suffrage,
But they often cast the vote.

W. B.

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TO EVANGELINE (*re* OUR WEDDING).

[In order to relieve the strain on the bride and bridegroom, it is becoming fashionable to hold the wedding reception on the day before the wedding.—*Ladies' Paper*.]

EVANGELINE, my morrow's bride,
How merciful you make it,
The wedding function who divide
And in instalments take it!
The marriage service, so I've heard
(This great reform was needed),
You've now divorced—forgive the word!—
From that which it preceded.

The orthodox and sparkling cup
I now may quaff; and borrow
Dutch courage which shall buck me up
To face a fearful morrow,
When, snatched from dreams of past carouse,
I to the milkman's chirp list,
And hail an aftermath of vows,
And Nemesis white-surpliced!

Yet, dearest, would your bridegroom, full
Of blushes past all hiding,
The function find susceptible
Of further sub-dividing.
'Twould mitigate the grim event,
Now crowded into one day,
If you to church to-morrow went,
And I—why not?—on Monday!

E. M. D.

• • •

A NEEDED VOLUME.

["I spent hours acquiring the skill to bowl Flack out. He was a bat in the Corinthian style and succumbed easily to a low shooter or an unexpected yorker."—From *The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. Wells.]

I LIKE your book, good Wells; and best
Of all the things within its border
I like those phrases which suggest
That shooters can be bowled to order.
To one like me, who vainly tries
To keep a batsman's score at zero,
Nothing could better emphasise
The genuine greatness of your hero.

The poet he could much assist
(Providing that the knack still lingers)
By saying plainly if the wrist
Produced the shooting, or the fingers.
Or was it merely body swing
Just at the moment of delivery
That ended in the sort of thing
To make the boldest hitter shivery?

I look to you, who know him well—
Craft etiquette can scarce forbid it—
To pen a monograph, and tell
Me just exactly how he did it:
Lest lack of light upon his trick
Should wake a fell suspicion—which is
That possibly a hidden brick
Lurked in his boyhood's cricket pitches.

THETA.

• • •

AN EASY CHOICE.

"I AM not sure whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth."

"Choose the teeth, my boy; everyone has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."

• • •

A NAME EXPLAINED.

THE man who was trying to become an expert canoeist was discoursing on his canoe.

"What do you think I've named it?" he asked.

They knew not.

"The 'Nonconformist Conscience.'"

"Why?"

"Because it's almost always upset."



Lady to Seaside Pierrot: "I shall be happy to subscribe to your entertainment when your songs have been, er—slightly sterilised!"

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

By J. F. BLACKER.

Ancient Art.

THE Exhibition of Ancient Art at Earl's Court was not in an advanced stage of preparedness when I saw it on the opening day, but anyone could notice that most of the treasures exhibited were from the gems of the chief dealers. So that though the display is varied, is interesting and valuable, it cannot compare with the national collection at South Kensington, but I shall enter more fully into particulars after my next visit, when I hope the catalogue will be ready. I cannot praise the arrangements made for the Press.

Art Exhibitions Galore.

Art at the Festival of Empire, Art at the Coronation Exhibition, Art everywhere! Even an Exhibition of Japanese temple pictures at Fishmongers' Hall which shows a curious association of Buddhism with the City Fathers. Japanese art reminds me that the Japanese prints have risen to a record of £240 for a single example. I can buy some at 6d. each, and never can understand such high prices for mechanical work. Granting all that can be said with regard to line and colour, we must remember that these prints were turned out in thousands and sold for a penny or so each. There is a lustre in the colours of Japanese paintings in striking contrast to the prints, and a freedom of touch and life besides. At Earl's Court there is a stall where a young Englishman speaks Japanese!

The Richard Bennett Exhibition at Gorer's.

Old Chinese porcelains of the rarest and most valuable kinds at prices which have by no means reached finality. Why should fine examples have such extraordinary values? Here again the ever-growing number of earnest collectors is responsible for the rise. If you have collected for some years you find much greater difficulty in buying anything good, now than ever before. Why, I remember picking up old Chinese figures for a few shillings! At Bath some time since I saw two which I left because they were £7 12s. lowest price. At Brighton I bought two similar ones for £2, and at Plymouth two more for 5s. So that if you ask what Chinese figures are worth, it is evident they vary very considerably.

£40,000 for a Pair of Figures!

There, in specially designed alcoves at Gorer's were two figures of Vajrapani, a titulary god of Indian origin. I asked Mr. Gorer what the price was. He replied "£40,000"! They are the greatest examples of Chinese ceramic art the world has ever seen. I could give you a page description of them, but will simply add that the god is represented in his two characters as guardian of the Law and protector of Buddha, the former having a blue, and the latter an aubergine-coloured face. Perhaps I shall not err greatly in saying that these specimens are the finest works which ever left the hands of the potter and enamel painter. They came from a temple.

The Other Picture—Not for Millionaires.

What I have written will excite your interest in your old Chinese porcelain, if you have any. And even now it is possible to buy an occasional piece at quite a low figure. In 1901 I bought a very good blue and white ginger jar in Yarmouth market at a stall for half-a-crown, which I brought home in my hat-box. But does it matter even if you have to carry your clothes so long as the treasure is safe? When I see a man or woman with a triumphant expression, hurrying home, holding with tight grasp a parcel, usually badly wrapped-up, I like to think that a treasure is there on its way to join the others. Millionaires have no idea of the pleasures of hunting and finding when knowledge serves for money.

China Associated with Old English Prints.

Nothing harmonises more perfectly with old china than old prints. If I were asked which are the prettiest old engravings, I should reply at once "the coloured



"Do you remember last year's Carnival? Blake brought his wife. Poor chap, at Whitsun he went mad."
"If he brought his wife to the Carnival, he must have been mad then!"

ones," printed in colour, I mean. The art of stipple engraving has very few followers nowadays, the fingers of one hand would be more than sufficient to count the men who practise it. But the work of Ryland and Burke, of Bartolozzi and his pupils will always command the attention of those who love the home beautiful. Tomkins, Ogborne, Jones (J.) Cheeseman, Facius (2), Schiavonetti, T. Watson, Caroline Watson, T. Ryder are amongst those whose work is most highly esteemed. Most of their work is in ordinary black or bistre, but nearly all have produced wonderful examples in colour. This colour printing, by the way, was exclusively the work of the printer, the engraver's work ended when his needle finished the stippling of the copper-plate.

A Record Price and a Good Book.

Bartolozzi was an indefatigable worker, whose colour print of Miss Farren (Countess of Derby) realised a record price of £609 four years ago. In his own lifetime his works were popular in Society, and in the ranks below, thoughout the country. Now, with the advent of process colour printing, and with the decadence of the engraver's art, they have entered the portals reserved for the rich. Only now and then can you buy a good print cheap. If you want to know more about the man and his work, you should get "Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.," by J. T. Herbert Baily.

At North End, Fulham.

About 1780, when at the summit of his fame, Bartolozzi went to live at Fulham. His income was considerable, but, like many others possessing the artistic temperament, he was always poor. When I read that a day's outing with Cipriani, the painter and his friend, cost him £50 that does not surprise me. The Bohemian temperament, after all, is genius allied to weak human nature. The close-fisted artist is seldom interesting; Morland and Bartolozzi both spent all they earned.

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No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

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Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

J. P. R. (Manchester).—The artist mentioned is of no repute, and value would be nominal.

W. B. (Bow).—Your edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" is worth 5s. only.

L. J. P. (Chiswick).—The Indian Postal Guide is of no commercial value; you would only be able to dispose of it to a private buyer who was specially interested in it.

C. V. S. (Camden Town). French newspapers and map are of no value. See answer to "L. J. P." (Chiswick).

C. A. (Orpington). Coronation number of the "Sun," July, 1838, is of nominal value only, but you might be able to find a private buyer who would purchase for a few shillings.

E. E. (Hammersmith).—Impossible to value pictures from meagre description sent. If sent for inspection, will advise.

SHAKESPEARE (Kew).—Your twelve volumes of Shakespeare's works are worth 25s. to 30s. the lot.

C. J. (Maidstone).—Your edition of Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock" is worth 35s. to 40s.

V. W. (Kingston-on-Thames). Your prints are of no value.

W. T. (Bishop's Stortford). Your volume is not rare, and there is no particular demand for it. Worth 5s.

A. H. O. (Dover Street).—If your coins and medals are important specimens, it would be best to send them to a good auction room, such as Puttick & Simpson's, Leicester Square; but if of only moderate importance, you would do as well to accept the dealer's offer.

MRS H. (Stockport).—Cannot say what china your small bowl is from description; it may be Oriental or Worcester. Send it for inspection, and will value.

H. C. (Bristol).—Jan Van Goyen was born at Leyden in 1596, and died in 1666. Works by this artist are in all the large galleries. If your small panel is a good example it should realise about £20, though more important examples have recently realised from £40 to £100. Do not attempt to clean it yourself; send it to a competent restorer. It will only cost a few shillings

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MARK THE MORMON.*

By WALTER JERROLD.

Fact is stranger than fiction, for I, John Gary, was some years ago the victim of what I may term human duplication.

There was a hue and cry after a man wanted by the police; description of him in the newspapers was accompanied by a blurred something described as his portrait. One afternoon as I boarded a tramcar I found another man following me closely. He sat down by my side, nearer the entrance, though the car was otherwise empty. Turning to me he said quickly:

"I'm a police officer. You'd better come quietly."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Well, I've reason to believe that you are 'Mark the Mormon' who is wanted for that affair in the East End."

I shrugged my shoulders and went without any further demur.

Of course, I had no difficulty in establishing my identity, and was at once released with an apologetic "We can't be too careful" from the superintendent. I retorted that they might be a little more careful than to arrest a peaceable citizen because an over-zealous officer fancied he bore a resemblance to a supposititious criminal.

In the office that afternoon I took out the newspaper and closely examined the portrait, only to be chaffed by my colleagues.

"Hullo! Gary thinks he's going to collar that five hundred by finding the elusive Mark."

"Perhaps he is the Mormon! Now I look at him there is a something about the beard, the—the whole cut of his jib."

"I say, if Gary's 'Mark the Mormon,' here's a chance for us; let's hand him over and share the reward. Come on, Gary, confess—but," with mock solemnity, "remember whatever you say may be used in evidence against you."

I told them to shut up, but on the first opportunity studied myself in the glass. In the train going home to my suburban diggings I noticed two fellows whispering at the end of the compartment and caught the words, "more than like," "blue serge suit, "just the height." This was getting more than a joke, so, as I left the station, I went into a barber's with a new determination.

"I'll have a clean shave, please."

The barber looked surprised as he fastened the towel about my neck.

"As you like, sir, but the clean shaving of a full-haired gent looks suspicious sometimes. I'd leave the moustache if I was you, sir. Beards I never do hold with, and whiskers is a matter of taste, sir, but with a good moustache like yours, sir, a gent does look more distinguished like."

I agreed to the compromise, and, feeling somewhat cold about the chin, left the shop.

"That's him," said an eager voice as soon as I emerged, and I found the two men from the train accompanied by a stalwart constable! Again I was marched to the police-station; again I was released with apologies.

This time the news of my arrest got into the papers, and my landlady confronted me in the morning with the newspaper in her hand, and a frigid request that I would find other lodgings, for she "couldn't have suspicious characters in her house, that she couldn't."

I said mildly that I was not a suspicious character, but a victim of other people's blunders. She pointed to a damning line in the halfpenny journal that purveyed her mental pabulum:

"You was took on suspicion, and so you must be a suspicious character," she said triumphantly.

I accepted the situation, and went off to the office. On the way to the station I again visited the barber's, and sacrificed my moustache. The loquacious assistant was not there, so I was not troubled by comments on the incident of the evening before. The clerks when I reached the office began to make fun of the newspaper report, but their inanities were cut short by the arrival of the boss, who, as he passed to the inner room, said:

"I should like to speak to you, Mr. Gary."

I followed him.

"This is a most unfortunate thing, Mr. Gary; and though I am grateful to you for not having brought the office into the matter, I hope that we shall hear no more of it. I don't know whether it was vanity that led you to shave, but I must say that in business a beard—he stroked his own Boer-like length of hair—"suggests er—er—all manner of business qualities."

I explained that it was not vanity that put me under the barber's razor, but the hope of avoiding the very trouble that it had brought about, and had therefore to tell how I had before been detained as "Mark the Mormon."

"It's very annoying," said the boss. "Look here, Skinner, as you know, was to sail for America on Saturday, will you take his place?"

I jumped at the suggestion.

"Well, send Mr. Skinner to me, and make your arrangements."

My arrangements were soon made, and on the Saturday morning I was comfortably ensconced on board when—but the rest may be borrowed from the special edition of an evening journal, which was sent to me in New York by someone in the office:

"CAPTURE OF 'MARK THE MORMON.'

"A FORGOTTEN ALIAS.

"A couple of hours before the *Orsova* was due to leave Southampton the long-searched for 'Mark the Mormon' was captured by a couple of zealous officers from Scotland Yard, who have been following a trail with sleuth-hound fidelity, and at the very moment when the public was inclined to grumble at the inefficiency of the police, have effected a coup which shows the sureness and secrecy with which, ignoring impertinent criticism, they pursue their avocation.

"The officers, after an interview with the captain of the liner, found their man comfortably ensconced in a first-class cabin. Making themselves known, the detectives arrested the man under the only name by which he is as yet known as 'Mark the Mormon.'

"The prisoner, ingeniously making use on the spur of the moment of the mistaken arrest of three days ago, declared his name was John Gary, forgetting that he had booked his passage in the name of Mr. James Skinner, and also that Mr. John Gary, the victim of the over-zeal of a Streatham policeman, had a moustache."

In the "stop press" of a later edition of the same paper was the following:

"The arrest of a man suspected of being the sought for 'Mark the Mormon,' reported in an earlier issue, proves to be a repetition of the Streatham blunder. Fortunately, the mistake was found out before the *Orsova* sailed, and Mr. Gary was able to continue his voyage."

* * * * *

I was away for about six weeks, and after completing my business returned to Liverpool, hoping that my troubles were at an end. The papers I read on my journey Londonwards all referred to the still "wanted" man, and I could not help wondering if I had returned to further instances of mistaken identity. I wondered whether I had not better label myself—"I am NOT 'Mark the Mormon'!"

I had achieved my business well, and was congratulated by the boss, and also on the renewal of my beard and etceteras! Of course, I got chaffed over the *contretemps* that had nearly prevented my sailing, and Kelsted told me that, in my honour, he and five others were



SEEN FROM ABOVE.
The Welsher.

going to attend the Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden the next evening, all of them got up as "Mark the Mormon," and he suggested that I should go also, as "no disguise was necessary." Thinking there would be safety in numbers, I agreed.

We marched in together—seven of us—barring certain slight differences in height, as like as so many peas. Our appearance caused some merriment, and one after the other was duly hailed with "Hullo, Mark!" "Go it, Mormon!" and so forth.

We rendezvoused in the refreshment-room at a given hour, and, when I turned up, there were already the full number of seven "Marks" there. So like were all that I could not tell which was the one who was not of our party, and tried to make them out by their voices. While we were there other revellers more or less joined with our group, edged one of our number away, and drew him out of the room.

It was suggested that perhaps the real "Mark the Mormon" had been among us.

We had all agreed to walk homewards together in the early hours of the morning. While we were getting our hats and coats, there was a bit of a crush, and I noticed two of our number taken by the arm by a clown and a policeman, both got up "to the very life," and "run out."

I and the other "Marks" laughed over the bit of foolery, but, when we stood on the pavement, there were only five of us!

Deciding that the others must look after themselves, we set out.

We had not gone far before two of our number said they were tired, and would take a taxi. A cab was hailed, and, as they got in, another man jumped in after them, and I distinctly heard the words:

"To Bow Street, sharp!"

"They think they've got the real one this time," said I, wondering how my friends would like the experience of which I had had overmuch. We had only got to the Embankment, our numbers reduced to three, when one of my companions said:

"Hang it! I must go back. I've left something in the cloak-room after all." One of three men who seemed to be following us at once turned back after the friend who had returned.

"Rather like the lessening little nigger boys," said I; "we might have said 'we are seven' but for the eighth chap who was in the same get-up. I wonder who he was. By the way," I added, "I can't help my appearance, but you chaps were all so well got up that I can't tell which was which, I don't even know which it is who is left with me as the last of the Mohicans."

"I'm John Gary," came the astounding answer.

Involuntarily I started at hearing another man, even presumably in joke, claim to be myself. Noticing my start, he said:

"You know; I've already been arrested three times by mistake as 'Mark the Mormon.'"

The voice was not that of any of my friends, and as we turned a corner plump upon a file of half-a-dozen policemen marching off to duty, I said:

"This man is 'Mark the Mormon'!"

My companion paled as he repeated, "I'm John Gary."

"On the contrary, I'm John Gary."

The other man at once started off, but he had not gone far before he was captured.

"I don't know which is which," said the sergeant, using my very words of a few moments before, "but you've both got to come along to the station."

The sensation of eight men being brought up before the magistrate as "Mark the Mormon" on the following morning, and the sequel, will be remembered by many people. The masqueraders were soon eliminated and I was not much longer detained, but the eighth man was the veritable criminal himself. Reading in the newspapers that a famous firm of costumiers had been called upon to supply several 'Mark the Mormon" get-ups, he had determined to go to the ball himself—guided either by egotism or daring. He is now doing time, and I hope that I run no further risk of being mistaken for him.

⁂ *Next week Mr. A. St. John Adcock, the well-known humorist, discusses "The Funniest Thing I ever Saw."*



'Arry (to friend who has given him a cigar): "By Jingo! this is a fust-class cigar, Alf!"
Alf (grandly): "Well, *ra-ther*. You *ought* to get something good for tuppence!"

A STRAIN ON MODESTY.

Ordeal of an Editor with a Proper Sense of Good Form.

WE have handed to ourselves, for review, a copy of the "LONDON OPINION Summer Annual."

Were we not speaking of a publication concerning which modesty dictates silence, we should go into raptures over the extraordinary excellences, both literary and artistic, of this marvellous publication.

Arnold Bennett is in his wittiest vein in both the conception and treatment of his story, "The Supreme Illusion"; and Barry Pain, always humorous, is tellingly psychological also in "Saint Martin's Summer"—were we only at liberty to mention it. H. de Vere Stacpoole and Pett Ridge have their devout followers who will not miss the stories they contribute to this Annual; and the other tales include:

"The Lost Umbrella," by Charles McEvoy.
"Two Territorials," by Frank W. Wright.
"The Bachelorhood of Rupert Denne," by Constance Clyde.
"Books and the Ring," by T. Hodgkinson.
"Number Two," by Sackville Martin.
"Hypnotic Influence," by Dorothy Greenwood.
"Seeking Inspiration," by W. G. Yarcott.
"Romantic Lucy," by Alphonse Courlander.
"A Fit Punishment," by Orme Agnus.
"A Matter of Diplomacy," by F. Morton Howard.
and others.

So much for the stories, which we should not hesitate to describe as a brilliant collection of real gems of literature, were we not bound to absolute reticence over our own wares. As for the artists, we must only give a list of their names, as follows, without a hint as to the epoch making skill and wit of their thirty or forty pages:

Dudley Hardy	John Hassall
H. M. Bateman	Lewis Baumer
G. D. Armour	Max Cowper
Bert Thomas	Hamilton Williams
George Belcher	Chas. Pears
Arthur Watts	Alfred Leete
Hope Read	Nora Schlegel
Oscar Wilson	Frank Hart
Rene Bull	G. L. Stampa
Norman Morrow	Will Houghton
Starr Wood	Arthur Norris
C. Harrison	E. P. Kinsella
F. Patterson	F. Buchanan
Graham Simmons	Ruby Lind
John Currie	F. Styche
J. H. Lunn	G. M. Sullivan

and others.

But while our innate good form precludes anything like blowing our own trumpet in matters of opinion, yet when we come to statements of fact there is nothing to prevent the clear announcement of them, and we can thus mention, without the slightest reluctance, that the "LONDON OPINION Summer Annual" has never been surpassed in quality for one shilling net in the entire annals of the publishing world. A shilling spent on a copy—it is now on sale at any bookstall or newsagents—will make your life happier, whether you be democrat or duke with your veto coming unstuck. How we wish we had not read this volume, so that we were like you, with the pleasure in front of us. Don't let anyone charge you half-a-crown. It's only one shilling.

THE ILLUSION OF THE MOMENT.

By SYBIL CORMACK SMITH.

THOUSANDS of people are at present under the impression that they are going to see the Coronation. It is, of course, an entirely erroneous impression. They will travel over land and sea to see it—purchase expensive seats, stay at expensive hotels, buy things at expensive shops—but they will not see the Coronation.

They will see many things, however. They will see a big crowd in holiday mood, they will see all the Coronation "specialities," and the articles about the Coronation in the newspapers; they will see each other, and they will see London Town excited; they will hear brass-bands play patriotic music, and songs of loyalty sung in childish voices. They will see the Town painted Red, White, and Blue for a space—but they won't see the Coronation.

And it doesn't matter in the least, really. The things which they will see are the things which they are coming to see; the event itself will go on very well without them, but the setting, and the thousand and one things that go to make up a spectacle, depend upon the presence of all these people who are labouring under an illusion.

They are the "atmosphere." The success of the Coronation will not depend upon the weather, or upon the presence of this or that eminent personage to take part in it; it will depend entirely upon its "atmosphere," upon the people who tell each other now that they are "going to London to see the Coronation," but who are in reality going to do nothing of the sort.

Without them, it would be a dull ceremony indeed. All the pageants and processions in the world would be empty of meaning but for the crowds that try to watch them, and the things the crowds say when they fail to do so. What will the impression be, of people who have visited London for the first time—perhaps visited it from a far land—after they have "seen" the Coronation?

Will it be the impression of a King being crowned, of regal splendour, of costly magnificence? Or will it be an impression of a shouting crowd, a singing crowd, with banners flying and bands braying? Will it not be this and the remembrance of the exquisite folly of wearing hideous ties because other people wore them, of singing out of tune because other people did so, of a town a little bit out of its senses, and altogether out of its conventions—of all the other people who came to see and remained to shout?

It is a very happy illusion, really. But for it, it would be easy enough to see the Coronation—but then there would be nothing to see. The millions that are being spent on this great "show" are to be well spent, for they will serve to bring together the people who alone would make the show worth seeing.

It is perhaps the tremendous expenditure which is attracting most people. Their loyalty does not demand that they shall see the King crowned, so long as they know that he is crowned, and so long as they are willing to keep him so. But they are very curious to see a show which is going to cost such a lot to "produce." It is a theatrical venture on a large scale, with London for a stage and all the world for the actors.

They will probably ask, afterwards, where all the money has gone—but that does not matter. People always ask questions like that when enthusiasm has had time to run down, and fervour begins to look a bit like foolishness.

It is not foolishness, all the same. Or, if it is, it is a fascinating foolishness, and a fortunate one. We should be a sorry lot without it. Our sanity depends upon our ability to lose our heads sometimes. The man who never does that is melancholy mad. As well never to have been in love, or never to have purchased anything one did not require.

So there will be thousands who will not see the Coronation, but who will see something far better—that fascinating mixture of types which is the most engrossing thing in the world. Uniformity is the only thing that palls. A "perfect" character is irritating because all its traits match each other; and the second or third perfect person you meet rouses you almost to fury. Racial types become monotonous when you have seen them repeated time after time; what is marvellous in one, is maddening in a dozen.

Think, then, of the fascination of that Coronation Show. For once London will be shaken out of its set, though ever-changing, type. From a thousand channels fresh blood will pour in—people who have not yet had time to key themselves up to the London tune.

What a glorious mixture it will be!—the accents of a hundred provinces, the colloquialisms of a thousand "sets," the styles of a score of countries! When each one of us is not busy staring at everyone else, he will be staring at himself and asking if he is right, or if they are. And he will expect no answer to the question, for the whole of the Coronation will be nothing but a big, unanswered question.

We shall eat all our meals at the wrong time, and eat all the wrong things with them. We shall catch trains and 'buses at unaccustomed hours, and stay up when we ought to be in bed. We shall wear awful colours and forget that we are not colour-blind. The disorder of it will fill our ordered brains with joy. We shall find out that there is only one good thing about rules, and that is the possibility to break them on occasion.

We shall admire with our whole souls. We shall hail all men as our friends, and pick out the accent of a long-forgotten native village in a dozen places in the crowd. We shall forget the house-rent, the state of the share-market, and the harem-skirt. We shall be intent on only one thing, and because we are intent, we shall be part of a spectacle never to be forgotten.

We shall run up bills that are too big, and wear clothes that are too loud, and be forced to give up our seaside holiday; we shall invite all our friends from the country up to London, and have nowhere to put them when they come.

We shall lose our heads, and our watches—if we are not careful—and all our loose change.

We shall shout till we are hoarse, and stare till our eyes ache—but we shall not see the Coronation.



"I am going to ask your father for your hand."
"Delighted! I will call and bring you flowers every day until you are able to be out again. I have never seen the inside of a hospital!"

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

A New Reason for Picture Buying.

"Barney Barnato knew nothing of music, and never read a novel in his life. But he liked 'picthers,' especially the frames. He had one genuine picture, by Sidney Cooper. I said to him one day, 'That's a nice study.' 'Is it?' he answered; 'well, I bought it because one of the blessed sheep looked exactly like me.'"—*Reminiscences of Kimberley*, by Louis Cohen. Bennett. 6s.

The Modern Son.

"Two gilded youths were out on the moors shooting, and their fathers (the providers of their wealth) were also in the vicinity.

"The youths were shooting rather wildly.

"'Take care, old man!' said one to the other. 'You nearly winged my father then!'

"'All right, boy!' said the other. 'Have a pop at mine!'"—*Coronation Chuckles*, by J. Hickory Wood. Charles Taylor. 1s. net.

Meditations of a Mean Man.

"This is the way of it: A woman begins promising nothing and ends by giving *all*. A man begins by promising everything and ends by giving *nothing!*"

"An affinity may be described as a woman who doesn't cook your dinner, but cooks your goose!"

"A girl's heart is like an umbrella. Sooner or later some fellow is bound to steal it."

"Before marriage, a woman is 'absolutely perfect.' After marriage, she is perfectly absolute!"

"She who marries her puppy love is apt to lead him a dog's life."

"Dead widows tell no tales. Their friends do that for them!"

"Here's an acrobatic axiom for you: A fellow no sooner wins a girl's hand than he is under her thumb."

"Love is never too blind to see what there is in the pocket-book."

"Is it sowing one's wild oats to reap a grass widow?"

"A vegetarian widower and a grass widow should be well-mated."

"It is useless to try and drown your sorrows in the flowing cup. Sorrows are expert swimmers."

"Nature study is ever fashionable. We are forever looking up somebody's family tree."—*Meditations of a Mean Man*, by Walter Pulitzer. Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

An Old Dublin Play-Bill.

"*The Tragedy of Hamlet*, originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works, will be performed by command of several influential people in this learned metropolis.

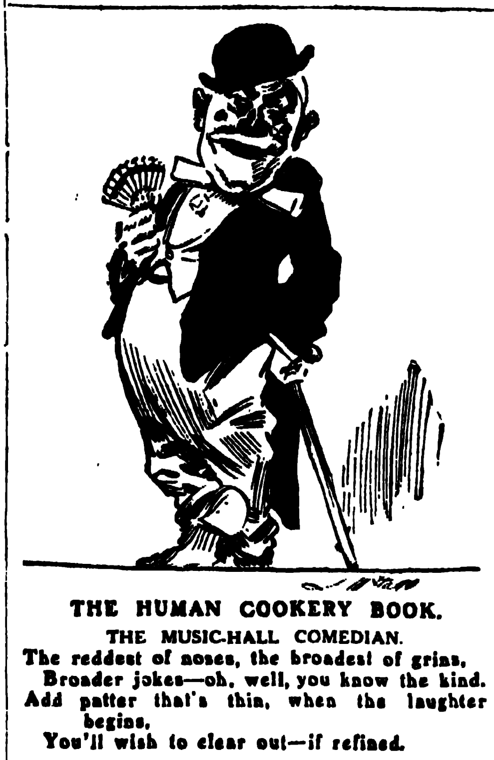
"Hamlet by Mr. Kearnes, who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent Bagpipe which plays two tunes at the same time.

"Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character.

"The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted as too immoral for any stage.

"The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, cheese, etc.

"No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings."—*Memoirs and Memories*, by Mrs. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.



THE HUMAN COOKERY BOOK.

THE MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN.

The reddest of noses, the broadest of grins,
Broader jokes—oh, well, you know the kind.
Add patter that's thin, when the laughter begins,
You'll wish to clear out—if refined.

The Duke and His Trousers.

When Sir Edwin Landseer was painting the Duke of Wellington's portrait, hoping to save him the trouble of much sitting, he wrote and asked if he could let him have the trousers belonging to the uniform. The Duke wrote back, in all solemnity, "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir Edwin Landseer, and regrets that he cannot send him the trousers, as he has but one pair."—*Memoirs and Memories*, by Mrs. C. W. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Wagner in Bohemia.

"The few faithful friends who came to see me had to put up with my going on scribbling music till late in the night. Once they prepared a touching surprise for me in the form of a little party which they arranged for New Year's Eve. Lehrs arrived at dusk, rang the bell, and brought a leg of veal; Kietz brought some rum, sugar, and a lemon; Pecht supplied a goose; and Anders two bottles of the champagne with which he had been presented by a musical instrument maker in return for a flattering article he had written about his pianos. I soon threw the confounded 'Favorita' aside, therefore, and entered enthusiastically into the fun."—*My Life*, by Richard Wagner. Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.

Where Women Prevail.

"There is little doubt that, politically and economically, the women of Finland hold a better position than those of any other country in Europe. Only two professions—the Church and the Army—are closed to them; and if they 'determined to enter either' I have no doubt they would succeed. (It is said that the captain of one of the coasting steamers is a woman.) From street sweeping to the law, all other trades are open to women, with certain restrictions about the higher branches. For instance, no woman has yet been appointed judge. They are specially successful in architecture, and particularly in demand in banking. As the saying goes, the chief cashier of a bank should always be a woman, for she is much less likely to run away with the funds than a man!"—*Letters from Finland*, by Rosalind Travers. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. Illustrated, 7s. 6d net.

A Splendid Dancer!

"Lord Mark was a superlative dancer. The science and quickness which served him so well in either the Rugby or the Association game made him equally redoubtable in the ball-room. His great weight gave a terrible momentum to his course down the floor, and made victory certain in every encounter when his cleverness seized the moment for provoking it. Couple after couple threw themselves in the way of Lord Mark and Lady Cerise, panting to bring them down. But the same fate awaited each pair. They were dashed to the floor, or hurled, stunned and gasping, against the walls, and Lord Mark passed on without a stagger." *The Devil in Solution*, by William Caine. Greening & Co. 6s.

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Isola, by Alice M. Diehl, and *Zarya*, by Dixon Scott, are among Messrs. John Long's recent six-shilling publications. Both stories are very well told.

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Messrs. Greening & Co. have lately issued a story of Boccaccio by May Wynne, entitled *The Master Wit*. 6s. *The Silver Shamrock*, by Capt. Henry Curties, is another recent publication, a novel of mystery and adventure in Paris and London.

THE PERFECT LIAR.

A Sketch of a Student of the Art. By Cyril J. Hodges.

The lift had just started to descend when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

"How do?" said Brown extending his hand cordially. Of course I was delighted to see him. He was such a breezy fellow, was Brown. Quite a raconteur—one who seemed to know everybody and to have seen everything. At least, that was my impression of the man, though I must confess our acquaintance was not a lengthy one. To be more precise, it must have been about a month since he was introduced at the club as a new member. But a month's acquaintance with Brown seemed a lifelong friendship. He crowded more into five minutes' conversation than most people do into a week.

"Quite a treat to get out of the sun," I said as we walked towards the platform.

"Ah, my boy, you mustn't mind this. You surely don't grumble at to-day's temperature? Why, it's barely above freezing point. Wait till you've sweltered in the tropics as I have, with the flies by day and the mosquitoes by night. Wait till you look for the butter and only discover the greasy paper. Wait till——"

If I'd waited to hear any more on the subject we should have both missed the train. As it was I just hauled Brown through as the doors were slammed.

He was engrossed in a fresh topic ere we had rattled from the platform into the tube. He was still at it when we drew up at the next station. He desisted, however, as the fresh passengers crowded in, and graciously uncrossed his legs to allow room for a charmingly clad young lady to continue her way down the car to a vacant seat.

Brown nudged me when she'd passed.

"Pretty girl," he whispered.

"Yes, very," I assented.

"One of the chorus at the Gaiety."

"Oh," I said, for want of a more brilliant rejoinder.

"Yes, but they're a queer lot on the boards."

"Never had much to do with them," I volunteered.

"Ah, well, we all buy our experience, and I've bought mine, and what's more, I've paid for it too." So saying Brown pointed mysteriously to the lobe of his left ear.

"See that," he said.

"Yes."

"There's a bit missing, isn't there?"

I scrutinised the ear closely and said I thought there was.

"Shot away," he said.

"Good heavens, you don't say so?"

"Yes, result of a duel," went on Brown carelessly. "To be candid, old man, I was once indiscreet enough to return the affections of a prima donna."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, it happened when I was a student in Paris."

"I didn't know you were an artist."

Brown smiled complacently. "Ah, well, it's only one of the many phases of life I've dabbled in, but to continue. I happened to dash off rather a smart impression of the lady. It was published in the leading journal. She fell in love with the sketch, wanted an introduction to the artist, and so forth. You can guess the rest, old man," and Brown sighed as only a successful Romeo knows how.

"And the duel?" I queried.

"It pains me to talk about it, but there, it's all over now. He recovered of course, but it was a near thing. I only meant to teach him a lesson, but the fool jumped just as I fired, and of course the bullet went where I had not intended it. If he'd only stopped where he was—but I get off here. Good-bye, old fellow."

Brown made a hurried exit, leaving me mentally distracted and unable to concentrate my mind on the evening paper or on the advertisements facing me in the



She (weary of waiting): "If you sell' t'dog, John, we could get married."
He: "Ah! wouldn't Oi look a silly to sell a dog like that to be married."

car. It was only when we pulled up at the next station that I discerned the book Brown had left behind him on the seat. I picked up the volume, which showed distinct taste in binding, and opened it expecting to find a well-thumbed classic. What I beheld was quite an unexpected title. It was entitled "Secrets of Social Success."

After turning over a few pages I found the book opened naturally to where a marker was inserted, and I read, "A man should not always wish to appear a hero. In many cases a little mystery, or a past, is an improvement on heroism. For instance, an entanglement with a society beauty, or better still an actress. Quite a simple anecdote told nicely, and embellished in accordance with the reciter's powers of imagination, will enhance a man greatly with the fair sex and with his fellows." Then followed an example somewhat similar to the story Brown had recounted to me, though not quite so florid.

I took the book round to the club next time I went, and on Brown's name being brought up in conversation I mentioned the matter to a small coterie of friends.

"It certainly seems more than a coincidence," grunted Hatherly.

"Suppose we put him to the test," said the effervescent young Smiffkins, and we all agreed.

"What subject shall we draw him out upon?" asked Parker.

"Here's the very thing," I said, quoting aloud from a portion of the work devoted to 'Talk on Big Game Hunting.'

"Agreed," they all cried, and we waited like big game hunters ourselves for Brown to emerge from the card room. He was talking big to his bridge partner when he did enter, concerning a young man who revoked for the first and last time at a gambling saloon in Texas. He desisted, however, as soon as he espied us, and young Smiffkins, with more skill than I gave him credit for, turned the conversation from Texas to the States, and then on to Ex-President Roosevelt and his reputation as a big game hunter.

Brown sniffed the air like a man-eater smelling blood.

"There are others," he said at length. "Roosevelt is not the only one who shot a grisly or stalked a lion. I shan't forget the time when I tried to get a cub to present to the delightful daughter of the British Consul at ——. Ah! she was a charming creature if you like," and Brown sighed deeply. "She used to idolise us big game hunters and me in particular, and I determined to steal a march on the others by getting a cub for her. So I took my gun one evening, mounted my horse, and rode out into the scrub where I had previously tracked a lioness to its lair. Leaving my horse in a donga I crawled through a thicket to where I guessed I should find the cubs. Sure enough I saw them playing in the moonlight, and I had no difficulty in annexing what I considered the finest specimen of the lot. Unfortunately, however, the lion and his mate were not as far off as I expected, for I hadn't proceeded far when a scream from my horse told me he scented them. Rushing quickly forward I saw two eyes glittering in the bush not twenty yards ahead. Taking careful aim, I discharged both barrels of——

"Gunpowder," interrupted Smiffkins rudely.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said it doesn't say anything about the Consul's daughter in the book."

"In the book?"

"Yes, in this little volume you left behind you in the tube the other evening," I chimed in, holding aloft the book triumphantly.

For a moment he was nonplussed. For just three seconds his assurance threatened to desert him. But for no longer. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, recovering perfect composure. "I wondered what had become of that little work. Only wrote to my publishers this morning for another copy. Never told you fellows I did a little literary work, did I? No effort, I assure you, in a case like this. Simply a matter of writing one's own experiences, you know. Quite an easy task for a——"

"Student of the art," said Smiffkins, as he and I sauntered off for a game of billiards.



Insults to Lady Golfers

13 Years ago : by Theodora Wilson Wilson.

To come straight to the point, Lord Wellwood wrote the insults, Mr. Horace Hutchinson edited them, and the Badminton Library carried them forth throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The insults are the more dire, because they are so unintentional—so naive—so genuine. Let us, in the light of Ladies' Championships, Ladies' International Contests, and Ladies' Coronation Competitions, gaze into the blank darkness of the male golfer's mind.

It is only fair to quote verbatim and italicise the poison.

"We have always advocated a liberal extension of the right of golfing to women. Not many years ago (this was printed in 1898), their position was most degraded. Bound to accompany their lords and masters to golfing resorts for the summer months, they had to submit to their fathers, husbands, and brothers playing golf all day, and talking golfing shop the whole of the evening, while they themselves were hooted off the links with cries of "fore," if they ventured to appear there. We therefore gladly welcomed the establishment of ladies' links—a kind of Jews' Quarter—which have now been *generously provided for them* on most other larger greens. (Note Hoylake Ladies' Links, for example, where the water lies all the winter, and the hay dominates the spring and summer.)

"Ladies' Links should be laid out on the model, though on a smaller scale, of the 'long round,' containing some short putting holes, some longer holes, *admitting of a drive or two of seventy or eighty yards*, and a few *suitable hazards*. We venture to suggest *seventy to eighty yards* as the average limit of a drive *advisedly*; not because we doubt a lady's power to *make a longer drive*, but because it cannot well be done without *raising the club above the shoulder*. Now, we do not presume to dictate, but we must observe that the posture and gestures requisite for a full swing are *not particularly graceful* when the player is *clad in female dress*."

Such a paragraph as the above merely leaves us breathless.

"A Jews' quarter!" I thank thee for that word!

"I always feel such a leper on the men's course!" said a sprightly young golfer of four handicap to me.

"A seventy-yard drive!" Even the twenty-six handicap lady would blush at such an insinuation. Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Cecil Leitch, and a host of others would—well, perhaps it is better not to say what they would think. Miss Issette Pearson has very much to answer for in hounding on lady golfers towards an ambitious goal requiring "postures and gestures" not particularly graceful when the player is clad in female dress.

Perhaps the initial blunder made by his lordship and Mr. Horace Hutchinson was in not suggesting that ladies should do the round with putters or croquet mallets.

The ungraceful posture! Look at the accompanying drawing from a photograph of Miss Cecil Leitch, and then let every lady repudiate the insinuation.

There are swings and swings, as we all know to our cost, and a false swing deserves to look ugly—as indeed it always does, whether the golfer be clad in female attire or knickers.

Yet listen once more to his lordship.

"Their right to play, or rather the expediency of their playing the long round, is much more doubtful. If they choose to play when the male golfers are feeding or resting, no one can object. But at other times—must we say it?—they are in the way; just because gallantry forbids to treat them exactly as men."

Do women keep men back on the links? Yes, often. But the men have always the right to ask to pass. Do men keep women back? Yes, often and often. Foozling men often drive lady players frantic, because, however much ground they lose, the ladies cannot pass, while male enemies coming on behind blame the ladies for slowness which it is impossible for them to better.

At Hoylake recently, I and my lady partner could not get on through the slowness of the men in front, and were caught up and had to let three couples pass before we could advance. Without boasting, I think we were quite capable of keeping our places on the green.

But, lastly, hear his lordship!

"As to women playing the long round with men as their partners, it may be sufficient to say, in the words of a promising young player, who found it hard to decide between flirtation and playing the game: 'It's all mighty pleasant, but it isn't business!'"

In the light of 1911 we ladies can smile at these insults. After all, it is wiser to smile than to resent, to stick to our game, and to reduce our handicaps, than to pause protesting.

Men have not even yet arrived at any standard method of handicapping.

And yet—for your private ear, we have not all yet, perhaps, quite learned to play the game.

A London professional told me the other day that a lady recently came to him for lessons, and in arguing against his instructions, remarked:

"But—I cannot put my feet as you say, because——"

This is the twentieth century, and a sporting generation is abroad, yet the trail of the hobble skirt had arrived even on the golf links.

So much I dare to admit to his lordship.

• • •

SAYS HE IS NOT GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWER.

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Do you Want to Know About Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupations, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to achieve Success?

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "LONDON OPINION" READERS who WRITE AT ONCE



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centered at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birthdates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

It is not to be denied that astrologers have excited the interest of enlightened people of all ages, but there have been many earnest thinkers reluctant to accept the theories of the ancient Chaldean science. One can only judge the potency of the science of Astrology by a personal application of its principles. To have all the cardinal events of your life spread out before you; to read an undeviating description of your true character, habits and inclinations, is proof positive that the mighty power that shaped the universe and set the hands on the dial of time to mark the destiny of man, has not left us without the means through which we may know ourselves, through which we may fathom the mysteries of life. Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of LONDON OPINION, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month and year of your birth, and also state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 40B, No. 14 Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins [illegible] in your letter.

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FUN AND FIVE-POUND NOTES

In our "Doubles" and "Trebles" People Competition.

FOR **Competition 375** a **£5 note each** is awarded to:

George Perry, High Street, Tendring, Essex.	Edward Grieve, 206A Tressillian Road, Brockley, S.E.	H. A. Hoare, 64 Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone.	W. J. Asplin, Bulls' Bridge, Hayes, Middlesex.
Treble. *A. R. Low* (p. 320) *A Rising Lad.*	Double. *Marie Lloyd* (p. 323) *Meaning Looks.*	Treble. *Mr. George Edwardes* (p. 326) *Most "Engaging" Gentleman.*	Treble. *The Primrose Earl* (p. 324) *Eloquent Though Pessimistic.*



Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

And Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

J. Kendall, 45 Lady Somerset Road, N. W.; G. McCombie, 290 Mount Pleasant Road, Tottenham; N. Macdonald, 93 Breeze Hill, Walton, Liverpool; D. Bratt, "Charlecote," South Road, Stourbridge; A. Farnell, 3 Hind Street, Wyke, Bradford.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

FIVE pound notes are handy for the holidays. If you want a few, try this Competition. You'll get amusement, and hope, and brain exercise—all good things, anyway, whether you capture a fiver next week or not.

We offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** *each* for the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

Mr. Charles Hawtrey. **Miss Lily Elsie.**

Lord Curzon of Kedlestone.

or any name mentioned in pages 394 to 402 (from "Peep Show" to "Plays and Players") in this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the name you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on the bearer of the name.



Miss Lily Elsie.

If more than one initial or Christian name is given, *you may use any of them* so long as you use only two letters to begin the two words of your Double, or three letters to begin the three words of your Treble. You may reverse or transpose the initials if you like.

You may send as many attempts as you like in the same envelope, but each name must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete and separate, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same names frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 377, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 13th June. Results will appear in the issue published on **Wednesday, 21st June.**



Lord Curzon of Kedlestone.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 377.**



I .... *Signature*

of .... *Address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 377, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in London Opinion.

Name Chosen ....

Double or Treble ....

IN PETTICOAT FAIR.

By Mrs. HUGH ADAMS, *Editor of the "Social Guide."*

Dress of To-day.

THERE is no doubt about the extravagance that rules the world of dress to-day. Never have frocks been made of such perishable fabrics, and never have trimmings been more elaborate or more beautiful than they are this season. Colours also are very vivid, bright scarlet, bright green, royal blue, and all manner of brilliant shades being used on all occasions, while more than half the frocks worn at afternoon parties and receptions are far more suitable for evening toilettes than for day wear.

Transparent Coats.

With all the smartest frocks one notices transparent lace or chiffon coats are being worn. These are effective and smart, and come in for a lot of admiration. Black chiffon coats are perhaps first in favour, the majority of those being trimmed with a narrow border of satin or velvet ribbon, while from the hem hangs a deep silk fringe.

These cloaks also look very well in colours, particularly when they match the toilette underneath.

A vivid rose-red chiffon coat with a deep rose-red silk fringe was much admired at a recent smart wedding, as was also a pale plum-coloured chiffon cloak mounted over a silver-grey net, worn by a middle-aged lady. Dark blue chiffon mounted over silver net is a favourite combination for this purpose. One lovely cloak of this description used for evening wear had a trimming of silver-grey satin roses laid flatly round the hem and adorning the deep square collar—a very smart effect.

Shot-Silk Tailor-Mades.

First in fashion for everyday wear are smart coats and skirts made of shot glacé silk, trimmed with fancy braiding of the same colouring, or with a fancy design made of loops and buttons of silk similar to that of the costume.

Those silk tailor-mades are generally cut on artistic lines, special features of them being short skirts, coats reaching just below the hips, and a bodice made of the same shot silk and ninon to match. Not only are such costumes very smart, but they are extremely serviceable, as they do duty for morning wear, and are quite elaborate enough to wear for afternoon functions as well.

Summer Frocks.

At the present moment, cotton, muslin, zephyr, and galatea frocks are of utmost importance. These are certainly best bought ready-made—several charming designs in "Tub" frocks of this description being quite the most profitable bargains of this season.

Coats and skirts made of striped galatea are very cool-looking and very up-to-date, and these promise to be even more popular (once the river and holiday seasons open) than the ubiquitous tussore coat and skirt was last year.

Several Charming Designs.

In passing one must touch upon the real merit of washing frocks, which have never before reached the excellence of to-day, when every other large store is making a bid for the patronage of the ready-made buyer.

One gown of this description is of powder blue and white striped delaine, made with a smart blouse bodice fastened on one side in front with blue satin buttons and loops of a deeper tone and a white waistband to match—the collar and cuffs being of white embroidery edged with Cluny lace. Another charming model is of grey fancy washing *crêpe* cut on Directoire lines, the only trimming being a row of purple loops and buttons that reach from the collar to the hem in front, the whole being relieved with a turned-down lace collar and lace cuffs.

Lancer Feathers.

The craze for Lancer feathers becomes more acute every day. Smart milliners nowadays seem to count no hat correct unless it is loaded with this graceful and expensive form of trimming. The pity is that such a fashion seems as if it were going to be ruined by over-popularity, for it is declared that by the time Ascot is over, no really well-dressed woman will venture to appear in the now ubiquitous black Tegal straw hat adorned with coloured Lancer plumes.

• • •

The "Perla" Preparations.

The long days out of doors which the Coronation festivities will inevitably entail on women of fashion will be very trying to the appearance unless great precautions are taken. Do readers know of the "Perla" preparations? These pure cosmetics of most moderate price are made from old French recipes of great value. Indeed, it is claimed for the "Lait de Beauté" that it is the identical lotion prescribed for Queen Marie Antoinette by her clever Court physician, to the daily use of which she owed the whiteness of her exquisite skin. The full list of these aids to beauty, which can be procured from all stores, chemists, etc., will be sent post free to anyone who writes for it to the "Perla" Toilet Company, 84 Fulham Palace Road, London, W., mentioning LONDON OPINION.



HYDE PARK—SUNDAY MORNING.

'Arry: "Say, Bill, wot's the difference between a atheist and a agnostic?"

Bill: "Well, yer see a atheist don't believe in nuthink, and a agnostic only believes in abaht 'arf of it!"



Stocks and Shares

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

The combination of Epsom Races and Whitsuntide is not one making for active markets, and there is little of interest to report. How difficult the City chronicler's task sometimes is, is shown by the fact that in the City the other evening one could see side by side the placards of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the former announcing "Further Rise in Rails," and the latter "Home Rails Close Weak."

Home Rails have been steady, and an attempt will no doubt be made to engineer a rise on Whitsuntide traffics. Americans have been active, with a rise in prices, but, for the reasons stated below, we do not trust this market. Among miscellaneous securities, Forestal Lands are still talked up.

Cheaper Rubbers.

In our last issue we promised to give a list of those rubber shares which we considered the best worth buying when prices had receded sufficiently to make this course worth following. Since we wrote, prices have sagged further. Our own opinion is that, while rallies may occur from time to time, the end of the fall has not yet been reached. We do not, however, claim to be omniscient, and it must be left to those individuals who are watching this market with the intention of buying at the right moment to form their own judgment as to when that time has arrived. All that can be said is that the *good* rubber shares are a much better purchase now than they were some weeks ago. Here, as in so many other things, it is not the lowest priced article which is the cheapest; and Kepongs at 6⅛ or Linggi Plantations at 40s. are a great deal cheaper than, say, Way Halims at 9d.

The Best Rubber Shares.

The following is, in our opinion, a selection of some of the best rubber shares at the present moment:

Name.	Nominal Value.	Amount Paid.	Price.
Ceylon Pará	2s.	Fully paid	9s. 3d.
Glenshiel	£1	"	4½
Kepong	£1	"	6⅜ xd.
London Asiatic ...	2s.	"	10s. 3d.
Kampong Kuantan ...	2s.	"	9s. 6d. xr.
Sialang	£1	"	1 5/16
Tebrau	£1	"	2⅜
United Serdang ...	£1	"	4¼
Linggi	2s.	"	41s. xd.

Americans.

The rise in American prices following the Tobacco decision is another evidence of the utter artificiality of this market, and there are probably few cases on record where stock prices are more divorced from actual conditions. The position in the steel industry is very bad indeed, and, generally speaking, trade throughout the United States is unsatisfactory. The building trade—generally a good index of the state of affairs—is slack. The estimated cost of building operations in the whole country for the first four months in the year shows a loss of 11·3 per cent. as compared with the same period in 1910. Against these unfavourable factors has to be set the fact that crop prospects are good, and that money is cheap. American markets are, of course, so in the hands of manipulators that it is impossible to forecast the course of prices; and the speculator in Yankees usually gets fleeced either way. All that one can do is to point out that the best informed people in the States agree that fundamental conditions justify a fall rather than a rise in prices. In any case, however, American *Bonds* (and good ones can be obtained to yield fully 5 per cent., and sometimes more) should go to better prices.

* London Opinion has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

A Chairman's Joke.

If chairmen at company meetings were in the habit of telling as good stories as that related by Lord Rotherham at the Fine Cotton Spinners' Meeting, held the other day at Manchester, shareholders would turn up in better force than is usually the case. Lord Rotherham stated that once, when returned for a constituency, he was told that it was the local custom for the member to attend an open-air hospital demonstration on a certain Sunday afternoon and to head the procession. When, however, he was handed a printed programme, and saw that they were going to begin by singing a hymn, the first line of which ran: "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on," he declined with thanks! Lord Rotherham strongly supported the proposed action of the Fine Cotton Spinners to acquire a controlling interest in two large cotton estates in the Mississippi delta, and the result of this bold policy will be awaited with interest.

"The 100 Best Investments."

This is something new in the shape of a financial work, and should certainly meet a long-felt want. There are already quite sufficient financial books of reference in existence, but to toil through hundreds—nay, thousands—of pages in search of the best securities for purchase is altogether beyond the powers of the ordinary investor, who is more likely to find chaff than wheat. The present work contains, arranged in order of yield, the 100 best investments, those being divided in four sections, viz., those yielding 3½—4½ per cent., 4½—5 per cent., 5—6 per cent. and 6 per cent. and over. The selection has been performed by experts and is the result of a process of filtration, so that the would-be investor is enabled to take his choice among those securities that have borne the test of close investigation. A page is devoted to the description of each security, and, in every case, an opinion is expressed as to the quality of the security, and the considerations on which such opinion is based are set forth. The book contains a valuable introduction by Emil Davies, dealing with some important, little known aspects of investment. The work is published at 1s. net by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Limited, 57 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and should be in the hands of every investor.

Short Lived Mines.

The attitude of the investing public towards proved mining properties is peculiar. The shares of mining companies which have for several years proved their ability to work at a good profit have been and always will be popular with a large section of the public on account of the high return they make; Waihis notwithstanding. Lulled into a sense of false security by the regular receipt of their dividends, many holders forget that, in the case of a mine, they have to deal with a wasting asset, and that part of their dividends should be regarded as a return of capital, to be set against the gradual working out of the property. Recognition of this fact should result in a gradual fall in the price of a share as the mine approaches the end of its life.

Lengthened Lives.

Actually this seldom happens; and, as in the case of the Robinson and Ferreira mines quite recently, the necessary readjustment occurs in the shape of a sudden fall in price. As regards the best Transvaal mines, it must be admitted that only towards the closing period of a mine's life does this question of a sinking fund to be taken by each shareholder out of his dividend become pressing, for the discovery of fresh bodies of payable ore, or a cheapening of working costs rendering possible the exploitation of existing bodies of hitherto unpayable ore, very frequently extends the life beyond estimates. Once frightened, however, by the shortness of the life, the public in such a case seldom allows for this improvement, with the result that those in the know are often able to make a good thing by picking up the shares of good mining properties [illegible] be practically exhausted.

A Dying Kaffir

A share of this description, which appears to come under this category, is that of the Jumpers Gold Mining Company, now quoted at 1⅜—1¼. This company has had a prosperous existence of twenty-four years, during which period it has paid out in dividends a total of £562,100. For a Rand Mining Company the capital of £100,000 has always been regarded as phenomenally small, this being due no doubt to the fact that the mine is an outcrop one and has no deep workings. It was generally expected that the mine would be worked out last year, but it goes on crushing and earning profits merrily month by month and is now working jointly with the Treasury Gold Mine, a property also nearing exhaustion, the Jumpers Company taking two-thirds of the profit and the Treasury the remaining one-third.

Benoni Shares.

The interesting point about the Jumpers Company is that it owns 100,000 shares in the Benoni Consolidated Mines, *i.e.*, share for share of its capital, besides various other shareholdings and assets, which, leaving Benonis out of account, now total about £35,000. Benonis being worth £1 per share and the Jumpers cash assets equalling another 7s. per share, the purchaser at the present price of 30s. is paying 3s. per share in a mine which is earning for its shareholders fully 9d. per share per month, and in which fresh bodies of payable ore are found from time to time. The fact that twenty additional stamps were dropped in April is significant. The next dividend is due to be declared in July, and, seeing that the Benoni property will start crushing in a month or two, the purchase of Jumpers Shares at the present moment appears to afford opportunities of profit with little likelihood of loss.

The "Sanitas" Company.

A final dividend of 5 per cent., making in all 7½ per cent. for the year, was declared at the recent meeting of this most successful company; £2,000 was added to the reserve fund, £3,000 to contingency account, and a balance of £2,978 8s. 6d. carried forward to next account.

The increase, both in sales and profits, was larger than in any previous year of the company's thirty-three years' history.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," 57 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. The Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form (Telegrams: Briforcol, London). No charge is made.

"*A. C. L.*"—Have nothing to do with the firm mentioned. "*J. F. S.*"—As we telegraphed, you cannot withdraw, but must pay calls as they become due. Associated Portland Cement Second Debentures are fairly well secured. "*Central.*"—Gt. Central Ord. are talked higher, but have written you regarding several factors which may militate against a substantial rise. The oil shares you mention are a fair speculation. We consider Benonis to be a good purchase. "*H. J. K.*"—A perusal of the cutting we sent you from the *Financier* should convince you of the folly of being led into wasting your savings on the "syndicate operations" about which you write. "W. D."—We send you by post particulars of good Debentures yielding £6 9s. 9d. per cent. and £6 8s. per cent. respectively, which we consider to be more attractive than the stocks you named; moreover, these Debentures should improve in price. "*W. M. D.*"—Have replied by post regarding the six stocks about which you wrote. Strongly recommend the Debentures, particulars of which we send you, yielding £6 10s. per cent. "*Submarine.*"—We consider Baku Petroleum quite high enough at their present price. Have sent you particulars of a promising Industrial share yielding £7 10s. 4d. "*P. R.*"—Bukit Mortagam are a fair holding at present prices. "*D. B.*"—You could do better than purchase Dolcoaths and South Crofty shares. Standard Bank of South Africa shares are a good holding, but yield less than some other first-class banking shares. "*A. E. P.*"—We have given you our opinion by post regarding your investments. You can obtain 4½ to 5 per cent. with safety. "*Astrild.*"—New Eras are a fair speculative holding at present prices, the market price about representing current value of the company's assets. "*R. T. P.*"—Dealings in Premium Bonds come under the Lottery Act, and are illegal in this country. "*W. T.*"—You should immediately advise the Secretary of the company of your change of address. "*G. E.*"—Have sent you by post particulars of three securities giving an average yield of £5 7s. 6d. per cent. William Whiteley's Preference and George Newnes Cumulative Preference can be improved upon from the point of view of security. "*A. H.*"—Keep Zambesia Exploring shares, Fanti Consols, and Ashanti Goldfields for higher prices. We send you particulars of two holdings yielding 7½ per cent. and 6¼ per cent. respectively, which should suit your requirements. "*G. A. R.*"—Give us the name of the firm and we will advise you. "*J. L.*"—As you joined the reconstruction scheme, you must pay the calls. "*D. C. R.*"—Hold Zambesias for higher prices.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

SILENCE may be golden, but there would be mighty little satisfaction in clinking two silences together.—*Judge.*



"I think I have met you somewhere before, madam."
"Very possibly. I have been there!"
—"Fliegende Blätter."

It is just as well to bear in mind that Opportunity isn't an habitual knocker.—*'Frisco Star.*

• • •

Horse sense is knowing when to bridle your tongue.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

If lots of us made it a rule to pay as we go we wouldn't get very far.—*Chicago Age.*

• • •

In riding a hobby it is sometimes necessary to use a curb bit.—*Pineville Leader.*

• • •

Some men feel that the world is all wrong because God made it without consulting them.—*Ohio Democrat.*

• • •

A man is never old enough to know enough not to marry a girl who is young enough to be his granddaughter.—*Herneville Herald.*

• • •

You can't tell how much money a man is making from the clothes he wears. You must get a look at his wife's.—*Pittsburg News.*

• • •

A commercial man's view of the payment of Members: "Now Mr. Balfour—he's wonderful value for £400, but some of the others . . . "—*Punch.*

• • •

What is the dearest ambition of the pretty actress, shopgirl, typist? To find a wealthy husband who will keep her in luxury and idleness, to wear the loveliest gowns that money can buy, to be a queen without a queen's responsibilities.—*Black and White.*

• • •

The report that the real Ark of the Covenant, containing the original Ten Commandments, has been found by a party of English archæologists on the site of Solomon's Temple, reads as though Rider Haggard had become the Jerusalem correspondent.—*Kansas City Times.*

Justice is sexless, though she wears petticoats in pictures.—*Blaine Tribune.*

• • •

Some men tell the truth because they are too lazy to think of a lie.—*Kineton News.*

• • •

Suppose the prodigal son had come home to find that his family had turned vegetarians!—*Mayfair.*

• • •

No man is ever quite so conceited after he has attended his own wedding.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

Many a young man is rather fast about everything except settling his bills.—*Louisville Courier.*

• • •

Many a married man loses almost as much money playing poker as his wife loses buying bargains.—*Henton Herald.*

• • •

The softest powder puff in the world isn't as agreeable to the touch of an old maid's cheek as a two days' growth of beard.—*Heronville Times.*

• • •

How can a man expect his wife to be interested in his business when half the time he doesn't know the colour of her last new dress?—*Banlock Gazette.*

• • •

It is pleasant to watch artists of all kinds writhing under treatment from the critics which is exactly parallel to their own dealings with Nature.—*Guardian.*

• • •

Why spend a life time in an attempt to eke out a miserable but respectable existence, just being a wife and mother, when an abandonment of modesty and most clothing, a firm belief that your shoulder, neck, ankle, nose, figure, or profile is the most perfect of its kind, and there you are—an adoring public, much money, and a life of adulation? Surely the stage as a profession is pre-excellent.—*The World.*



THE NIGHT NURSE.

"Will you take a cup of coffee, nurse?"
"Oh no, madam—that would keep me from sleeping!"—"Le Rire," Paris.



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London Opinion, 17th June, 1911.

LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.
17th JUNE, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 378.
(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 436.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 468.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



THE OLD GAME.

London Opinion.

Proprietors: London Opinion Limited. Sole Directors. Bertram B. Van Praagh (Chairman). Lincoln Springfield (Editor) Louis Meyer (Art Editor) Managing Directors.

No. 378. Vol. XXIX. 17th JUNE, 1911. Price One Penny.

WHIPPED TOPICS.

Strawberries are still dear—however cheap the leaves are becoming in these reforming times.

• • •

Friendly society criticism of the Insurance Bill is not all friendly and does not represent "Society."

• • •

A new novel is called *The Legacy*. Is this to suggest that everyone would like to get it as soon as possible?

• • •

Lord Kitchener has joined the Board of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Now we shan't be long!

• • •

A contemporary asks what is the safest kind of pocket for those attending the Coronation festivities. A full one, we suppose.

• • •

"Motor-car Turns Turtle"—thus a recent news-heading. If some of them would turn tortoise our coroners would not have so much to do.

• • •

A promised new play is entitled, *The Peckham Pretender*. The only ones we know of are the men who live in Peckham and pretend they don't.

• • •

Although Jack Johnson will be in London for the Coronation, it is considered unlikely that a match will be fixed up between him and the King's Champion.

• • •

"Never," says a summertime rhapsodist, "has London been more green." And the hotel proprietors expect to find our visitors harmonising with the colour scheme.

• • •

The fact that the Blackburn Rovers were stoned after a match in Buda Pest the other day suggests that Continental football is rapidly approximating our own high standard.

• • •

With a desperate desire to keep its functions select, a dancing club advertises, "Admission—Gents, 1s.; ladies on approval." The individual who has to give the approval, and the occasional disapproval, ought to wear armour.

• • •

"The ball given by the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace was a brilliant one. The Duke received his guests wearing his uniform."—*Evening News.*

But the Duke's guests were not wearing his uniform. Those were the butlers.

• • •

The Earl of Darnley advocates a strict observance of the Sabbath up to 12 o'clock, and all sorts of games in the afternoon. Such a plan might unduly hamper the picturesque rhetoric of the badly bunkered golfer.

• • •

Most of the newspaper accounts of our race gatherings and gala night audiences dwell with nauseating toadyism on the representation of wealth. Yet we affect disgust at similar vulgarity on the part of the Americans.

Some of the Wexford bhoys have been burning Union Jacks. Other Wexford bhoys have many a time cheered it under fire.

• • •

The Lyceum advertises "*The Only Way*—Popular Prices." It isn't the only way, but it is the most sensible way, and good luck to it.

• • •

Paper towels are being experimented with in Kansas. If their use becomes general, the supply of dry newspapers will easily answer the demand.

• • •

One of the new colours in dress materials is called "flame of Vesuvius." We know a wearer of it, an Irish girl, who is a very purty crater.

• • •

Coronation crowds are warned to carry their valuables in their trouser pockets. That's all very well for the men, but—er—well, something will have to be thought out.

• • •

Since Burton-on-Trent started a ladies' fire brigade all the great humorists have been cracking the early Egyptian joke about hose. The same is hereby warned off Southampton Street.

• • •

A German schoolboy who is being educated at the Evangelisches Paedagogium, Godesberg-on-the-Rhine, is spending most of his holiday in England telling people where he comes from.

• • •

A head-line in a daily says, "Bernard Shaw's Bust." We are grieved. Thus we mourn the passing of another promising career in the making. The name, too, bade fair to become known.

• • •

An official report says "the American public has taken to the telephone as a duck takes to water." Somehow, the association of the telephone and the duck makes us think chiefly of the bill.

• • •

Pelorus Jack, the famous dolphin, has received further protection by an order in council. The largest fishes in our own waters need no special protection; they are always the ones that get away.

• • •

A doctor tells a grateful world that the effects of the sun's rays coming through glass are highly beneficial to the complexion. Too much whisky taken in the open air is, however, to be discouraged.

• • •

The Times complains that manœuvres in the New Forest are bad for butterflies and their eggs. One would like to hear an old-fashioned martinet of liverish tendency on the subject of the butterfly's egg as an obstacle to military efficiency.

• • •

Resolved, at the Rochester Diocesan Conference, that the amount of money spent on recreation calls for the anxious attention of churchmen. Righto—and extravagant outlay is quite unnecessary when the *L. O. Summer Annual* can be bought for a shilling.

THE JOY OF JUNE.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

JOY is the tune of June. If there be any health in you the joy of June riots in your blood, makes your eye bright, your laughter ring clear, and your footstep gay. It is easy to feel young when the ripe grasses trammel the travelling foot, when the rhododendrons are mad with exultant colour, and when the nightingales make the short night drunk with passionate melody. In our cold and melancholy climate June is like a bacchanal. The wine of the interloping sun warms our frozen veins and fills us with Provençal mirth. We feel life rising in us like sap. We forget the carks and cares of breadwinning, the worm of getting on, the canker of competition, and the miseries of a career. It is good to escape from the money-making treadmill and to give oneself over to the useless dance of the leaves in the wind, the unprofitable music of the waves, and the utterly wasteful plash of oars. For June reduces the world of work to absurdity and helps one to laugh in the face of the multi-millionaire.

• • •

HAS there ever been a more joyous June than this? Has nature ever flung her largess more generously at the weary feet of labouring humanity? Has life ever been better worth living? Surely not. All our lives long we shall remember the Coronation June. For once nature has condescended to be human and make her mood rhyme with the mood of her most devout worshippers. She might have drenched us with rain and chilled us with icy blasts, for in England nature is capable of any crimes. But she has had the grace to see that the Coronation month is no time for gratifying the cruelty of her caprices. For once she is quite conventional, and has conquered her passion for paradox. Let us emulate her. Let us give ourselves over to the childishness of joy. Let us rebel against all the cold grey gods of thought and for a while unlearn the art of discontent. The Coronation, like our food, may cost us more, but let us be extravagant for once and afford the luxury of a merry heart. It is a good thing for a man to be in a good humour. It is a still better thing for a nation to be in a good humour. And although as a nation we have plenty of troubles and tribulations, it will be helpful and healthful if we let them slide while the King and the Queen are being crowned.

• • •

THERE is no doubt that London just now is a city of laughter. One feels the mirth of the great world-capital wherever one goes. The people are in high spirits. It pleased me on Whit-Monday to see the universal gaiety of the crowd. And the beauty of it was that the poor folk were the gayest of the gay. There is nothing on earth so charmingly pathetic as the power of the poor to distil happiness out of nothing. I do not know whether the battered men or the battered women are the more touching spectacle. You can see the scars of poverty on their faces, and the smile that sits among the scars is a wonderful thing. The misery of the poor is a tragic revelation, but still more tragic is the joy of the poor. The misery of the poor provokes one's wrath, but the joy of the poor provokes one's reverence. And with the impulse of reverence comes also the impulse of shame at one's own feeble output of rejoicing. How can the fortunate folk dare to nurse their melancholia when the stricken ones can triumph so gloriously over their environment?

• • •

I AM not sure that the Coronation does not mean more to those to whom it ought to mean little than it means to those to whom it ought to mean much. The multitudes against whose faith and enthusiasm countless barriers are being erected in the streets are the very life and soul of the great festival. The crowds for whose discipline the police have devised an elaborate code of rules and regulations are the very heart and core of the whole splendid ritual. I confess that my sympathy goes out to the dim masses of the people, and that my emotions are stirred by the thought of their patience, their resignation, their geniality. Bless their hearts, they have no notion of sulking or grumbling because they take but a microscopic part in the junketings and jollities. They are content to sink their identity in the general chorus of jubilation. They are hardly conscious of their obscurity. They cheerfully contribute their mite to the vast treasury of glee. I have a tremendous admiration for the magnanimity of the multitude. Whatever they may be, at any rate the people are not mean.

• • •

THE people have their faults, but they have at least one shining virtue. They are free from the disease of envy. Is there any other section of the community of whom that can be said? It is a wonderful thing that in these times when the newspapers have destroyed the privacy and secrecy of wealth and rank there should be no cancerous jealousy in the consciousness of the people. We hear much about the generosity of the rich, but it is not a patch upon the generosity of the poor. They have the simplicity of soul that enables them to delight in the good fortune which is beyond their experience. They can cheer their King and their Queen with their cavalcade of great and glorious ones without a selfish twinge or an egoistic pang. They can share the splendour of others as if it were their own. This they do without conscious effort by virtue of their divine prodigality of patience, their sublime nobility of acceptance, their heroic pleasure in beholding the felicity of others.

• • •

I WISH it were possible to crown the people as well as the King on Coronation Day, but, at least, let us see in the crowning of the King a symbol of the self-sacrifice and self-abnegation of the people. Their willing fealty fills the medieval ceremony in Westminster Abbey with a rich significance. All over the Empire humble hearts are beating with disinterested joy in an event which brings them no material boon. Of old the people had bread and circuses at times of national rejoicing. But to-day no fountains spout wine, no oxen are roasted whole in the streets, no gold pieces are scattered among the crowd. The joy of the people is as spontaneous as the sun that showers golden light on the leaves.



[Early arrivals in London for the Coronation are finding the scaffolding of the stands somewhat obtrusive features of the landscape.—*Daily Paper*.]

Miss London: "I must make haste and finish dressing. The guests are beginning to arrive."

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY.

To ask a woman her age needs courage to face her rage.—*G. C. Maunsell.*

If a man never made a bet he would never know how poor his judgment is.—*Julian Eltinge.*

The idealist is in love with his ideal—the sentimentalist is in love with his love of his ideal.—*E. M. Hives.*

Pessimism is the philosophy of the immature, who make demands upon life which it was never meant to satisfy.—*Dr. Muirhead.*

Freedom is a good thing, but let us not make too much of it. In Pennsylvania, for instance, a man is free to marry his mother-in-law, but no man ever does.—*Bishop Mallalieu.*

Cheerfulness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Heaven and hell are but conditions of the mind.—*D. McClymont.*

After all, the easiest way to get money is to earn it.—*Peter McArthur.*

Eve was the first publisher when she produced the *Drapery Record*.—*G. R. Sims.*

Lots of people are bubbling over with enthusiasm, but bubbles don't accomplish much.—*H. Thompson.*

The most popular girls are those who can make a young fellow think everything he says is funny.—*Walter Pulitzer.*

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



CHILDREN OF TOIL.
No. 3.—The Charwoman.

Wonderful Times.

HUSTLING through! The House of Lords is being knocked into smithereens—experiencing a sort of "revolution while you wait"—the Constitution is beginning to resemble a roadside inn turned inside out; insurance schemes, permitting the working classes to attend cricket and football matches when they should be at work, and provide for them—at our expense—when they are "unemployed" or malingering—all these merry little larks are proceeding and nobody cares the proverbial tinker's malediction. Nero rendered a violin solo what time the Palace guard was calling out the Roman fire brigade. The Tory "leaders"—oh, what leaders! fool about on golf courses and racecourses, or make themselves idiotic at fancy dress balls, what time the Liberal crowd in the Commons is wiping them out of existence. Not many years ago when marching legions with Kentish hop-poles went to Hyde Park and demanded the docking of the Peers' powers, and the ducking of the Peers, the world laughed at the game as a farce. It isn't laughing now.

• • •

A Quick Change.

TO-DAY, while Mr. Balfour is aeroplaning and star-gazing, and Lord Rosebery maunders before a score or two of sleepy aristocrats, the trick is done—and done without the country apparently caring twopence. "London Bridge is broken down!" ran the old song. The House of Lords is broken up. A careless public lets it go by the board. One morning we shall find Ireland with Home Rule. In a dreamy, muddled way we shall remark, "Why this is the blessed thing we used to kick up such a row about! This is what the Unionist party was formed to prevent. Well, what's the odds? Let the Orangemen take care of themselves. If they can't stand Ulster, bossed from Dublin, let them become aliens and clear off to Ulsteralia. Tim Healy is practising in English law-courts so the 'union of hearts' must be all right. And, now, to come to things that matter. Do you know anything good for the Cesarewitch?"

• • •

It Holds the Field.

THE Coronation is a veritable Aaron's rod. We are mad and silly over it. Peers are less concerned about the stability of their positions than the cost and the fit of their Abbey robes. Everything is "Coronation." Even the race for the Derby a fortnight ago was screamed about as a "Coronation Derby," because it took place the same year as King George assumes the chains and hat of office. We might as well call a blue paper from the county court a "Coronation summons." As for the past and gone struggle at Epsom, a friend of mine said he preferred to name it the "Crown Derby," and when I asked the reason, he replied, "Because I was mug enough to drop five shillings on it." The traders and theatre-managers of London are complaining loudly. Money is being diverted from the ordinary channels. Kaiser William's visit did the drapers a bit of no good. Their customers spent afternoons staring instead of shopping. The "classes" are full up with social engagements and don't want to be bothered with playhouses, and the masses—with Whitsuntide; the big "do" of next week; and the annual summer holidays coming close together—have to retrench.

• • •

A Good Spirit.

EXCLUDING a very few places in London, the indoor amusement business has undergone a terrible slump. In the country the condition of affairs is deplorable. Nor is this to be wondered at, for some of the performances dished up for provincial consumption are a disgrace to the stage and all concerned. A music-hall paper asks: "Are there not proprietors who place no higher value on the artiste's work than on that of the ordinary labourer? Can it be wondered at that each large town contains several once-prominent performers who prefer to earn their living with a musical instrument outside the pubs?" There are scores of so-called "artistes" who deserve to be paid less than the ordinary labourer, for they have no brains, talent, or the vestige of an idea of humour. Well, it is no use grumbling. Outwardly we seem happy and contented in town. Nobody is spiteful, or malicious, or envious. Of hot nights the humble public watches the upper crust driving to State balls and drawing-rooms and crushes. They are quite happy. When an antiquated family coach comes along they gaze at the occupant very pleasantly. It is rattling her bones over the stones—she's only a Duchess whom nobody groans.

• • •

Overdoing It.

A WEEK or two since, when the newspapers were full of stories about the tremendous coming traffic across the Atlantic, I warned you, upon excellent authority, that these tales were simple moonshine. Recently I came across this paragraph, "A Liverpool shipping official states that the Atlantic bookings are not nearly equal to last year's total. The high prices asked in London for facilities to see the Coronation processions were discouraging visitors." What a drop in prices there will be on the eve of the great ceremony! As the economic housewife leaves her marketing until late on Saturday night, so will the prudent sightseer wait until the 20th proximo, or thereabouts, to pick up his bargain. And after he has got it let him walk warily. For the gentle pickpocket will not be solely animated by sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, and there are a few bargains he also reckons on picking up.

IT is a pity—odds, guns, and marlinspikes!—that Mr. Irving's revival of the Surrey and Victorian melodrama, *Margaret Catchpole, the Female Horse Stealer*, did not catch on in the West-end, for it is quite a classic in its way. The part of the bad man was much beloved of old actors, and among them must be reckoned Newton Treen—otherwise "Brayvo!"—Hicks, and Edmund Faucit Saville. This last was a famous "villain at the Vic," while his brilliant sister, who married Sir Theodore Martin, was, as Helen Faucit, England's greatest and most artistic actress in the last century. The ancient melodramas, whereat John Hollingshead poked much fun, were a real delight, and I recall with rapture the evening I saw Walter Reynolds—now of the London County Council—perform Count Roccalconi in that blood-curdling work, *Susan Hopley*. This was the startler referred to by H. J. Byron in the lines

From the Past.

> Shades of suffering Susan Hopley!
> Party treated most improp'ly."

At the moment how shall I entertain the vast hope of encountering its like again? I am asking you.

• • •

AWAY down at Bath, in the spring of 1855, you might have seen *The Life and Death of Ned Cantor; or, the Mysteries of Bordercleugh Abbey and the Negro Slave Boy's Revenge*, a new version of the immortal J. F. Smith's novel, frequently played as *Woman and Her Master; or, the Peer, the Poisoner, and the Maniac*, which sounds very disrespectful to the House of Lords. I remember "Teddy" Royce, the Gaiety favourite of olden days, appearing in this. At the Bath show, Marie Wilton played the boy, and her parents and sisters were also in the cast. Ten years later she became manageress of the most fashionable and artistic theatre in London, and as Lady Bancroft all of you know her. Another old-timer was *Jonathan Bradford; or, the Murder at the Roadside Inn*. Jonathan kept the George "on the Oxford Road," and was hanged for a murder he committed only in desire. He was executed for killing a rich customer named Hayes, but it was shown that, when Bradford was about to commit the deed, the victim had already been murdered. This is what happened, but in the drama a happy ending was provided, Jonathan being represented as a worthy person, and the villain was duly done down.

Marie Wilton.

• • •

DAN MACRAISY, the villain aforesaid, is run to earth in the vault where the funeral of Hayes is going to take place. The procession arrives, and the coffin is about to be lowered, when the horrified murderer commits suicide. A curious gentleman took the trouble to work out the dates, and this was what he found. Jonathan Bradford was arrested the day after the crime, remanded for three days; awaited the result of the coroner's inquest another four days; brought up for final examination the next day; committed to the assizes and confined for twenty-eight days; tried for three days; found guilty and waited for date of execution at least ten days. So that, according to the dramatist, the body of Mr. Hayes was kept above ground for seven weeks and a day before receiving funeral rites. Here was obviously a violent assault upon the dramatic "unities."

A Long Wait.

• • •

Blame the Weather For This.

ON the broad Downs—"play up! pitch and bowl"—y!
A horse stole a victory Joel-y:
In the play—'twas no "cinch"—
'Tis the horse that they pinch,
In a manner quite Maggie Catchpoley.

• • •

AND, talking of stealing, all good fortune to the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society. There are still people in this country who would "steal the common from the goose," and the Society, as a beneficent universal rural policeman, does valuable service in keeping such in its eye. At this glorious season the country is a delightful free heritage of the people and makes one glad to be an Englander, whether great or little. The gorse lands of Surrey are a marvellous sight, and, when the sun puts his crown upon them, we realise that he is a king-maker indeed. The pity of it is that such scenes of beauty should attract the attention of an infinitesimal portion of the public who crowd in mobs for any artificial street show or exhibition, while ignoring the always open Royal Academy that Nature has provided.

Our Lovely Land.

• • •

Very Appropriate.

[MISS VIOLET LORAINE is to be principal boy of Drury Lane pantomime.]

Lo! reign auspicious starts in joy—
"Reign, reign!" we echo once again:
And when we hail old Drury's "boy,"
How fast will rain the shouts—"Loraine"!

• • •

AS I prowled through the streets in the hope of purchasing a pound of strawberries which might be picked up at a price within the compass of a poor working man's pocket, great was my satisfaction to learn, from a momentary visit to a Free Library, that the National Debt is getting gradually paid off. Finding that only £731,000,000 remains as the balance of liability, I went home extremely comforted in mind, and had a good supper before going to bed. It was as though a great weight had been lifted from me. Personally I am fond of lifting. So are other folk apparently. At Hampstead, on Whit Monday, an enthusiast lifted my best handkerchief, which cost me—already hemmed and stitched—fourpence-halfpenny of the best bronze.

Comforting.

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"BEWARE the awful avalanche!" was one of the peasant's last good nights in the Longfellow poem, where the hero adopted London's hotel Coronation charges for his motto. We can say "Good night!" on our own accounts when we behold the speed of taxi-cabs on the high road. Only the other day I was noticing how some of these vehicles outdid the much-abused and much "trapped" motor-car. There seems to be no remedy. The Home Secretary is as indifferent to this as he is to roller-skating in the streets. The aggrieved pedestrian can do nothing. If he stopped a driver what would happen? Just a taste of bitter (language) and a dash. And the whirlwind on wheels would be out of sight.

Rapid.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Latest Gossip About People of the Social, Literary, Theatrical, Flying, and Sporting World.

ONE of the Princesses here for the Coronation must not be taken too seriously—Princess Kawananakoa. It is a Sandwich Islands title. Her father was the late James Campbell, a Scotsman who went to the Islands as a ship carpenter, and was the first man to build a sugar mill there. After years of toil he became one of the wealthiest of the Hawaiian sugar planters. His wife was one of the dusky native beauties.

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I MENTIONED, in the issue of 20th May, that Mr. Frank J. Gould was acquiring Gaiety Theatre Company shares on a large scale. But I scorned to make a sensation of it, as some of the dailies, rather belatedly, are doing. Mr. Gould has acquired 7,000 or 8,000 Gaiety shares, as well as a charming Gaiety-girl wife. But talk of him superseding Mr. George Edwardes in the Gaiety command is merely what Mr. Gould's countrymen would call a "pipe dream."

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MIND you, I suspect George Edwardes would not be sorry to drop the Gaiety, in order to devote himself entirely to his own Daly and Adelphi enterprises. But that a man of his character will submit to being hunted out of the Gaiety by the dollarous Gould is unthinkable. He will probably stay on now longer than he had intended.

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AT a semi-public dinner the other evening, the Duke of Marlborough found sitting next to him a pleasant stranger who talked democracy glibly and interestingly. The Duke found it less heating to agree than to argue—and has since figured in the American papers as an advanced thinker who is very much disposed to throw overboard the old shibboleths for a programme of drastic social reform!

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THE appointment of Lord Kitchener to the Board of the Chatham and Dover Railway Company, reminds me of a train story in which he and General Botha were concerned. While they were discussing terms of peace there were several fruitless interviews before a working basis was agreed upon. At the end of one of these discussions Botha got up and remarked: "Well, I'm afraid I really must be off." "There's no hurry," Kitchener answered pleasantly. "You haven't a train to catch, you know." "But that's just what I have," was Botha's reply. Next morning the chief of staff reported a successful Boer raid on a British armoured train on the Delagoa line, only a few miles off. Botha had caught that train!

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THAT'S the only railway story I know of the new railway director, but other kinds of stories are endless. I must relate one more. During the Boer war, Lord Kitchener had as an orderly a young scion of a noble house who had joined the Imperial Yeomanry as a trooper. He could not quite understand that he was not on terms of perfect equality with the members of the staff, and having been summoned one morning to carry some dispatches for the commander-in-chief, he entered the room with a jaunty air. "Did you want me, Kitchener?" he asked calmly, while the rest of the staff gasped for fear of what would happen next. Kitchener, however, merely looked at him with a quiet



REHEARSAL PERSONALITIES.

The Thin One: "Remember, please, that I am a star."

The Other: "Oh, I know you are a star, but you would look better, dear, if you were a little meteor!"



AT THE FRIENDLY LEAD.

The Audience (at the conclusion of a turn): "Ongcore! Ongcore!"
The Chairman: "Ongcore be blowed! We'll 'ave the same bloke sing agin!"

smile. "Oh, don't call me Kitchener," he remarked gently, "it's so beastly formal. Call me Herbert!"

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AMONG the animals awaiting quarantine clearance at the Charlton Kennels, Shooter's Hill, are some foxes just imported by the Duke of Orleans. They come from the Pyrenees, and will go into the Duke's private collection, to be used in connection with certain fox-breeding experiments in England. Foxes are as susceptible to rabies as other animals; indeed it will be remembered that the bite of a rabid fox caused the death of Lord Doneraile.

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THOSE who possess, in addition to a poetic instinct, the ability to use it when and where it will do the most good, are indeed favoured of the gods. The prominent example of this genius to-day is Gilbert K. Chesterton, who qualifies with the following: "I once remember trying to soothe a lady upon whose drawing-room carpet I had unintentionally left large tracts of London soil, by telling her that perhaps if she watered them something would grow there, something fresh, fragrant, and unexpected, that would shame the flat and scentless flowers of the carpet."

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THERE is indignation among people having seats to let on the route of the Coronation procession on account of Government competition. Stands have been erected in the Green Park (public property) accommodating thousands, and these are at the disposal of Government officials at a nominal price. Many of these officials have obtained tickets for friends, some of whom have been selling them at much increased prices. Naturally, the ratepayers, who are losing the sale of their own seats, in addition to the upset of their usual business, are objecting to the jobbery of helping to finance this kind of competition.

IT is the slump in licensed property which has helped to bring down the Birkbeck Bank. It had made advances on mortgages to many hotels and public-houses in London, and, if foreclosure of these loans is decided upon, it will obviously be an anxious time for the tenants.

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THE older London clubs must shudder at the announcements of luxury which appear almost daily concerning the motorists' new home in Pall Mall, the Royal Automobile Club. In the first place, it is not the club tradition to be talked about much in the Press. Then the evident rivalry with the restaurants indicates a new spirit. When it comes to big-scale entertaining, the old object of London clubs—retreat—is defeated. Sala's definition of a club, as "The Bellman" of Minneapolis recalls, was "a weapon used by savages to keep the white woman at a distance." As long ago as Beau Brummell's day it was seriously debated among the dandies whether it was permissible to bow to ladies whom they know from the club windows in St. James' Street, and definitely decided that it was not.

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I RECENTLY recounted how the Maharajah of Kapurthala (Harrow and Oxford) was taking shiploads of English and French guests out to the marriage of his son to Princess Brinda of Jubbal. For the benefit of friends who could not go, the ceremony and the festivities were, by the bride's orders, cinematographed. The film, nearly 700 feet in length, will be exhibited in London picture theatres in a week or two.

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A KEEN eye will evidently have to be kept on the most picturesque spot in London—the lake in St. James' Park. Despite the outcry raised against the proposed removal of the pretty suspension bridge, someone is responsible for the erection of a wooden trestle

bridge over the water, marring the rural scenery. They say it is to relieve the traffic over the suspension bridge, but there was no need for anything of the kind as long as the pedestrians from St. James' to Buckingham Gate were properly regulated or guided by a few police.

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DISCUSSING in the club the other night as to whether British or foreign plays predominated in town, we had to leave *Lady Patricia* out of the argument, because nobody knew on which side to rank Rudolf Besier. R. B., though English by habit and long residence, was born on a raft, where his father, a Dutchman engaged in commercial pursuits in Java, and his mother, an Irishwoman, had taken refuge during an earthquake. His grandparents spelled their name Bessière, and were Channel Islanders. So you see the difficulty.

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THE pretty cousin of the Canadian, home for the Coronation, was motoring with him down to Richmond. "Do you have reindeer in Canada?" she asked. His misunderstanding was probably intentional when he replied: "No, darling; at this season it generally snows."

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TO the letters after one's name it will soon, merit permitting, be possible to add F.Ae.S., or A.F.Ae.S., the former being Fellow of the Aeronautical Society and the latter Associate Fellow. The former will only be granted to men of great eminence in the science of aeronautics, and the latter will be for men in a responsible technical and scientific position. The Society is changing its constitution and creating this new Fellowship rank; and the letters after a man's name will really signify what they seem: they are no empty or purchasable honour. The Society is the oldest Aeronautical Society in the world.

IT is no longer a secret that the "Mr. E. Smith" who has entered for the *Daily Mail* £10,000 flying prize is Mr. E. Sassoon, who has shown himself an aviator of the daring type. He is not the only flyer who veils his identity under a pseudonym—in this case I suppose we correctly say *nom de plume*—two or three flight pupils preferring to remain *incognito*. One, at least, of them adopts this course for the simple reason that his people would refuse to countenance his ambition if they knew of it.

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IN the opinion of experts the slow and sure will have at least as good a chance as the very swift aeroplane of winning this £10,000. Mr. S. F. Cody has entered, and his machine although by no means a slow flyer, is one that will stand a good deal of knocking about, besides having good wind-staying qualities. The pilot, too, is one of those men whom nothing daunts or wearies. Mr. Cody will be one of the "favourites," and his would be a popular victory.

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MR. OGILVIE is an aviator of an unusual type for such desperate racing as is afforded by the Gordon-Bennett contest. He is literally one of the pioneers, for he was experimenting on gliding machines four or five years ago. He is a remarkable combination of the student and the flyer, and has given up the past few years entirely to laborious work at Camber, near Rye, where he has lived an almost solitary existence for months on end, slaving away "like a nigger" with his engines, and making clever flights over the sands and the sea. He is a strenuous worker, although he need not be; and he belongs to what we should like to recognise as the "twentieth-century type" of young man, as a contrast to the gilded idler.



THE HOTEL PROPRIETOR'S DREAM (CORONATION TIME).
He refuses the Rajah of Jojokeopore's offer of £10,000 for a week's board and lodging.

IT is unlikely that we shall ever see large fields competing in our long distance races unless more attention is devoted to the supervision and better condition of our racing tracks, says Colonel Hall Walker, in his preface to the *Atlas and Review of British Race Courses*, just published. The appointment by the Jockey Club of a practical Inspector of race courses, would, says Col. Walker, probably be a step in the right direction.

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AT the conclusion of the present cricket season Albert Trott is expected to return to Australia.

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LIEUT. H. A. LILLEY, the Yorkshire Regiment, Rosslyn Park and Headingley forward, has left for Uganda, and will be lost to English "Rugger" for two years.

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LESLIE GARRETT, the old Alleynian and Surrey wing three-quarter, who has been a schoolmaster at the old Royal Naval College, Eltham, and latterly at a private school at Eastbourne, is now resident in France. He is staying at Epernay, but hopes to play Rugby football in Bordeaux next season. He will be missed by his club and county.

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THAT ever popular London star, Vesta Victoria, is having trouble on her American tour, and has had to start an action against her manager, Col. Thompson, for breach of contract, claiming £5,000 damages.

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OUR old friend, Christmas Daisy, is due to fulfil an engagement at the Leopardstown Royal Meeting on 10th July. Whether or not he is successful in the "disthressful country," I would just drop a hint that I know of no horse in training more likely to win a big handicap this year than "the Daisy," who, over a course of a mile or thereabouts, is probably the fastest horse in the country.

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A RUSSIAN correspondent writes me that a fortnight ago that very disappointing horse, Pure Gem, ran second in a race at Moscow. When he occupied the same position in the Cesarewitch two years ago, Mr. J. B. Joel stood to win a larger sum over his horse than he ever had at stake before in horse-racing.

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DON'T forget that Raeberry is "expected" in a Sprint race in the near future.

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FOR the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot to-day, I hear that Persse's selected is expected to be bang on the premises, with Spanish Prince as the danger. At the moment of writing this astute trainer has not shown his hand, but personally I should fancy Bachelor's Double more than Bachelor's Hope, as it struck me that Stern rode anything but a good race on the Jubilee winner in the Coronation Cup. To wait with Bachelor's Double, and then take on Lemberg for speed, was a mistaken policy.

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JACK JOHNSON, the champion heavyweight of the world, who arrived on Monday last with three motor-cars, diamonds and precious stones by the hat-full, and a pretty white wife, is following the precedent originated by Tommy Burns. He is asking £6,000 win, lose, or draw, as his share, for any fight in which he may condescend to take part. Shades of poor old Jem Mace! The old champion frequently fought for not half that amount of shillings.

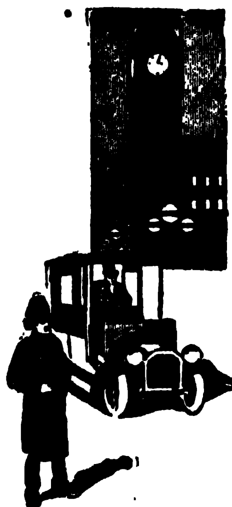
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MY Newmarket correspondent writes me that Senseless has thrived exceedingly on his work lately, and the little grey will pay to follow during the next few weeks.

THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



We are all off on our holiday, and for the moment the constitutional crisis has ceased to trouble, and both Peers and Commons are at rest.

Indeed, except in the newspapers, there has not been a crisis; and there is not going to be one. There will be a little sparring between the gladiators after the Coronation, but it will partake of the "make-believe" in which politics abounds. The Parliament Bill will, by one method or another, reach the Statute Book in a few weeks, and everybody is well aware of that; but what people are not anticipating is the possibility that, at the end of it all, nobody may ever think of it again, and that the machinery of the Parliament Bill may never be brought into play.

Its existence will hasten "compromise" on great issues, for a Liberal Government will be anxious to secure the passage of its Bills at the earliest possible moment, and the Peers will be anxious to make terms with their adversaries when they are in the humour, so that on both sides there will be a disposition to "give and take." Besides, is not "compromise" a blessed word with all our politicians?

Naughty Winston.

Lest, however, we might become weary in well doing, and get a surfeit of "the peace that has broken out" (as Mr. William Redmond puts it), Mr. Churchill enlivened the proceedings before the adjournment by his onslaught on the Judges, and thereby went perilously near to producing a stormy scene. It was not so much what he said as the way he said it that caused the trouble; but whatever his opponents may think of him, none of them has ever denied to him the possession of unbounded courage. It was nothing to him that there is a tradition that Judges should not be criticised at Westminster. He thought that, in view of recent Election Petitions, some of them are not models of impartiality, and he said so. What has happened has, however, proved the foresight of the objection urged at the time when the trial of Election Petitions was transferred from Parliament to the Law Courts, for it has brought the Judges into the hurly-burly of politics, and has divested them of that halo of impartiality which on all other occasions sits so easily on their brows.

The suggestion that the trouble might be averted by providing that no M.P. should be eligible for appointment to the Bench until some years after he should have ceased to be in Parliament is proved to be valueless and irrelevant by the simple fact that not one of the judges whose decisions have been adversely criticised ever held a seat in Parliament.

Exit Sir Henry Seymour King.

The unseating of Sir Henry Seymour King in Central Hull has occasioned general regret, and an uneasy feeling that he has been made a scapegoat for the sins of others. He was so modest and unassuming that he had troops of friends, but no enemies; and it seems hard lines on him that he should be sacrificed for breaches of the law which, to the man in the street, seem trivial in comparison with the disclosures at the hearing of the Election Petitions.

Woolwich Will.

What should be do without Will Crooks? He is one of the chartered libertines of the house, and also—or should I say "therefore"?—one of its darlings. His interjections are a never-ending delight to all his colleagues, and his humour perennial. Lord Hugh Cecil was tilting at his friend and enemy Mr. Churchill because he was not present to answer questions. "You wait till you're a married man," ejaculated Will. The House roared when it appreciated the irreverence of such a shaft at the most sacerdotal of legislators, and the laugh became louder and longer when it was recalled that, only the day before, another Churchill had been born into the world. The best of jokes are those which leave something to the imagination, which compliment in a subtle fashion the intelligence of the listeners; and it is in that respect that the natural humour of the elect of Woolwich excels.

A Beauty Test for M.P.'s.

It is well for many of us that we have not to undergo a Beauty Test before election to Parliament. The Master of Elibank said the other day that an Election Agent needs "the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the craft of Machiavelli, and the daring of Napoleon"; but, if all these wonderful attributes are essential to an Agent, what must not the Candidate possess? Judging by recent revelations, the cheque-book of a Carnegie would be invaluable, whilst the glib tongue and a capacity for kissing all the babies in the constituency are regarded as time-honoured accessories.

But Mr. Jardine, of Somersetshire, has his eye on the Beauty question. Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Labour M.P. for the Ince Division of Lancashire, is not exactly the dream of the poet so far as facial beauty goes, although he could hold his own with the Prime Minister in the matter of talk; and when Mr. Jardine was classifying the Trades Unionists, and labelling some of them as "nice," it was daring on Mr. Walsh's part to add that some of them are "good-looking." Mr. Jardine promptly retorted that the personal beauty of the member for Ince was nothing to boast about. Under ordinary circumstances such a remark would have been voted very rude; but the knowledge that Mr. Jardine is as "mild-mannered a man as ever scuttled a ship," and that Mr. Walsh had brought it all on himself, served to avert the resentment that might otherwise have arisen.

A Man of Weight.

Indeed, the House is generally responsive to a personal reference, "always provided," as the lawyers say, that it is neither malicious nor ungenerous; and another proof of that fact was forthcoming when, during the Scottish debate, Major Anstruther Gray casually said: "I am sure honourable members opposite will bear me out." As the Major carries more avoirdupois than any other man in the House, and possesses proportions on which Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes avers that "the sun never sets," it is not to be wondered at that both sides took the sentence literally, and laughed merrily at the herculean task to which the Galloping Major was challenging them.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

There is, I am glad to say, every prospect of success for the revival of *The Marriage of Kitty* at the Duke of York's. Fresh as it was in its earlier days, as delightfully rich in quiet humour, and played with a perfect sense of comedy and artistic restraint, it has lost none of its charm. Than Kitty Silverton, Marie Tempest has given us nothing better, and it is an experience of sheer delight to observe the thousand and one graces which adorn her performance. Excellent support is provided by Miss Polini and Graham Browne. *Kitty* should run merrily through the season.

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Fred Whitney knows something—that is to say he is, like the rest of us, learning all the time. One proof of his wisdom is the decision to keep the shutters up at his theatre in Aldwych until the days of summer shall have passed. Then in the cooler gloaming of the autumn he will re-open his house with *The Spring Maid*, which appears to have made them laff good and hearty at the Liberty, New York. The version for London is being made by Charles Brookfield, alluded to in the official announcements as "that past master in English humour." Charles's comment on the description would, I am sure, be most interesting.

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Regret rather than surprise is awakened by the sudden death of *Half-a-Crown* at the Royalty. It never rang like the real currency, and now one can but hope that Vedienne and Eadie will have better fortune next time. Meanwhile Lydia Yavorska will, on Monday next, appear at this house in a translation of *La Parisienne* which, at least in the original, is a work of sparkling humour.

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Constance Collier, or someone on her behalf, has been so good as to send me photographs of the actress as Thais in Paul Wilstach's dramatic version of Antoine French's story of the same name. In this play Miss Collier has been scoring heavily at the Criterion Theatre, New York, and really, from such glimpses of the queenly Constance as the pictures vouchsafe me, I am inclined to think that West-end audiences will find this latest performance of hers a thing of beauty and deep interest.

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Till the Bells Ring, the wee comedy of Scottish life which now precedes *Cousin Kate* at the Playhoose, is no' half bad, indeed a'm tellin' ye that in pairrts it's jes fine an' the achsent o' they Glesca bodies is maist soothin'. From the foregoing you'll gather—and rightly—that I'm a native of London who has absorbed his local colour through the usual medium and at current prices. Anyway, this little glimpse of the smug respectability and shrewd worldliness of the good people of Ladywell is most observantly and amusingly written, and, moreover, it is acted by Graham Moffatt (the author), Mrs. Graham Moffatt, Kate Moffatt, Percival Clark, and Watson Hume with a delightful sense of character and humour. Mrs. Graham Moffatt in particular is admirable. So when you go to see *Cousin Kate* (and be sure that you do) be in good time for the small but most refreshing go of real Scotch that precedes it.

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The utterance of Jay Gould to the effect that one of the first changes he will make on obtaining control of the Gaiety Theatre will be in the direction of excluding from the back of the house all except those who have business on the stage, has provoked a rich chuckle from the lads of the village. They tell me we may expect developments.

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Marie Tempest has been telling an interviewer that the music-hall sketch is on its last legs. Perhaps she will oblige by denoting which particular sketch she was thinking of at the moment.

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Lady Patricia will be played for the last time at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday evening next. On the following Wednesday, Mr. Trench will present a new play in four acts, in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Miss Ellen O'Malley, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. C. V. France, Miss Enid Rose, and the full Haymarket Company will appear.

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The funniest touch in the burlesque of *The Chocolate Soldier*, which the Follies have just put on at the Apollo, is when a counterfeit presentment of Bernard Shaw walks on and laments that his plays have longer runs when re-written by others than when done by himself. The idea of having three Nadinas in the skit is a witty commentary on the number of people who have played the lead at the Lyric; and the tendency of the humorist who plays the Workman part to drag in the Sullivan snatches with which that old Savoyard is associated, adds mightily to the merriness of this excellent fooling.

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Back from her dancing triumphs in the States, Mlle. Genée is announced for the present week at the Coliseum, in "A Dream of Butterflies and Roses." On the same programme are R. G. Knowles and Harry Fragson.

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One of the turns at the Hippodrome, Crouch End, this week is Lolita, who produces some extremely pretty effects with the aid of a lantern, described on the programme as "electric visions." I shall be surprised if we do not see this pretty dancer in the West-end before long.

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The hot weather does not shake the belief of the libraries in *Kismet*. Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co. have bought up every seat in the lucky Garrick Theatre, from stalls to gallery, for Coronation night and the night after; and as they have paid full prices, they will naturally retail seats only at a premium.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"The Bear" and "Mrs. Pleasance."
(With profound apologies to Mr. J. J. Dollman and his Academy picture.)

HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

After Pastes, Powders, Depilatories, Electricity, and various advertised preparations had failed.

A simple easy method which any lady can use at Home, and quickly rid herself for ever of this humiliating affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result, I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all, it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered, they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent society lady who used this method some time ago now says: "Your treatment is marvellous because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair, that I feel that I should give full information regarding my discovery to all my sisters who need it. Merely enclose a penny stamp for reply and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home without the knowledge of anyone. Address KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 405K), 85 Great Portland Street, London, W.



NOTE.—The discovery of Mme. Firmin is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret. Don't use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish to have the hair permanently removed.

FREE COUPON

Issued to readers of "London Opinion" by Kathryn B. Firmin.

Cut out this coupon to-day and send with your name and address enclosing a penny stamp for postage, to Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 405K), 85 Great Portland Street, London, W., for free information regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

Name ....

Address ....



Customer: "What's this, waiter?"
Waiter: "That's sole, sir."
Customer: "Well, just take it away and bring me a bit of the upper with the eyelets removed!"

CLOTHES-PEG WOMEN.

By KATE V. KAYE.

COMPARING the standard of modern physical perfection with that of ancient Greece, a writer accuses the man of to-day of admiring "the puny, the sexless, the shapeless, and the scraggy" of womankind.

And there is much truth in the accusation, if we can believe that the feminine supply at all corresponds with the masculine demand.

It almost certainly does. For the preponderating sex can hardly afford to make itself unpopular with the one which has the casting vote so far as "natural selection" is concerned.

It seems to me, however, that *un*natural selection is the portion of the modern male, seeing that he really does choose his bride from among the flat-chested, hipless, and haggard specimens of femininity who appear to satisfy all his tenderest cravings. His taste has apparently become so perverted that he is satisfied to take a mere bag of bones to his heart and to imprint his kisses on cheeks which might have been fashioned out of granite. The hand he presses, the finger upon which he places the golden emblem of his devotion, are totally devoid of any trace of womanliness—they might belong to some horrid vampire, so claw-like do they appear.

"The ideal modern figure is that of a little girl," our fashion papers tell us. When the mother has become as nearly as possible a replica of her undeveloped daughter of thirteen she is utterly content. I know a young person, aged eighteen, with the rounded plump figure she *ought* to have, who is ashamed to be seen out with her own mother because that lady's up-to-date proportions make poor Phyllis feel "so awfully fat."

"It is *I* who look like the mother," she says. But, alas! the mother nowadays has no soft curves about her—she takes good care of that. If she had curves she could not make herself look like the figure out of a Noah's Ark—and that would never do. How her friends would talk! But if she emulates a wooden doll *in* her clothes, she looks like something much more awful *out* of them.

I went the other day with a friend to see her wedding gown fitted at the dressmaker's. The bride-elect is only twenty-three, and in her serge coat and skirt looks just the average girl one meets every day by the hundred.

But oh, when she unrobed! I blushed for those poor bones so meagrely covered with skin, so pitilessly exposed where Nature intended them to be so charmingly concealed with soft flesh. There was no youthfulness about her. Nothing but her feminine underclothing to suggest her sex. Her elbows, instead of being plump and dimpling, were bony and hard. She was concave where she should have been convex. She looked like Famine personified. I thought with pity of her poor bridegroom. What if he recoils, even as I did, from this skeleton-like bride? No amount of lace and ribbons can conceal her utter lack of development. She might look all right in pyjamas—but a dainty "nightie" fashioned for a woman as she *should* be would prove too cruel a contrast and would put her neuterdom to shame.

"It is such a blessing to be stock-size," the girl remarked to me in the course of the afternoon as she purchased a couple of ready-made frocks to add to her trousseau. "Stock size." Good heavens! is this what our women have really come to? It speaks badly indeed for twentieth century taste that such "stock" should be tolerated—even admired. It seems as if we had better revert to some more primitive type, if years of cultivation and hygiene have brought womanhood to such a pitiable pass.

If Eve had looked like the modern maiden, Adam would have disappeared at first sight. The very Serpent would have remembered an important engagement elsewhere and would have hurried away before dessert.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

About Old Catalogues. By J. F. Blacker.

To Our Benefactors All Praise.

HAVE you ever tried to realise how much we owe to collectors like Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, who left the Waddesdon Bequest to the British Museum? No. I thought not. Have you ever even roughly estimated the value of the Wallace Collection or those at South Kensington bequeathed by Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Salting, Sheepshanks, and others? You have never thought about them. On the façade of the Panthéon at Paris appears the inscription "*Aux hommes grands la patrie reconnaisante.*" I like to think that one day England, too, will be grateful.

Some National Losses.

If you collect at all you can appreciate the unerring judgment, the surpassing love of the art of ages past and the intense devotion of these our benefactors, as well as the mere money spent by them, millions of pounds. I am led to these reflections by seeing certain sale catalogues, which point out how much the nation has lost by the dispersal of some private collections. Where are the glories of Stowe, the treasures of the House of Buckingham and Chandos at Hamilton Palace, the art and curiosities of Strawberry Hill, where Horace Walpole had his home, the garnered wealth of the Bernal, Fountaine, Soulages, and other collections, now dispersed and gone? A difficulty has arisen which as time passes will increase. Try to buy the priced catalogues of early auction sales, and you will find how hard it is to get them. We shall see.

The Bernal Catalogue.

That such catalogues do remain is some comfort. I have some and, were I rich, would have the rare ones mentioned later. Many collectors do not know that Henry Bohn's "Pottery and Porcelain," one of his old series, comprises an introduction on these subjects of thirty pages, the remaining 500 pages forming a complete priced catalogue of the sale of the Bernal Collection, 1857! J. R. Planché wrote the introduction, and he remarks that "Mr. Bernal could be tempted by nothing that was inferior," and when I read that one pair of Sèvres vases sold for £1,942, and another for £1,417, I only wish that I could see them, but they are not in a museum like the lovely objects which once belonged to Lady Charlotte Schreiber.

My large illustrated priced catalogue of the Hamilton Palace sale cost me two shillings. I mentioned this before, and then I had an immediate offer of two guineas for it which I refused. Why, it has been worth ten times that sum to me for research and Press purposes! Perhaps to you its value would be less, but information such as is supplied by it has been to me most valuable. I do not remember any sale where old Japanese art was so prominent. Curiously, the prices now seem to be less than they were then, but Japanese lacquer, porcelain, pottery, and the like will be valuable by-and-by. So I believe, and so I act. At the Bernal sale old Chinese porcelain realised next to nothing. Would you believe that a ruby-back plate, eggshell, sold for £2 12s. 6d.? To-day, a really fine specimen might reach £250!

A Few Items from Hamilton Palace.

Next, I turned to the Hamilton Palace catalogue. Opening at random, I read that a jug 12¼ inches high, carved out of a piece of variegated jasper, mounted in ormolu, Louis XV. period, realised £2,467; a pair of ebony commodes, ornamented with gold lacquer and ormolu, £3,150; and a Louis XV. parqueterie commode, very elaborately decorated, £5,217: The rage for the finest furniture has not a whit diminished,



Friend: "What about the rent of a place like this. I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?"
Hardupp: "Yes, rather—he's *always* asking for it!"

though prices have advanced all round, and in some directions immensely.

The Stowe Sale and Shakespeare's Portrait.

I copy from the Stowe catalogue the account of the sale of the celebrated Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare which I found very interesting. "Mr. Manson having asked for a bidding, Mr. Ryman (of Oxford) began with £50. Mr. Manson (addressing Mr. Ryman) said good humouredly: 'That is not as it ought to be, Mr. Ryman; but I will take your bidding nevertheless.'

Quaint Account of the Bidding.

"From £50 the price gradually ran up to £200, the chief bidders being J. Nicholl, Esq., of Neasdon House; Mr. Ryman, of Oxford; Mr. Farrer, of Wardour Street; and Mr. Rodd, of Little Newport Street. Mr. Farrer here parted company. Mr. Nicholl went up to nearly 300 guineas, and from that point Mr. Ryman and Mr. Rodd had the bidding to themselves. The advances were not made rapidly; indeed, Mr. Manson appeared to use his most persuasive powers in order to induce Mr. Ryman, generally a very bold purchaser, to go on. On, however, he did go, up to 350, when Mr. Rodd, making another advance of five guineas, Mr. Ryman retired, and left Mr. Rodd the possessor of the portrait for 355 guineas on the Earl of Ellesmere's behalf."

Then, Now, and the Future.

Then, business was quite leisurely in its methods. Have you ever noticed that Christie's are eloquent with "most persuasive powers" now? Then, prices were very low compared with what they are now. You have, no doubt, seen at the National Gallery the portrait of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, which was presented, in 1909, by the National Art Collections Fund. The expenditure account which lies before me shows "To purchase of Holbein's 'Duchess of Milan,' £72,000." At Stowe, in September, 1848, two pictures, "Howard, Duke of Norfolk," and "Lady Mary Fleetwood Dormer," together sold for £4 10s.! The future—well, would you like to pose as a prophet? No. Neither would I.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if required, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

A. W. (Tottenham). Your violin, if good tone, is worth 20s. to 30s. The label is a copy of a Stradivarius. From description your figures are imitation marble, of nominal value only.

A. R. F. (Stockton-on-Tees). Your engraving, "Cromwell," by Berlin after Lucy, is worth 12s. 6d.

E. H. M. (St. John's Wood, N.W.). Your Bible is worth 15s. to £1. "Christmas Carol," twelfth edition, is of nominal value only.

J. W. H. (Newcastle).—Your books are worth the following: "Historical Remarques and Observations," third edition, is worth 12s. 6d.; "Book of Common Prayer," Barker, 1611, is worth 25s. The others are of no value.

A. M. (Chester).—"The Adoration of the Magi," by Jacopo Bassano (otherwise known as da Ponte), is in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna. Yours is a copy, many of which are in existence. Several unimportant works attributed to this artist were sold at Christie's last year, realising from £3 to £5 only.

T. D. C. (Barnsley).—Your volumes are worth the following, and are likely to increase in value. No. 1, "Nicholas Nickleby," 35s. to £2; No. 2, "Master Humphrey's Clock," 42 to 45s.; No. 3, "Talisman," 25s. to 30s.; No. 4, "Joseph Andrews," 20s. to 25s.; No. 6, "Roderick," 7s. 6d. to 10s.; Nos. 5 and 7 are of nominal value only.

L. B. (Johannesburg). Your set of Mason's Ironstone china is worth £4 10s. to £5. The date given is correct. The plates and dishes are mostly bought for decoration on oak sideboards.

A. K. (Sandgate, Kent).—The value of your engraving, "The Fortune Teller," depends on condition, and if hand coloured or printed in colour. It is an important engraving, and, if in good state, is worth anything from £10 to £30. If sent for inspection unframed, will advise.

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW.

By A. St. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE funny things I have seen never seem so funny to write about as they did to look at. Besides, what amuses me does not always amuse others. I remember seeing a Chancery judge, a large, pompous, gentleman, trying to maintain his dignity whilst he was wading out to swim in a tight bathing-costume. A man who was with me and saw him, too, couldn't see anything to laugh at; but then he did not know that the large gentleman was a judge, and had never seen him on the bench.

There is nothing necessarily funny in being tripped up by orange-peel. I have slipped on it myself; so I ought to know. But once I saw a beadle do it when he was heading a procession of clerical gentlemen into a cathedral, and an expression of happiness flashed over every face within view—except the beadle's.

But if it comes to the funniest thing of all—I can't make up my mind about that.

When I was a very young clerk I worked in an office that was exactly opposite a building where a chiropodist carried on business in a front room on the ground floor. Idly scanning his name and profession inscribed in thick black letters beside his front door, it crossed my mind that, however much his custom increased, he would never require the services of a light porter.

Somehow, it seemed so absurd to think of a corn-cutter engaging a light-porter that, with the concurrence of my fellow clerks, I visited a newspaper office and inserted an advertisement to the effect that this particular chiropodist wanted one, and that candidates for the post should call upon him between nine and ten next morning.

Before I reached my office next morning a group of applicants obscured the chiropodist's steps. I had overlooked, until now, that, according to the notice painted under his name, this was one of the days on which he was not in attendance until ten-thirty. Long before that hour the swarm of applicants had grown to such troublesome proportions that a passing policeman arranged them in a vast queue which started at the chiropodist's steps and tailed off by the railings all round the corner and along the adjacent square. Sharp at ten-thirty the chiropodist appeared crossing the road. He was a self-satisfied little man carrying a bag and blowing at a big cigar. He glanced carelessly at the long string of light porters, and evidently wondered what was the matter. Directly he got his foot on the steps the porters seemed to realise instinctively that he was their man; the queue tailed up quickly behind him; spread out and elbowed in on his heels; and from my window I could see him, in the dimness of the hall, turning to question and gesticulate. Newspapers were handed to him; he read, and shook his head and waved his hand in dismissal, squeezed into his room, and apparently locked the door behind him.

The light porters within surged out and explained the situation to the mob that overflowed the pavement and the roadway; they laughed, and shouted satirical inquiries concerning his poor feet to the chiropodist, who could be seen furtively peering between his curtains; then, some of them became irritated and threw mud and stones into the hall.

Whereupon, the housekeeper dodged out and fetched the policeman who had organised the queue; and under his firm shepherding they departed.

For the remainder of the day, however, late comers kept arriving. They would read the name on the wall, mount the steps, smooth their hair, pull up their collars, rap on the office door, and, doubtless in response to an invitation, go in; then come out almost immediately and walk away, casting sullen looks on the window. Towards evening, after one such visitation, the chiropodist emerged bearing a large sheet of paper; he carefully pasted this on the wall close below his own name, and as soon as he stood aside I was able to read upon it the laconic but effective announcement: "Suited."

I have always regarded the putting out of that placard as a stroke of genius.

More recently, I was crossing the Channel from Calais, and we had a rough passage. I was reading below on the saloon deck, and down there also was a restless Frenchman in a new top hat. It dawned upon me that he was feeling unwell; he suddenly placed his hat on the cushioned seat beside me and made a wistful appeal: Might one ask monsieur to keep an eye on one's hat, for a few moments only? I promised, and he made for the upper deck in some haste. He was a long while gone. I wearied of reading, and strolled to and fro; at length, turning from gazing out through the blurred ports on the tumbling sea, I found I was no longer alone. An obese, elderly lady, supported by a younger companion, had come down in a state of collapse and had thrown herself broadly and heavily on to the lounge so close to where I had been sitting that a shock of horrified conviction shot through me; and, after a single comprehensive glance to right and left of her, I went upstairs without delay. From far off, by-and-by, I saw the Frenchman descend, and at Dover I did not go forward to land until after he had climbed up the gangway, glancing fiercely this way and that, as if in search of somebody; and something about the shape of his hat brought the tears to my eyes. Nothing to laugh at, you will say; but then you did not see it.

Last year I was holidaying with a friend on the outskirts of Edinburgh. He was anxious, one Sunday morning, that we should climb Arthur's Seat for a bird's-eye view of the city. Before we were half way up the hill it began to rain; and went on raining.

"If we go back," said I, when he asked me if I would like to, "it will probably leave off before we reach the bottom."

Consequently, we went on. So did the rain. By the time we were at the top it had increased to a steady drizzle, and several climbers were cowering glumly on the sheltered side of the huge rock there. Every dry nook was occupied except one. This was a commodious kind of natural alcove, large enough to seat two: one half of the seat rose in a broad hump, the other half sank, basin-shaped, beside it. I sat on the hump, and my friend in the basin. And the rain continued.

Presently my friend complained of the coldness of the rock, and I assured him that this was nothing but his fancy.

"I say, this rock is really dreadfully chilly," he insisted, after an interval. "It strikes quite cold. Suppose we move on."

"The rock's warm enough for me," I said. "Let's wait another five minutes, then, if it doesn't leave off, we'll go."

At the end of the five minutes, he again complained, and we went.

Immediately he rose a note of exclamation burst from him, and he convulsively clasped the short skirts of his jacket.

"No wonder I felt it cold!" he muttered darkly.

And looking, I saw that the rain had trickled down the face of the rock into and down the back of our alcove and had gradually half-filled the basin whilst he was sitting in it.

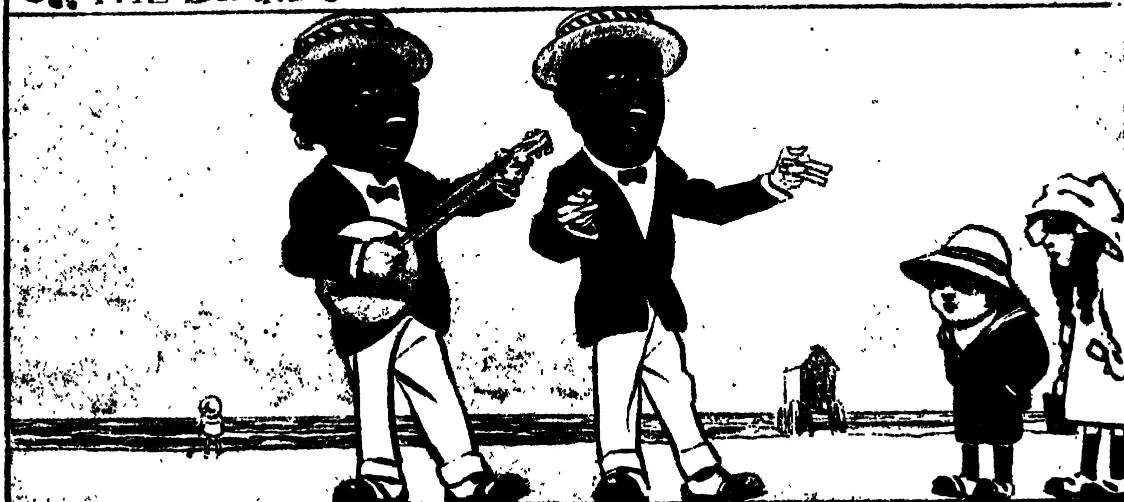
As we stepped briskly away and began the descent a roar of laughter went up behind us. A loud, hearty, irrepressible laugh it was, and we felt too humiliated and annoyed to glance round; but the laugh pursued us, there was a hurried scramble of feet, and a bluff, burly moon-visaged fellow overtook us.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he spluttered, apologetically lifting his bowler. "I really can't help it. It seemed so funny." He choked and gurgled, and roared again. "I didn't mean to be rude, but I couldn't help larfin. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I'm a stranger in these parts, y'see—I come from Birmingham."

My friend didn't laugh, and I tried not to; but, clearly, it was one of the funniest things the man from Birmingham had ever seen.

On the whole, I am disposed to think that the funniest things we see are really not funny—except to those who see them.







EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

ONE HOUR OF FAME.

By BARRY PAIN.

MR. BATSON was a picture-frame maker; but this is not to say that he actually made picture-frames. He procured the mouldings in lengths to his esteemed order from the wholesale place in the City; it was Billunt in the workshop down the yard who cut them up and fitted them together.

It was Mr. Batson, however, who conducted all the diplomacy of the business. He took the orders, and by the charm of his manner generally managed to force upon a customer one of the four mouldings which he had in stock. The same charm had occasionally induced artists to deal with him on a cash basis. The charm was reserved strictly for business; in private life he took an interest that was almost virulent in local politics, and not infrequently called his wife a fathead.

Herbert Wymondel was a very great man and a fine novelist. Reviewers had compared him with Guy de Maupassant. He was pessimistic and harrowing. Yet his appearance did not suggest that he could harrow. He was small and delicate, and rather obviously vain.

Now a friend of Wymondel's, who was an artist, had presented him with a small landscape. It was entitled "The Haunt of the Heron," but in spite of this, the hanging committee at the Royal Academy had been reckless enough to reject it.

Wymondel wrote one of the three most graceful letters of thanks that were written that year, and wondered what he should do with that rotten picture. He did not propose to sacrifice any of his valuable wall-space to it. His taste was quite perfect, and his rooms advertised it. With the necessity came the opportunity.

Wymondel's best friend's eldest daughter announced to the world, through the medium of the *Morning Post*, her intention of perpetrating almost immediate matrimony. Wymondel decided to bestow upon her "The Haunt of the Heron," and to procure a new, but not necessarily expensive, frame for it. He walked into Mr. Batson's shop.

Mr. Batson's diplomacy was beaten. Wymondel absolutely declined to accept any of the mouldings forced upon him. He was self-assertive and dictatorial, and insisted on seeing the pattern book. And when he had made his selection, he said the thing would be no good unless he could have it finished and delivered at his rooms by the following morning.

Batson became impressive. "It shall be done, sir. A special messenger will be sent off to our factories, and bring back that moulding at once. Then I shall put two of my best men on to it, and make them work overtime if need be. You shall have it complete by to-morrow morning. You can depend upon me absolutely. And the name and address, sir?"

Wymondel presented Mr. Batson with his visiting card, and paused for a moment to see the delighted smile of recognition spread over Mr. Batson's face. The smile not arriving, he went out. Mr. Batson did not waste much time in reading novels, had never heard of Herbert Wymondel in his life before, and, except as a customer, had not the slightest desire to hear of him again.

He opened a door at the back of the shop and called down the yard: "Billunt!"

Billunt—nobody ever called him William Hunt—appeared from the stable, which had been converted into a workshop. He was, on this occasion, to be not only the special messenger, but also two of Mr. Batson's best workmen, as indicated, he being the only man that Mr. Batson employed. He was a clever carpenter, when his mind was not preoccupied by ambition, or his body by intemperance.

"What are you doin'?" asked Mr. Batson.

"Tidyin' up generally," said Billunt.

"Well, you take this here drorin' and measure it up. It's got to be done in 4076, and you must go and fetch the stuff from Cannon Street. Don't try anything on, because I know what the fare is. Take the gent's card, and enter it up in the book, and hurry."

Billunt was not sorry to get out of the workshop for a bit on a fine morning, but hurry was distasteful to



Cyrus: "Say! I want some seats for the Coronation for self and wife."
Clerk: "Yes, sir. How many do you think you will require?"

him. He took off his apron and put on his coat. He then visited an establishment where he could procure a wash, a shave, ten cigarettes, and a decided opinion upon Mr. Lloyd George for threepence halfpenny.

His appearance being now 33⅓ per cent. above normal, he entered his train on the Underground. As he had not a first-class ticket, it can hardly be necessary to say that he entered a first-class carriage. At any rate, no one who knew Billunt would have expected anything else.

It happened that opposite to Billunt there was seated a young gentleman of refined appearance, absorbed in the reading of a six-shilling novel. Billunt, who had the overlooking sense strongly developed, observed that the title of the novel was "The Nethermost Pit." This merely interested him as being the place to which on Saturday nights he sometimes directed Mrs. Hunt to go; but he also noted the name of the author, Herbert Wymondel.

Now where on earth had he seen that name before?

Suddenly it dawned on him. That was the name of the gent on the card, and he had that card in his pocket. Billunt felt that something ought to be done about it. It might be worth a drink, or it might not. In any case, it would form the basis of pleasing conversation, and accentuate his sense of his importance. He crossed over and sat next the young gentleman.

"'Ope you're enjoyin' that little thing of mine," said Billunt.

Billunt was washed and shaved, and was smoking a "Pride of the Harem" cigarette. It was one of the few occasions of his life on which the end of a two-foot rule was not protruding from one of his pockets. Still, he looked like a carpenter. Further, he looked like a carpenter of low morals and irregular manner of life. The young gentleman begged his pardon, and said he did not understand.

Billunt drew the visiting card from his pocket and presented it. "That's me," he said impressively. "I did it."

Young Mr. Smith was astonished and delighted. Herbert Wymondel had no more enthusiastic admirer, and Mr. Smith was perusing "The Nethermost Pit" for the second time. The author did not look in the least like what he would have expected, but this seemed to be evidence of his genuineness. People never do fit in with your preconceived notion of them. Mr. Smith had just time to express his extreme pleasure, when the ticket-inspector came along—a ticket-inspector who had seen Billunt once or twice before.

"Season," said Billunt, in an off-hand and business-like way.

"I don't think," said the inspector sardonically, "come on now."

Billunt produced his ticket. "And that's the fault of your bloke at the booking-office," he said. "I arst him for a first, and I paid for a first, and this is what he gives me. Nobody but yourselves to blame for it this time, anyhow."

"Pay the difference," said the inspector wearily.

Billunt fumbled in his pocket. "Sorry not to be able to oblige," he said, "but I left my sovereign case in my evening clothes, coming back from the Opera last night."

Smith had not heard all that was said, but he realised the nature of the difficulty. These authors were so absent-minded and careless about money matters. "Permit me, Mr. Wymondel," said Smith. "You can send it back to me any time."

Billunt permitted Mr. Smith to appease the ticket-inspector, and said that with these young boys they employed in the booking-office nowadays, mistakes were bound to happen. He then passed one hand over his forehead. This he felt would suggest intellect.

"I wonder," said Smith, "if you would mind my speaking about this book. Of course, I know some authors are so sensitive."

"A bit that way myself," said Billunt complacently. "Still, seeing how you got me out of this little difficulty, I dunno that I ought to be stand offish."

"I am sure, Mr. Wymondel, that if you knew the tremendous impression that 'The Nethermost Pit'



She: "Poor cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals!"
He: "Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste of religion!"

has made upon me—I am now reading it for the second time."

"Yes, it is pretty hot stuff, ain't it," said Billunt.

"Ah, you who made it can speak of it jokingly, but I know men to whom this book is a positive religion, men who would envy me the privilege of meeting you in this way. I have often wondered what the genesis of the book was."

"Genesis," Billunt repeated reflectively. "Well, that's hardly the kind of thing I should care to talk about in a railway carriage. Besides, it's a longish story. Gettin' out here? So am I. It's just possible there might be a place near by where we could discuss it I don't know if the station has a refreshment room."

The station had a refreshment-room. At the entrance to it Billunt hesitated. "Coming out without money, like this," he said. "I don't hardly feel as if I ought to."

"But of course," said Mr. Smith, "that's all right."

"In that case," said Billunt, "mine will be a drop of Scotch."

At the second drink Mr. Smith ventured to suggest that he would like to hear something about the genesis of "The Nethermost Pit."

Billunt said that Genesis reminded him of the name of a horse that he ought to have backed for the Grand National. It was the only time he had ever left the race alone, and it was the only time he had ever been tipped a winner. It was funny how these things happened.

Mr. Smith was young and innocent, but he was beginning to have grave suspicions. Surely a man who wrote like that could not possibly speak like this.

"Yes, Mr. Wymondel," said Smith. "What I wanted to know was how you came to write that book. What put the idea of it into your mind?"

"Then, why couldn't you have said so before?" asked Billunt, "instead of wasting your time and my own with this talk about genesis. Well, I'll you the truth. The thing came over me all of a sudden like."

Billunt's articulation had ceased to be perfect. Mr. Smith looked at him sternly. "This is fraud," he said. "You are not Mr. Wymondel at all."

"See here, my ole pal," said Billunt, "I'll act fairly by you. You stand me one more drink, and I'll tell you whether I am or not."

Mr. Smith was a weak man. He stood him one more.

"All ri'," said Billunt, as he put down his glass. "You've acted like a gennleman to me, and I'm goin' to act like a gennleman to you. As a marrer o' fac', I really am Mr. Blymondiwog, but I don't look like it, and that's been my misfortune all my life. Shake hands on it, ole pal."

* * * * *

Billunt had left for the City at eleven in the morning, with directions to hurry. At twelve he had not returned, and Mr. Batson was beginning to be angry. At four in the afternoon, when Billunt staggered into the shop with a quite inordinate amount of the wrong pattern moulding, Mr. Batson was almost speechless with fury.

Billunt maintained his dignity. He denied absolutely that he was drunk, but made the generous concession that he was not strictly sober. He said what had happened was, that he had simply missed one train after another, which might occur to anybody. He made a generous offer to Mr. Batson to tell him something that would make him laugh, something about a Mr. Mywondigom, who wrote a book called "Hell," but he was not permitted to remain long enough on the premises to execute his purpose.

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THERE is another story by Mr. Barry Pain among the dozen and more merry tales in the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, now on sale at one shilling everywhere.

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Man Classified.

"Lady Trevor used to say that there are only two sorts of men: the ones you marry, and the ones you don't; and that the latter are the only ones of any interest."

"Marriage takes the piquancy out of any situation."—*Improper Prue.* John Long. 6s.

Philandering.

"The other day Sir Peter caught hold of me in the corridor and kissed my chin. I said very severely, 'Sir Peter, what business had you to kiss me?' And he said plaintively: 'Oh, my dear, don't call it *business*—it's a pleasure!'"—*Improper Prue.* John Long. 6s.

Rural Wit.

"It seems like th' more jewellery a feller wears th' bigger swindle he's workin'."

"Th' trouble with aviatin' is that th' more successful you are th' farther you fall."

"It takes an intelligent man t' talk silly around women."—*Brown County Folks.*

At a Georgian Coronation Banquet.

"Arms were everywhere seen stretched forward, breaking and destroying the table ornaments as trophies. Thus, baskets, flower-pots, vases, and figures were everywhere disappearing and these were followed by spoons, plates, dishes, etc. These last were of pewter engraved with the Royal Arms and letters 'Geo. IV.' and were therefore greatly coveted. The pugilists stationed at the doors, however, and disguised in ruffs and trunk-hose, stripped even ladies of their booty."—*The Great Solemnity of the Coronation,* by Douglas Macleane, M.A. George Allen & Co. 5s. net.

Happiness.

"Happiness is very like a woman—she is both shy and elusive. Once treat her roughly or casually, she may disappear, and you may never find her again."—*The Marriage Mass,* by Olive Lethbridge and Gerald Fitzgerald. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

A Royal Enfant Terrible.

"With King Edward his grandson (the present Prince of Wales) was a special favourite, and the monarch and the child would often have conversations together. One day, replying to the question as to what he had been reading, he answered, "The story of Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be of royal descent, but really was born of respectable parents."—*Life of Her Majesty Queen Mary,* by Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke. Nelson. 1s. net.

A Witty Characterisation.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Bognor was an active little man. During thirty years of his life he had employed himself all over the world in slaughtering the dusky races upon whom, unfortunately for them, the Sun of British Empire never sets. He had lost a hand in Burmah, an eye in the Himalayas, a leg in Borneo, an ear in the Malay Peninsula, and a considerable portion of his scalp in the Red River Expedition. So reduced was he that half pay may seem as much as he could reasonably expect. But Lord Bognor thought otherwise."—*The Devil in Solution,* by William Caine. Greening & Co. 6s.

A Glimpse of Charlotte Brontë.

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, looking very cold and miserable. When she appeared in the schoolroom her dress was changed but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When she read a book she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it."—*Nooks and Corners of Yorkshire,* by J. S. Fletcher. Eveleigh Nash. 2s. 6d. net.

Napoleon and His Tailor.

"Léger consistently ignored his Imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the Emperor wished the skirts of his tunics turned back, like those of Frederick the Great. 'I should not think of allowing such a thing, sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost.'"—*Recollections of a Parisian,* translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

A Tennyson Anecdote.

"Tennyson said to me, as we leaned over the gate, 'What a vulgar people the English are! They come here to watch for me; and when they see me they exclaim quite loudly, "There's Tennyson!"' I repeated this afterwards to Mrs. Stuart Hodgson, whereupon she said that he would have been much more annoyed if they did not come."—*The Autobiography of Alfred Austin.* Two vols. Macmillan & Co. 24s. net.

• • •

Messrs. John Long's latest Six Shilling novels include *Victimised,* by Colonel Charles Edward Basevi; *Hazel Grafton,* by Mary S. Crawford; and *The Power of the Petticoat,* by Mrs. Henry Tippett.

Two new "Mystery" novels in Messrs. Eveleigh Nash's Two Shilling Series are *The Window at the White Cat,* by Mary Rinehart; and *The Wife He Never Saw,* by Max Marcin.



MOTHERS' MEETING TRIP.

Skittish Mother (to the Vicar): "Oh, you naughty feller! I believe you only come with us to see us girls paddle!"

PLAYERS OF THE SILENT DRAMA.

How the Biograph Girl Enacts 300 Leading *Rôles* Yearly.

BUT few of the twenty million people who patronise the picture theatre week by week know anything of the players whose faces they see so often upon the screen.

The producers of the silent drama are frequently the recipients of thousands of letters from cinema patrons who are curious to know something of the personalities of the players.

Perhaps no comedy-man is more sought after than "Foolshead," the chief actor in the Itala Stock Company. André Deed, as he is known in private life, was born in Harve just over thirty-two years ago. He commenced business by securing a very subordinate post on a railway. After two months of this uncongenial labour he obtained a position in an amateur theatrical company in Nice, where he played "heavy" parts, from an old repertory.

Many changes and privations followed, and he ultimately decided to enter the cinematograph business, and commenced with the well-known firm of Pathé Frères. His exceptional talents were quickly recognised, and he very soon became leading man. Once again he changed from Pathé's to the Itala Company, with whom he signed a contract which does not expire until 1913. His wife, Mme Valentia Frascoroli, is a charming artiste from Turin.

The Essanay cowboy subjects are always eagerly looked for, and the brilliant horsemanship which forms such a predominant feature of these films always evokes the warmest applause. Every member of the Essanay Stock Company has been recruited from the front-line of picture-players. Miss Clara Williams, the leading lady, is an expert horsewoman, while her beauty and grace have made her a conspicuous figure on the screen.

The Kalem pictures have quickly sprung into public favour. Each member of the company must be an expert swimmer, skilled in horsemanship, and have a good general knowledge of all athletics and outdoor sports. In order to obtain correct local colour the Kalem camera man has frequently been known to traverse two continents.

Miss Alice Joyce, the popular star of the stock company, is familar to all habitués of the cinema. Her acting is of the highest order, whilst her personality appears to make itself felt even upon the silent screen. Another well-known member of the company is Miss Wolfe; a pretty girl and a remarkable "emotional lead." The terror-provoking "Chief Eagle Feather," who appears in most of the Indian subjects, is a talented character man, with an extraordinary gift for facial expression.

The Biograph girl, Miss Florence Lawrence, is probably the best-known cinema character. She too has had various changes. Leaving the A.B. company, she transferred her attentions to the Imp Films, after which she played to Lubin audiences, quickly gaining a position in the foremost rank. She is fond of horse riding, and pays frequent visits to the picture theatre in order that she may improve upon the representations she witnesses of her own acting. Miss Lawrence enacts nearly three hundred leading *rôles* annually. Each play is acted three times—once for "mechanics," and a second time for "feeling," and lastly before the camera.

"Lieutenant Rose" is a popular hero of the silent drama. Ably supported by a clever company, the lieutenant invariably takes a prominent part in bombardments, shipwrecks, quelling insurrections, and what not. The remarkable stage effects are a feature of the Clarendon films, and add considerably to the melodramatic nature of the plots.

The Vitagraph girl, Miss Florence Turner, is a favourite figure in the pictures, and is seen to advantage in "Light in the Window," "Playing at Divorce," and "Jean and the Waif."



OUR FASHIONS.

"What do you think of Mrs. Smith's waist?"

"Well, she seems to have so much, and yet she hasn't any!"

The magnificent launches often to be seen in the Vitagraph films are extremely interesting. "The Ethel May II." and the "Paula" are twin 98-feet motor yachts. There is accommodation on each vessel for seven passengers; and, forward, for a crew of five. The library, stateroom, and dining-room are in respect of beauty and general equipment equal to a first-class liner. There is also a spacious ballroom.

They are not entirely pleasure boats, but are frequently made use of in the films. They also carry the Vitagraph players to picturesque spots on the Hudson and St. Lawrence, where perhaps a picture play is being enacted.

Miss Mabel Trunelle (Mrs. Herbert Pryor), Miss Laura Sawyer, and Messrs. Wm. A. Bechtel, Chas. M. Seay, William West, Herbert Pryor, Chas. Ogle, Edwards Bouldar, Marc McDermot, and John R. Cumpsons are all conspicuous personalities in the Edison films.

Miss Mabel Trunelle has helped greatly to bring the Edison subjects to their present high standard. She is a finished actress. Miss Laura Sawyer has few equals in pathos and emotional renderings. She has had a long association with stock and road companies, and is at the present time an important factor in the Edison cast.

Mr. Wm. A. Bechtel received his training in the German School of acting, and has also had a long experience on the English stage. He was for a long period connected with Messrs. John Drew, Chas. Frohman, and Miss Lillian Russell.

Mr. Chas. M. Seay is an excellent negro impersonator, and thoroughly understands life "down south." He has played for over two hundred weeks in stock in New York City, and five years in Vaudeville.

Mr. William West is a character actor of the highest grade. He is a master of the art of "make-up," and perhaps the most versatile actor in the moving-picture business.

Mr. Herbert Pryor, who is the husband of Miss Mabel Trunelle, is one of Edison's most popular players. He was born at Oxford, but he has passed most of his time in America. Mr. Chas. Ogle, who is the son of a clergyman, was educated for the Church. He later developed a craving for the stage, but soon left this for the Bar. He has, however, returned to the theatrical profession.

Mr. Edwards Bouldar won distinction as a comedy-actor at the early age of twelve years. In juvenile parts he has but few equals, his versatility and thoroughness having raised him to the front rank.

Mr. Marc McDermot has had a long and varied theatrical experience. He has toured the United Kingdom and Australia with such as George Rignold, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Marie Dainton, and the late Denis O'Sullivan.

Mr. Courlander's story, "Romantic Lucy," in the *London Opinion Summer Annual* deals with one of the players in the silent drama.

THINGS WHICH WILL HAPPEN.

LACK of experience had led Mr. Simkins to a fairly fashionable restaurant. He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not necessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said:

"I'll have some of that, please."

The waiter looked compassionate.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said gently, "but the band is playing that just at present."

• • •

MAUD ALLAN WEARS,

besides her beads and draperies, a look of intense pleasure when she turns over the pages of the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, and sees the joke drawings by all the leading black-and-white artists, and the brilliant stories by Arnold Bennett, Barry Pain, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Charles MacEvoy, Pett Ridge, and the others.

LONDON'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

A Little Talk with Oscar Hammerstein.


Oscar Hammerstein.

LONDON is so vast, so multifarious, that one newcomer, no matter how striking his personality, makes very little difference. Yet I believe that within a twelvemonth London will come to know very well *one* newcomer, the little man with the quiet smile, and the flat brimmed top-hat—his invariable wear—who arrived here from New York a week or two ago to stay.

Oscar Hammerstein has been the most talked of showman in America for he past fifteen years, since P. T. Barnum, in fact.

As an impresario of opera he has made his name a household word. He has the genius of popularity, a very rare gift; one that almost invariably spells success to the purveyor of any form of entertainment. Success is what Hammerstein's career has spelled so far.

Twenty years ago he was unknown. Almost arrived at middle age—and he is a very hale man to-day—he emerged from absolute obscurity with a modest fortune made out of a cigar-machine of his own invention, as a vaudeville manager. That vaudeville theatre—the Victoria of New York—is in the hands of his son to-day, the best paying property of its kind in the States, and brings in a princely annual income to Hammerstein. Since that day he has, with the exception of Charles Frohman, been about the livest wire in the American amusement situation.

I found Hammerstein at the Carlton the other day, and asked him why with all these successes he had come to London.

"Perhaps the deciding reason was the most natural one," he responded. "I like London. I like its people. As a matter of fact, I much prefer London to Paris, not to say that there was much temptation to go there where a subsidised opera which is a national institution already exists—although your Covent Garden here really amounts to the same thing. But that did not frighten me in the least," he added. "Where institutions exist there you will also find ruts.

"I knew three years ago that there was not room for two great opera-houses in New York. America is a new country. There is neither the money nor the time for it. It is an absolute luxury. And what comes to the dealer in luxuries in a poor market? Sooner or later absolute failure.

"I had made all the money that could be made out of opera in America. I made money up to the time I closed my doors last season. But it is the land of the dollar—the land of business—not the land of music nor the home of cultivation.

"I had made up my mind already three years ago that I would ultimately give up opera in America and locate in London. I told the newspaper men on that visit I would build an opera-house here. Three years is a long time in operatic management, and many things may happen. Well, I have built my theatre, haven't I? You saw it to day in Kingsway in its first stage of completion—the stage, the auditorium, everything to size.

"My house here—which, I presume, everybody who lives in London has seen the outside of by this time—will seat 2,300 people, and I expect to have it full all the time.

"I am building on ground of which I hold a ninety-nine years' lease. It will cost me, including costumes and scenery, a round £300.000 to open my doors at the beginning of next November. My bill for scenery and costumes will be something over £80,000. I am really sparing no expense. One cannot in the production of grand opera. It is all or nothing. But I think I know my public. I have spent nearly half my time over here for a couple of years past, and I counted every chance before I took one."

I asked Mr. Hammerstein about his singers.

"Take the word of Oscar Hammerstein for that. No, I dare not reveal my plans. But I will say this, there is only one Caruso, and you may hear him at my new house this fall. Mme. Tetrazzini? No! I have not asked her to sing for me.

"I took the greatest singers in the world to America in the face of the strongest competition, and I have signed contracts with several of these to-day. You may hear one or two of them at Covent Garden this season. For the rest there will be some surprises. The Continent has not yielded all her sweet song-birds yet. I was continually making discoveries for America. I have made one or two for my opening season in London. Wait and see!"

When asked whether the report were true that he was going to marry again, Mr. Hammerstein replied:

"There is no telling. Who is the lady this time?"

When told that his name was linked with that of a well-known contralto, he replied:

"Nothing doing in contraltos. But sopranos"—saying which he turned his eyes heavenward and kissed the tips of his fingers.

A moment later he added:

"A man in this business has no right to be married. If he looks after his business he neglects his wife, and *vice versa*. Nothing would suit me better than to lead a domestic existence, but it cannot be done."

• • •

NOTICE.

Next week's issue of "London Opinion" will be on sale a day earlier than usual, namely, on Tuesday morning next, in order to give newsagents a chance to get forward with a view to Coronating.



Poet: "The verses which you are perusing are the precious children of my brain."
Editor: "Poor little orphans!"

£5 PRIZES WITH NEW CONDITIONS.

"Doubles" or "Trebles" on any Words in "L. O."

For Competition 376 a **£5 note each** is awarded to:

Miss B. Hopwood, c/o 32 Pennington Road, Preston, Lancashire.
Treble. ***J. B. Joel*** (p. 363) ***Jubilantly Joins Blue-ribbonites.***

C. A. Fulcher, "Riverside," Clifden, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Treble. ***The Prime Minister*** (p. 364) ***Miss Pankhurst's Target.***

Mrs. Elsie Bailey, 2 Marlow Villas, Birkbeck Road, Mill Hill, N.W.
Double. ***M. Soyer*** (p. 359) ***Saucepanless Magician.***

And **£5** divided between:

Miss M. Wallace, 28 Wolverton Gardens, Brook Green, W.

George E. Bewlay, 8 Central Park Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire.

Treble. ***F. E. Smith*** (p. 360) ***England's Future Solicitor-General.***

And Consolation prizes of **£1** each to:

S. M. Collins, 43 Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury, Manchester; Chas. W. Palmer, 16 High Street, Godalming; A. W. Boyd, 32 Palatine Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; D. P. Griffiths, 70 Windsor Road, Penarth, S. Wales; Samuel Prosser, Borth, Cardiganshire.



The Lord Chancellor.



Miss Constance Collier.



H. G. Pelissier.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

FIVE pound notes are handy for the holidays. If you want a few, try this Competition. You'll get Amusement, and Hope, and Brain-exercise—all good things, anyway, whether you capture a fiver next week or not.

We offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** *each* for the best four, and Five Pounds among the next best five—to those who send in the best Double or Treble on either of these names:

The Lord Chancellor. Miss Constance Collier.
H. G. Pelissier.

or any two- -or three—words—names or not—occurring on *any page* of this week's "L. O." Use the *initials* of the words you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on those words, or on the bearer of the name.

You may send as many attempts as you like in the same envelope, but each entry must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete and separate, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same words frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 378, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 20th June. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 28th June.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 378.**

.... *Signature*

of.................................... *Address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 378, *and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in* London Opinion.

Name Chosen .... *From page*..........

Double or Treble ....

"BARRACKING" AT CRICKET.

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

Does the fact that spectators at county cricket matches pay the piper—in the form of entrance money—give them the right to call the tune? In other words, has the looker-on at public cricket fixtures any right to barrack the players if their methods do not fit in with his own ideas of what the game should be?

The question has already risen in connection with this season's first-class cricket. There have been one or two instances of barracking, and there are certain to be several more before stumps are finally drawn for the year.

Spectators have no sort of right to voice disapproval of whatever cricket they may happen to witness.

Emphatically the payment of sixpence—or whatever sum they may expend—for admission to a ground does not give them that right. They simply pay to watch the cricket which is taking place, not the cricket which they, in their infinite wisdom, think should take place.

The—seeming—argument that county cricket is a popular entertainment, that it is run chiefly for "gates," is really no argument at all in this connection.

It is perfectly ridiculous for anyone to say: "A cricket match is on a par with a music-hall show. I am, tacitly, promised a certain entertainment, therefore I have a right to boo—and I shall boo—if I do not approve of what is set before me."

The music-hall show is a set thing. It has been rehearsed and approved of by experts before it is allowed to come before the public, and there is a distinct understanding that it shall reach a certain standard on presentation. If it does not, someone is at least censurable.

But nothing of this applies to a cricket match. No batsman, bowler, or fieldsman can guarantee anything in advance, and no one can guarantee it for them. A score of circumstances have to be taken into account. If a batsman plays ultra-slow cricket, he doubtless has a very good reason for doing so; no cricketer ever deliberately sets himself to score but ten runs an hour if he can score a hundred. Nor does any fielder miss the ball, or any bowler bowl the off-theory for his own personal glorification.

The players themselves are the right judges of their own style of game, and people who cannot recognise such an element—any fact, really ought not to go to cricket matches and display their lack of manners and understanding by barracking. They are not wanted.

Australia is, of course, far better equipped with barrackers than we are—at present—and the scene which occurred at Sydney during the tour of P. F. Warner's Eleven there was a positive disgrace to cricket.

Just because the crowd thought it knew better than the umpire (Crockett)—and, by the way, R. E. Foster and Hayward—whether Clem Hill was run out or not, it groaned, hissed, booed, yelled, and generally misbehaved itself for several minutes at a stretch, and for a whole afternoon at intervals. Also, it made itself infamous for all time in cricket history by its insulting remarks to the English captain and the umpire.

So far—although some "enthusiasts" did once start to kick up the pitch at Lord's because it came on to rain—we have never witnessed anything quite so disgraceful as that here.

Still, even as he is, the barracker is a nuisance to people who go to cricket matches because they understand and like the game, not because they desire an orgie of slogging.

SUFFICIENT REASON.

"Why do you call your place a bungalow?"

"Because the job is a bungle and I still owe for it."

• • •

A RARE EXCEPTION.

One of the few interesting volumes not banned by the libraries this season is the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, one shilling everywhere.

MASCULINE MODES.

By THE MAJOR.

Hot Weather Clothes.

IT is, of course, quite impossible to write an article on clothes this weather without referring to the heat. Let me say at once that I think "fancy" has a good deal to do with the selection of the clothes that we consider necessary for comfort in the hot weather. The other day, for instance, I noticed a man wearing a suit made of a grey flannel which was obviously too thick for a summer suit. Moreover, the coat to this suit was made double-breasted, and as a coat of this kind is neither particularly smart nor comfortable when it is worn unbuttoned, the owner had fastened it. I noticed also that under the coat was a waistcoat of the same stuff, and I felt quite sorry for the man who was thus deceiving himself into believing that he was dressing "for the weather."

Black Cloth.

There is no doubt, of course, that if you have two suits, one made of black cloth and one of very pale grey cloth, and if you take care to see that the two cloths are of exactly the same weight and texture, you will find that the black cloth suit will keep you warmer on a hot day than the pale grey suit. But it does not necessarily follow that any black suit must be more uncomfortable for the wearer on a hot day than any suit of a light shade. Therefore, if some of my readers who happen to possess black coats and waitcoats of very thin cloth are hesitating about wearing them because of the hot weather, let me say this: Don't hesitate; wear what you have; your thin things will very likely be just as cool on a hot day as some of those flannel suits you are coveting.

White Suits.

The right kind of suit to wear in the hot weather is a white one, but custom says "no" to that idea, unless we are at the seaside or are going to a tennis party or something of the kind in the country. The ready-made white flannel suit one sees in shop windows nearly always has a double-breasted coat to it, and possibly it is because of this so many men have got the idea that the coat must be made in that shape. The truth is, however, that a white coat made exactly like an ordinary lounge coat is much more comfortable and, if anything, a trifle more smart than a double-breasted coat.

Two Kinds of Ties.

If the white waistcoat has a narrow deep opening to it the tie should be of the sailor's knot kind, the collar should be narrow and of the double shape, and the tie should be of a very pale shade. If the opening of the waistcoat is not so deep then a bow tie and a wing collar can be worn, and the tie may well be of some dark colour—a blue with white spots is very good.

Turned Up Trousers.

The trousers of this white suit will have the ends permanently turned up. It has been said that the fashion for having all trousers made in this way is now quite general, but I should say that it only appears to be general because, during the hot weather, every man who is not compelled to wear town clothes wears a lounge suit. As the trousers of lounge suits are nearly always made with the ends permanently turned up, it follows that there are more trousers of this kind seen just now than any others. Opinions differ as to the measurement of the "turn-up" of the trousers and the length that such trousers should be. Some gay young sparks delight in having their flannel trousers made so short that their ends are half-way up their owners' calves when their owners are sitting down. This, of course, is going to the extreme of fashion. The turned-up trousers should be just long enough to hang clear of the boots when the owner is standing up straight.

Note to Correspondents.

Will correspondents please remember that there must be only one question in each letter, and that letters are not answered in the paper? A correspondent who encloses a stamped addressed envelope receives a reply by post.

• • •



Mrs. Noah: "Gracious! If Noah had any consideration he would have left these horrid mice behind!"

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SUIT for Golfing, Cycling, Fishing, or general Country wear, from Real Irish Tweed for 50/-

50/- is a low price to pay for a high-grade Golfing or Sporting Suit. But if I want your patronage—and I *do*—it stands to reason that I must make you some inducement. My inducement is a "Portmarnock" Suit for 50/-. The "Portmarnock" is a *Quality* Suit—cut in the very latest style, with expanding pleat in the shoulder to give the arm a free, unrestricted swing. The material is *real Irish Tweed* all *pure, new wool*, absolutely reliable. The linings are best quality. The workmanship, too, is first-class (my cutters hold diplomas). All things considered, you know as well as I know, that such a suit *must* wear well. And there can be no question as to the fit, for I *guarantee* to fit you perfectly. All I ask you to do is to send me an old suit for copy or to fill in the special measure form sent with the patterns. To safeguard yourself, you can post date your cheque or P.O. ten days, and if I fail to make good my claim, you can return the Suit and stop payment. That is as fair an offer as I can make.



Don't order a Suit until you have seen my patterns. They are really very choice and include the popular Donegal homespuns. A postcard will bring them by return.

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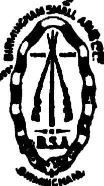
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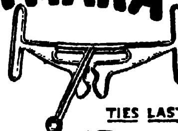
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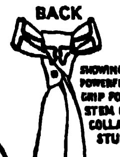


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Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

The feature of markets during the week has been Americans, which have been the centre of activity. Eries, which we specially recommended when at 31¾, being the most prominent stock, and at the time of writing being 38. The British public has not yet gone in for Americans to any extent, and advices from the other side vary. The best informed opinion is that an irregular market is to be looked for, to be followed by a period of liquidation followed by lower prices.

Home Rails call for no special comment. Mexicans have been weak. It is not to be expected that the country will settle down after its revolution without disturbance, and this market had best be avoided, unless one is prepared to take risks. Forestal Lands, which we recommended four weeks ago, have been the strongest spot among Industrials. Kaffirs have been inclined to drop after their spurt, but the position is healthy. Oils have been steady and Rubbers have been in more demand, although this market is still suffering from the effects of the boom, in that every advance brings out plenty of sellers.

Allsopp and Ind Coope.

The Allsopp report is something of a disappointment, the net trading profit for the year being £54,500 as against £79,100 the year previous, whilst the total revenue fell from £131,800 to £99,600. After paying interest on the Debentures the deficiency of profit and loss is increased from £4,400 to £23,900; the proposed amalgamation with Ind Coope & Co. is the one bright spot. The over-capitalisation of Allsopp's, and, indeed, most of the breweries, the trend of legislation hostile to this industry, and the gradual diminution in the consumption of alcoholic drinks are all unfavourable factors which can only be overcome by a bold policy of amalgamations, and if the rumour that negotiations with several other Burton breweries is correct, thus bringing about a large brewery combine, there may be hope for Allsopp's shareholders.

Low-Priced Shares.

We are not in the habit of recommending low-priced shares, for the fallacious assumption that a share is cheap because its price is low is probably responsible for more losses than any other—particularly in the case of mining shares. The attraction is, of course, that it one *does* happen to buy the right share, the margin of profit possible on one's capital is infinitely greater than where it is invested in a higher priced one; the risk, however, is equally greater. Still, where it is possible to buy a low-priced share paying dividends, the likelihood of loss is considerably reduced, while the chances of capital appreciation are, if anything, enhanced.

A Low-Priced Dividend Payer.

Among the limited number of shares purchasable well below their par value and yet paying dividends, may be mentioned the Preferred Ordinary shares of Charron Limited, the well-known Paris manufacturers of motor-cars and accessories. The capital consists of £380,000 in Preferred Ordinary shares and £4,000 in Deferred shares. There are no Debentures, and the Preferred Ordinary shares have received 5$\frac{5}{16}$ per cent. in July, 1907, 3¼ per cent. in January, 1908, 3¼ per cent. in July, 1910, and 5 per cent. in June, 1911.

The net profit for the year ending 30th November last amounted to £50,886. The dividend of 5 per cent. absorbs £18,849, £9,072 is being carried forward, and the balance is utilised to strengthen the company's financial position, by writing down patents, goodwill, etc. As the balance sheet to November, 1910, excluding the goodwill, patents, etc., showed a surplus of assets over current liabilities equal to 18s. per share, the present price of 8s. 6d., which includes the dividend now due of 1s. per share, leaves considerable scope for capital appreciation, besides which, at the present rate of dividend, the shares give a return of £12 5s. per cent. For people prepared to take the risk necessarily attaching to low-priced shares of this description, Charron Preferred Ordinary at the present price look an attractive purchase.

Buenos Aires Pacific.

This company's Ordinary stock, the present price of which is about 94, is probably one of the best purchases among foreign rails. Since June of last year the takings show an increase to date of some £450,000. If we take the working costs at 50 per cent. and the money that has to be found in the shape of interest on guaranteed Debentures at £100,000, this still leaves an available surplus of £120,000, which will be further increased before the end of the financial year. The company paid 3 per cent. last year on this stock, and as each additional £70,000 represents 1 per cent. more dividend on the common stock, the company is earning fully 5 per cent. Its expenditure in respect of interest on old guaranteed Debenture issues is decreasing, and it is not expected that any more issues of this nature will be made during the current year. When the dividend was 7 per cent., Buenos Aires Pacific Ordinary stood at 120, and, as the expansion policy is already bearing fruit, within a year or two when the full benefits are felt, the dividend should again be at that figure. An increased dividend for the present year is more than likely, and, in any case, it is a reasonable assumption that the stock will stand at par by the end of the year.

Kaffirs.

Having stated for several weeks past that we considered the right time at hand to purchase good Kaffirs, we were not surprised to see signs of a revival in this market. It must be admitted, however, that thus far there has not been much evidence of the public coming in, such rise as there has been being really due to the fact that the last carry-over disclosed a shortage of stock and the existence of a very small bull account indeed. This made the bears somewhat timid, and their purchases brought about a slight upward movement, although it was not sustained. There can be no doubt that the market position in Kaffirs is favourable for a rise. The public, of course, never comes in until *after* a rise, and if the big houses wish to bring about an upward movement, the next month or two is their time. Some shrewd observers already name the month of August, when several good dividend declarations are due, as a likely period of activity in this market. Purchasers of such shares as Crown Mines, Nourse Mines, Rand Mines, New Gochs, Jumpers Gold, and Benonis—all dividend payers save the last mentioned—at present prices should see good profits in due course. Another share, the price of which is worth watching, is Nourse Mines, a favourite of ours, shows a profit increase of over £2,000 for last month, and is more than fulfilling expectations.

Main Reef West.

The working of this mine is at present being carried on under difficulties as only one shaft—at the eastern side of the property—is available for hoisting ore. A second shaft, however, on the western portion of the property is being sunk.

During the last eighteen months dividends at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum have been paid, but, if we are not mistaken, the next half-yearly dividend will be 2s. per share, or at the reduced rate of 20 per cent. If and when this is made public, it is possible that the price—at present 40s.—may recede a bit, in which case the shares will be an excellent purchase. The company is, however, earning well over 20 per cent. and has about 500,000 tons of ore developed of an average value of 7·9 dwts, so that even at the reduced rate, the return on the price is 10 per cent.

* London Opinion has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

Birkbeck Bank and Small Investors.

It is not anticipated that depositors will lose much, but this failure shows how necessary it is for people of small means should be able to lay out their money at reasonable interest with the certainty of getting the full amount of their capital back. This means is afforded by the Post Office Savings Bank, and the individual with only a few pounds had much better keep his money there than risk it in option schemes and blind pools or in much circularised investments (so called) which almost always lead to loss of the entire sum. The issue of a new form of Consols in bearer bonds of small denominations would be a boon, provided they were repayable at par or at the issue price within ten or twenty years. There are various municipal and well-secured debentures, repayable within a few years at their present price, or over, which are within the reach of small investors, and we shall be pleased to send a list of them to anyone interested on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

* * *

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," 57 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. The Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form (Telegrams: Briforcol, London). No charge is made.

"*L. L.*"—Keep Knight Central for the present. Hold Kern Rivers at least until after forthcoming statement is issued. "*W. R.*"—We have given you by post the address of reliable people in Paris to whom you could write regarding premium bonds. "*R. W. O.*"—Maikop and General Petroleum Trust and Maikop Oil and Petroleum Producers both good speculations, but prefer the former. "*W. S.*" Sell Utah Bingham if you can do so without loss. Hold Bullocks and Rhodesia Broken Hill for the present. Retain Randfontein Central, and you might average Prestea Block "A." "*T. A.*"—Ronco Ordinary were ex. div 1s. about a month ago. Lloyds Bank shares yield, approximately, £4 16s. 3d. per cent.; Union of London and Smiths, 5 per cent., and London City and Midland, £4 13s. 9d. per cent. Argentine National Mortgage Bank Bonds give a return of £5 16s. 3d. per cent., and have the guarantee of the Government. "*F. M.*"—We should be pleased to introduce you to a member of the Stock Exchange upon receiving from you a definite request for such an introduction. "*Violet.*"—We have replied by post to your inquiries, but would strongly advise you not to speculate with the small sum at your disposal. "*Constant Reader*" (*Mrs. Tuck*).—Union Cold Storage 4½ per cent. Debentures are a thoroughly safe investment, and should suit your requirements. "*Garricks.*"—We have sent you particulars of an investment yielding £4 12s. 9d. per cent., which should suit your needs better than a mortgage on house property. "*Amateur.*"—Sell West African Mahogany Petroleum Gold Company shares if it is possible to do so. "*Wall.*"—We have posted you particulars of well-secured investments yielding from £5 8s. to £6 9s. per cent. "*N. D. D.*"—Your £100 could be spread over the Union Cold Storage Company 4½ per cent. 1st Mortgage Registered Debenture Stock and West Canadian Collieries 6 per cent. 1st Mortgage Debenture Bonds to give you an average yield of about £5 8s. 6d. per cent. with safety. "*A. M.*"—Sell Vaal River Gold Fields whenever there is a favourable opportunity. Retain Wanderers until the Rhodesian market revives. "*Anxious.*"—We cannot reply to anonymous correspondents. "*H. G. M.*"—You might average your holding of Highland and Lowlands Rubber shares provided you are prepared to hold for an extended period. "*Charris.*"—Your holdings are fairly good, but could be improved upon, both from the point of view of security and yield. "*H.*"—We have posted you particulars of three well-secured investments, giving an average yield of £5 8s. 6d. per cent., for the investment of your £500. You could secure a higher rate than £3 15s. per cent. with safety. "*C. B.*"—As desired, we have sent you full particulars of Debentures yielding from £5 3s. to £5 18s. per cent., which we can thoroughly recommend. "*F. L. R.*"—As requested, we send you by post detailed scheme for the investment of £3,000 in Government Bonds, Bank shares, and South American Railways. "*A. S. W.*"—The position of the Bank of Egypt should gradually improve. Hold "Johnnies" until South African market revives. "*J. C. B.*"—There are much better purchases in the Rubber share market than Lamag. We refer you to the list given last week. "*R. J. H.*"—As desired, we send you by post a list of thoroughly sound investments yielding an average of 5 per cent. "*C. G.*"—The Arnold J. Van den Bergh factories are situated in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and at Cleves, in Germany. "*G. F. S.*"—Amongst the lower-priced Rubber shares we consider Tangga Batu, Taiping, and Bukit Cloh to be a good selection. We refer you to last week's article for our views respecting Americans. "*J. B.*"—Full particulars of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank 6 per cent. Mortgage Bonds, which yield £5 16s. 8d. per cent., have been sent you by post. "*H. B., jun.*"—Hold Glencairn for the present. Sell New Zealand Oilfields at the first favourable opportunity. "*J. N.*"—You cannot invest small amounts in the shares you name. Do not be tempted by the alluring advertisements of people who say they can make large profits for you upon deposit of such small sums as are at your disposal. "*F. N. W.*"—Retain your Mining shares for higher prices. Black Sea Prefs. are a fair speculation, and Lake View Consols may improve later.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

It is just as well to bear in mind that one cook can spoil the broth quite as effectually as too many.—*Cartown Courier.*

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but when he finds himself in the presence of a cross-eyed chaperon, the combination is too much for him.—*Blaine Herald.*

• • •

We can understand the ease with which a fool and his money are parted, but what puzzles us is how the fool got the money to part with. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

• • •

THE HATS.

Girls of bygone days wore hats;
Think of it—the stupid flats!
Styles so simple and so crude
We hurled them to desuetude;
Nowadays upon their heads
Women carry feather-beds,
Footballs, flower-pots, laundry-bags,
Bales of feathers or of rags;
Helmets, pie-plates, butter-tubs,
Jungle growths of trees and shrubs;
Dishpans, saucepans, jardinieres,
Sofa cushions, flights of stairs;
Baskets, green and pink and brown,
Right side up and upside down;
Pyramids and Eiffel towers,
Garden plots of gorgeous flowers;
Buckets, barrels, hives for bees,
Boxes meant for fruit or cheese;
Drying frames with wires and slats;
Anything, in short, but hats!
—*The Sun*, New York.



HIS HOPE GREW COLD.

Doctor: "You'll be all right in a day or so. It's nothing but a slight cold."
Canny Patient: "I was kind o' hopin' it was malaria, doctor. I've got a lot o' quinine, an' I hate to see it go to waste!"—"Judge," New York.

About the time a girl loses her faith in fairy tales she begins to believe in love.—*'Frisco Call.*

• • •

The pawnbroker never gets so old that he takes no interest in things.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

The girl with a turned-up nose may console herself with the thought that her mouth was just made for kisses.—*Pineville Star.*

• • •

Humour is the one subject which the rhetoricians, the seers of literature and oratory, have never attempted to dissect.—*Black and White.*

• • •

Some people are selfish enough to want to keep their troubles to themselves, even when their neighbours want to borrow them.—*Chicago News.*

• • •

We should not be proud of the clothes we wear,
They're all second-hand, as we know;
For something, an animal, insect or bird,
Has worn them before, long ago.—*Ohio Sentinel.*

• • •

Mr. Balfour declares that "Britain is at last in process of taking its place among the great creative musical communities." The Board of Trade figures show a steady increase in the exports of mechanical piano-players.—*Star.*

• • •

Yes; it's all very well our morning papers telling us that two women wearing abnormally large hats were mobbed in the streets of Vienna, but we want to know how in the world the mob got near the women.—*Globe.*

• • •

In Portugal the general election continues to proceed in the most placid manner, nobody, apparently, voting for any except the Government candidates. We understand that Mr. Asquith is sending out a representative to find out how it's done.—*Evening News.*

• • •

According to Mr. Mark Webb, our modern hat-band goes back to the sixth dynasty in Egypt, that is, we imagine, to about 4000 B.C. Great is our reverence. Before this immemorial antiquity pales even the tight waist beloved of the ancient Cretans before Troy fell. We are prepared to hear that our huge hats of to-day had their antetypes when the world was yet young, that Boadicea wore an "eagle nest," Zenobia of Palmyra a "flower-pot," and that Lady Macbeth lavished her husband's resources on the latest fashion in "Kaffir Huts."—*Evening Standard.*

• • •

We understand that while King George and Queen Mary are, with characteristic kindness, determined to do their best, they will find it quite impossible to look like *all* the portraits of themselves which are being given away with the various Coronation numbers.—*Punch.*

• • •

The man of to-day is at a disadvantage; and not the wrongs of women, but the slavery of men, may be a pet outcry of the next decade.—*Strand Magazine.*



THE CHURCH AND THE CHILD.

The Small Boy: "I want to go too—oo—oo—oo!"
Small Girl: "Don't cry, Bobby! Don't you know men never go to church nowadays?"
—"Sydney Bulletin."

THE SECRET OF POETRY.

["There are at least a score of men who earn a decent livelihood to-day by writing poetry."—*Weekly Paper.*]

WHEN long-haired poets sing of lovers' woes
And blighted lives, and aching throbs and throes,
And scattered Wine of Life, and faded rose,
'Tis all a pose.

I as a poet once myself, found balm
In sonnets to my Arabella's calm
White forehead, or to Sylvia's dainty palm
Or perfect arm.

But when they scorned them all, did I consign
Those verses to the flames, and slowly pine
Away? Not much! For sonnets fetch per line
Enough to dine.

So, gentle reader, when you read in print
A poet's anguish, do not fear to stint
Your tears, and take from me one little hint—
It is his Mint.

When Clara is "so fair as flowery mead,"
Or when she makes a poet's "heart-strings bleed,"
Remember then she's furnishing his feed
Or fragrant weed.

And at the moment when you read—who knows?—
Just like a cannibal that eats his foes,
He may be dining off Jane's "heart that froze,"
Or "cheek of Rose." T. M.

• • •

The Palmer Cord Tyre, on exhibit in the Machinery in Motion Section of the Bath and West of England Show at Cardiff, derives its name from the airless cord which forms the basis of its construction, for which it is claimed, that it prevents internal friction—it is resilient and uniform in tension, and this enables it to resist all lateral, centrifugal, and tangential strains, while its cords are made impervious to moisture.

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LONDON OPINION

ONE PENNY.

24th JUNE, 1911.

Vol. XXIX. No. 379.

(Reg. G.P.O.)

EXCLUSIVE NEWS ROUND THE TOWN. See page 476.

£2000 FREE INSURANCE COUPON. See page 503.

MANY DRAWINGS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



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London Opinion.

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No. 379. Vol. XXIX. **24th JUNE, 1911.** **Price One Penny.**

WHIPPED TOPICS.

THEY call it London, but the thousands of stands make it look like Deal.

• • •

Twelve thousand doctors are, it is said, about to go on strike. Wonder if that's a threat or a promise?

• • •

The members of the English polo team are coming home heartily pleased with their reception in America. It certainly was warm.

• • •

At banquets, the number of which is rapidly killing them, the Colonial Premiers talk of Imperial Federation—with the accent on the Fed.

• • •

According to a woman writer man remains young until he begins to think of marriage. Does this imply that reflection after the event ages him?

• • •

The clothes of the fashionable woman, says a writer who knows about these things, are extremely light. Bills for the same are, however, about the usual weight.

• • •

Foreign "crooks" for the Coronation are officially warned that "all the great ports" of this country are being watched. The booking to the small ones should be heavy.

• • •

"Grave Affair in Morocco," ran the contents bill of an evening paper last week. "Only another 'puff' of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' I expect," said the cynic in the street.

• • •

It used to be said of George III. that he wondered however the apple got into the dumpling. But a much more mysterious problem is how does the average peach get into the hobble skirt.

• • •

Some brave men in Paris are refusing to pay taxes for the time their houses were under water last winter. If they were English ratepayers they would be lucky, in like circumstances, to escape without having to pay an extra water-rate.

• • •

Perhaps it is not strange, after all, that a certain self-made man, who now has his title, should get such frequent mention in the society columns. His luncheons are always in the papers—just as he carried them when he first started life.

• • •

The *Standard*, describing the Barnet highwayman, says:

> He is a young-looking man, most of his top front teeth being missing.

We presume he cut his double ones first; but, even then, what a *very* young highwayman!

A brass tap was stolen from Acton Police Court the other day. "A bit of brass," indeed!

• • •

"A Wood Green park," says the *Daily Express*, "has a flower bed which reads, 'Long Live the King.'" Can it read anything else?

• • •

Evidence of the earliness of summer this year is forthcoming in the fact that the first Channel swimmer has already got into print.

• • •

There will be many magnificently arrayed personages in the Abbey during the crowning of the King, but none of them R. A'd like Solomon, who is to paint the scene.

• • •

The burgesses of an east coast town are going to celebrate by erecting two shelters on the beach. Pessimists! when the clerk of the weather *is* trying to do his best!

• • •

At the end of the year the National Telephone will become the property of the State. Then all the operators will, whatever they have been in the past, become Civil servants.

• • •

Seven Spanish Armada cannon, dated 1588, are offered at Exeter to let on hire for coronating purposes. No, thanks; we hope for a burst of loyalty, but not of that kind.

• • •

Mr. George Edwardes is to appear as a super in the gala performance of *The Critic*. It is considered unlikely that Mr. Jay Gould, in this instance, will want to take his place, as Mr. Gould would obviously be more suited to the title *rôle*.

• • •

Mind you, for George Edwardes to undertake this new theatrical enterprise, so soon after Mr. Gould's remonstrance about his many interests other than the Gaiety, savours of truculence.

• • •

Police advice to the public for Coronation Day. "Don't carry money in a purse. Distribute coins in various pockets." But how, after paying for seats, is one to achieve this lavish distribution?

• • •

We believe the real reason the authorities have prohibited flying men from aeroplaning over the Coronation crowds is the fear that the machines might collide in mid-air with some of the Coronation prices.

• • •

The presence of Lord Kitchener at the head of a railway will, we hope, have some happy results. *Now*, perhaps, the fellow who insists upon burdening the luggage rack with a hamper of obsolete fish in the dog days, will be court-martialled as he deserves.

CORONATION FEVER.

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

EVERYBODY in London is down with Coronation fever. It is a delightful disease, for it makes sensible folk say and do silly things. It is not every day that seven million people are light-headed and light-hearted. It is not every day that rich and poor, young and old, take leave of their sober senses. But there is no doubt that London has gone quite mad over the Coronation. I firmly believe that I am the only sane person left in what Grant Allen used to call the "squalid village." There may be one or two others, but I have not met them. The police, for example, have become quite deliriously nervous. They are trying to terrify us either into staying at home or into sleeping all night in the streets. It would really be better to issue tickets for streets as well as for seats.

• • •

THE street tickets might be sold at a shilling each. The police would take the tickets at the gates. Thus there would be no crushing and no jostling. The pavements might be marked off in squares, and each square might be numbered, so that every spectator could stand on his own spot. This plan would reduce the whole business to severe mathematical order. It would simplify the task of the police. They could arrest any wretch who dared to trespass on another man's square. The affair could be run like a lottery. There is room, say, for two million spectators on the route. Each square would have a number, and the rule would be "first come, first served." As a rule, a crowd is not a neat sight. It seethes and writhes. It shoves and pushes. It squeals and squabbles. But this plan would make the crowd as neat as a regiment on parade. There would be a place for everybody, and everybody would be in his place. It is a pity that this idea did not occur to the police. They have lost the chance of securing the biggest "gate" on record.

• • •

SOME of the Coronation advertisements are very droll. One gentleman wants to act as *chef de réception*. He says he is "experienced in the art of managing crowds." But there may be no crowd to manage. The arrangements for keeping the crowd out are too complete. Probably the crowd will circumvent the police by making up its mind to spend the night in the streets. In that case, the trouble will begin earlier instead of later. What puzzles me is this. Why were not these tremendous precautions not necessary at the last Coronation? And what are the sixty thousand troops for? If the troops are needed the barricades are not, and if the barricades are needed the troops are not.

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THE truth is that we are growing more hysterical. We allow ourselves to get worked up to a pitch of nervous excitement which our rude forefathers would have laughed at. The newspapers do their best to lash us into a frenzy of feverish curiosity. At the Coronation of Queen Victoria the *Times* was an eight-page paper. To-day all the newspapers on earth are "Coronating." The very babes and sucklings are agog with anticipation. I heard two infants of five gravely discussing the question. They solemnly agreed that a third babe of three was not old enough to go. I know a lively old lady who is nearly ninety years of age. She is cheerily facing the horrors of nine hours on a plank. Between the babes and the octogenarians there will be some amazing feats of endurance.

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LONDON is behaving like a city of children. It is doubtful whether an earthquake would cause more inconvenience than the Coronation. In fact, the Coronation is a London earthquake. It has changed the aspect of our streets for miles. It has hidden old familiar places. It has buried Constitution Hill, the National Gallery, Charing Cross railway station, churches, hospitals, Houses of Parliament, and the Abbey itself in a wilderness of wood. In fact, you cannot see London for the wood. London is no longer a city of stone. It is a city of wood. When I shut my eyes I see a vision of a host of carpenters sawing and painters painting. They have been sawing like fiends and painting like demons for weeks. Where all the carpenters and painters have sprung from is a mystery.

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THE worst form of Coronation fever is the seat mania. It attacks elderly ladies with extreme virulence. They wear themselves out hunting for bargains in the shape of eighteen inches of deal. I pity the seat-vendors. The poor creatures are haggard with haggling. One tradesman told me that he had done no business for a month. He was standing amid the *débris* of his shop in an attitude of misery. He assured me that the only lucky and happy shopkeepers are those whose shops are not on the route. But if the Coronation spells loss for the shopkeepers, it spells blue ruin for many a distracted householder. It is no joke to be forced to pay five guineas a head for the beautiful eyes of a large family. As the show lasts only a quarter of an hour, the unfortunate breadwinner pays for each of his flock at the rate of seven shillings a minute!

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THE truth is that London just now is no place for a poor man. Everybody lisps in guineas, and the guineas come—especially from New York. There is actually a lightning liner—the *Mauretania*. She sailed from New York on Wednesday, was due to arrive on Monday, and to return on Saturday. The fares were four times the usual rate. In New York she is known as the "Coronation Boat." I know some Americans who chose her because she was the fastest and dearest way of getting here. There are Americans who take infinite pains to unearth new forms of extravagance.

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WHATEVER else the Coronation may be, it is a carnival of waste, an orgy of wealth. Money is being spent with both hands. It was odd to note how Ascot emptied the West End streets of all the gorgeously-garbed women. Piccadilly looked quite shabby at times, and Bond Street almost dowdy. The reason was that all the elegant dames and damsels were either at Ascot or were ashamed to let it be known that they were not there. It would be interesting to know how much money was spent on feminine dress for Ascot. I am told that an Ascot hat costs at least twenty or thirty guineas, and that an Ascot frock seldom costs less! The popular Lancer feathers that our sirens flaunt on their heads are nearly a yard long, and I am assured that one cannot be bought for less than twenty pounds. Coronation fever is an expensive ailment.



THE KING AND FLAG OF ENGLAND.

HATH not the hour of sorrow passed away,
In this glad dawning of a wondrous day,
When through our Empire shouts of triumph ring
To acclaim the solemn crowning of our King?
Unfurl the English Flag to ev'ry breeze,
Send forth this message o'er the Seven Seas:
"Behold one Flag, by one great nation flown
In token of one homage to one Throne."

Mark well that Flag, by God Almighty's grace
The emblem of the glories of our race;
From tarnish of dishonour keep it free
As in the past, through all the years to be;
Splendid with ancient glories proudly worn,
Noble with weight of sorrow greatly borne,
Pledge of our Trust, as all the ages run
We strongly hold what we have strongly won.

Red for the Blood of English heroes shed.
Who nurtured England for us when they bled:
White for the Faith that England shall hold true
To God whose sky is as the Flag's own blue;
Blue for the Blood that marks our pride of race,
Red for the blush that kindles at disgrace,
White for the purity of hope and aim
To keep undimmed the honour of our name.

King of our England, when you don your Crown,
Think of this Flag, and England's high renown:
Symbol of all our joy, and all our tears,
Pointing to large endeavour through the years,
Keep o'er it ever faithful watch and ward
For England, and the Glory of the Lord,
That England with this stainless Flag in view
May keep her faith in God, her faith in you.

KEITH J. THOMAS.

THE PEEP SHOW.

By T. McDONALD RENDLE.



CHILDREN OF TOIL.
No. 4.—The Dustman.

Close Quarters.

WITHOUT seeking to indulge in what the late Sir William Gilbert called, "hard-boiled egg-otism," I may hazard the opinion that London is in for a busy week. To judge from a cursory glance at notices and proclamations—which would take you a lifetime to assimilate, and then you would be no wiser—it seems advisable not to go to bed at all after Tuesday night, so that you may be in time to explore the passages of our beseiged town and reach your places before "the sight" passes by. Business and a large section of the public will be brought to a standstill at the same time, and—rely upon this, ye who have paid high prices for seats—many of the positions on the line of route will not enable occupants to see any more than the hats and heads of the actors in the show. Great numbers are fleeing from the uproar, and, having been taught that staring is rude, I cannot understand how it is so many others want to treat the King and the Queen as if they were figures at Madame Tussauds'. At pantomime time many fathers go to the theatre for the sake of the "dear children." This "wheeze" is being worked over the Coronation. Papas would "rather stop at home quietly," but the impression to be made on the minds of the "dear children," drags them forth. I wonder how much of the champagne in the luncheon hamper will be expended on the "dear children"? Yet champagne is a wonderful thing for making impressions. Meanwhile, I am in sore trouble, for my landlady, who has just had a new gown constructed for the occasion, the other morning opened fire on me in an alarming and unexpected manner.

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Royalty—and Others.

"WHICH as 'ow, as I ses to Mrs. Mingles, tho' not fond of mobs, I ses, still anythink like a Coronation it's our dooty, I ses, to go and see it, which, if we didn't, what would be the use of such things at all, as is well beknown the King would be in a fare tear and upset, and the Queen in tears, as might spoil 'er complexion, especially with the dust a' blowin', as ain't no respecter of nobody, I ses, as well remembers comin' 'ome from 'Appy 'Ampton in a shay with my 'usband, as was enough to parch a reservory, with the clouds that 'eavy, and them costermongers a-givin' their sauce, as called me 'ole gal!' and never a drop of ale in the 'ouse when we gets back, as never again, I ses, do I 'ave an 'oliday without a small jar, as believes in enjoyin' yourself when out for the day, tho' a 'ard-workin' woman with the washin' always on your mind, to say nothin' of lodgers, as is a burden sent by Providence, as would be glad if some money was sent with 'em, as would be pleased, Mr. Rendle, if you could settle your bill for March, as is three months ago, and no money yet as would grease a 'air-pin, and the water-rate comin' in Tuesday, and you always a talkin' about takin' gals out and spendin' pounds on 'em, which, as charity begins at 'ome, I ses, as should be ashamed to keep a poor woman out of 'er rights, as told the butcher only yesterday, which as 'ow 'There ain't no shame in them newspaper fellers,' 'e ses, 'as ain't got no such word in their tubercul'ary.'

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Possibilities.

"WHICH as 'ow, tho' not no Queen myself, can understand the feelin's of that dear young thing, when gettin' ready for the Habbey, as must be a tryin' moment, which I ses to Mrs. Mingles, suppose one of them maids of all work was to forget to 'ook somethin' properly, as would be a nice thing to see a Queen a-drivin' out o' Buckingham Pallis with a button loose in 'er summer blouse, which, as Mrs. Mingles ses, 'Don't you 'ave no fear as is sure to be well looked after,' which I ain't certin of, knowin' what servants is, as might leave a 'at-pin stickin' out, as might catch the King in the eye as 'e was talking to his Rile Concert, I ses, and make 'im that cross, and a nice thing for our 'appy and glorious to 'ave a few words with 'is missus as the percession was rollin' along, as is enough to put out anybody when caught quick over the eyelid with a sharp point, as might pop out with 'What the deuce are you up to, Mary?' or somethin' more strong, as Kings is only men, as knows myself, through bein' scratched comin' back from the Crystal Pallis on a Foresters' Feet, as gave 'er a bit of my mind, 'as 'ow 'Some gals should be kept in pinafores,' I ses, 'and not allowed to wear 'ats, a-bobbin' the pins in respectable people's eyes, as pays their taxes as well as stockbrokers and other haristocrats,' and not the frame o' mind the day you are gettin' crowned, as should be pleasant to everybody, and smilin', especially with the clergy there, and the alps and cheesebowls, and lords a-bowin' right and left in new clothes, as must cost a mint o' money, tho' a waste, as is no good for wearin' afterwards, as the boys in the street might be rude if they was to wander about in emery greens and peacock yellers.

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Of Trials.

"WHICH as 'ow, am well aware, Mr. Rendle, as the Coronation is a trial for them as 'as to go through it, and not the sort of trial as you reads of in the papers, tho' never in no court myself, as 'ave only seen one in a play, where Mr. Shylock summonsed a gent for money as was owin', and a 'orrid old party in a stuffy gown as must 'ave made 'im perspire fearful, kept on talkin' enough to take the 'andles off a iron crock, and gives a verdict as was a disgrace to any inquest, which, as I ses to my daughter, 'Who is that old fool?' I ses, which as 'ow 'The Dodge of Venus, ma,' she ses, 'Which I'd dodge 'im if I was 'is wife,' I ses, ''as 'is 'air don't seem to be combed for a year,' I ses, as a judge ought to look clean, considerin' the wages he gits, and 'is clothes smart, and not all mixed up like one of them cook-shop messes they calls a cheese amulet.

"WHICH as 'ow, my 'ouse can look after itself if I chooses to go out a Thursday, Mr. Rendle, as none can ever say I neglected nothin', as was always a good 'ousekeeper, tho' robbed by fellers like you, as it would be better if you was to pay your debts instead of givin' your mind to gals, and writin' about their limpet eyes and silvery v'ices, as must be gold I should think, from the way you raves about the money they costs you, as is no doubt laffin' in their sleeves, or would, if they wore sleeves, the brazen 'ussies, as thinks no more of discussin' what colour stockin's they should buy than if you was their grandpa, as should see you in my apartments, which would be a revolution to 'em, as would know the sort you are, and as 'ard as nutmeg with a poor woman, as never cheated nobody of a tot or jittle, as the sayin' is, and forced to cook dinners as throws yourself down as if you 'ad a million, and thinks no more of my rent and the baker than if they was dirt, and the ink all over my best table-cloth, and pens 'ere, and boots there, and gals always comin' to tea with their, 'Is dear Mr. Rendle in?' which as 'ow my blood biles, as would like to open my mouth, and all my cushings and cassocks thrown about in the best parlour like them chestnut leafs in Bushby Park.

Duty and Pleasure.

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"WHICH as 'ow, Mr. Rendle, if you ain't out o' bed 'a Thursday, will 'ave to go without breakfast, as must be off by five, and my eldest wishin' to see the sojers, as loves to watch 'em in their unicorns, as fights for their country, and not much pay neither, as could no more face them guns myself than fly in a areaplane, as should be stopped by law, tho' not partial to them officers, as seems quite 'aughty, as knew one wot wore 'igh-'eeled boots, and fancied 'isself tho' not fond of payin' 'is debts no more than some other people, which may be a nasty one, Mr. Rendle, as was my intention, which 'opes never to 'ave no more Rendles in my 'ouse, as wonders wot you was as a child, and wot a-bringin' up, as no doubt might 'ave 'ad curly 'air and good-lookin' as Time works changes, which a Coronation don't take place every day of our lives, and as Mrs. Mingles ses, 'We shall be starin' at somethin' as will be 'anded down to prosperity,' she ses, tho' 'ot for them policemen, as I'm not denyin' of, tho' wearin' medals, as too often meddles in things as don't concern 'em, I ses, which as 'ow Mrs. Mingles smiles, 'As will no doubt 'ave drinks give to 'em,' she ses, 'tho' partial to a ripe Civil orange myself,' as the military 'as a thirst as much as p'licemen, as knew a sergeant-major, with ginger whiskers as was never growed on ginger-beer, but 'opes for fine weather, I ses, and good luck to King George and Queen Polly, and the 'awkers and the men with the baked potatoes, as is nourishin', I ses, tho' warm for June, and the chaps in them tubes and the people wot ain't tall enough to see nothin',' I ses, and all the sailors and troops, I ses, the same for them on 'orseback as for the rank and vile."

Where I Come In.

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MY inquiry as to the boy violinist performing by Royal "command" before Queen Victoria in 1851 brings from his eldest son, Mr. Councillor Edgar A. Rendle, of the Old Malhouse, Ham, near Richmond, Surrey, the glad news that this gentleman is still alive. Only this spring he was principal violin at the two concerts given by the Orchestral Society in his native city of Exeter. My correspondent remarks: "There were no two houses a night music-halls in his youthful days to make tempting offers for the services of juvenile 'command' performers, so he left home for London at the early age of ten, and obtained an engagement in the orchestra of the old Haymarket Theatre, and with experience and study became a most able orchestral player. He was associated with all the leading musical societies of the day, and was, besides, one of the principal violins at the Royal Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre under Colonel Mapleson's management, and his ability was highly thought of by such eminent musicians as Sir Michael Costa and Signor Arditi. My father was one of the oldest members of Queen Victoria's private band, and retained his position until the accession of King Edward. In these times, when testimonial benefits to members of the dramatic and musical profession are so common, I certainly do consider my father's unique record is deserving of similar recognition."

A Youthful Violinist.

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After Ascot.

[BY A WELSHY—NOT A WILKIE—BARD.]

I wonder if you miss me sometimes,
  Miss me when the race is run,
I wonder if you think, these rum times,
  How you're done!
Done for all you thought you would get
  Out of that "good thing" rare,
I wonder if you thought I should "get,"
  And I wonder if you swear!

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FOR a moment I received a shock when I read the announcement, "Lord Charles Beresford in Shorts." Could it be that "gallant little *Condor*" had been watching Strand preparations and dropped into a popular rendezvous—let me admit, in strict confidence, I have often been there myself—for a glass of old and fruity? The fact was that the gallant Charles had simply been speculating on how short his continuations would be if he became a Scout officer. Near to Short's is the Gaiety, which reminds me that George Edwardes is to play a Sentinel in the forthcoming gala performance of *The Critic*. I presume he will be posted at the Gate of Gould.

A Surprise.

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As current Coronation festivities reveal a pitiful dearth of imagination in providing fresh attractions for the public, why doesn't somebody revive the Elephant Steeplechase, which was held at Rangoon in the summer of 1858 in honour of the Queen's birthday? The contest took place at catchweights for "a sweepstakes of 1r., H.M. 68th Steeplechase course, open to all elephants, steered by mahouts and ridden by officers, the winning mahout to receive 5rs. from the stakes, and the rider the balance, and a piece of plate from the staff." Some of the riders necessarily missed the balance after the race, because they couldn't keep their own while it was on. The jockeys rode in colours, but with a staff and flag instead of a whip, and the whole field stuck in the ditch, which was, nominally, the water-jump, and was three and a-half feet deep by seven broad. Captain Vaughan's Soorul Jumal won by a short trunk, and Lieutenant Foord's Ponderous Polly walked in with the crowd, being the last of the thirteen competitors. We have clever performing elephants in this country, and they are far more interesting than flying machines.

A Novelty.

ROUND THE TOWN.

Latest Gossip of the Social, Literary, Theatrical, Flying, and Sporting Worlds.

WELL, the great day will be here now in no time; and I already see, in my mind's eye, her gracious Majesty turning to King George to ask (for she is a woman as well as a Queen), "Is my Crown on straight?" Here's wishing their Majesties long life and everything they wish themselves.

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AT King Edward's Coronation there was a good deal of mental distress, among the peeresses at all events, as to the operation of adjusting the coronets without a mirror, and there were some ludicrous episodes. Hence, on the present occasion, it will be realised that there is nothing inimical to religion in a looking-glass, and on Thursday, for the first time probably that such a thing has been done in a church, the peeresses will be provided with the means of seeing themselves as others see them.

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THE special American envoy to the Coronation, Mr. John Hays Hammond, finds that London has improved from the culinary standpoint since mid-Victorian days. "In fact," said Mr. Hammond, "some twentieth-century Englishmen let their love of good cooking run away with them. On the death of a young epicurean peer the other day a wit said: 'His exit is the result of too many entrées.'"

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TWO parties of cadets will help to represent Australia at the Coronation festivities. There is a small lot from Victoria under the command of Captain Rushall. These boys have come entirely at their parents' expense. They are all mounted, and obtain their horses in England. New South Wales has sent about 150 under the command of Major Wynne, the sub-editor of one of the Sydney dailies. Major Wynne saw a lot of service in South Africa, and organised this cadet representation himself. The Sydney boys are paying £40 each. The rest of the money for the trip has been subscribed by the public.

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WE are often assured the Navy is going to the dogs. Well, the armourclads taking part in the forthcoming Naval Review are more than double their number at the last Coronation, and the tonnage is nearly treble. In 1902, twenty-seven battleships and armoured cruisers lined up off Spithead. This time there are fifty-seven. King Edward reviewed 293,000 tons. King George inspects 851,000. Let's hope we keep on approaching the bow-wows at the same rate.

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ALL dramatic critics, and many of their readers, will be interested to hear of a recent action in which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome was the plaintiff. When his Royalty play, *The Master of Mrs. Chilvers*, was produced, the criticism published in the *Star*, after dealing with the play itself, went on to suggest that Mr. Jerome was not capable of writing a serious drama, the bent of his mind not being in that direction.

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NOW Mr. Jerome felt that this was not dramatic criticism, but an unjustifiable personal attack; and he instructed his solicitors, Messrs. Steadman, Van Praagh, & Co., to issue a writ for libel. The *Star* went to Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, and upon the advice of that



Collector: "Ticket, please."
Passenger: "'Aven't got it—losht it."
Collector (making out ticket)**:** "Six and five, please."
Passenger: "Hic—eleven!"



"The way that man looked at me was most insulting."
"Did he stare?"
"No; he looked once and then turned away as if I were not worth noticing!"

eminent firm, having regard to the serious work which Mr. Jerome has done, in addition to his humorous productions, the newspaper admitted travelling beyond the proper limits. Mr. Jerome accepted their expression of regret in the frank spirit in which it was tendered, and the matter was thus amicably ended.

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UNDERSTANDING but little personally of London's little social refinements, which have to be studied so carefully in starting a new opera house, Oscar Hammerstein is forming a committee of five or six members of the aristocracy, to whom he will give the task of allotting the parterre boxes which the theatre contains so as to obviate any mistakes in placing Lady Somebody or other next to Mrs. Blank when they are not in the same social set. It isn't everybody who is wise enough to know what he doesn't know.

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TWO of our leading London actresses, almost on the same day, have parted from their husbands. Have hesitated to mention this before, in case reconciliations occurred. But, alack! the separations appear to be permanent.

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ALL doubts as to the official character of the Thackeray centenary celebration at the Charterhouse have been set at rest by the announcement that Lady Ritchie, the novelist's daughter, will attend the Master's reception after the dinner with which the proceedings are to be inaugurated next week, and is also to contribute many interesting articles to the exhibition which will be opened by Lord Rosebery.

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THERE is some probability that an effort will be made to decide upon the chambers of Pendennis in "Hare-court, in the Temple," and mark them with one of those chocolate-cake tablets so abhorred by Arthur C. Benson. Thackeray's admirers will have it that the novelist must have had a specific set of rooms in his mind, and particularly those which he occupied with Tom Taylor. Lord Rosebery has recently been so severe upon the multiplication of memorials that he may nip this new scheme in the bud when he comes to speak at the Charterhouse.

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AN official of the Chinese Embassy sat at dinner next to an inquisitive girl. "There is one custom," she said, "that I can't follow—and that is the Chinese custom of committing suicide by eating gold-leaf. I can't understand how gold-leaf can kill." "The partaker, no doubt," smiled the official, "succumbs from a consciousness of inward gilt."

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WE often chaff the Scots about love of the bawbee. A London Scottish reader gets in a swinging right by sending me an instance of English closeness, from a letter issued by the Bible Training Institute, of Glasgow. A large number of English students are now regularly under training in this Institute, and for the present season the cost of training students from England, in addition to the amount contributed as fees, exceeds £1,200. Yet the sum received from friends in England has been almost nil.

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WHAT has become of Rodin's memorial to Whistler? It is more than five years since the famous French sculptor accepted the commission to provide a memorial to the artist to be erected on the Thames Embankment near to the house where he lived during the last years of his life. The money asked by Rodin for the work has been in the hands of the committee for several years. The trouble is due, of course, to the high standard of criticism of his own work set by Rodin himself. Those who have seen the memorial in the making declare that as far as can be seen it has been completed for many months. But Rodin is not satisfied.

A ROMANCE in which the public were much interested, two of its favourites being concerned, has, I hear, come to an end. I allude to the marriage which at one time looked probable between Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Grahame White. Like that other airman and actress, Mr. Robert Lorraine and Miss Marie Löhr, they appear to have considered the matter quietly and calmly, and to have decided that it was not a match to go on with.

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THE beauteous Pavlova has been earning tons of English gold, but it is not all net. The Russian Government, in whose Imperial ballet she and Mordkin are, have been wanting them home, and the penalties for absence may amount to several thousands if they carry out their programme as at present planned.

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MR. GRAHAME WHITE, who had entered for the Gordon-Bennett, has declined to form one of the trio who will represent this country. This decision caused great surprise, because Mr. Grahame White won the race last year. He says that he will not fly such a "freak machine" as will be necessary to win this year. He flew a Blériot last year, and it is to be noted that a Blériot, piloted by M. Leblanc, has just made a world's speed record. This machine, therefore, would appear to have a fair chance in the Gordon-Bennett. Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. G. Hamel, two of England's representatives, will do their best on a Wright racer and a Blériot.

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THE K.O.W.'s, girls who were, and may be are, Keen On Waller, have some imitators in Australia, who cheerfully call themselves P.I.G.'s., because they Particularly Idealise Greene. Mr. Greene is the player of Danilo in *The Merry Widow*.

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THERE are more certificated aviators than flying machines (that will fly) in Great Britain. One reason is the cost of running a flying machine, which prevents men who have learned to fly from going in for it regularly unless they are wealthy or are employed as professionals. One result is that French makers still send machines to this country.

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THE resurrections are almost as remarkable as the fatalities in aviation. Lieut. Roser, M. Vialard, and two Japanese officers, all reported killed recently, are all alive and well.

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THERE are several lady members of the Royal Aero Club, but in the handsome premises at 166 Piccadilly there is absolutely no accommodation for them. The club, moreover, closes at 7 p.m. and is not open on Sundays. These are drawbacks fully realised by the committee, and it is expected that ere long they will be removed.

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MR. S. F. CODY, who was presented to the King the other day and flew before His Majesty, and who is the only aviator, except Mr. T. Sopwith, who has been so honoured, is not "Colonel" Cody. He has never claimed any military title, but he cannot, of course, help the mistakes the newspapers persist in making. Nor is he "Buffalo Bill," or any relation to him.

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LAST year Herne Bay earned for itself the sobriquet of "Grease-paint corner," owing to the number of theatrical celebrities who patronised it. Bray, just outside Maidenhead, looks like winning the title this year. A number of footlight favourites have already taken cottages there.

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THOSE who remember what a hit Edward Abeles made at the Hippodrome recently with a merry one-act play may like to hear of a speech he made before the curtain at the close of another engagement.

"Your warm reception and generous applause have



AT THE ACADEMY: ART CRITICISM À LA WHOLESALE.

"My dear, do come in here. I always love the pictures in this room each year!"

stimulated myself and my company," said Mr. Abeles, "to a degree that makes this engagement a memorably happy one for us all, and knowing the sensitive spirit of the actor who will ask for your approval next week, I venture to bespeak for him the same kind approval you have accorded me. My brother artist is here to-night, and I take great pleasure in introducing him to you."

And then Mr. Abeles led forth Consul, the star monkey.

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THAT very popular riverside hotel, the King's Arms, Cookham, which, by the way, possesses one of the prettiest natural gardens in the country, is now presided over by Mr. J. Oliver, late steward of the Oxford University Dramatic Society.

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HEARD at Ascot that, numerically speaking, houses there let very well this year, although the prices obtained were not nearly so large as was the case a few years ago before the motor-car commenced to revolutionise race traffic at meetings within easy reach of London. Twenty years ago owners of big houses at Ascot frequently let them for anything from 100 guineas to 150 guineas for the week. This year not half that price was paid.

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YOU will be wise to take no notice of the unexpected defeat of Great Surprise by Whisk Broom at Manchester. It struck me that this exceedingly smart three-year-old was suffering from the effects of his outing earlier in the week. With the going as hard as a turnpike road it was surely an error to ask the Irish colt to come again so soon.

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SUNSTAR will shortly commence his preparation for the St. Leger. Am glad to hear from Mr. J. B. Joel that the Derby winner is now perfectly sound once more. Barring accidents, he should cake-walk the last of the Classics of Coronation year.

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JACK JOHNSON, who has rented a most palatial flat at the corner of New Oxford Street, tells me that he is anxious to take to the ring again if anyone will consent to meet him on the terms he lays down of £6,000, win, lose, or draw. At this figure the brunette champion looks like having to wait for many a long day.

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LADY AMERICUS is probably the best two-year-old that has been seen out this year. This half-sister to Americus Girl is a really beautiful mare, with powerful quarters like a three-year-old. She won in a hack canter at Ascot, and it will take something very smart to beat her.

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IF you can persuade your bookmaker to lay you a fair price on Stedfast for a place in the St. Leger, now is the time to get on. Lord Derby's colt is bound to see good hedging.

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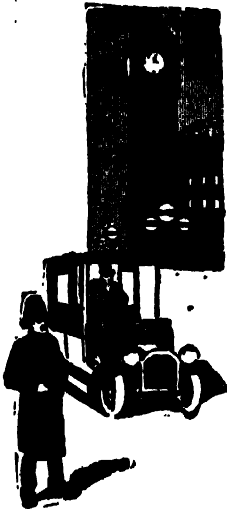
A BODEGA conversation: "The bailiffs levied on our scenery in the third act. Fortunately, he had been an actor himself formerly." "What happened?" "We got away with our hand-luggage whilst he was taking a curtain call."

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THE need of a book of reference containing the names, appointments, and achievements of the world's foremost scientists has long been felt in learned circles. Messrs J. and A. Churchill have in preparation a new annual which is designed to meet this want. It will be called "Who's Who in Science," and is to be edited by Mr. H. H. Stephenson. THE LOOKER-ON.

BENEATH BIG BEN.

By AN M.P.



The curtain has risen on another act of the drama, but in this case the action will be limited to a few weeks, and the presentation will be unusually uninteresting.

The Master of Elibank, with the kindliest of intentions, sought to prevent us from developing feelings of lassitude by a war-whoop to his followers about a nefarious design by the nefarious Tories to organise "snap" divisions, but it was a false alarm. He doubtless believed it, but the game can be played once too often; and even the most charming of Whips cannot afford to forget the fable about crying "Wolf, wolf." These snap divisions are, however, the terror of ministers, and have to be carefully guarded against. Oppositions have, from time immemorial, resorted to the trick of secretly whipping their absent men to arrive simultaneously at a certain hour; and although it is not supposed to be "playing the game," they have all done it, and they will all do it again. The Irishmen were very fond, in the old Obstruction days, of providing such diversions by a sudden incursion from the mail train at Euston; and as they were wont to elude the vigilance of the Whips of the English parties by the simple expedient of coming in at side entrances and remaining out of sight until the division bell would sound, they were enabled to make the best-laid Saxon plans gang aft agley. And when Mr. Balfour was last in power there was many a story about mysterious dinner parties organised in the houses of Liberal hosts and in conveniently-situated hotels, the guests of which, with unerring precision and singular unanimity, arrived at Westminster at the same moment.

Reorganising the Unionists.

But there was little reason to fear such a catastrophe at the present juncture. In the first place, there are not fifty men in this Parliament who want a General Election for at least another year, and such an event would be still more unpopular in the constituencies; and, in the second place, the Unionists are not such a united and happy family that Parliamentary strategy could safely be attempted.

The Pink 'Un.

Will Unionist prospects, for example, be anything the brighter if Lord Balcarres supplants Sir Alexander Acland-Hood as Chief Whip? Sir Alexander's rubicund countenance has won for him the nickname of "The Pink 'Un." It is a term not of opprobrium, but of endearment, and everybody likes the bluff, honest, humorous old war-horse. He is, too, a past-master in all the Parliamentary arts, and could buy and sell a whole regiment of such men as his suggested successor. It is true, I suppose, that Lord Balcarres never made an enemy, but, then, we must remember that the man who never makes an enemy never makes anything. "The Pink 'Un" may sometimes have been too outspoken to his friends, but one may also err in the other extreme of namby-pambiness; and the supersession of Sir Alexander by Lord Balcarres—or by any other of his brother Whips—is, as Lord Dundreary would say, "one of those things no fellah can understand."

Unseen Hands.

Mr. Steel Maitland will certainly justify any promotion that may come his way. He may be relied upon to win his spurs, always provided that he does not fall a victim to the disease of so many politicians in thinking himself a statesman. He does not belong to the ever-growing galaxy of Parliamentarians who have left their futures behind them, but he is still a long way yet from the statesman, despite his clear brain and organising ability. He is one of the unseen powers of the Unionist Party; and another is Mr. Goulding—a young man of no extraordinary parts, but who knows what he wants, and has a way of getting there every time. Others who do not loom large in the public eye, but who play no small parts behind the scenes, are Mr. Younger—the Scot of "Pale Ale" fame—Mr. Remnant, Mr. Lawrence Hardy, and Mr. Cave; and the most popular of these is Mr. Younger.

The Navvies' M.P.

With a due sense of the power of contrast, the Navvies' Union sent Mr. John Ward to us as their Parliamentary spokesman. There is nothing of the "Navvy" in his personal appearance, for he is one of the picturesque figures at Westminster, where his massive frame, his luxuriant moustachios, and his wide-brimmed white felt hat are amongst our delights. Dames of high degree have been known to be fascinated by the good-looking Labour Member; whilst even a Duchess —whist! tell it not in Gath, and whisper it not in Askelon!—is said to have spoken of him in terms of appreciation. But John is impervious to the smiles and wiles of the fair, and when he sees a Tory head he wants to hit it. He has broken out this week in a new place. Somebody has presented him with a copy of "The Directory of Directors," and when a Unionist M.P. hints a doubt about the advisability of payment of members, the member for Stoke at once inquires whether he is a director of limited liability companies, and what remuneration he receives in that connection. The tribe of guinea-pigs is not as numerous in Parliament as it once was, but we still have some we could well spare.

A Practical Joke and its Sequel.

The fact that the Earl and Countess of Granard are at the present moment the leading hosts on the Liberal side has given renewed currency to the rumour that Lord Granard's original appointment by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the post of Master of the Horse was the result of a practical joke by some of his brother officers in the Guards, who wired him in the Premier's name asking him to call. The story runs that Lord Granard immediately obeyed, and that Sir Henry, on learning the circumstances, at once offered him the office which he now adorns.

It is a pretty and amusing tale, but it is not true. The fact is that he was included for two reasons—first, because Liberal Peers were scarce, and, secondly, because C.-B. wished to have another Catholic in the Government in addition to the Marquess of Ripon. Since that time Lord Granard has taken unto himself an American wife with a goodly wad of American dollars; and as both he and his life-partner are favourites at Court, they are a distinct asset to the Radical Party.

The Daylight Saver.

Mr. Pearce, the M.P. for Leek, has had to submit to an adverse verdict for libel in an action brought against him by his opponent at the last election. It is a way that unsuccessful litigants have to upbraid the judge and jury as unprincipled partisans, as perhaps they sometimes are; but Mr. Pearce is above all things a sportsman, and the only comment he offers is that he is glad the verdict wasn't for more than £1,250. Behold, therefore, in him a truer type of the meek and lowly Christian than is presented to us even by Mr. Clough, of Skipton; and certainly a more cheerful Mark Tapley has never appeared on the boards at Westminster.

He is the Parliamentary father of the Daylight Saving Bill and the Calendar Reform Bill, and other unconsidered legislative trifles which are beyond the ken of the average politician; but Dame Rumour—lying jade!—is whispering that henceforth he will be thinking of saving and reforming other things than daylight and calendars.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By A PLAYFUL STALLITE.

As I recently suggested in a note on this page the West-end managers have displayed a characteristic lack of unanimity in coming to a decision concerning the closing of theatres during Coronation time. At the moment of writing it has been decided that there will be no performances of *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Baby Mine*, and *Arms and the Man* on Thursday evening of this week; Covent Garden, St. James', and the Savoy will shut on Thursday and Friday; while the Adelphi, Daly's, and (if Mr. Gould is agreeable) the Gaiety will close on Thursday and reopen on Monday. The longest closure will be in the case of His Majesty's, which will, after the performance on Wednesday evening, remain closed until Tuesday next.

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Several theatres, on the other hand, notably the Garrick, the Shaftesbury, the Globe, the Lyceum, the Prince of Wales', the Duke of York's, the Court, the Little Theatre and Wyndham's business will be carried on without interruption, while the managers of a number of other houses are, at the moment, uncertain what to do.

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It is stated, upon the authority of Charles Frohman, that *The Little Minister* is to be revived in London next season by the said Charles with "a cast which will astonish everybody." Well, I am willing, nay, most eager, to be astonished even to the verge of breathless hair-lifting amazement. "C. F." could astonish us if he liked—by actually bringing Maude Adams over to play Lady Babbie, which part, by the way, she first played at the Empire Theatre, New York, in 1897. Charles could surprise us in several other ways, but the importation of Maude would be a really high grade thrill. What hope, Carlos?

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"Oh! say, here's the Two Bahbs, ain't they just poifectly love-ly?" That's the way an American girl broke in on the back of the Tivoli circle the other night what time the breezy brace of Bobs were keeping the house a-strummin' and a-hummin'. Of the new stuff offered by this quaint couple, I think less than of their old act, but the "Barber's Ball" still remains as delightful a piece of coon comedy as anyone could imagine. Two newcomers from the States, Brice and King (if the former is the man, King is pretty and most dainty), will certainly win the favour of English audiences, for they sing in perfect accord with rare grace of style.

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Girls, Kyrle Bellew will not arrive in London on his annual va-cation this year until somewhat later than usual. He has decided to visit the West Indies and Panama before seeking the sequestered sweetness of the upper Thames, to which he gratefully repairs every summer.

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From a list of "Don'ts" issued (one cannot help thinking, rather patronisingly) by the Actresses' Franchise League to such of its members as were to take part in last Saturday's procession, I take this one: "Don't forget that you are out to be seen—not to see." Well, now, I ask you, is such a reminder necessary, and does any woman need to be told that she is out to be seen? Really the League ought to know a bit more than that.

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Alfred Lester, having to fulfil several long-standing variety dates, finished his twenty-six months' connection with *The Arcadians* last Saturday, and on Monday the famous part of Peter Doody, the joyless jockey, was taken up by George Hester, a dryly-humorous comedian, whom London will delightedly welcome. Even if you have seen *The Arcadians* a dozen times, you should see Hester's Peter Doody—it bubbles with quiet fun, and is not in the least like Lester's reading.

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Back in London for the Coronation doings is Edna May (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn), who has been holiday-making on the Continent. After a week or so of town Mrs. Lewisohn and her husband go to Scotland for some more holidays, and then all round the world for a vacation.

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With R. G. Knowles back again, huskier than ever, and Mlle. Genée accorded as great an ovation as I have ever witnessed, the Coliseum is booming. The dainty Genée dances in a beautiful little scena, invented by herself, and makes some of the Egyptian, Spanish, and even Russian dancers who have been raved about, look like back numbers. She is Itt.

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For the production of the dramatic version of his *Garden of Allah*, Mr. Robert Hichens has been taking George Tyler and several stage colleagues to Biskra, on the edge of the Sahara, to witness a sand-storm, in order that it may be reproduced as realistically as possible. The play will be done first in America. Attempts were made to get Forbes Robertson to play the part of the mysterious priest; but what is described as the biggest offer ever made to an actor proved inadequate. Mr. Robertson preferred to remain in his own great success, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, which was a triumph in the States.

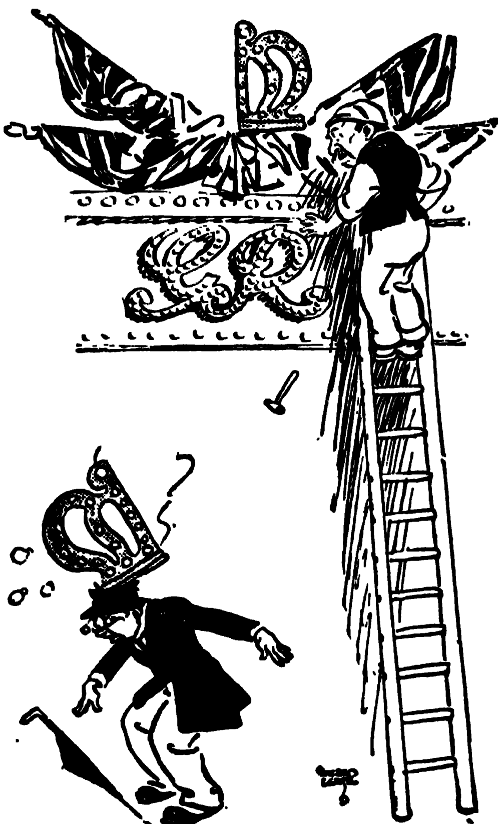
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After producing *Daddy Dufard* at the Coliseum, Albert Chevalier took it out to the States, and has been touring with it very successfully ever since. He says that, "Playing in a small town in the middle West, a portion of the scenery took fire. A panic seemed inevitable.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' I said, 'compose yourselves; there is no danger.' The audience, for some reason, did not appear reassured.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' I repeated, rising to the necessity of the occasion, 'confound it all — do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?'

"The panic collapsed and the play proceeded."



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Half a Crown."



Proprietor of Millinery Shop: "Why didn't that lady buy anything?"

New Assistant: "Because we hadn't got what she wanted."

Proprietor: "You'll kindly remember in future, miss, that you're here to sell what I *keep*, and not what people *want!*"

THE COST OF THE CORONATION.

LAST week I had a molar crowned;
And, when my jaw so tight was bound
That I could scarcely make a sound,
The dentist took the chance thus found
To talk, of relatives renowned,
Of sisters just at Girton gowned
Whose talents would the world astound;
Of brothers who had sung or clowned;
Of aunts of piety profound;
Of uncles who were shot or drowned;
Of ancestors long underground.
In vain I scowled and groaned and frowned;
He went on like a clock that's wound
To do some pre-determined round.
To-day I got his bill, and found
He'd charged by time—an hour per pound—
Which means that I've been badly downed.
But next time I'll outwit the hound
And fix his fees before I'm crowned.

G. DUNCAN GREY

• • •

THE BAFFLED MALE.

BAGGING, sagging "Jupe culotte,"
Oftentimes I wonder what
'Tis that holds you in your place—
Tape, pin, button, hook, or brace.

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THE SLEEPER'S RETORT.

DR. JOWETT once said he sided with the old lady who always went to sleep during sermon time.

"Why don't you take snuff during the sermon?" the minister said to her. "That will keep you awake."

"Why don't you put the snuff in your sermon, sir?" retorted the old lady.

A DROLL MYSTERY.

Something which will Tickle the Reading Public Enormously.

THE British public has a great treat in store. It is going to be immensely amused.

One of the funniest stories ever written in the English language has just been completed. It is called "The Mystery of No. 47," and it is by Mr. J. Storer Clouston.

Much fine literary work already stands to Mr. Clouston's credit. We recall "The Peer's Progress," "Count Bunker," "The Lunatic at Large," and his play, *The Pocket Miss Hercules.*

But "The Mystery of No. 47" is the wittiest thing Mr. Clouston has done. It will lift him instantly into the very front rank of the world's greatest humorists, past and present. These are large promises we know, but we stake our reputation upon the public's ultimate endorsement of them.

The story will set the kingdom chuckling. It will cheer up the man who can back nothing but losers. It will bring back enjoyment of life to the victim of dyspepsia. It will even restore his smile to the golfer off his drive.

It will commence in the next issue but one of LONDON OPINION, where it will appear exclusively; and the single blemish about it is that it is so short. It consists of only eight chapters. Many an author would have hammered out so golden an idea into a thinner eighteen.

NEWS OF THE CURIO WORLD.

Royal Stamp Collectors. By D. B. Armstrong.

STAMP collecting bids fair to become the fashionable hobby *par excellence*, and soon the picture postcard collection and the autograph album may be expected to give place to the philatelic volume in the homes of the nation.

The past year has witnessed a notable increase in the general popularity of philately—a fact largely due to the patronage of H.M. the King—and emulation of the Royal example has led to many persons in high circles becoming converts of the philatelic cult.

To-day stamp collecting stands higher in the public favour than at any time during the sixty odd years of its existence as an intellectual and scientific pursuit.

A Royal Hobby.

In Courts and Palaces stamp collecting has long enjoyed a considerable vogue. As far back as 1864 certain members of the Royal Family evinced a keen interest in philately, as a result of which a special Royal Reprint of the first Penny Postage Stamp, the 1d. black of Great Britain, 1840, was made, and complete sheets were presented to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII.), the Duke of Connaught, Princess Clementine of Belgium, and the German Emperor. The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha was an ardent philatelist, and for some time presided over the fortunes of the Royal (then the London) Philatelic Society.

The Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Kingston were numbered amongst other distinguished British stamp collectors, whilst Princess Margaret of Connaught is also a devotee. Her husband, Prince Gustav Adolf, is an enthusiastic philatelist, and Patron of the Swedish Philatelic Society. There is no evidence to show that the late King Edward was actually a stamp collector, but he can at least be said to have shown an interest in the hobby, and in company with the present King was a visitor at the London Society's 1897 exhibition.

The King's Collection.

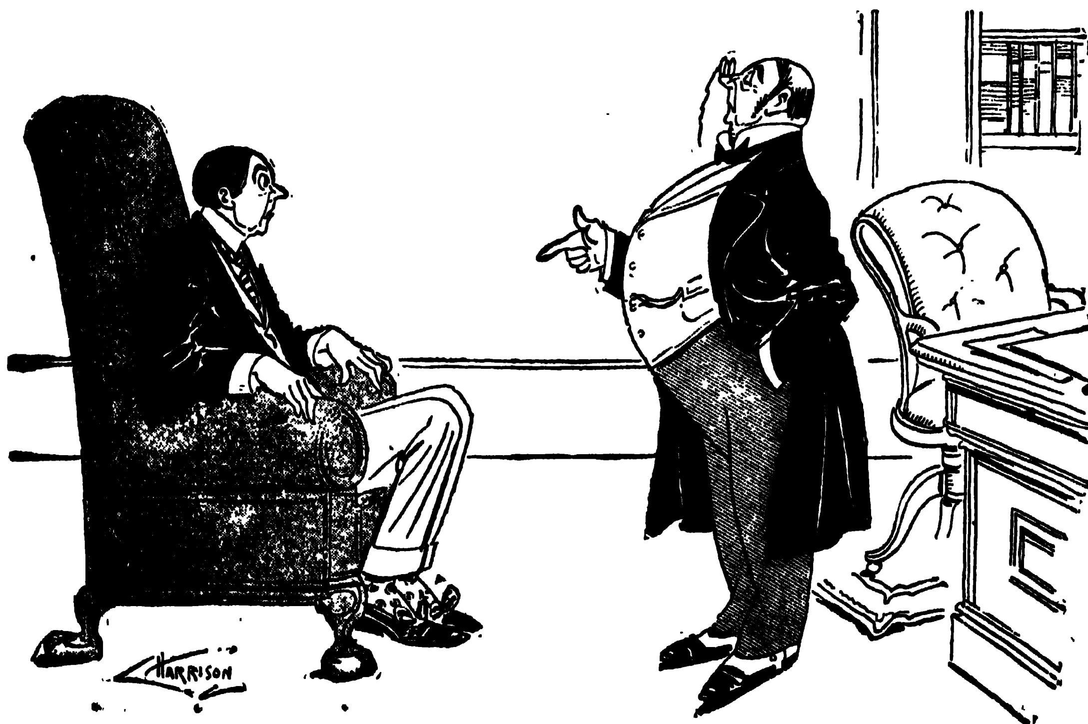
Foremost amongst Royal stamp collectors is our present Sovereign, King George V., but although it is a matter of common knowledge that his Majesty has collected postage stamps for many years, few people realise the deep and active interest which he has taken in philatelic affairs.

The Royal stamp collection is said to have been first commenced during his Majesty's midshipman days on board the old *Bacchante*, and his early philatelic activities were pursued under the able tutelage of his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. In 1896 he succeeded to the Presidency of the London Philatelic Society, and it was mainly due to his influence that the society received its Royal charter in 1907. On his accession his Majesty was compelled to relinquish his office as president of the society, of which, however, he remains the patron.

Throughout his association with British philately, King George has closely identified himself with the principal enterprises for the advancement of the hobby. Accompanied by Queen Mary, he personally opened the Philatelic Exhibition at the Water-Colour Institute in 1897, and has visited many subsequent exhibitions, including that at the Horticultural Hall in 1906, and the Imperial Stamp Exhibition at the Caxton Hall, 1908, at both of which he was an exhibitor. Portions of the Royal collection were also shown more recently at the philatelic exhibitions at Berne and Walthamstow, and his Majesty has gained a number of medals.

Not only is he a stamp collector, but what is more, a keen student of all the *minutiæ* of the science, and is deeply learned in philatelic lore. The results of some of the Royal researches have been embodied in studious papers, which he has at various times presented before the Royal Philatelic Society.

The Royal stamp collection is limited to the postal issues of the British Dominions, and, while conducted



CORONATION FEVER.

Harley Street Specialist (to patient who has been doing the "sights" this season): "Hum, you say 'Stamerey' and 'By my Halidom' in your sleep. Ah, you're suffering from 'Empire of Londonitis,' sir!"

mainly upon general lines, it is specialised as regards several Colonies, notably, Mauritius, Trinidad, British Guiana, Barbados, Hong Kong, and Nevis. The Great Britain portion is also highly specialised, and contains many items which are unique. The King's Mauritius collection is remarkable for containing the stamp for which, on his behalf, the highest price on record was paid; a superb unused specimen of the famous 2d. blue "Post Office" Mauritius, bought at auction for £1,450. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the intrinsic value of the King's collection is by no means as great as frequently represented and there are many private collections of considerably greater monetary worth. At various times it has been enriched by the presentation of complete collections of their stamps by Colonial Governments, and from his world tour in 1901, his Majesty brought back a number of philatelic souvenirs.

The arrangement and classification of the collection is superintended by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Philatelic Society, and a special purchasing agent is entrusted with obtaining choice specimens to grace the Royal albums.

Like Father, Like Son.

Worthy sons of a philatelic father, the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are both ardent stamp collectors, and attended the Exhibitions of 1906 and 1908. Apparently, the Prince of Wales is less conservative in his collecting than the Royal parent, for at the 1906 Exhibition he showed collections of the French Colonies, and of the negro Republic of Liberia, both of which were marked "not for competition." He is reputed also to have a strong penchant for the stamps of his namesake colony, Prince Edward Island.

Stamp Collecting Royalties.

Amongst other illustrious stamp collectors may be mentioned Queen Hélène of Italy, ex-King Manoel of Portugal, King Alfonso of Spain, Queen Maud of Norway, the Mikado, the King of Siam, the Khedive of Egypt, some of the German Royal Princes, the Crown Prince of Servia, Prince Doria Pamphilj of Italy, and innumerable minor Royalties and dignitaries, including several members of the Russian Royal Family and a number of Indian Rajahs.

Stamp collecting can, therefore, justly lay claim to the distinction of being a veritable "Royal hobby."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the large number of Curio inquiries received, and the consequent call upon the time of our experts, a charge of 1s. for each inquiry is made, and stamps or P.O. must be inclosed. All letters, etc., relating to curios should be sent to the Curio Editor, "London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

No inquiries can be answered unless fee is enclosed.

The editor cannot guarantee replies under two or three weeks; but will send answers by post, if crowded out, when stamped envelope is enclosed.

It will save time, and secure a correct valuation, if photographs of china and pictures are enclosed with inquiry.

No articles should be forwarded until requested, and when sent the full name and address and stamps for return, must be enclosed. The proprietors of LONDON OPINION *will endeavour to take all reasonable care of such articles, but they cannot accept any liability whatever for loss or damage to them, from whatever cause such loss or damage may arise.*

Readers should give complete particulars concerning the articles in question, and enclose full name and address.

H. W. (Bristol).—Late impressions of Rembrandt etchings are of small value only, worth 15s. to 20s., according to subject and impression.

E. W. (Crouch End).—Your photogravure is of nominal value only; very few photo engravings are of any value, even when in artist proof state.

H. Q. (Wimbledon).—Your autograph note by Thackeray, signed with initials, is worth 20s. to 25s.

L. B. (Presbury, R.S.O.).—Your old print "Landscape," which obtained the first premium granted by the Society for promotion of Art in 1760, is worth 20s. to 25s. Proofs before letters of the same subject are worth about £12.

A. C. (St. Albans).—Your fiddle-back chair is worth 30s. to £2. Elizabeth shilling is worth 3s. 6d. It is difficult to say what your other silver coin is, probably an Edward VI. shilling, and in condition stated would not be worth more than 2s. Bronze coins are of no value.

S. P. (Sask).—Your Baxter print No. 3 of Exhibition set is worth 7s. 6d. to 10s.

MAYFLOWER (Sutton).—There is no trace of any known artist of the name you give. Pictures by unknown painters, especially of nude subjects, are rarely of more than nominal value.

C. D. (Dundee).—Your coloured print on glass, "Countess of Waldegrave," is worth 20s. to 25s. You should be able to sell it to a local antique dealer.

LIBRA (Northampton).—Your volume is worth 15s. to 20s.

H. S. (Bristol).—Your engravings are worth the following: "Attack on Valenciennes," 20s. to 25s., "Battle of the Nile," £5 5s.; other engraving, 15s.

CONSUMPTION.

When your doctor and the specialist have told you they can do no more for you, Sanatorium treatment, open air, and change of climate failed to give you relief, and the disease is slowly but surely devouring all except your soul and bones, send a postcard to Mr. Chas. H. Stevens, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, for particulars of his newly-discovered cure for Consumption and records of the wonderful recoveries it has brought about. He will also send you a list of absolutely cured patients whom you can communicate with personally, and some of them have never even seen Mr. Stevens.

This article is not intended to give false hopes to anyone, but to spread the good news that a positive cure for Consumption has really been found, although, owing to the red tape of the Medical Profession, it has not yet been officially recognised.

Mr. Stevens is willing to send a supply of it to anyone suffering from the disease on the "No Cure, No Pay" principle.—[Advt.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

Mr. Joe Briggs had just returned from a three days' visit to his brother-in-law.

His original intention had been to stop a week, but after calling his host, whom he had not previously met, a red-headed, ferrety-faced hound, he had decided to cut short his visit. To show that there was no ill-feeling on his part, he had called in at the butcher's on his way to the station, and ordered half a pound of raw beef to be taken round with his compliments.

Arriving at his native village he hurried round to his bosom friend Sam Gregory to retail the incidents of his visit; more especially to describe the particular right-arm hook which had led to the curtailment of his stay.

To his surprise he found the usually open door inhospitably closed; a faint light in the upstairs room hinted, however, that his friend was at home.

"Hi, Sam!" he shouted through the letter-box. From the abruptness with which the light upstairs was extinguished, it seemed almost as if it had been blown out by Mr. Briggs' breath.

Considerably bewildered, he was about to take his departure, when a slight noise overhead attracted his attention to the fact that the window sash had been raised a few inches.

"That you, Sam?" he demanded.

"Um," came the non-commital reply. "'Oo is it?"

"Me," replied Mr. Briggs, his face a badly-drawn picture of surprise.

"'Oo's me?" inquired Mr. Gregory suspiciously.

"Why, *me*, o' course. Joe Briggs."

A sigh of relief floated down to the listener's ears, and a few moments later there was a sound as if heavy furniture was being dragged away from the bedroom door, and then ponderous footsteps indicated that Mr. Gregory was descending the stairs.

"Sure there's nobody with you?" came the cautious inquiry through the letter-box.

"Course, there ain't," said the amazed visitor. "What's the matter with you?"

The noise of bolts being shot back was heard, and the door slowly opened a few inches, and the nose of Mr Gregory appeared round it.

"Come in," he requested.

In response to the invitation, Mr. Briggs endeavoured to squeeze through the narrow opening. In his anxiety to shut the door behind his visitor, Mr. Gregory anticipated his entry by a few seconds and nearly broke his ribs. In the narrow passage Mr. Briggs stood and watched his friend feverishly shooting home the bolts. Too astonished to make any inquiry, he followed his host upstairs.

Still speechless, he sank into a chair, and allowed Mr. Gregory to pour him out some rum without protest. He only recovered his power of speech when his friend proceeded to add water.

"That'll do, that'll do," he cried, pushing the jug on one side, "don't *waste* the water."

Mr. Gregory replaced the jug on the table, and dropped limply into a chair

Mr. Briggs eyed him in amazement, and then shook his head helplessly.

"Well, here's luck," he exclaimed, raising his glass.

Mr. Gregory responded with a dismal groan.

"Luck!" he echoed bitterly.

His friend, replacing his glass on the table, regarded him intently for a while.

"Something's been happening," he opined wisely; "something as has upset you."

"That change of air 'as done you good," announced Mr. Gregory sourly; "you've guessed it. Guessed it," he continued, in tones of surly, reluctant admiration, "and you ain't 'ad more'n one try."

Oblivious to the sarcasm, Mr. Briggs nodded his head knowingly.

"See, it at once," he asserted boastfully. "There ain't much I don't see. You've had a bit o' bad luck."

Mr. Gregory mused over this statement for a moment.

"I 'ave and I 'aven't," he said finally. "If you understand what I mean."

"Which I don't," admitted his friend frankly. "What bad news *can* you 'ave—with a settled pension and no relatives? You ain't bin and got married, I suppose."

Mr. Gregory groaned.

"I believe you 'ave," cried Mr. Briggs accusingly. "I'm ashamed of you. A man your age, you ought to know better."

"I do know better," wailed Mr. Gregory. "I *do* know better. I keep tellin' her I'm too old to get married, but she won't pay no 'eed. She thinks I'm bashful; tells me not to be coy."

"*Coy!*" echoed Mr. Briggs faintly, gazing open-mouthed at his mahogany-tinted, grey-whiskered friend.

"Ah! She got the word from one of them novelettes she's always reading. And she keeps following me about," he continued, becoming heated with indignation, "and writes me notes and sends 'em round by the neighbours' children. I used to be fond of children once, but now I've got so towards 'em that I'd like to scrag 'em whenever I hear one laugh."

"Wants to marry you," repeated Mr. Briggs, staring at the unhappy victim in frank bewilderment. "What's the matter with the poor thing—ain't she right in 'er 'ead?"

"Nothing wrong with 'er 'ead," said Mr. Gregory shortly. "It's a sort of infatuation. Mind you, I don't say as I 'aven't given 'er some encouragement. Always knowing, in a manner, where I was sure of a glass of ale, I may 'ave called rather frequent on 'er. Deluded 'er with false 'opes, so to speak." He sighed penitently.

"Why not explain it was really the ale you was after?" suggested his visitor.

Mr. Gregory shook his head embarrassedly.

"I won't swear as we mayn't 'ave *talked* about marrying. We 'ad to talk about something," he added, in self-defence. He avoided his friend's speaking eye in some confusion. "We used to talk about taking a little beer'ouse whenever I saved up enough money. Many a little trip we 'ave taken on a Sunday afternoon to look at a likely one."

"And me never knowing where you used to get yourself to," cried Mr. Briggs, wounded at this concealment. "But where's the worry; you ain't saved up enough to take a place, 'ave you?"

"No," was the frank admission. "nor never would 'ave; that's where I thought I was safe." He leant back in his chair and regarded his friend moodily. "I've 'ad money left me."

"'Ow much?" inquired Mr. Briggs interestedly.

"Two 'unnered pound," was the reply.

"Two 'undred——" began Mr. Briggs, his eyes starting from his head. "*Two 'undred——*" His voice broke, and, seizing his friend's hand between both his own, he shook it vigorously.

"Dear old chap," he faltered, regarding him with the moist eye of affection. "Pals. That's what we are, Sam, ain't we? The truest 'earted friend a man ever 'ad. Pals; ain't we, mate?"

"Ah," said Mr. Gregory unemotionally. "When you've done yanking my 'and up and down," he added pointedly.

Mr. Briggs relinquished this pleasing exercise, and, resuming his seat, watched his friend with respectful interest.

"What was the name, Sam?"

"Same name as me own. 'E was a uncle in Australy as I'd never 'eard of."

"I don't mean 'im. I mean of that avaricious, selfish, unmodest woman 'oo's after your money."

"Oh," said Mr. Gregory, "'er. Mrs. Simpkins at the corner."



[By H. M. Bateman.

THE PRIMA DONNA—A STUDY IN ATTITUDES.

"Oh," said Mr. Briggs, in his turn, "'er." As he reflected on the subject he began to glow with virtuous indignation.

"It ought to be put a stop to," he asserted warmly. "'Ere's you come into a bit of money, and instead of being allowed to spend it in a sensible way, enjoying yourself with your pals"—he leant forward and stroked Mr. Gregory's hand with an air of ineffable tenderness—"you 'ave to waste it making a 'ome for *'er*."

Mr. Gregory groaned, and swallowed a glass of rum as if it had been poison.

"'Ow'd it be," suggested his sympathetic friend, "if you pretended to 'ave the money stolen?"

"It's in the bank," said the victim of wealth.

"I never did think much of them banks," asserted Mr. Briggs disgustedly, "not from a child." He meditated for awhile with pursed lips. "Suppose you was to write a cheque and let me draw the money out and go up to London, and then pretend I'd forged your name."

"Suppose," said Mr. Gregory in a cold, hard tone, which shelved that suggestion for once and all.

"Or—or—— 'Ere, I've got it! Suppose you pretend to *lose* the money to me."

"'Ow?" demanded Mr. Gregory, still frigid.

"Card-playing," said his friend.

"But I can't play cards," came the objection.

"Course not. That's why you lost."

Mr. Gregory grunted, strangely unmoved by his friend's schemes for saving his money.

Undeterred by the icy reception of his suggestion, Mr. Briggs continued, undaunted:

"You give me an I O U for the money," he cried enthusiastically. "Then we go round and break the news to 'er. You plead with me not to break two loving 'earts by taking the money. But, of course, I insist on 'aving it. Then you get the money from the bank, and 'and it over to me in 'er presence—so's she can see we ain't deceiving 'er. Then we leaves 'er, and I give you back your money—except what you think you ought to give me for 'elping you."

Mr. Gregory mused over this ingenious scheme for awhile.

"If I could only trust you," he murmured doubtfully at length.

Mr. Briggs looked deeply hurt.

"We'll 'old 'ands, if you like, till I've give up the money. Besides, you're a bigger man than me, so it ain't likely I'd try to cheat you. Not to mention," he added, as a casual after-thought, "that I'm too honest."

After long deliberation, Mr. Gregory agreed to adopt his friend's suggestion, and, accordingly, the next afternoon he made his way, with a hang-dog air, in the direction of Mrs. Simpkins' house.

Just outside he was joined by Mr. Briggs, who had spent the day practising smiles of malevolent triumph until his features ached. Mr. Gregory, unaware of this fact, eyed his contorted countenance in some surprise.

"What are you screwing your face up like that for?" he inquired. "Got the toothache?"

"No," said Mr. Briggs shortly. "'Ave you brought the I O U with you?"

Grunting an assent, Mr. Gregory produced a much crumpled piece of paper, which his friend hastily pocketed.

"Now then," he said briskly, as he knocked at the door, "try and look as if you was upset."

With an expression which looked positively suicidal, Mr. Gregory huskily promised to do his best.

"Evening, mum," said Mr. Briggs cheerfully, as a stout, pleasant, but determined-looking woman opened the door.

"Good evening," she answered. "Aren't you coming in?" This last to Mr. Gregory who was backing agitatedly towards the gate.

Grabbing him by the arm, Mr. Briggs hauled him into the sitting-room.

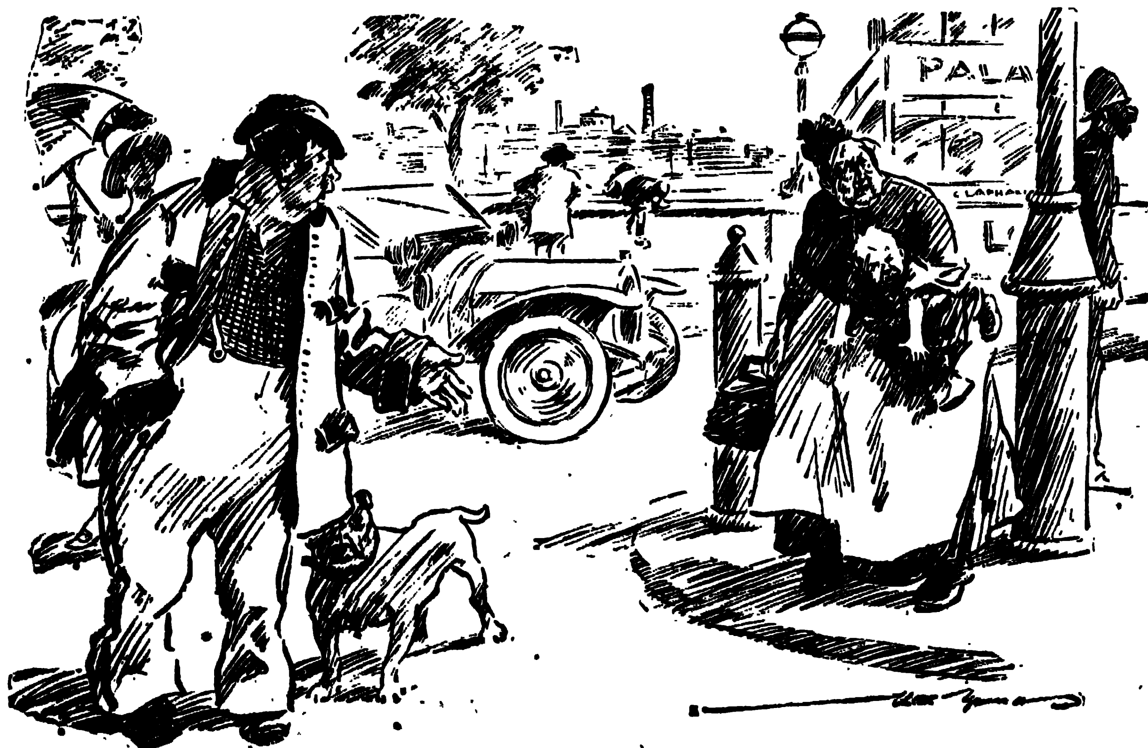
"'E's a bit upset," he explained frankly. "'Ad a bit of bad luck. Ain't you, Sam?"

"Ah," said Mr. Gregory, glaring intently at the ceiling.

"'E don't know 'ow to break the news to you," continued Mr. Briggs, confidentially. "That's what's worrying 'im." He nudged his friend encouragingly in the ribs.

"A 'appy little 'ome," said Mr. Gregory, thus prompted, commencing in the middle a speech he had been preparing all day. "Now my 'opes are blighted. Wild and reckless—false friend—ruined." He came to an abrupt stop, and stood licking his dry lips.

"Oh," said Mrs. Simpkins pleasantly.



The Gallant: "Nah then, are yer going to 'ang abaht there till they digs a subway for yer?"

With the scowl of a transpontine villain Mr. Briggs took the I O U from his pocket, and handed it to his hostess.

With admirable self-possession Mrs. Simpkins read it interestedly:

I O U, Joseph Briggs, two hundred pounds which I lost last night playing snap. Being of sound mind.—Signed, SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Oh," she commented, as she handed the paper back, "at snap, too."

"*Nap*," said Mr. Briggs, with a dark look at the friend who had betrayed such abysmal ignorance of card games.

"'E's just off to the bank to get the money now," he continued. "'E musn't get down-'earted, though. One of these days the luck'll turn, and 'e'll win it all back, and more"

"And you're going to give him this money?" said Mrs. Simpkins, turning to Mr. Gregory with polite interest.

"Must," explained that gentleman gruffly. "I wouldn't if I could get out of it, but 'e's got that paper, and 'e'll 'ave the law or. me if I don't. Broken-'earted—blighted 'opes"—he trailed off into indistinct mumblings.

"Just so," agreed Mrs. Simpkins. "He looks a hard-hearted scoundrel."

Mr. Briggs, who had been smiling pleasantly to himself, assumed a ferocious scowl at this.

"You'd better run and draw your money out now," said Mrs. Simpkins, "and come back here with it. With a man like that you'll want a witness."

Amazed at the ease with which his friend's plan was working, Mr. Gregory edged out of the room.

While awaiting his return Mrs. Simpkins watched the equally astonished Mr. Briggs with a genial smile.

"Twenty ten-pound notes," said Mr. Gregory breathlessly, on his return.

"Let me count," said Mrs. Simpkins brightly, "to make sure. Yes, that's right." Holding them in her hand, she stood for a moment as if undecided. "Your sure you'd like to get out of paying this money if you could?" she asked, turning to Mr. Gregory.

"Course I would," cried Mr. Gregory. "'Ow can you ask?"

"Well, I'll take care of it for you," said Mrs. Simpkins kindly, folding the notes and placing them in her purse. "You're not fit to have charge of money. Neither of you."

Both men stared at her with a sudden strange fear.

"Gambling is illegal," she explained placidly, "and such debts are not recoverable by law. I should have thought that Mr. Briggs would have been clever enough to know that."

"Must you go," she added politely, as mumbling helplessly, Mr. Briggs stumbled towards the door. "No, Sam isn't coming just yet. I want to speak to him about having the banns put up next Sunday."

AN EASY ALTERNATIVE.

WHY worry if you cannot get to the Academy? There are forty clever drawings in the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, one shilling everywhere.

• • •

THE SPECULATOR'S LAMENT.

WHEN rubber shares are weak—the lot,
And Anglo-A.'s perplex,
I cry, like grandmamma, "O what
Has happened to my specs.?"

• • •

AWKWARD FOR UNCLE.

"UNCLE HENRY, how long does a person generally live?"

"Threescore and ten, my son, is the accepted number of years."

"My! Then you will live one hundred and forty years, won't you?"

"Hardly, my lad. Why do you think so?"

"Mother told father the other day that she thought you were living a double life."



Indignant Customer: "Look here, sir, I've been swindled. I bought this 'History of Nottinghamshire,' and it doesn't say a word about Alletson!"

THE MUSICAL SPUR.

DURING the progress of one of the polo test matches at Meadowbrook, the band struck up the "British Grenadiers" to encourage the English team to greater efforts to win the game. This excellent idea, so characteristic of our American cousins, has, we are glad to say, caught on over here with encouraging results, as the following extracts from the daily papers of the immediate future will show:

"Meander undoubtedly owe their magnificent victory against the Club Nautique de Bruges in the Grand Challenge, to the kindly patriotism of a gentleman with an accordion, standing on the Berks bank, within fifty yards of the winning-post. As the crews approached this point in the final struggle, Bruges were a clear half-length ahead. The gentleman mentioned above, whose name our correspondent has been unable to ascertain, was engaged at the moment in a beautiful rendering of 'Home, Sweet Home,' to an appreciative audience, when his attention was drawn to the serious predicament of his perspiring countrymen on the river. With a patriotism that cannot be too highly commended, he instantly changed the plaintive melody into the joyous strains of 'Merry may the Keel Row.' This so nerved the Meander crew, that they changed an otherwise inevitable defeat into a two-length victory."

* * *

"When the Indians resumed their second innings [illegible] lunch, they appeared in a hopeless position, as [illegible] required 327 runs, with only two wickets in hand, [illegible]rt defeat. By the kindness of the Oxbridge captain, [illegible]nd had played nothing but Indian airs all day [illegible]rage the swarthy batsmen, but even this seemed [illegible]l. In the second over after lunch Lookland [illegible]ed Mr. Meandrenji before a score of runs had been added, and when the last man walked in from the Pavilion, it was 'all Lombard Street to a China orange' that the match would be over in less than half an hour. But it is the unexpected that so often happens, and when the band struck up a musical setting of 'Bande Mataram' a sudden change came over the scene, and some of the most sensational cricket on record took place. Bowler after bowler was tried, but the remaining batsmen appeared to be possessed of unearthly powers, and boundary after boundary was scored. The winning hit was made by Mr. Squashfat Hussle'em two minutes before time, amidst a scene of wild excitement."

* * *

"The French horse's victory in the Loamshire Stakes is entirely attributable to the fine rendering of the 'Marseillaise' by the Besses o' the Barn Band stationed near the winning post. When the horses entered the straight Mr. Edouard Noir's colours were seen bobbing about in the background hemmed in by the 'also ran' division. No sooner had they come within earshot of the famous band than the stirring martial strains acted like magic on both horse and jockey, and they simply shot through their equine environment, and, like a streak of the proverbial greased lightning, the 100 to 1 chance passed the post half a nostril ahead of the favourite. Such stirring incidents as these only serve to cement the *entente cordiale*."

* * *

"Johnny Jackson and Jimmy Brittle had a rare set-to at Wonderland last night; the latter winning on points in the forty-third round. The odds were slightly in favour of the heavier man, who, it is believed, would have won had not the gentleman in the gallery, who sang 'Way down upon the Swanee River," cracked on a rather high note, during the last round, as up to this point the coloured man was leading slightly."



One, Two, Three, Four—the difficulty is when to stop,

for Skippers are such delicious little fish you feel you *must* finish the tin; yet there are about 20 of them in it—a feast for a whole family.

And the best of it is that they do you good, however many you eat. They are twice as nourishing as oysters, three times as nourishing as cod or haddock.

Let the children eat them freely, for the pure olive oil makes a sheath of soft tissue for growing nerves, and the phosphates in the fish themselves build bone and brain.

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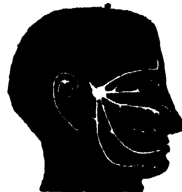
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S 128 *Please mention this paper.*

FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

The Charm of the Spoiled.

"All charming people are spoiled. It is the secret of their attraction."—*The Claw*, by Cynthia Stockley. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

Her Limitations.

"Not one woman in a thousand is clever enough to keep silent when there is no more to be said."—*The Happy Vanners*, by Keble Howard. Cassell. 6s.

From "The Devil in Solution."

"What Lady Cerise ate was largely a matter of indifference to her, if only it was unwholesome."

"'What time must we be at the station?' asked Lady Mary.

"'At half-past ten,' replied Lady Cerise, and looked at the clock.

"It was a quarter past eight.

"'Then,' said Lady Mary, 'I had better go and put on my hat.'"—*The Devil in Solution*, by William Caine. Greening & Co. 6s.

From "Thus Saith Mrs. Grundy."

"A capacity for smiling at bores is said to count towards one's score in the better land. It ought to, for its killing work while you're doing it."

"Woman rarely possesses the courage of her curiosity."

"First-rate people mostly do mean things in second-rate style."

"Men and women are like tea. You never know how they will turn out when they are blended."—*Thus Saith Mrs. Grundy*, by Annesley Kenealy. John Long. 3s. 6d.

On Woman.

"It takes all sorts of women to keep a man alive."

"Lots of women are flighty. Most women would like to be flightier than they are."

"An odd one here and there may pretend not to mind, but every woman has firmly-rooted principles in matters of dress, even if she is devoid of principle in everything else."—*The Irresistible Husband*, by Vincent Brown. Chapman. 6s.

From "The Garden of Resurrection."

"It is a man's mistaken ideas about women—or it is love, if you like that better—which makes the world go round."

"Some one else's romance is very engrossing when it happens that you have none of your own."

"What's the good of saving any woman from her own infatuation? She'll only hate you for it."—*The Garden of Resurrection*, by E. Temple Thurston. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

The Oriental Attitude.

"Prince Li Hung Chang was escorted to Wall Street, and in a certain broker's office he was shown a 'ticker' machine rolling off the prices of stocks. It was expected by his host that he would be astonished, if not bewildered, at these financial heart-beats made visible on a strip of paper. When asked what he thought of it he replied: 'I think I should prefer to play in a game where I can see the cards shuffled.'"—*The West in the East, from an American Point of View*, by Price Collier. Duckworth & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Risking It.

"There'd be no fun in life if one never took risks."—*The Happy Vanners*, by Keble Howard. Cassell. 6s.

A Burlesque Heroine.

"Gertrude cherished the memory of her parents. On her breast the girl wore a locket in which was enshrined a miniature of her mother, while down her neck inside at the back hung a daguerreotype of her father. She carried a portrait of her grandmother up her sleeve, and had pictures of her cousins tucked inside her boot, while beneath her—but enough, quite enough. From her earliest infancy Gertrude had been brought up by her aunt. Her aunt had carefully instructed her in Christian principles. She had also taught her Mohammedism to make sure."—*Nonsense Novels*, by Stephen Leacock.



AN ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

England, with all thy faults,
I love thee still.—*Cowper.*

How to Write a Comedy.

"Comedy is the manufacture of a misunderstanding. Having manufactured it, you place its culmination at the end of the last act but one, which is the point at which the manufacture of the play begins. Then you make your first act out of the necessary introduction of the characters to the audience, after elaborate explanations, mostly conducted by servants, solicitors, and other low-life personages (the principals must all be dukes and colonels and millionaires), of how the misunderstanding is going to come about. Your last act consists, of course, of clearing up the misunderstanding, and generally getting the audience out of the theatre as best you can."—*The Doctor's Dilemma, etc.*, by Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6s.

Our Modern Ways.

"Nothing on earth is quite so easy to understand as what is popularly called Science. The only way that men have been able to make it at all difficult is by inventing a very frantic terminology—which they habitually mispronounce—and by carefully suppressing all habit of simple and lucid speech."

"Education for the child means a march into the unknown. He is told that he has to do quadratic equations, but nobody ever dreams of telling him why. He has to know the name of the capital of Portugal. He has, in extreme cases, to know the names of the kings of Israel and Judah. The patience of the child is remarkable. He really does consent to lumber up his mind with all this nonsense, merely because papa, or the governess, or the schoolmaster wishes him to do it."—*An Exchange of Souls*, by Barry Pain. Eveleigh Nash. 2s.

• • •

Ponies and All About Them is an admirably illustrated book by F. T. Barton, the well-known "Vet.," who fully justifies the title.

For those who wish to keep a souvenir of the Coronation, *The Vision of the King*, by E. M. Block, published by Greening & Co., is excellently produced and is issued at 6d. net.

More Peers, being a few verses by H. Belloc, illustrated by "B. T. B.," has been received from Mr. Stephen Swift, 10 John Street. It yields a laugh or two—but it is a thin half-crown's worth.

OUR POOR OLD WORLD!

A Book that Argues we get Worse and Worse.

WHILE there is a belief popularly current that the world to-day is making rapid progress, Mrs. John Martin, in a striking book entitled *Is Mankind Advancing?* forbids us to lay that flattering unction to our souls.

She remarks: "In Western Europe and in America increased wealth production, free education, free thought, the opening of opportunities in new countries, and the acceleration of travel have combined to produce upon our generation an exhilarating sense of expansion, of growing power." But this impression, Mrs. Martin says, is an illusion. We have not really progressed. She likens modern civilisation to a runaway locomotive going at tremendous speed on a wrong track. "We have lost our way."

Progress, she contends, should mean the development of *higher orders* of human beings, not the mere numerical increase of human beings!

It is by the number and fibre of its men of genius, she holds, that the progress of age must be tested. Our present-day productivity of men of genius compared with that of former ages—notably of ancient Greece—is practically non-existent. Have we in modern times, Mrs. Martin inquires, any thinkers who can compare with these ancient Greeks? Kant may be cited, and Darwin and Herbert Spencer; but are they as great as Plato and Aristotle? Very few would seriously maintain that Plato and Aristotle have ever been equalled, much less surpassed.

Greek sculpture, by almost universal consent, is unexcelled.

The work of Phidias has no rival, unless it be the work of Michael Angelo.

Greek poetic genius finds transcendent expression in Homer, one of the four or five greatest figures in the world's literature, while the dramas of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus take their places with the dramas of Shakespeare. Dante of the thirteenth century and Goethe of the eighteenth century have no peers to-day.

Making a list of some twenty-seven men of transcendent genius who have existed so far in the world's history, Mrs. Martin finds that "the little city of Athens produced in a few years more men of genius than did all the millions of inhabitants of China, India, Palestine, Rome, and all of Europe breeding for two thousand years!"

But surely, it will be objected, genius is not the *only* standard of progress. Though to-day we do not possess equals of the intellectual prodigies of the past, yet we are, nevertheless, advancing in industrial and scientific efficiency, in moral insight, in democratic culture. Mrs. Martin meets and refutes this objection.

The fact that we have more things than we ever had before, and can go to more places, and "get there" more rapidly, is not necessarily, she contends, a sign of progress. In spite of all our wealth, the blight of poverty, with its accompanying sickness, suffering, crime, insanity, and vice, continues. The social disease of modern times—the bleeding masses of the poor and the bloated masses of the rich—was not known in Athens.

Improvements in machinery, Mrs. Martin continues, have rendered the lot of the workers in some respects harder than before. "Machinery," she says, "is the great disappointment of the modern world. We have quadruple-expansion engines, which have a thirty-seven thousand horse-power, but they have not rendered less arduous the labour of coal miners. The sewing-machine was hailed as the deliverer of the sewing woman, but since its invention the sweating system has spread. Many modern inventions are only suggestive of the varied misery whose existence demanded their invention. Thus ingenious firearms witness to burglary, and need of self-defence, and the sleepless hatred between men; varieties of medicine indicate new varieties of disease; while surgery points to the failure of the whole science of medicine. The existence of police forces and charitable organisations tell their own story, as do the mountains of false hair, legs, and arms, and the annual



A day's escape to the sea from the crush and heat of Town.

purchase in one country alone of twenty millions of false teeth!"

The real point at issue, as Mrs. Martin sees it, is summed up in the question: Is it possible to point to the modern world and say, "Here are men of a more developed type, more intelligent, healthier, more moral, and made so by our vast improvements in the material conditions of life?" She herself does not see how this question can be answered in the affirmative.

"The enormous number of inventions which are daily rendering the mechanism of our existence more complex are nearly all directed to the saving of time. The mammoth reaper, which mows a county in a few days, the express train with its sixty miles an hour, the marine cable bringing an answer from the Antipodes in a few minutes, the machine-guns which cut down an army like a field of grass, or the torpedo-boats which sink a navy, down to the latest egg-beater and corkscrew, are all designed to save time."

"And what is the result?"

"The result is that men have less time now than they ever had since the world began."

Mrs. Martin is equally emphatic in denying the existence of any substantial moral progress. In the matter of moral practice can it be contended that our present age is supreme? On the contrary, Mrs. Martin avers that we are not as honest, as temperate, as just, as brave, or as public-spirited as the ancient Greeks.

Our only hope of rescue from this backsliding lies, according to Mrs. Martin, in the adoption of a national system of eugenics. But even in this she finds the prospect a very forlorn one:

"No more alluring future could be held up to the sorrowing and impatient lover of his kind than that propounded by the eugenicist. Think of breeding poets to order like canaries, or Abraham Lincolns as required! Think of winning blue ribbons with lovely young girls and athletic boys, bred and groomed for the show! Think of securing Rockefellers or Carnegies in one's family at will, and thus successfully to replenish the family coffers!"

"Alas, for the vanity of these hopes! Eugenics in its present amorphous condition, while it presents no end which seems to be unattainable, presents no beginning which seems to be feasible. Many decades must be passed while the deliberate improvement of human breeds are discussed and dreamed of before it can be done. For this, which is the most stupendous task man has ever attempted, will need all his intelligence, will, endurance, and foresight."

THE PERENNIAL.

WHEN first Kiralfy's monster show
 At Shepherd's Bush was all the go,
One had to set to work and choose
One of its names for common use.
"White City" I rejected quite,
And "Exhibition" seemed too trite:
So, after practising a bit,
I learnt to say "The Franco-Brit."

But, having firmly fixed its name,
I call it every year the same!
And when things French no longer were
The primary attraction there,
But fascinating Japanese,
With funny food and clothes and trees—
Although it did not seem to fit,
I called it still the "Franco-Brit."

And now again there's something new,
Fresh side-shows and fresh things to do,
And some distinctive name, I know,
It has that one can use to show
The Crystal Palace is not meant,
Nor was it to Earl's Court you went—
But till I get the hang of it,
I call it *still* the "Franco-Brit."

GRACE GOLDEN.

SUMMER COMFORT.

Normal Weight a Necessity.

WITH the coming of the hot weather very stout people are more than usually distressed. Their condition is, as a matter of fact, not without its imminent dangers, on account of the large quantity of superfluous fatty tissue with which they are internally burdened, to the detriment of the vital organs. In this state they should avoid anything like violent exercise; the fat-laden system will not stand it. There is a simple prescription which will be the means of quickly reducing weight without physical effort, fasting or any other strain on the constitution: — One ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. Get your chemist to make up the mixture (or you can easily do it yourself). Take two teaspoonfuls after each meal. Simple as all this seems, the remedy is absolutely all that you need. You will recover normal weight, your limbs will regain firmness and strength, your waist correct measurement, and you will find yourself the picture of health into the bargain.—[Advt.]

THE SUMMER GIRL FOR 1911.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

MOST people do not disguise their interest in the Summer Girl. Least of all does she herself. She has come to be recognised as as much an integral part of summer as drawn cricket matches, ammoniated quinine, and Alpine disasters. One need not, therefore, apologise for talking about her—unless, indeed, one talks about her to another Summer Girl.

The perfect Summer Girl usually makes her appearance in company with the Big Gooseberry. Please do not think I am referring colloquially to the chaperone. I refer, of course, to the first fruits of newspaper correspondence. Besides, the Summer Girl has no use for a chaperone. To her, the chaperone would be a hindrance rather than a help.

It is a stimulating thought that everywhere, in remote suburbs where the muffin bell has ceased from tinkling and the Hockey Girl is at rest, in grey metropolitan streets, in burbling country towns and roaring manufacturing cities, the vast army of Summer Girls are secretly preparing for conquest.

All these girls will be dressed alike; that is the remarkable part of the mobilisation, since apparently no general orders as to dress are issued. With wonderful unanimity each Summer Girl will habit herself almost exactly like every other Summer Girl. This is a happening which leads to much recrimination and explanation on the pier on a darkish night. It is *so* easy to make mistakes in identity.

Last year, you may remember—or perhaps you would rather not remember—the Summer Girl was an impressionist study of her younger sister. Her frocks were girlish; sometimes even she swung a sun-bonnet in her hand. Her skirt was hobbled and revealed ankles hosed in bright hues.

The uniform of the Summer Girls has always been general. There was a year when they all wore Panama hats and fussy blouses. Another year, the crowning touch of the Summer Girl was a light-coloured motor-cap of the kind that motorists never wore. One season every Summer Girl wore a white frock with a piratical sort of black belt; another year is chiefly memorable for an irruption of buttons and bows meandering about the Summer Girl's frock.

And so it is safe to assert that the Summer Girl for this year will have a general style of attire. Indeed, one may go further and forecast it with every possibility of accuracy.

Her frock this year, as last year, will be of the one-piece variety—tub frocks is, I believe, the technical term for them. They are called tub frocks, I fancy, because they make folks look round.

The Summer Girl for 1911 will continue to hobble—partly from choice, and partly because she took advantage of the bargain sales at the end of last year's summer.

We need not take the harem-skirt into consideration. It will be worn by the Summer Girl, certainly—but only on the water side of the bathing-machines. There it is no novelty.

With regard to headgear, the Summer Girl will have choice of two models. Either she will wear an enormous hat trimmed with what is known as a "lancer plume"—this being an ostrich feather suffering apparently from spinal curvature—or else she will wear a *Chocolate Soldier* hat which is smaller and altogether more suitable to . . . confidence.

Coloured shoes are an assured accessory. They will be of canvas or suède, and usually their shade will be a variant of purple. Another detail is the provision of an enormous handbag. At one time the Summer Girl carried a diminutive bag which was scarcely big enough to contain a change of mind. This year, the bag which will drag so heavily from her wrist will be big enough to contain a complete change of wardrobe.

It won't contain clothes, of course. It will harbour the usual accessories which the Summer Girl carries with her everywhere. They are (*a*) a handkerchief, (*b*) another handkerchief, this one being for use, (*c*) a circular pad of swansdown—also for use, (*d*) a selection of hairpins, (*e*) a purse, (*f*) a number of tram and 'bus tickets, (*g*) a neglected chocolate, and (*h*) two "samples" of silk.

In her general deportment, I do not anticipate that the Summer Girl of 1911 will differ radically from the Summer Girl of 1910. Years ago, the Summer Girl was an energetic creature who rode a bicycle and played tennis. Of late seasons, however, a plentitude of illuminated exhibitions has inculcated in her a habit of strolling. The modern Summer Girl is an adept at strolling. She has a dignified, non-committal sort of gait. In fact, it is rather too non-committal; the timid swain can never be sure whether she is enjoying herself in a reserved way or annoyed because no invitation to eat ice-cream has been forthcoming.

The chief pursuits of the coming Summer Girl will be "listening to the band," and talking about the Coronation procession she witnessed personally from a splendid seat . . . at the back of the picture-theatre.



Argumentative One: "It's wot I say. You *can't* 'ave a free 'and, not in politics. Look at me—got a job buildin' Coronation stands—an' me a social bloomin' democrat!"

AMUSEMENT FOR EVERYONE.

And £5 Prizes for the Best "Doubles" or "Trebles" on any Words in "L. O."

For Competition 377 a Five-Pound note each is being posted to:

CHAS. POLLARD, 55 Waller Street, Luton, Bedfordshire. *Treble.* ***Miss Lily Elsie*** (p. 421) ***Edwardes' "Little Mine."***	R. H. WHITTAKER, 143 King Edward Road, Swansea. *Double.* ***The Speaker*** (p. 400) ***Suppresses Turbulence.***	E. GIBSON YOUNG, Royal College of Music, Manchester. *Treble.* ***Miss Lily Elsie*** (p. 421) ***Makes Ladder-climbing Elegant.***	MRS. H. BUTLER, "Sub Rosa," Aubrey Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. *Treble.* ***Mr. Hall Caine*** (p. 396) ***Manxland's Conspicuous "High-brow."***

And Consolation prizes of £1 each to:

E. GREENAWAY, 18 Cecil Road, Seaforth, Liverpool; HUGO G. DUVAL, 8 Arlington Park Mansions, Chiswick, W.; H. CROOKS, 18 Vincent Street, St. Helens, Lancashire; MISS VIOLET LINDSEY, 2 Talgarth Road, West Kensington; JAMES P. HORN, 9 Leopold Street, Sheffield.



Mr. Joe Coyne.



Miss Marie Lohr.



Lord Cromer.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

WE offer this week a **Five-Pound Note** *each* for the best four, and a sovereign each for the next best five—to those who send in the cleverest Double or Treble on **any two—or three—words—(whether names or not)—occurring on *any page* of this week's "L. O."** or on any of these three names.

Mr. Joe Coyne. Miss Marie Lohr. Lord Cromer.

Use the *first letters* of the words you choose as the *first letters* of two (or three) words forming a comment of some kind on those words, or on the bearer of the name.

You may send as many attempts as you like in the same envelope, but each entry must be on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a crossed postal order or cheque at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Five-pound notes are handy for the holidays. If you want a few, try this Competition. You'll get Amusement, and Hope, and Brain-exercise—all good things, anyway, whether you capture a fiver next week or not.

The prize-money will be awarded as above to the senders of the cleverest entries. Each entry will be judged on its merits alone, and each entry must be complete and separate, so that each can be dealt with by itself.

The prize awards are made with the greatest possible care by the Editor and his committee; and, by the act of entering, each competitor undertakes to accept the Editor's decision on any point as final.

Having won a prize is, of course, no bar to winning another, either in the same or subsequent issues. Awards are made solely on the merits of the individual entries submitted. And, since each week is judged by itself, and the same words frequently recur, an effort just out of the prize list one week may be just in it another week by reason of the varying merit of its competitors.

Put the number of the Competition, 379, on the outside of the flap of your envelope, and address it to

"London Opinion," 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Entries must reach this office not later than the morning of Tuesday next, 27th June. Results will appear in the issue published on Wednesday, 5th July.

P.O. No. .... **Doubles and Trebles 379.**

I .... *Signature*

of .... *Address*

....

enter the "Double" or "Treble" below for Competition No. 379, and hereby agree to accept as final the award published in LONDON OPINION.

Name Chosen .... *From page*............

Double or Treble ....

THE HAUNTING WORD.

On a glorious June evening a distracted-looking man rushed along a road which passed through some of the most delightful scenery in England. The air was balmy. The man was even more so.

Wholly indifferent to the charm and beauty of Nature, he pressed on, heedlessly, recklessly. Now and again a word caught his ear, and he shuddered. It was the word that had turned his brain: the word from which he was endeavouring—alas! without hope of success—to escape. Without hope; for if he did not hear the word, he saw it. Cyclists and motorists uttered the fatal syllables. Whenever houses came in sight, from some gigantic poster, or the window of a house or shop, the word glared at him. And on every such occasion a fresh convulsion shook the wanderer's frame.

Night arrived, and its healing touch brought relief to that frenzied brain. With the return of comparative sanity the man realised how hungry, thirsty, and exhausted he was. Lights streamed from a village inn, and he resolved to seek refreshment and lodging there. Entering the bar, he called for the wherewithal to quench his thirst. "Be'ee from Lunnun, zur?" said a tousled-looking rustic. "If zo be, oi'll thank'ee kindly to tell oi the latest about thic there——"

It was the fatal word!

The sudden exit of the wanderer annoyed that inquiring villager less than the wicked waste of the good liquor which had been knocked over.

Pursuing his miserable way, the man came to a church. Though the hour was so late the building was open and a service was proceeding. Ah, here would be calm and peace! Here would be found at least a temporary respite! Slipping into a back pew, the fugitive listened to the conclusion of the sermon. Then came the announcement of the last hymn. "Sisters and brethren," said the vicar, nervously clearing his throat. "We have been holding what might be called a watch-night service in anticipation of an event which is exciting universal interest. As a sort of, er, loyal offering I have, er, written the words of a new hymn. You will find them on the slips of paper which will now be distributed, and we will sing them to the tune of the Old Hundredth. I may, er, add that a copy of this, er, little effort has been sent to His Majesty, and has been graciously acknowledged. I hope that to-morrow, at the actual hour of the——"

There was a loud gurgle in the throat of the wanderer, and people ran to him. At the subsequent proceedings one juryman was inclined to blame the 'eat, and another the drink. But, however they differed, the smile on the face of the fugitive showed that he, at least, was satisfied.

He had escaped the—CORONATION.

FRED. G. WEBB.



THE REAL INFLUENCE.

WHO surely keep my soul from every sin
And make me quite a model to the town?
Not bobbies, who might haply run me in,
But neighbours who would surely run me down.

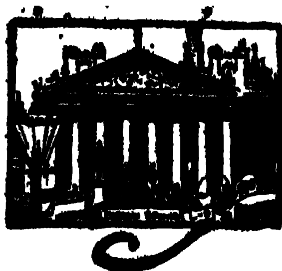
THETA.

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LATEST IN REALISM.

THE CUSTOMER (trying phonograph): "There's something wrong with these grand opera records. There's a horrible racket in each one that spoils the effect of the music."

The Demonstrator: "Ah, yes. One of our latest effects. That's the conversation in the boxes. Wonderfully realistic."



Stocks and Shares.

Edited by SIR JOHN MILBANKE, Bart., V.C.

Markets.

There has been a little more activity than during the last period under review, but business has been largely in the nature of realisations, the Birkbeck Bank suspension having occasioned a certain amount of uneasiness and consequent selling of securities. Moreover, markets are suffering from a plethora of new issues. Despite excellent Whitsuntide traffics, Home Rails have been weak. While it is not anticipated that the strike will be long or successful, the trouble in the shipping industry is a disturbing factor.

The prospectus of the much-discussed Chinese Loan of £6,000,000 was published on Friday last in Germany, France, the United States, and this country, and, judging by the rush for prospectuses, will be largely oversubscribed.

The tendency in Americans is still bullish, and if this follows the passing of the Denver Preferred dividend, decreasing railway traffics, and diminishing industry, one wonders what would happen if conditions became really favourable.

There is nothing to report regarding the mining, oil, and rubber markets, the last having been perhaps the weakest, nor does any pronounced movement appear likely until after the Coronation.

Liptons.

The report for the financial year ended 18th March last is not at all an inspiring document. The gross receipts show a falling off of £36,400, and net profits a falling off of £15,700, although this year the company derived revenue from 6,336 lb. of rubber, which must have been sold at prices well in excess of that at present ruling for this commodity. The latest returns give the number of rubber trees as 155,000, and, despite the falling prices, the revenue from this source will probably show a satisfactory increase, but Lipton Ltd., with its capital of £2,250,000 and £500,000 of Debentures, will not pay dividends as a rubber property.

The most disquieting point about the accounts is that only £4,810 has been written off for depreciation and leases redemption during the year. Last year only £4,500 was written off under this head as compared with annual sums of between £20,000 and £30,000 considered necessary in previous years, and the auditors draw special attention to the fact that "nothing has been provided this year in respect of depreciation of plant, machinery, fixtures, fittings, utensils, carts, horses, etc." We would rather sell than buy Lipton Ordinary at the present juncture.

Erie Securities.

As our readers are well aware, Eries, which we recommended when 31¾, have been rising on the belief that the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Hill interests are both endeavouring to secure control by the purchase of Common stock. It is pleasing to note, however, that, quite apart from this, the Erie road furnishes a refreshing contrast to the general trend of American traffics, both gross and net takings showing satisfactory increases. For the first ten months of the present financial year the company reports a gain of $1,214,000 in gross, and $108,000 in net earnings, so that it should earn fully $5,000,000 over all its fixed charges.

What the Erie Railroad needs is better credit, this being still low, as was shown in April last, when it had to renew its three years' notes for another period of three years on a 6 per cent. basis, and the maintenance of large surplus earnings, combined with the physical improvement of the property, should bring about an improvement in this important respect, and bring dividends in sight. One of our American correspondents draws attention to the Four per Cent. Convertible Bonds, Series "A." At the present price of about 94 these yield £4 6s. per cent., and are convertible into Common shares at $50 per share up to the 1st April, 1915. The purchaser of these bonds, therefore, receives a satisfactory return on his money at once, and secures a four years' option, which will probably be valuable before its expiry.

Canadian Prosperity.

It is estimated that the weekly number of immigrants landed at Montreal has been in the neighbourhood of 10,000; furthermore, that the class of immigrant is highly desirable, and that the results of this great immigration are having a marked effect upon the various Canadian towns. Canadian cities are rather frequent in their appeals for further capital, but, in most cases, this is fully justified by their extraordinarily rapid expansion, which occurs at something like ten times the rate of the most progressive European city. Indications point to the crops attaining a record during the present year. On the other hand, the pace as regards Canadian issues has been a little forced of late, and nearly all the good industrial concerns it has been possible to amalgamate have now been merged, although we hear that an attractive issue of Five per Cent. Convertible Bonds by an amalgamation of the biggest silk interests in the Dominion will be offered to the public immediately after the Coronation.

American Matters.

Another of our American correspondents writes us that business throughout most of the country continues to decline, and is much less active than last year, the news from the cotton mill centres being particularly unsatisfactory. Although stocks may improve before there is any apparent improvement in general business, the best opinion is that the market will sell considerably lower. The bond market is, however, in a satisfactory condition, and good bonds should now be purchased. If the present indications of a large cotton crop are realised, railways in the south, such as the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line, will benefit considerably. The Adjustment Mortgage Five Per Cent. Income Bonds of the last-named company, which, at the present price of 83½, yield £6 2s. 6d. per cent., are a good purchase, as are the Five Per Cent Mortgage and Collateral Trust Gold Bonds of the Philadelphia Company, which, at the present price of 100½, yield £5 per cent.

Bank Enterprise.

For some considerable time past rumours have been in circulation to the effect that some of our large banks contemplate the opening of foreign branches, and, in further emulation of the large French and German banking institutions, propose to take a hand in the issuing business. Lloyd's Bank appears to be the first to move in the direction of Continental banking methods, for, at the meeting held in Birmingham on 16th inst., the shareholders voted authority to enter into arrangements with governments, municipal and local authorities and to obtain from them any rights, privileges and concessions which it might be thought desirable to obtain; further, "to enter into partnership, or any arrangements for sharing profits, amalgamation, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession, or otherwise" with any person or institution. As was shown in the case of foreign exchange business, when introduced by the London, City, and Midland Bank, most of our big banks follow one another like sheep, so that more developments in this direction are likely. We shall await the outcome with interest.

Swiss Gilt-Edged Stocks.

British Gilt-edged Stocks are not the only ones which are at present in a depressed condition, the same phenomenon—one hesitates as to whether this is the correct term for what looks like a chronic state of affairs—being evident in Switzerland. The only Swiss Loan quoted in London is the Swiss Federal Railways 3½ per cent. Loan, which can be purchased at about 95. At this price the yield is [illegible] 7d.

* LONDON OPINION has arranged that this article shall be furnished by the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation Ltd., 57 Bishopsgate, E.C. (of which Sir John Milbanke is a Director), which accepts sole responsibility for the statements therein, and for the Answers to Correspondents.

[illegible]

per cent. The security is quite as good as that of Consols, the Loan being secured first of all upon the revenues of the Swiss Government Railways over and above which it enjoys the absolute guarantee of the Swiss Federal Government, and as it is redeemable at par by annual drawings, the first of which takes place in October next, the purchaser not only gets a satisfactory yield on a first-class Government security, but has thrown in a chance of a bonus of £25 per £100 in the fortunate event of his bond being drawn for redemption. The 3½ per cent. Loans of cities like those of Geneva and Lausanne are purchasable at 91—92, also with the likelihood of being drawn at par. We cannot recall any occasion on which the British public has done badly out of its Swiss investments; if there are any instances, perhaps some of our readers can enlighten us.

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FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

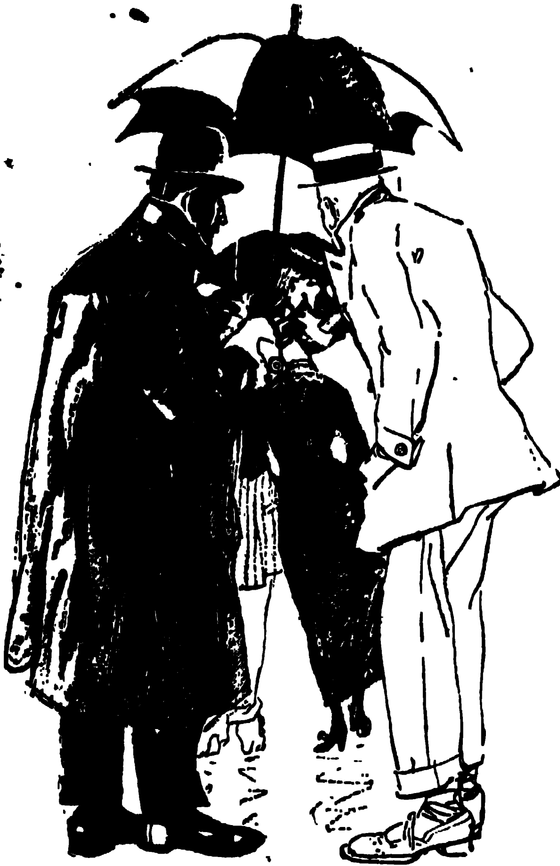
SPECIAL NOTICE.

All inquiries should be addressed to "The Financial Editor," "London Opinion," 67 Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and must bear the writer's name and full address. Please write distinctly. The Financial Editor will reply by letter if stamped envelope is enclosed, or by wire to any short query on receiving a reply-paid telegraph form (Telegrams: Briforcol, London). No charge is made.

"*R. A. W. C.*"—Gresham Fire and Accident Insurance Company shares are quoted at [illegible]. We do not advise holding shares on which there is a further liability. "*L. B.*"—We have posted you a report on your holdings. "*J. Q.*"—We consider Gold Mines Investment Company a sound holding. "*W. F.*"—Have nothing to do with these people. If you do, you will regret it. "*C. H. K.*"—The building society mentioned is a good one, but we think you could do better by investing in well-secured Debentures to yield between 5 and 6 per cent. "*A. A. M.*"—Have nothing to do with the company you mention. It does not seem at all an attractive proposition, and we think you would be very likely to lose your money. "*P. F. W.*"—We enclose you a scheme of investment for the sum mentioned. Interest on Cuban Ports will be paid on 1st September next, calculated on the amount paid up. "*Durban.*"—You seem to have been very unfortunate. The concern was wound up some time ago. "*C. D. G.*"—We enclose you a list of the best American Railroad Bonds. We think well of the Seaboard Air Line 5 per cent. See page 95 of "The 100 Best Investments." "*R. R.*"—We have posted [illegible] particulars of American [illegible] also two first-class industrials [illegible]. "*A. A.*"—General Petroleum [illegible] but we consider Ural Caspians quite high enough. [illegible] —Do not have anything to do with the underwriting. "*D. M.*"—African mining shares: We have forwarded you a report on your holdings. Should prefer good industrial investments to these speculations. We suggest Van den Bergh Ordinary, also Arnold J. Van den Bergh Ordinary, and Charron Preferred Ordinary. "*A. W.*"—The Preferred Ordinary shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company are fully paid. We send you particulars of two attractive industrials yielding £7 10s. 6d. and £12 5s. "*H. R. W.*"—If you hold Law Car and General Insurance Corporation shares your name must appear in the list of contributors. "*C. C.*"—Have sent you the name of reliable firm in Paris, who doubtless would assist you regarding Premium Bonds. "*W. H. M.*"—Do not care for Malang Rubber or Central Java. Retain British and Colonial Investment for the present. "*S. E. E.*"—As desired, we are sending you a list of perfectly safe investments returning between 4½ and 5 per cent. "C. E. C."—We think that your friend can do better than in the railway stocks you name, and we send you particulars of Uxbridge and District Electric Supply Company 5 per cent. 1st Mortgage Debentures and Mortgage and Debenture Company 4½ per cent. 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock—both good purchases. "*F. H.*"—Sell your Japanese. "*D. M.*"—The list of Mining shares you hold is interesting and, on the whole, good. We have written you suggesting one or two profitable exchanges. "*A. McI.*"—The Copenhagen 3½ per cent. Loan at 89 and the City of Budapest at 91½ are, in our opinion, more suitable for your purpose than the Indian Stocks you mention. "*E. G. E.*"—We enclose you a list of Debentures suitable for small investors. "*Ajax.*"—Argentine National Mortgage Bank 6 per cent. bonds are guaranteed absolutely by the Argentine Government. At the present price they yield £5 16s. per cent. "*W. K. L.*"—Nourse Mines and Crown Mines are the best purchases. "*George.*"—Jumpers Gold will certainly pay a dividend for the July half year. We look for a distribution of 2s. per share—perhaps more—and think this share an excellent purchase, as the company holds share for share in the Benoni Consolidated Mines. "*G. A. C.*"—We advise you to hold your Rhodesian Explorations under the circumstances. When the market wakens up your shares will see a better figure. "*T. F. J., and others.*"—We have sent you a list of suitable securities for a small investor. "*Mick.*"—Glad to hear you followed our advice. We prefer Charron Preferred Ordinary to Humber Ordinary shares at the price. "*J. L.*"—City of Budapest is one of the cheapest high-class municipal loans you can purchase. "*P. J. M.*"—We advise you to take a £20 bond of the West Canadian Collieries 6 per cent. At the present price of £18 16s. per bond this yields nearly 6½ per cent. "*W. H. S.*"—South Rand Deeps are quoted 6s. to 6s. 9d. "*J. W.*"—Very speculative. Why not invest in sound industrial? "*B. G.*"—We know nothing of the people you mention, but would advise caution.

CURRENT WIT OF THE WORLD.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right, but she is apt to be left, too.—*Kineton Star.*



"Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Some cheeky blackguard took the liberty of offering my wife his umbrella, and there they are walking in front."

"Why don't you go for him?"

"I'm waiting until they get to our house. My wife has her best hat on!" —"Meggendorfer Blätter."

We never yet saw a woman so timid she wouldn't strike a bargain.—*Boston Transcript.*

• • •

A cat strung on the violin bridge is worth two on the [illegible] fence.—*The Musician.*

• • •

A woman's aim is generally mighty poor, even when she throws herself at a man.—*Longville Star.*

• • •

On the principle that virtue is its own reward, bigamy must be its own punishment.—*Milwaukee News.*

• • •

A girl always feels sorry for a fellow who gets engaged to some other girl when he might have had her.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

• • •

It's a wise lyric that knows its own father—after the stage manager, composer, director, and prima donna get through with it.—*Judge.*

• • •

Strange though it may sound, the Englishman is a religious fellow, and he has a conscience; but he cannot and will not believe that it is wrong to play games on Sunday, and he cannot give his confidence to those who [illegible] him that it is.—*The World.*

• • •

[illegible] up-to-date young people are apt to consider a [illegible]rinkling of current slang a sign of smartness. To [illegible] humorist it is the feeble confession of a barren [illegible]. [illegible]at was it the cowboy said when he heard the [illegible] trying to swear? "If I couldn't cuss better [illegible] and turn curate and buy a parrot!"—*The Playgoer.*

The lower classes have a juster idea of culture than many of their betters.—*Morning Post.*

• • •

It is difficult for even the sanest to withstand the trend of fashion.—*Girl's Own Paper.*

• • •

I believe the word economy is the keynote of English greatness.—*Fortnightly Review.*

• • •

The man who thinks he knows a woman like a book usually discovers many uncut leaves.—*Smart Set.*

• • •

The English well-to-do classes have in the past been the best-washed people in the world.—*Manchester Guardian.*

• • •

The young girl with the shy laugh has disappeared from natural history, being replaced by a species Schopenhauer would call "monkeys with pigtails."—*Le Matin.*

• • •

Brains are no enviable asset in the market, for the brain worker is often the worst paid and most long-suffering of all the paid slaves of humanity."—*The Bookman.*

• • •

The modern hockey-playing high school girl is certainly not romantic and introspective. She prefers tales about burglars to stories of lonely souls.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

• • •

War has become a profession of dupes: it sheds plenty of blood and brings about infinite misfortune, but its conquests are temporary and delusive.—*Contemporary Review.*

• • •

The black sheep is nowadays openly discussed by his relations. In other days we hid him carefully as the skeleton in the family closet; now we are brutal enough to recognise that the disgrace is his, not ours, and he can no longer blackmail his kin by the threat of bringing them to shame. That seems to us an excellent thing for everybody except the black sheep.—*Evening News.*



She: "Dear heart, if we could only sail on like this for ever and ever and ever!" (Fatal silence of "Dear Heart.")

[This is one of the forty or fifty humorous drawings in the *London Opinion Summer Annual*, one shilling net, at all bookstalls and newsagents.]

THE MARRED MASTERPIECE.

THE poet sat, his window wide,
And the varied sounds that were made outside,
By people passing to and fro,
Quite spoilt his rhyme, as seen below.

Miranda, my Miranda, with eyes of cornflower blue,
Thy fair face most resembles the ——
(*Milk-oo! Milk! Milk-oooooo!*)

Thy smile is bright as sunshine; thy voice hath dulcet tones;
Thy form and dress can picture ——
(*Old iron! Rags or bones!*)

In faultless rhyme and metre I'd sing thee an I could.
Alas, my spirit falters, my head seems ——
(*Wood! Fire-wood!*)

I worship thee at noonday, I love thee while I sleep;
Art absent, all is gloomy as a ——
(*Sweep-oh! Sweep! Sweeeeep!*)

I crave a boon, Miranda, such as fair pity doles,
One lock from those soft tresses, whose tint is ——
(*Coals! Best coals!*)

Miranda, dear Miranda, grant me thy gracious smile,
That soothes my tortured spirit like ——
(*Ile! Ile! Any ile!*)

When thou art nigh, Miranda, I taste of Heaven's enjoyment ——
(*Willing to work! Strong ee-nough to work!* Carnt *get employment!*)

F. C. D.

MORE BOUQUETS.

"The *London Opinion Summer Annual* is bound to be very popular."—*Croydon Advertiser.*

"This popular Annual will be found a most entertaining companion for holiday reading."—*Financial Times.*

"A bright and breezy number."—*Sporting Life.*

"The drawings are very humorous and catchy, and the stories most entertaining."—*Croydon Guardian.*

"A capital shilling'sworth, and just the thing to take on a holiday."—*Leicester M..cury.*

• • •

AN IMPOSSIBLE COMBINATION.

CALLER: "How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a 'stayer.'"

Hostess: "My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer all right; but unfortunately she's not a cook."

• • •

JOHNSON'S NAUTICAL JEWELLERY.

A CONTEMPORARY, writing about Johnson, the coloured pugilist, says:

"On his right hand the boxer wore a ruby and on his left hand a large emerald."

"Ah always dress port and starboard to sail, 'cause in the night, when ah'm out on deck, and it's dark, people can see the lights and tell whether ah'm comin' or goin', and it avoids collisions."

Either the reporter's nautical knowledge is at fault, or else Massa Johnson is a subtle humorist. For green on the port hand and red on the starboard would mean a tarnation spill for somebody.

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AN INCIDENT AT MARGATE.

"DR. JUNKS and I," said the girl on the promenade, "were chasing his hat for a quarter of an hour this morning."

"What did you want to chase it for?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose sight of him. When his hat blew off he was just starting to propose to me."

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THE well-known reliability of Palmer cord tyres was clearly illustrated in the recent standard car race at Brooklands. Six of the starting cars were fitted with Palmer cord tyres, and five of them finished, the tyres in all cases giving complete satisfaction.

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